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Catholic world

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OF BOSTON

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF
GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

PUBLISHED BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

VOL. CI.
APRIL, 1915, TO SEPTEMBER, 1915

NEW YORK:
THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD
120 WEST 60TH STREET

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1915

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Price—25 cents; \$3 per Year

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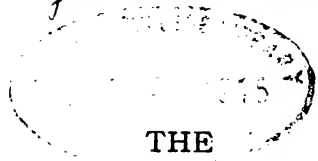
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J. A. Lowell Fund



CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CI.

APRIL, 1915.

No. 601.



DAL VATICANO, 22 Febbraio 1916

E.mo e Rev.mo Signor Mio Os.mo.

Mi son dato premura di riferire al SANTO PADRE quanto l'Eminenza Vostra Rev.ma ha avuto la bontà di scrivermi nel suo pregiato foglio del 23 del passato mese di Gennaio intorno al "Catho-
lic World".

L' AUGUSTO PONTEFICE, Che tiene nel massimo conto le benemeritenze della stampa cattolica, veramente degna di tal nome per il gran bene che essa compie in mezzo alla società civile, si è degnato di manifestare la Sua grande benevolenza per il detto periodico, che in cinquant'anni d'ininterrotto lavoro ha compiuto un nobile e santo apostolato in difesa della Chiesa e della civiltà cristiana; e, facendo voti che, con alacrità ed efficacia anche maggiori, proseguia per l'avvenire nell'opera fino ad oggi così nobilmente compiuta, in segno della Sua paterna dilezione e compiacenza, ha impartito al periodico, all'egregio Direttore, ai solerti redattori, nonchè ai lettori di esso la Benedizione Apostolica.

Colgo volentieri l'occasione che mi si offre per baciarle umilissimamente le mani e per confermarvi con i sensi della più profonda venerazione

di Vostra Eminenza Rev.ma

Umo Devmo Obblmo Servitor vero

Signor Cardinale G.M. FARLEY
Arcivescovo di

A. C. O. Sgambati

NEW YORK

(See next page for translation.)

VOL. CI.—I

6/12/15
2
BLESSING OF BENEDICT XV.

[April,

(Translation of the foregoing letter.)

OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE VATICAN, 22 February, 1915.

MOST EMINENT, REVEREND AND RESPECTED LORD:

I referred to the Holy Father without delay all that Your Most Reverend Eminence had the goodness to write me in your favor of the 23d of January with regard to *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*.

The August Pontiff, who has the highest appreciation of the merits of the Catholic press, truly worthy of being so called by reason of the great good which it accomplishes in civil society, has condescended to manifest his great good will toward the above-named periodical, which in fifty years of uninterrupted labor, has accomplished a noble and holy apostolate in defence of the Church and of Christian civilization; and expressing the hope that, in the future, with even greater alacrity and efficacy, it may continue in the work so nobly accomplished up to the present day, he has, in token of his paternal love and affection, bestowed the Apostolic Benediction on its distinguished editor, its zealous staff, and also its readers.

I gladly take the occasion now offered of most humbly kissing your hands, and of signing myself with sentiments of the deepest veneration a most devoted and true servant of Your Most Reverend Eminence.

P. CARDINAL GASPARRI.

LORD CARDINAL JOHN M. FARLEY,
Archbishop of New York.

WE think it most appropriate to republish here the Letter of Pope Pius IX., written to Father Hecker shortly after THE CATHOLIC WORLD was established.

TO MY BELOVED SON, I. T. HECKER, PRIEST AND
SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONARY CONGREGATION OF ST. PAUL, NEW YORK.

PIUS IX., POPE.

BELOVED SON, health and apostolic benediction. We rejoice, beloved son, that you, mindful of your purpose, labor continually, by your word and writings, to spread the Catholic religion, and to scatter the darkness of error; and We heartily congratulate you upon the increase which, as We have been informed, the works undertaken by you have received. Undoubtedly those thronged assemblies where you have set forth the Catholic doctrine, and have thereby excited in others such a desire to hear you, that you are invited to address audiences still larger and more notable; the esteem which your periodical, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has, through its erudition and perspicuity, acquired, even among those who differ from us; the eagerness with which the tracts and books of The Catholic Publication Society, established by you, are everywhere sought for; the new associates who enroll themselves in your congregation to extend more widely the good work you have undertaken; finally, the students who offer themselves to you to be educated for the same work, all these are so many abundant fruits and eloquent witnesses of your zeal and skill, and of the divine favor through which your undertakings are made fruitful. You will easily

understand, of course, how gratifying this must be to Us, who desire, above all things, that the Gospel should be preached to every creature; that those who sit in the shadow of death should be brought into the way of salvation; that, in fine, all errors being destroyed, the reign of truth should be everywhere established; in which justice and peace, kissing each other, may restore to the human family the tranquillity of order, so long banished by the extravagances of error. While, therefore, We most cordially commend your zealous efforts, and those of your associates who contribute to the success of the same by their labor, their gifts, or their talents, We give especial thanks to God that He has condescended to second them, and We pray Him that, by the power of His grace, He may stimulate still more your already strenuous exertions; and may give you more and more associates who, with you, shall bestow their industry and strength on the common good of the Christian people. And as a token of the divine favor, and an evidence of Our paternal good will, We impart most affectionately to you and to your congregation of missionaries, Our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 30th of December, 1868, in the twenty-third year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS IX., *Pope.*

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE
452 Madison Avenue
New York

March 15, 1915.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER BURKE:

Learning that *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* is about to keep its Golden Jubilee, I feel it a duty, and no less a pleasure, to extend to yourself and your co-workers my warmest congratulations on the completion of a half-century's defence of the Faith.

I know the abundant fruit which has come to the cause of religion in the United States from your excellent publication. I have been from its birth a constant and interested reader. I can remember well perusing the whole first number issued in April, 1865, in my undergraduate days at Fordham. Since then I have watched this child of the illustrious Father Hecker's brain as it grew year by year. Except at rare intervals of absence or heavy duties, I have read every number.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, though not the first, was one of the most valiant and most efficient defenders of Holy Church. It was hailed with joy by the Catholics of this city, who prophesied for it a splendid future, which has been more than realized. Such a voice with its tone of no surrender was sorely needed then. The publicists and pamphleteers of that day attacked the Church with a virulence they would not dare to use in speaking of the most insignificant denomina-

tion. Truth was never a weapon they sought to install in their armory against the Church.

The establishment of THE CATHOLIC WORLD produced more than a "sea-change" in this spirit of antagonism. Our adversaries were forced to have some regard for truth, and hold their violence in check.

I pray God, therefore, most earnestly that your jubileed magazine may have even a more brilliant future as a reward for its pioneer and herculean task of the past fifty years, and that when the century mark is reached, the occasion will be observed by public and national expressions of gratitude from the Catholics of the American Church.

Praying for you continued success in your honorable and distinguished position as editor, I am

Faithfully yours in Xto.,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "John Cardinal Farley" with "abp. n. y." written below it in a smaller, cursive hand.

REV. JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.,

Editor "The Catholic World."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.



IN an appreciation of Father Hecker's work for the apostolate of the press, written immediately after his death, Father Hewit said: "The most important and successful enterprise which he undertook in this direction was the founding and conducting of THE CATHOLIC WORLD." Father Hewit wrote this in January, 1889, when the magazine was in its twenty-fourth year. He expressed the hope that he might continue and perpetuate the work begun by Father Hecker—a hope the magazine fully realized under his very capable editorship. Father Hewit succeeded Father Hecker as editor, and held the office until his death in 1897. Father Alexander P. Doyle followed him, and held the office until September, 1904, when he was succeeded by the present editor.

To realize what span has been covered by THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we need but to recall that the year of its foundation saw the end of the Civil War of the United States, and not until the year following was the transatlantic telegraph successfully completed.

When one considers the smallness of the Catholic population of the United States in 1865, and the necessary paucity of writers, one is amazed by the courage of those who undertook the publication of a magazine of the size and standard of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. According to the census of 1860, the Catholic population of the United States numbered 4,451,000; there were 2,242 Catholic priests, 64 Catholic colleges, and 183 Convents of women.

The first issue of the magazine contained no prospectus and boasted no promise. It contained but one original article, entitled *Cardinal Wiseman in Rome*, some miscellaneous notes on science and art, and a few book reviews. These are the only portions that are original. The remainder of the issue was composed of articles either translated from a foreign language or reprinted from an English review. That first issue included *The Progress of the Church in the United States*, taken from *Le Correspondant*. Stories and sketches from *The Month*, *The Lamp*, *Once a Week*, *The Dublin Review*, *Chambers' Journal*, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Der Katholik*, *The Cornhill*, and *All the Year Round*. Important and scholarly articles from the foreign magazines, translated for the most part by Father Hecker himself, constituted a

goodly portion of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* for many years. The magazine, however, always had its original comment on all matters of general religious interest, and its own book reviews.

But as issue after issue of the magazine appeared and its influence and name increased, it drew to it, if it may not be said in part to have created, a large number of able and gifted writers, who formed a veritable galaxy in the Catholic literary history of the last half of the nineteenth century. It may indeed be said that *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* during the first thirty years of its existence, at least, is the most complete record we have of the growth of Catholic letters in our country.

But whether the articles were original or translated, Father Hecker, from the very beginning, established a standard of real scholarship and of high literary merit. His aim was, of course, to have a Catholic magazine, but a Catholic magazine of unquestioned literary worth. The essays, stories, and poetry he accepted and selected were all well worth the reading. As time went on, he gathered together the best Catholic writers of the day, and published their work in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. He was not afraid to present an unknown writer to the public, and many who afterwards enjoyed a wide reputation owed the beginnings of it to *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. The magazine created not only a reading Catholic public, but also a large school of Catholic writers.

On the basic religious problems of the day, *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* sought from the beginning to throw the saving light of Catholic truth. Forty-five years ago Father Hecker wrote:

The root-error of Protestantism is an intellectual error. Even though it produces the fruit of agnosticism, the root is still the same and still lives among non-Catholics. It is the evil of subjectivism. Truth is generated in the mind from the action of the object on the subject; as St. Thomas says, it is the transposition of the object into the subject. This makes the criterion of truth external. Protestantism makes the criterion of truth internal, makes its interior states the exclusive test of religious truth.

What is the tendency of the Protestant mind in philosophy? It is subjectivism and leads to general skepticism. Not that this is a natural tendency of the human mind, but because it is misled. Throwing the Church more upon its intellectual basis will cause its brightest minds to meet the errors of the age more satisfactorily, especially among the Saxon races.

Studying its pages, one will see with what prophetic accuracy its early editors saw that the real battle to be waged by the children of the Church against non-Catholic thought was a battle against liberalism and rationalism. Protestantism as a system of thought led inevitably to skepticism. Whatever of definite and dogmatic truth was left to it must, if held to, lead to Catholic Faith. But it was becoming more and more evident that dogma under the assaults of evolution, naturalism and Biblical criticism was gradually being abandoned by many. With them it was not simply the question of the truth of Christianity, it was the question of God's own existence that was subject for debate. No living authoritative Church, established by the Divine Christ, stood between them and practical agnosticism. The Catholic writers of the day saw the free spirit of compromise, of indifferentism, of barren humanitarianism that would characterize the children of the future. In the early years of THE CATHOLIC WORLD's life, and more particularly under Father Hewit's editorship, the warfare against the forces of disintegration was persistently and heroically sustained. The Protestant thought of the day was considered from every side. The activities of the conferences and synods of Protestant bodies were carefully followed; the Protestant publications, many of which were showing themselves more and more agnostic and unchristian, were dealt with in extended criticism. The contributors to THE CATHOLIC WORLD always showed that true mark of apostolic labor—the virtue of hope. To what was promising, and honestly done, credit was always given; and they never lost sight of the admonition that the smoking flax was never to be quenched. Courtesy, fairness, and an absence of acrimonious controversy marked their writings. And perhaps because of this, their scholarly, determined, and uncompromising exposition and defence of Catholic truth stood forth all the more strongly.

Every religious and philosophical controversy of the past fifty years has been discussed and illumined with the light of Catholic truth in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It would be impossible to cover the subjects here. Their extent and variety will be seen from the list of principal articles we publish herewith.

Always keenly appreciative of actual conditions, Father Hecker discussed subjects which may be said to be still very timely, *e. g.*, *The Catholic Church in View of Present Antagonism*, *The Liberty and Independence of the Pope*, *The Public School Question*, *The Things That Make for Unity*, and *The True and False Friends of Reason*. Father Hewit contributed many articles on philosophy,

theology, Church history, and Scripture. Indeed, he contributed a larger number of articles than any other one writer to the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. He was a thoroughly trained scholar and theologian, and championed in advance that return to scholastic philosophy afterwards made mandatory by Leo XIII. During the ill health of Father Hecker in 1874-6, Father Hewit was editor-in-chief. The articles appearing in the magazine during those years show how zealously and ably the cause of scholastic philosophy was upheld by Father Hewit, Father Bayma, S.J., and Monsignor de Concilio. Now and again Father Hewit ventured into the purely literary field, as when he wrote on Disraeli's *Lothair*, but such ventures were rare. He was much more at home in matters theological.

After Father Hewit the honors of the most frequent contributor belong to Orestes A. Brownson, "the lion" as Father Hewit called him. Seventy articles from his pen on as many subjects are to be found in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The name of J. R. G. Hassard, the journalist and author of *The Life of Archbishop Hughes*, appeared frequently in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. At one time he was on the editorial staff of the magazine. Of Hassard the New York *Tribune* said at the time of his death: "In the variety and uniform excellence of his work, as a general editorial writer, and as a musical and literary writer, he has scarcely left a superior on the American press. Trained under the fastidious eye of Dr. Ripley, he brought to literary criticism all that master's soundness of judgment and elegance of taste, with a wider and more youthful range of sympathies."

John Gilmary Shea, who had projected a life of Archbishop Hughes, but was anticipated by Mr. Hassard, contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD many articles in his favorite field of labor and research.

As early as July, 1866, we find an article on modern religious tendencies, entitled *New Pagan or Old Christian*, by Canon William Barry, now prominent in the world of letters. Later he became a regular contributor.

With John Gilmary Shea must be coupled the name of Richard H. Clarke, the distinguished author of *Lives of the American Bishops*. He wrote for THE CATHOLIC WORLD a series on the pioneer American missionaries; and other articles on various subjects.

Among its early assistant editors and contributors were John McCarthy, who wrote on matters of immediate Catholic interest,

general literary criticism and Irish history and politics; J. E. McGee, who contributed estimates of Daniel O'Connell, Eugene O'Curry, Gerald Griffin, and many articles on the Irish situation of the day; and James Florent Meline, of the staff of General Pope, and author of a *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, who discussed for American Catholics many important questions of history.

The articles by Appleton Morgan on *Shakespeare, the Man and His Work*, are to-day a classic in Shakespearean literature and criticism.

The late Monsignor T. O. Preston contributed for a long period a yearly review of the world's history.

Dr. S. A. Raborg, a physician, well known in his day, wrote on the early efforts made for the better housing of the poor. Louis B. Binsse, one of the first benefactors of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, discussed the Catholic charities of New York. His account, when compared with conditions to-day, shows to what magnificent proportions they have grown.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD introduced Agnes Repplier to the public, and was in turn favored by many contributions from her pen. Miss Repplier—it may surprise her friends to know—wrote some short stories for the magazine. She contributed also many essays which show that clarity and distinction of style, that Catholic breadth of thought and intimate knowledge of the best in English and French literature that have given her an unquestioned prominence in English literature, and in the hearts of all who know her. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is another American writer whose work first saw the light in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Agnes Repplier, Louise Imogen Guiney, with Alice Meynell—all contributors to THE CATHOLIC WORLD—stand to-day at the head of English letters. The last two, in poetry, and the first, in prose, possess a literary distinction all their own.

Among the story writers that THE CATHOLIC WORLD in its long history may lay claim to are: Canon Sheehan, Katharine Tynan, John Talbot Smith, Mary Catherine Crowley, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, Marion Ames Taggart, M. A. Tincker, William Seton, Anna T. Sadlier, Rosa Mulholland, John Ayscough, Esther Neill, Christian Reid, Jeanie Drake, Thomas B. Rielly, and Enid Dinnis.

Nor should we fail to mention among its early contributors Father Alfred Young, who from the very first took up the cause of Church Music in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. His articles, which were frequent, included both prose and verse, essay and story. At an early date also appear the scientific writings

of the well-known scholar and priest, George M. Searle. Father Searle's pen has never been idle, and our present-day readers know well with what clearness and scholarship he discusses any theme he handles. While speaking of the Paulist writers, we may properly add a word of honorable mention to such early contributors as Father Walter Elliott, who is still doing valiant work; Father M. P. Smith, who but recently contributed an estimate of the late Pius X.; Father Henry H. Wyman; Father Thomas McMillan, who long ago stood forth as the champion of Catholic education, and whose voice and pen are still active in its cause; Father Charles J. Powers, whose work includes both prose and poetry; Father George McDermott, for his discussion of Irish questions; Father Joseph McSorley, who first published many chapters of his thoughtful work, *The Sacrament of Duty*, in the pages of this magazine, and Father Bertrand L. Conway, whose name has been signed to many timely articles of Catholic defence. May their pens, and the pens of their brethren, be active for many years to come in the work of the magazine so dear to the heart of their illustrious founder.

The members of the hierarchy throughout the years of its existence have frequently chosen THE CATHOLIC WORLD as their mouthpiece. Among such living contributors, we may mention His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons; His Eminence John Cardinal Farley; the Most Reverends John Ireland, John L. Spalding, Robert Seton, John J. Keane; the Right Reverends Thomas J. Conaty, Francis Silas Chatard, Camillus Paul Maes, Thomas O'Gorman, and Thomas J. Shahan.

A special word of honorable mention is due to Cardinal Aidan Gasquet, Wilfrid Ward, Maurice Francis Egan, whose first work for THE CATHOLIC WORLD dates far back, and who is still a most welcome contributor to its pages; Orby Shipley, the well-known compiler of *Carmina Mariana*; the late Richard Malcolm Johnston, and the late Brother Azarias. To these who have won a permanent place in American letters, we must add the name of one to whom literary history will accord a like honor—Katherine Brégy, the author of *The Poet's Chantry*.

A Paulist, now gone to his reward, who would have rejoiced to see this day of the magazine's Jubilee, is the late beloved Father Alexander P. Doyle. After Father Hewit's death, Father Doyle was for seven years editor-in-chief of the magazine, and labored unselfishly in its welfare. Under him the present editor served. Father Doyle went from the editor's chair to the Apostolic Mission House at Brookland, D. C.

Jubilee reminiscences should also echo the praise of the late Father William D. Hughes, C.S.P., for many years business manager of the magazine, and later assistant-editor. Father Hughes was a man of exceptional gifts, and a staunch defender of high literary standards. In service with the present editor, he gave of his best to the magazine from 1905 until his death in 1910. He was the faithful servant, always more pleased in helping others to do their best than in putting himself forward.

During the past ten years, a period with which the present editor is most familiar, we recall with pleasure the notable contributions of Dr. William J. Kerby on questions and principles of social reform, and on practical considerations affecting the vast work of Catholic charities throughout the United State. No man is better qualified to speak on them, and no man brings greater zeal or self-sacrifice to his work, than Dr. Kerby. With him must be joined the name of another ardent worker in the cause of social reform, and one who is an unquestionable authority, Dr. John A. Ryan of St. Paul, well known as the author of *The Living Wage*.

Educational questions have been discussed by Edward A. Pace, Thomas Edward Shields, and Canon William Barry. Among the notable series that have appeared during these years are: *The Recent Results of Psychical Research*, by George M. Searle, C.S.P., *Great Catholic Scientists and Old Calumnies Against the Church*, by Dr. James J. Walsh; *Sanctity and Development*, by Thomas J. Gerrard; *The Crises of Catholicism*, by Cornelius Clifford; *The Four Notes of the Church*, by H. P. Russell; *The Church and European Civilization*, *The Results of the Reformation*, and *The Church and French Democracy*, by Hilaire Belloc, the author of many well-known volumes, a writer and lecturer of international reputation.

From Edmund T. Shanahan we have *Blindfolding the Mind*, a series showing how "unreasonable and unreasoning" much of modern philosophy is; and *Completing the Reformation*, a masterful exposition of how the denials of the Reformation have worked themselves out to their fatal conclusions. A thorough mastery of fundamental philosophical problems, and an exceptional literary grace distinguish the work of Dr. Shanahan. In these articles he has set forth clearly and attractively the leading principles for the guidance of all who attempt to walk through the mazes of modern philosophical thought. It may be safely said that no one can meet that thought successfully, understand it thoroughly, and solve its difficulties finally, unless he has studied these contributions on the subject. They are profound, yet not heavy; thorough,

yet not academic; masterful, yet easily intelligible to the average educated Catholic layman.

English letters have been treated by Alice Meynell, Agnes Repplier, Louise Imogen Guiney, Katherine Brégy, Emily Hickey, John Ayscough, Virginia M. Crawford, Evelyn Phillips, and L. March Phillips.

Articles on religious questions of the day have been contributed by Reverends Francis P. Duffy, John F. Fenlon, Joseph T. Mooney, V.G., Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., Joseph W. Daly, C.S.S.R., Charles Plater, S.J., and C. C. Martindale, S.J.—indeed, it would be too great a task even to begin to cover the long list of distinguished writers.

Sir Bertram C. A. Windle has kept our readers well informed on scientific questions of importance; Max Turmann on the new growth of the Church in France; and William F. Dennehy, with Dr. Windle, on current Irish history.

In the department of "Recent Events" the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* have had, during the last ten years, a monthly review of current history.

The pages entitled "New Books" keep them in touch with the most recent publications. It is fair to say that *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* presents reviews of two hundred and fifty new books every six months. The mention of figures brings us to the material side of things. The one hundred volumes of the magazine include fourteen thousand four hundred pages; this means about seven million five hundred thousand words. In brief, the one hundred volumes of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* form a Catholic library of which any possessor may be proud.

The growth of our Holy Church in America during the years that have passed since Father Hecker established *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, has been little short of marvelous. Both in numbers and in strength; in education; in philanthropy; in the apostolate of the missions and of the press, the increase has been wonderful. Looking towards the future our hearts cannot but be animated with a great hope, and a greater zeal born of thanksgiving for the blessings of the past.

The measure of our true growth is not primarily numbers, or influence or external works. It is the spiritual life, the life within, of every individual Catholic. It is the endeavor of every individual to live in perfect accord with the teachings of our Holy Church, for she alone is the Guardian of the teachings of Christ. And that life must necessarily receive, both for the souls within,

and those without the Church, its intelligent expression. It was so from the beginning; it is so to-day. The spiritual man is unwilling to have his highest faculty of reason remain idle in the service and love of God. Where there is no intelligent expression of the Faith that is in us, and of the works which that Faith produces—the Faith is marked by indifference and decline. The abiding burden and duty of every generation is to proclaim the glory and merit of the truth of Christ in every field of human endeavor. That truth alone sounds life to its fullest depth, and explains the final worth of all human experience. Intellectualism is not spirituality: it may be its enemy and destroyer. Nevertheless, spirituality, unless directed by a thoroughly intelligent understanding of the teaching of the Church, will rapidly become weak and emaciated, and degenerate into emotionalism.

Moreover, it is the duty of those who possess and who stand for the truth of Christ, to know how that truth affects and guides aright every activity of human kind. Human society and its institutions; the work of its well-being and its improvement; education; philanthropy; the arts of letters, of music, of architecture—all these will go lamentably wrong unless they be directed by the teachings of Jesus Christ. His truth is the salvation of the world in the fullest sense. Study, therefore, both of the healing power and of the things that are to be healed is an essential requisite. Sympathy, fairness, justice—these are characteristically spiritual qualities of the zealous Catholic. Intelligent application both to the truth to be expressed and the manner of its expression is absolutely necessary. Because we possess the truth, we ought to be all the more careful to present it in attractive and pleasing style. Letters, not only because they may win the souls of men, but also because they show forth in a far-distant way the beauty of the Divine Intelligence Itself, have ever been a favorite child of our Holy Church.

To draw men by the capable, intelligent expression of Catholic truth; to make fairness and beauty of style an index of the fairness and beauty within; to show that Catholic truth illumines, fulfills all, and leads man to the supernatural life of Jesus Christ, was the lofty purpose of Father Hecker when he founded *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. For fifty years his mission has endured. May God grant us and our successors many, many years to continue it for His glory and the glory of His Holy Church; for the welfare of souls and the well-being of our beloved country—America.

NOTED CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

- Adams, W. Marshall.
 Aiken, Rev. Chas. F.
 Allies, Mary H. A.
 Anglin, Hon. T. W.
 Anstruther, G. Elliot.
 Atteridge, A. Hilliard.
 Aveling, Rev. Francis.
 Ayscough, John.
 Azarias, Brother.
- Baart, V. Rev. P. A.
 Balfour, Charlotte.
 Banim, Mary.
 Barker, E. Raymond.
 Barry, Rev. William.
 Baussan, Charles.
 Bayma, Rev. A.
 Becker, Rev. C.
 Becket, John J. à.
 Belloc, Hilaire.
 Bellingham, Henry.
 Benson, Mgr. R. Hugh.
 Binsse, Louis B.
 Blake, Mary Elizabeth.
 Blunt, Rev. Hugh F.
 Brady, Rev. Edward B.
 Brandi, Rev. Salv. M.
 Brann, Dr. Henry A.
 Brégy, Katherine.
 Briggs, E. B.
 Brownson, O. A.
 Brunowe, Marion J.
 Bugg, Letitia Hardin.
 Burke, Rev. T. F.
 Burke, S. Hubert.
 Burns, Rev. James A.
 Burtzell, Rev. R. L.
 Butler, Sir William.
- Callan, P. A.
 Callaghan, Rev. J. F.
 Camm, Dom Bede.
 Campbell, W. E.
 Cantwell, Rev. Wm. P.
 Carmichael, Montgomery.
 Carroll, V. Rev. John P.
 Cary, Emma F.
 Cesnola, Gen. di.
 Chatard, Rt. Rev. F. S.
 Christitch, Elizabeth.
- Clarke, R. H.
 Cleary, Rev. James M.
 Clifford, Rev. Cornelius.
 Colum, Padraic.
 Concannon, Helen.
 Concilio, Rev. J. de.
 Conway, Rev. Bertrand L.
 Cormican, Patrick J.
 Corrigan, M. Rev. M. A.
 Courson, Comtesse de.
 Cram, Ralph Adams.
 Crawford, Virginia M.
 Creagh, Rev. John T.
 Croke, Wm. J. D.
 Crowley, Mary C.
 Cuthbert, Rev. Father.
- Dale, Darley.
 Dease, Alice.
 De Costa, Dr. B. F.
 Dinnis, Enid.
 Dennehy, Wm. F.
 Deshon, Rev. Geo.
 De Vere, Aubrey.
 Dollard, Rev. James B.
 Dorsey, E. L.
 Dougherty, Rev. J. J.
 Drake, Jeanie.
 Driscoll, Rev. J. T.
 Drouet, Rev. F.
 Drum, Rev. Walter M.
 Duffy, Rev. Francis P.
 Dunn, Joseph.
 Dunn, Rt. Rev. Joseph P.
 Dutto, Rev. L. A.
- Earle, J. C.
 Egan, Maurice F.
 Egerton, Ruth.
 Elliott, Richard R.
 Elliott, Rev. Walter.
 Emery, S. L.
- Faber, Agnes Marie.
 Farley, John Cardinal.
 Farrell, R. F.
 Favier, Rt. Rev. Adolph.
 Fenlon, Rev. John F.
 Finn, Rev. Wm. J.
 Finotti, Rev. J. F.
- Fitz-Simons, Rev. Simon.
 Flood, W. H. Gratton.
 Foley, Rev. M. F.
 Formby, H.
 Fox, Rev. Jas. J.
 Freri, Very Rev. Joseph.
- Ganss, Rev. H. G.
 Gardner, Edmund G.
 Gasquet, Aidan Cardinal.
 Gerrard, Rev. Thomas J.
 Gibbons, James Cardinal.
 Gildea, Rev. Wm. L.
 Gill, Thos. P.
 Grafton, Rev. F. W.
 Guiney, Louise Imogen.
- Haines, Helen.
 Handley, Rev. John M.
 Harris, Wm. Laurel.
 Hassard, J. R. G.
 Hazeltine, M. W.
 Healy, T. M.
 Healy, Rev. Patrick J.
 Hecker, V. Rev. I. T.
 Heinzle, Rev. J. U.
 Henry, René.
 Herbermann, Chas. G.
 Herbert, Lady.
 Hewit, V. Rev. A. F.
 Hickey, Emily.
 Higgins, Rev. E. A.
 Howard, Rev. F. W.
 Howard, George H.
 Hughes, Rev. Thos.
 Hughes, Katherine.
 Hurley, Edmund G.
 Hyvernatt, Rev. Henry.
- Ireland, Most Rev. J.
- Janssens, Most Rev. F.
 Johnston, Rev. Julian E.
 Johnston, Rev. Lucian.
 Johnston, R. M.
- Keane, Most Rev. John J.
 Keating, Rev. Joseph.
 Keller, Rev. Jos. E.
 Kent, Henry Charles.
 Kent, Rev. W. H.

- Keogh, J. A.
 Kerby, Rev. William J.
 Kilmer, Joyce.
 Kitchin, Rev. Wm. P. H.
 Klein, Abbé Felix.

 Lathrop, Rose H.
 Lattey, Rev. Cuthbert.
 Lavelle, Rev. M. J.
 Lennox, P. J.
 Lilly, W. S.
 Loughlin, Rev. Jas. F.
 Lynch, Rt. Rev. T. A.

 McCabe, Lida Rose.
 McCarthy, J.
 McCullagh, Francis.
 McGee, J. E.
 McCready, Rev. Chas.
 McDonald, Rev. Alex.
 McGoldrick, Thos. C.
 McLaughlin, J. Fairfax.
 McMahan, Ella J.
 McMahon, Rev. Jos. H.
 MacManus, Suemas.
 McMillan, Rev. Thos.
 McNabb, Rev. Vincent.
 McSorley, Rev. Joseph.
 McSweeney, Rt. Rev. E.
 Maes, Rt. Rev. C. P.
 Magevney, Rev. E.
 Maginnis, Chas. D.
 Maher, Richard Aumerle.
 Manning, Henry Cardinal.
 Mannix, Mary E.
 Martindale, Rev. C. C.
 Meehan, Thos. F.
 Meline, J. G.
 Meynell, Alice.
 Mivart, St. George.
 Monaghan, J. C.
 Mooney, Rt. Rev. J. F.
 Moore, Rev. Thos. V.
 Morgan, Appleton.
 Mulholland, Rosa.
 Murphy, Rev. John T.

 Nankivell, A. H.
 Neill, Esther W.
 Nesbitt, Marian.

 O'Connor, Armel.
 O'Connor, Rev. J. V.
 O'Gorman, Rt. Rev. T.
 O'Hagan, Thomas M. A.
 O'Hara, Rev. Edwin V.
 O'Meara, K.
 O'Reilly, E. Boyle.
 O'Reilly, Mary Boyle.
 O'Shea, John J.

 Pace, Rev. Edw. A.
 Pallen, Condé B.
 Parsons, Rev. F. W.
 Phillips, Charles.
 Phillipps, Evelyn March.
 Phillipps, L. March.
 Plater, Rev. Charles.
 Pope, Rev. Hugh.
 Powers, Rev. Chas. J.
 Preston, V. Rev. Thos. S.

 Quinn, Rev. Daniel.
 Quinlan, M. F.

 Raborg, S. A.
 Rea, Robert.
 Reid, Christian.
 Reilly, Thomas B.
 Repplier, Agnes.
 Riordan, Rev. John J.
 Rivington, Rev. Luke.
 Robinson, Wm. C.
 Robinson, Rev. Paschal.
 Rooney, John J.
 Rudd, F. A.
 Ryan, Rev. John A.
 Ryder, V. Rev. H. T. D.
 Russell, H. P.

 Sadlier, Anna T.
 Sadlier, Mrs. J.
 Scammon, Gen. E. P.
 Schroeder, V. Rev. Jos.
 Scott, Mrs. Maxwell.
 Scudder, Vida D.
 Searle, Rev. Geo. M.
 Seton, Elizabeth.
 Seton, William.
 Seton, Mgr. R.
 Shahan, Rt. Rev. Thos. J.

 Shanahan, Rev. Ed. T.
 Shea, J. G.
 Sheehan, Rev. P. A.
 Shields, Rev. Thomas E.
 Shipley, Orby.
 Shipman, Andrew.
 Smith, Rev. John Talbot.
 Smith, Rev. M. P.
 Somerville, Henry.
 Spalding, Rt. Rev. J. L.
 Starr, Eliza Allen.
 Stockley, W. F. P.
 Stone, Jean M.
 Storer, Agnes C.
 Storer, Maria L.
 Sullivan, Margaret F.

 Taggart, Marion.
 Taunton, Rev. E. L.
 Thompson, M. P.
 Thurston, Herbert.
 Tincker, M. A.
 Turmann, Dr. Max.
 Turner, Rev. William.
 Tynan, Katharine.

 Vaughan, Rt. Rev. H.
 Vaughan, Rev. Kenelm.
 Vaughn, Rev. John S.

 Ward, Wilfrid.
 Ward, Mrs. Wilfrid.
 Walsh, Jas. J.
 Walsh, Thomas.
 Waggaman, M. T.
 Walworth, Rev. C. A.
 Weibel, Rev. Geo. F.
 Wilberforce, Rev. B.
 Wilberforce, H. W.
 Wilberforce, Wilfrid.
 Wickham, Jos. Francis.
 Windle, Sir Bertram C. A.
 Wiseman, Cardinal.
 Woodlock, Thos. F.
 Wyman, Rev. H. H.

 Yorke, Rev. Peter C.
 Young, Rev. A.

 Zahm, Rev. Albert F.

A BRIEF SUMMARY OF SOME OF THE SUBJECTS TREATED IN THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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 Brébeuf, Father John de.
 Brownson, Dr.
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 Doyle, James, Bishop of Kildare.
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Detailed mention of the verse contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD has been omitted, because the mere title of the poems would be no index to their merit. If published entire the poems would fill a large-sized volume, and make an anthology of unusual worth.

FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

BY THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D.D.,

Bishop of Germanicopolis.

Rector of the Catholic University of America.



IN 1866, a year after the foundation of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the Bishops of the United States assembled in the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, gave a new impetus to the educational movement which has filled these fifty years with increasing effort and achievement. The movement itself was not new; its beginnings lay far back in the early days when the missionaries taught the Indians whom they converted. It had progressed through the colonial period before either Hierarchy or Republic was established. It had borne its fruits of loyalty to the Union and survived the shock of the Civil War. At the time of the Council there were parochial schools, academies, and colleges serving the cause of Catholic education in all parts of the country. The Fathers of the Council gave due recognition and credit to the work as they found it; but they also saw its possibilities, and realized the need of strengthening and expanding it to meet greater requirements.

It is not, then, the origin of Catholic education that concerns us at present so much as its development during a half century which has been marked by rapid and manifold variations in our religious, educational, and national conditions. By its adaptation to the changing environment the Catholic school has manifested, in its own degree, the vitality which is characteristic of the Church; or, it may well be said, the growth of the school is one of the most striking evidences of vigor in our Catholic religious life, second only to the progressive hierarchical organization of the Church itself. Indeed, one of the most important signs of our progress is the conviction, now deeply rooted in the minds of pastor and people, that the Catholic school is indispensable. It is no longer a merely desirable thing or a luxury; it is a necessity. It has become more and more necessary each year; it has thriven upon difficulties, and turned to its advantage the very circumstances that apparently threatened its existence.

The mere fact that a body of American citizens, scarcely one-eighth of the whole population, should have built up and maintained an educational system of their own, parallel to, yet independent of, the public schools, is remarkable. Had the purpose been commercial, the promoters would have been credited with enterprise. Had it been political, they would have been praised, or blamed, for their shrewdness. And if their aim had been to exploit a special set of theories, pedagogical or scientific or economic, they would have been known, for better or worse, as enthusiasts. It is also probable that their work would have gone the way of so many other enthusiasms.

The significance of the Catholic school lies rather in its distinctive purpose, which is the combination of religious and moral training with intellectual culture. It does not claim to have the only successful method of teaching the subjects usually included in the curriculum, but it does insist that faith and virtue are quite as essential in the training of men and women as are knowledge and skill. It accepts the findings of science, and yet it holds that they must be completed with a larger truth. It cherishes the arts, but above these it places the art of living. It recognizes the right and the duty of the State to provide the citizen with education, while it contends that righteousness is the first essential in good citizenship. That with such principles as its policy it should not only have continued to exist, but should have grown and prospered exceedingly during the past half century, is the most striking fact in the educational activity of the Church, and also, it may fairly be said, of the entire country during this period.

The import of this fact will be more clearly perceived if we remember that during these fifty years the Church has been obliged to meet countless demands of every kind. Besides the regular work of organizing many new dioceses, provision had to be made for the needy and suffering, for missions at home and abroad, for the thousand exigencies and emergencies to which charity alone is equal. All these works of mercy called for expenditure of energy and zeal no less than of material means. But it was evident that the faith which prompts generous giving and doing could not be safeguarded unless its teachings formed a part of education. It was not enough to build beautiful churches unless these had the school as their buttress. Nor would the most careful training of the clergy have guaranteed the prosperity of religion if the education of the laity had been neglected. The preaching of the Word is essential; it is

the sowing of the seed. Yet the Master Himself has taught us how much depends on the quality of the ground and its due preparation.

What the harvest will be when religion is excluded from the school is not very hard to foresee: it might have been foretold without the experience of the past fifty years. At any rate, with the facts now before us, it is no longer a matter of speculation. In their own forceful, though unpleasing, way the results show how fully justified were the admonitions of the Second Plenary Council. On the other hand, they bring out in clearer relief the meaning of the Catholic school and of its success. The unwillingness of other schools to teach religion or morality in any definite form has become, during the period under consideration, more and more pronounced. It has made its way into State constitutions and legislative enactments. In too many minds it has developed the idea that education has nothing to do with conduct and less with conscience. How far such a view may be acceptable to those outside the Church, is just here an irrelevant question. It certainly could not and cannot be entertained by Catholics. But for this very reason the growth of our schools is all the more noteworthy. They have adhered to their aim in spite of the widening tendency toward a purely secular education, and thereby they have become the strongest, if not the only, educational agencies for the furtherance of Christianity.

Looked at under a somewhat different angle, this unique position suggests a spirit which was once quite powerful in the American mind, and which even now might be quickened to good purpose. For we still hear many proclamations about individual liberty and the sacredness of personal rights. Now if there be a freedom that every citizen of this country ought to cherish, it surely is the freedom to have his children properly educated. For their welfare he is responsible to the Creator; and while human authority can aid him in the discharge of his duty, it may not thwart him or trample upon his conscience. Where this form of liberty is secure and its exercise unhampered, there is reason to hope that other liberties will be preserved. In this respect, therefore, the Catholic school, as a free institution based on the worthiest of motives, is doing its share toward upholding the freedom which is so precious to all our citizens.

Patriotism of this sort is hard enough to arouse and maintain in a homogeneous population; it is harder still when the people is a composite of many nationalities. The process of assimilation has

been carried on in this country on a larger scale and with greater success than in any other part of the world. It has been largely the work of the American school and, in a very peculiar way, of the Catholic school. But to the latter it has presented problems of a special kind which the public schools did not undertake to solve. The Catholic immigrant brought his children into surroundings which were quite different from those of their native country, from its religious traditions, its immemorial customs and its historic associations. If it was necessary to make Americans of these newcomers, it was even more essential to see that their faith was preserved. They had to be taught that, however their political and social relations might be changed by coming to this country, their religious duties were the same here and everywhere. While seeking a livelihood and struggling with material conditions, they had, nevertheless, to be kept alert for their spiritual interests and watchful of their best inheritance. Their education was at once a preserving and a transforming process.

With these various tasks before it, the Catholic school could not remain at a standstill; it was compelled by pressure from within and from without to go steadily forward. Advance in one direction necessitated and made possible advance in every other direction. As the nature and scope of education came to be more generally understood, it was recognized that continuity was essential, that Catholic education could not afford to stop at the close of the primary school, and that, consequently, institutions of a higher sort were needed. To give the child his early training under Catholic influences, and then let him go elsewhere just as he was beginning to think and to question, would have been a hazardous procedure. In many cases it would have defeated the purpose and thrown away the results of elementary education.

In this respect, therefore, as in many others, the growth of our parochial schools is what first impresses us as we turn to a closer survey of the half century. The Second Plenary Council, after pointing out the dangers to which Catholic children were exposed in other schools, declares that "the best, nay, the only remedy for these evils and hardships is the establishment, in every diocese and in connection with each church, of schools wherein Catholic youth shall be taught the various branches of knowledge and shall be trained in religion and morality as well. . . . In these schools conducted under the pastor's eye, the dangers which we have already noted in the public schools will be avoided; our children will be

safeguarded against rapidly spreading indifferentism; they will learn to walk steadfastly in the Catholic path, and from their earliest years to bear the yoke of the Lord."

That the exhortation has been heeded can be seen by anyone who is acquainted with the work of a Catholic parish. Whether in the populous city or in the outlying country, the church and the school stand side by side as centres of activity. The pastor is in touch with his people because through the school he forms the character of the child and renders the parent invaluable service. His influence reaches the home, not by an occasional visit, but through a daily ministration of which the pupil is the medium. With a practical psychological insight he knows that the children of to-day will be the home-makers of to-morrow. He has no theory about "empty churches," because he never sees them on the inside. But he does know why his services are crowded in summer as well as in winter, and why his people, both men and women, approach the sacraments regularly. The efforts he makes in behalf of his school are the best investment of his zeal, and the returns are abundant in proportion.

The parish priest in this country is a man of many occupations. As organizer, builder, gatherer, and distributor of charity he is tireless. But it is especially in the field of education that his priestly devotion is manifested. There he builds, from its very foundations, the temple of the spirit; there, too, he is father and teacher in all that pertains to the life of the soul, its opportunities and its dangers. If the growth of the parochial school is an index of Catholic progress, it is also an unmistakable evidence of the loyalty and earnestness with which our priests are inspired.

Happily, the same qualities are found in those who have immediate charge of our schools, the teachers who in a literal sense have left all things to follow Christ. For them education is no mechanical progress; it is a sacred work in which they coöperate with God's design. In the child they see not only mental capacities that are to be unfolded, but a life that is to be shaped and a soul that is to be saved. Of unselfishness and virtue and sacrifice they speak by practice as well as by precept. They are teachers by profession and yet more by consecration. The parochial school claims our gratitude on many accounts, but in a high and peculiar degree we are indebted to it as giving occasion and scope for the zeal of our teaching communities. They have indeed the advantage of forming the child's mind while it is yet plastic; but they have also the

responsibility. The importance of their duty and their fidelity in performing it are more fully appreciated now that we realize the need of articulating the primary schools with those which are more advanced. That we have come in this way to see how much our whole educational work depends on the parochial school and its teachers, is one of the most valuable results of the experience of these fifty years.

It is obvious to say that the progress of our academies and colleges is due in no small measure to the growth of the elementary schools in number and efficiency. Better work in the grades means better preparation for college; and while it is true that the majority of our children so far do not go on to collegiate courses, it is also to be noted that the college has been able to raise its standards and to improve the quality of its instruction. But the college again has its own functions and its own grave responsibilities; and these, during the half century, have rapidly increased. Serving as a shelter to youth in the storm and stress period, it has to deal with the most delicate problems that education offers in the moral sphere no less than in the intellectual. It has to equip men for actual life whether in the professions or in other pursuits. As the conditions of success lay new and more exacting demands upon the student, the college must supply ampler facilities and secure better results. Above all, it must foresee the perils to which its graduates will be exposed, and provide them with the requisite strength of faith and character.

These obligations our Catholic colleges, directed by the religious Orders, the congregations of Brothers, or the diocesan clergy, have fulfilled with a devotion and a success that compel admiration. Their endowment has consisted mainly of loyalty to the Church, of love for youth and of unfailing courage. But the outcome is visible in the thousands of alumni who have taken high rank in business or professional service, and who by their upright lives pay eloquent tribute to the teachers who made of them men and Christians.

While the characteristic work of the college has been the preservation of Catholic youth from increasing danger to faith and morals, it has not always been possible to furnish opportunities of the highest education under like favorable circumstances. Naturally, then, the conviction grew that to complete the development begun in parochial school and college, an institution was needed which should unite all the departments of knowledge, and all the

requisites for culture, scientific investigation, and professional training. "Would that we had a university in which all the branches of knowledge both sacred and profane might be taught." Such was the desire expressed by the Second Plenary Council; the realization was to come twenty-three years later when, in answer to the petition of the Third Plenary Council, Leo XIII. granted a pontifical charter to the Catholic University of America.

This founding of a *studium generale* was not a new thing in the history of the Papacy: it was but a repetition in this age and country of what was done seven centuries ago when the first universities of Europe came into existence. In scope and organization our Catholic University had for its model the institutions that were the glory of Paris and Oxford, of Bologna, Heidelberg, and Vienna. In the same spirit of coöperation, the religious Orders have grouped their houses of study around the University as did their mediæval predecessors. Here too, as in the Middle Ages when faith was strong and the Holy See supreme among the nations, theology and philosophy and the sciences of nature are harmoniously combined; clergy and laity alike have their share in government and instruction; laymen and clerics, in one student body, pursue their several courses of study. Thus, partly at least, the University within twenty-five years has realized the intention of Leo XIII. and the desire of his successors. For this great step in advance, the Church of America owes deepest gratitude to the Holy See, whose wisdom and foresight has given Catholic education its most powerful stimulus.

The establishment and growth of the University has shown our people that the Church is determined to bring within their reach the whole range of learning. It has brought them a keener appreciation of higher education; and it has aroused in them, to a degree never felt before, an interest in educational questions. On their side the people have given a quick and generous response. Individuals and organizations, though burdened with many other concerns in behalf of religion, have contributed in greater measure than ever to the support of our schools both elementary and advanced. The result is something unique in the history of education: a body of citizens bearing, through taxation, their share of the cost of schools controlled by the State and, through love of religion, the entire expense of a system which is doing more than any other for the best interests of the country.

In its principal aim, Catholic education has always and every-

where found a reason for unity; but the Catholic educational system in the stricter sense is a recent development. The utility and the need of closer coöperation among our forces have been emphasized both by our own conditions and by those that are external. We surely are not, either numerically or financially, in a position that would justify or even suggest the least waste of effort or the slightest neglect of any agency that could be helpful. A common purpose implies a common understanding of ways and means. Instead of toiling in isolation our teachers should have the opportunity of knowing what others are doing, what movements are astir, what methods have been tested or proposed, what defects are still to be remedied. With the necessary information at their disposal they could be counted on for more united action and therefore for better results.

Considerations of this sort led to the organization of the Catholic Educational Association, which during the past decade has gone very far in the way of concerted endeavor. It has brought our educators together in annual meetings for the discussion of urgent problems. Through the exchange of views among our teachers, it has enabled each to benefit by the experience of all. What is specially important, it has brought out clearly, even in visible form, the fact that in our unity there is a power for good and in our coöperation the assurance of success.

To obtain the desired result in this constructive movement, each factor must contribute zealously and efficiently. The adoption of good methods is useful, as are also the revision of the curriculum, the raising of standards and the correlation of studies. But these things do not work automatically. They presuppose intelligent choice and execution, not only on the part of those who take the initiative, but also on the part of the individual workers. As the competent teacher is the life of the school, the preparation of the teacher is vital to the entire system. Hence it is encouraging to note the progress that has been made of late years in the training of our teachers under Catholic auspices. For this purpose summer schools and institutes are excellent; they supply in part the needed instruction, and they naturally arouse in the teachers the desire for more complete and systematic courses, such as have recently been organized in the Catholic Sisters' College affiliated to the University. The first to profit by this instruction are the teachers themselves; but through them the parochial schools, and eventually the colleges reap the benefit. There is thus established a thorough and healthy

circulation whereby the whole system is invigorated, and each part is enabled to exert its full capacity to the best effect. The need of antiseptic measures is proportionately reduced.

As might have been expected, our educational advance, in solving some of the older problems, has brought up others that are equally urgent. But this is no reason for discouragement; it is rather a sign of progress and an occasion for more earnest endeavor. There is yet much to be done, for instance, in regard to the high school and the readjustment which it calls for in primary and secondary education. The curriculum also is a topic that no amount of discussion seems likely to exhaust. Even more immediate perhaps is the need of textbooks suited to the spirit and purpose of our teaching. It is not sufficient that they abstain from slurs or attacks on religion; they must give it positive support. Every subject taught in our schools can and should be made a source of inspiration that will permeate the mind with the thought of God and quicken the sense of duty. The religious atmosphere is necessary, but it will not sustain life if the right kind of mental nourishment be lacking.

As to the teaching of religion itself, it may suffice here to recall the admonition given to the pastor by the Second Plenary Council:

While he strives to educate children in the knowledge of things divine, let his whole endeavor be to do what St. Augustine praises in the Catholic Church—to teach children as children: *pueros pueriliter docere*, that is, in the easy and simple manner which befits their weakness and immaturity. Let him explain the highest mysteries of faith in such wise as to adapt himself to their age and capacity. Even though, as frequently happens, adults should be present in the church during the catechism lesson, let the teacher never make use of high-sounding, unfamiliar words or modes of expression; but let him employ only those that are simple, clear and plain of meaning, and which can readily be understood by all, even by the slowest children. “He who teaches,” as St. Augustine pertinently declares, “should not be at pains as to how much eloquence there is in his speech but as to how much clearness. For the sake of such clearness he will at times pass over the nicety of words; he will give heed not to what sounds well but to what explains well and carries straight to the mind the meaning he seeks to convey. . . . Of what avail is perfectly rounded diction if the intelligence of the hearers does not follow it—seeing that there

is no reason whatever for speaking if what we say is not understood by those to whom we speak just to make them understand."

It is certainly to be hoped that these words of the great theologian and of the Council will serve as guidance for all who are called to teach religion in the school or to prepare textbooks in this most important of subjects. *Pueros pueriliter docere* is an ideal which every teacher should strive for: it is the aim which education based on psychology has, seemingly, discovered in these latter times, but which in reality has for centuries inspired the teaching of the Church as it formed the central element in the method of Christ.

It is doubtless well that we have learned from these fifty years how much remains to be done. But it is none the less our duty to recognize with gratitude what the pioneers have accomplished. We have ample reason to thank Almighty God for the growth of Catholic education; and the best proof of our thankfulness will be our renewed efforts for progress. The work is His, and He it is Who "giveth the increase."

CATHOLIC LETTERS AND THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.



THE Golden Jubilee of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a triumph for Catholic letters in the United States. It represents fifty years of heroic labor, crowned by honorable achievement. To anyone who, like the writer, remembers the first introduction of THE WORLD into the field of American periodicals—then so empty and spacious, now crowded to suffocation—its long career seems like a kindly miracle. But those who have stood at the helm know by what unflinching efforts this miracle has been accomplished.

Such an anniversary invokes memories, and awakens conjecture. The theme of Catholic literature is too vast to be lightly handled, and it has a thousand aspects full of profound suggestiveness. A universal Church must express itself in letters as in architecture; and it must so express itself as to be intelligible and accessible to men of all nations, all ages, and all degrees. St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante, the Cathedral of Chartres (which God save from German howitzers!)—these are the pinnacles. They pierce the dusk of centuries. They tower above the level of humanity. They hold the homage of the world. But there are chapels to be built for little summer congregations of tradespeople and servant maids. There are histories to be written for the Catholic child in its convent school. There are many humble divisions of the majestic whole; all of them full of purpose, full of possibilities, and worthy of the utmost effort for the honor of the cause they uphold.

It is to be forever regretted that the divisions in the Christian Church have bred in all of us a spirit of controversy. We are not only involved in argument, which is bad enough; but we are expected to show our paces, which is a very grievous burden. The historians whom I read in my youth, Froude, Macaulay, Motley, were of the contentious school. They were always making out a case for somebody, always arranging and rearranging their evidence in the most favorable or the most damning light. Even Mr. Green had fixed views and a settled purpose, which it was but too easy to recognize; and as for poor Miss Strickland—whom all girls of my day were expected to read conscientiously—her troubles began

with the birth of her beloved church, and are set forth pathetically in a passage (at which it would be cruel to laugh) in the preface to her *Queens of England*.

"Katherine Parr is our first Protestant queen, and the nursing mother of the Reformation. There is only another Protestant queen-consort, Anne of Denmark" (the history goes no further than 1714), "and the three queens regnant, Elizabeth, Mary II., and Anne. Undoubtedly these princesses would have been better women if their actions had been more conformable to the principles inculcated by the pure and apostolic doctrines of the Church of England."

It is the necessity of saying or intimating something of this sort which handicaps history written with a sectarian bias. The only alternative appears to be such frank falsehoods as those of Mr. Froude, which are too robustly evident to deceive. "Froude," says Mr. Birrell kindly, "did not mind blundering about his facts. A misquotation or two never disturbed his night's rest." Nor does it ours. We say "one more," shrug our shoulders, and turn the page. But after reading histories of this mettlesome breed, what rest and refreshment await us in the older chronicles of Froissart, of Joinville, of Philip de Commines—men who tranquilly narrated what they found to tell, without caring whether such incidents were calculated to edify or to scandalize, men who never for a moment dreamed that the eternal verities of religion depended on the behavior of kings.

Had Philip de Commines felt it necessary to beatify Louis XI. as Froude felt it necessary to beatify Henry VIII., the result would have been every whit as grotesque. But no such sense of obligation troubled the courtly historian. "Our good master, Louis, whom may God pardon," he writes composedly, and with a lively recognition of how much there was to forgive. "The king was very liberal to the Church; and in some respects more than was necessary, for he robbed the poor to give to the rich. But, in this world, no one can arrive at perfection."

Had Froissart felt it necessary to state that Isabeau of Bavaria "would undoubtedly have been a better woman, if her actions had been more conformable to the principles inculcated by the pure and apostolic doctrines of the Church of Rome," we should see in him either the apologist of the queen, or the champion of the Faith. It never occurs to him to be either. "She (Isabeau) was a valiant lady, whom God loved and corrected," is his single comment.

Readers of history may judge for themselves what was the need and quality of the correction.

Even Joinville, who had such a magnificent text as St. Louis, writes with a transparent and disconcerting sincerity. Only a chronicler who antedated the Reformation could have ventured to tell us the scandalous story of the mortal sins—how the king asked him one day if he would rather have committed a mortal sin, or be a leper; and how he had answered: "Sire, I would rather have committed thirty mortal sins than be a leper;" and how sternly Louis had rebuked him for such unchristian words. Love and reverence for his master filled Joinville's whole being; yet he saw plainly that France suffered when the king left for the Crusade, and he felt plainly that a monarch's first duty was to the people whom he ruled. Once he accompanied Louis, and fought valiantly by his side. The second time he refused to go, bluntly replying to all expostulation that he had no mind the vassals on his estate should be ruined by his piety.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc says truthfully that Europe and its development are a Catholic thing. "The Catholic Faith was the formative soul of European civilization. Wherever it was preserved, there the European tradition in art, law, marriage, property, everything, was preserved also." Therefore it is that the Catholic reads history unconfusedly. He does not regard it from without, but from within. "He feels in his own nature the nature of its progress." Some insight into this truth disquieted so admirable a scholar as the Rev. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, a man who could never tranquilly adjust his stores of erudition. The Church of Rome fretted him, because he thought it "characteristic of Catholicism that it supersedes reason, and prejudices all matters by the application of fixed rules." The Church of England fretted him because he thought it had "no true grasp of Christian history. The only clue to the past is not in its hands. It has a set of borrowed dogmata, but no theology."

A clue to the past! It is more than a clue—it is the key of the past which the Church holds in her sacred keeping, and only when she unlocks the door do we see the stately procession of the centuries, linked indissolubly one with another, comprehensible to the clear eyes of faith, beautiful to the serene understanding which comes of Christian charity. Now and then a sturdy Protestant, like Carlyle, throws the flash light of his genius upon one impelling figure, and, by sheer force of sympathy, illuminates it forever. At

his bidding there steps out from the turmoil of the twelfth century, Samson, Abbot of St. Edmundsbury, a man of mean estate and high attainments, fit illustration of that triumphant democracy which brought to the cloister, the bishopric, and the Papacy the vital element of worth.

To Carlyle, Samson was endeared beyond measure because he did so much and said so little; for, by the irony of circumstance, the Scotchman, who could never hold his peace upon any subject, sincerely loved and revered silence. To us the great abbot is but one more illustration of that serenity which comes of unchallenged faith. He was a devout man, but he was also a very busy man. His life held no leisure for polemics, although the monastery library was his pride and joy. Religion was to him as his daily bread, "which he did not take the trouble to talk much about; which he merely ate at stated intervals, and lived, and did his work upon. This," says Carlyle, was "Abbot Samson's Catholicism of the twelfth century." It deserves notice when we contemplate the splendors of the century which followed. It is a link in the chain, a part of the indestructible whole.

The past's tremendous disarray,

the sinister present in which we live, the perilous future darkening before our eyes—what can survive unhurt this grim procession of the years, save only the Church of God? What can unite "les âmes bien nées" of every age and race, save only the faith which made of Abbot Samson seven hundred years ago, as it makes of Cardinal Mercier to-day, a valiant man, an undaunted patriot, and a true servant of God.

In the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne, a devout and gentle writer of whom Mr. Pater said that his religion was "all pure profit," we find a passage which, albeit somewhat archaic in language, is painfully modern in sentiment. It marks the stride which the world had made from the blithe acceptance of faith to the processes of perpetual challenge. "There are," says Sir Thomas, "as in philosophy, so in divinity, sturdy doubts and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquaints us." Here we find ourselves embarked upon the familiar sea of controversy and contention, which, if it begets strenuous effort and clear, sharp-edged thinking, is as fatal to letters as to art. A "Roman Priest Conversion Branch Tract Society" is not cal-

culated to provide the world with literature. The resonant beauty of the English Liturgy failed to commend it to the Calvinistic Synod of Poitiers, which expressed a pious doubt as to whether Satan was not the author thereof. Blanco White, a man whose lack of humor was nicely balanced by his lack of taste, edited a *Rationalist à Kempis*. Mr. Edgeworth, famous as an educator, and as the father of his daughter, advised that Greek and Roman history should not be taught in the Irish schools. "They inculcate democracy, and a foolish hankering after undefined liberty. This is peculiarly dangerous to Ireland."

Everywhere the same note of doubt, of disturbance, of rejection. Everywhere something to be readjusted or withheld. Nowhere a serene acceptance of large, impelling issues. Fiction, designed by the relenting fates to be our solace and diversion, took arms and pricked us nastily. When I was a little girl, the stories in my convent library betrayed the trust I put in them. They followed the principle set forth sardonically by Mr. Henry Harland's cardinal (he who lost and found his snuff-box)—that is, they steeped themselves in controversy, and invited their heretic to a course of instruction. I, poor child, fresh from catechism and Christian doctrine, was assailed by these false friends, as though I had been the heretic in question, and badgered as shamefully as I have been badgered since by *Robert Elsmere* and *John Ward, Preacher*, and the whole kit and crew of controversial novels. May the waves of oblivion close over their heads, and the story-reading world find peace!

And now in the jubilee year of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the field of Catholic letters is a fair one. The death of Monsignor Benson hit us hard. Only his fatal fluency, the fluency of a family drenched in ink, held him back from the highest excellence. I never saw the notice of a new book, or of half-a-dozen new books by Robert Hugh and Arthur Christopher Benson, without thinking of that matchless passage of Landor's, in which Joseph Scaliger comments upon the fewness of Montaigne's books. Montaigne replies somewhat tartly that fourscore volumes are not "few." Scaliger observes that he and his father together have written well-nigh that number. "Ah," says the smiling Montaigne, "to write them is quite another thing. But one reads books without a spur, or even a pat from our Lady Vanity." It is because Monsignor Benson found it so perilously easy to write, that we have side by side a delicate masterpiece like *None Other Gods*, and a lifeless historical

novel like *Oddsfish*, hundreds of pages reeled off as though they were thread from a bobbin.

A survey of Catholic literature, even of modern English, French, and American Catholic literature, would fill the jubilee number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. It would leave no space for other claimants. How deal with Cardinal Newman in a single page, or with Francis Thompson in a paragraph? How dispose of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward and of Mr. and Mrs. Meynell in a few scamped lines? How move on rapidly from Aubrey de Vere to Father Tabb, gathering and dropping flowers of verse by the way? If I quote but a single poem out of the abundance spread before me, it is because this poem by Louise Imogen Guiney has in it a quality of courage, of high, undaunted, and holy happiness, which we sorely need in these most evil days.

THE KNIGHT ERRANT.

Spirits of old that bore me,
 And set me, meek of mind,
 Between great dreams before me,
 And deeds as great behind,
 Knowing humanity my star,
 As forth abroad I ride,
 Shall help me wear with every scar
 Honour at eventide.

* * * *

Forethought and recollection
 Rivet mine armour gay!
 The passion for perfection
 Redeem my failing way!
 Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword,
 Choice of the heart's desire;
 A short life in the saddle, Lord!
 Not long life by the fire.

I fear no breathing bowman,
 But only, east and west,
 The awful other foeman
 Impowered in my breast;
 The outer fray in the sun shall be,
 The inner beneath the moon;
 And may our Lady lend to me
 Sight of the Dragon soon!

Here is a note which should find an echo in our hearts. If Catholics share in the profound sorrow, they have no part in the profound disquiet of a troubled world. Injustice has been done, and the wrong may never be righted. History is one long record of unrighted wrongs. But God lives, and the soul of man is free. Louvain's University lies in ashes, but learning does not perish with books. The glory of Rheims has crumbled into ruins under the resistless German guns; but the spirit of faith has been born anew in the heart of suffering France. Agitated writers are sighing and moaning in popular magazines that the Church of Christ has proved no bulwark from the storm. So were the disciples scandalized when their Master was led away, bound and captive, to be crucified. What did they know, what do we know of things not to be measured by human standards, nor weighed by earthly scales? Day after day the best and bravest fight for their stricken homes, and die on their blood-soaked land. In God's justice shall they wear

Honour at eventide.

INCIPIT VITA NOVA.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

I WAITED for the world's last breath; but hear
The voice of Life upon the battlefield.
See what a growth its sudden valors yield,
Unchoked by lank and parasitic fear!
Drouth rules not now; for fountains are unsealed
That flood and fertilize. There is new cheer
Come quick to rouse dead nations, and a clear
Vision of pow'r raised manhood soon may wield.

A thousand meadows, drenched with blood, are strewn
With heroes risen surely in the strife,
Who have baptized us, made us young again.
Lord God of war, we thank Thee for this boon
Of unexpected, vivid, cleaner life;
Learning our resurrection from our pain.

MIRACLES—FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S., K.S.G.,

President of University College, Cork.



AMONGST the remarkable instances of a return to doctrines always held by the Catholic Church by those who for long ages derided her teaching, and who still deny her authority, there is perhaps none more curious and significant than that connected with the subject of miracles. A consideration of this matter brings us once more face to face with the oft-asserted and indeed indisputable fact, that whilst there is a stream setting towards the great ocean of the unchanging Church, there is another stream which, though still nominally Christian, sets backward towards that other great and ancient ocean of unbelief. For a time the constituents of the two streams may tarry together on the watershed, but sooner or later to one side or the other each must take its course, and merge in one or other of the two oceans. All which statements the occurrences of the past fifty years exemplify.

Fifty years ago the writer was a small boy living in a deeply religious household—Puritanical even in its observances—and was familiar with many another of a similar character. In every one of these it would have been considered blasphemous to cast the slightest discredit or doubt upon any miracle recounted in the Bible, and the height of folly to place the slightest credence in any miracle which was not “between the two covers,” or had happened later than the events recounted in the Acts of the Apostles. In fact it was an axiom that no miracles had occurred since the Apostolic times; and such a thing as a miracle at the present day was looked upon as utterly unthinkable. Of course, it was well known that the oldest and largest body of Christians claimed that God’s hand was not stayed; believed that miracles did occur from time to time; and actually dared to attribute many of them to the intercession of the Mother of God and others of the Saints in heaven. But at the time of which I am speaking, regretfully be it admitted, to these same people it was also an axiom that the corrupt Church of Rome was composed of a large number of knaves constantly engaged in the deception of a very much larger number of thoughtless and

foolish persons, who idly permitted themselves to be tricked into believing all kinds of nonsense on evidence which could scarce deceive a child. Without raking amidst the literature of that day for corroborative evidence, I can call to witness many a man and woman living to-day who, like the present writer, has seen and heard these things. Even to-day there are many who hold that miracles do not occur. A recent work written by Anglicans, and dealing with subjects akin to those with which we are now concerned, asks the question: "Has the age of miracles long ceased?" and continues: "It has long been assumed by religious minds, as a kind of axiomatic truth, that this is so."¹

This statement may safely be taken to indicate the present state of opinion outside the Church on this point. As to the bad faith of the Catholic clergy, who promulgate or at any rate do not deny the post-Apostolic miracles, there has been a great change of opinion. Fifty years ago it would have been easy to find thousands of educated persons convinced that our Church and its ministers were cold-blooded deceivers and liars in the matter of miracles, and other matters; now it would be difficult to discover any, save amongst the ignorant, who would openly profess, or even inwardly hold, such opinions. In proof let us consider one or two expressions of opinion almost inconceivable fifty years ago, but which excite no criticism but rather general approval to-day. There is a very pleasant book, *The Corner of Harley Street*,² known to be written by a well-known medical man, though published under a *nom de plume*. The author is not a Catholic, yet he describes a visit to Lourdes in a most sympathetic manner, and treats the ceremonies there with a respect, indeed a reverence, which could hardly be exceeded by a Catholic. He saw no miracle, and is even of opinion that what happens at Lourdes can be explained "upon the observed and established lines of mental suggestion." Yet he never expresses, nor, it is clear, feels the slightest doubt as to the complete honesty of those who entertain beliefs opposed to his own. "The two doctors," he says, alluding, of course, to Dr. Boissarie and Dr. Cox, "both ardent and devout Roman Catholics, entirely

¹ *Medicine and the Church, Being a Series of Studies on the Relationship between the Practice of Medicine and the Church's Ministry to the Sick*. London: Kegan Paul, 1910. "The Church" in this connection is, of course, that known as the Church of England, and it would appear that there are no "religious minds" outside its boundaries and those of other Protestant denominations. Colonel Turton, in his excellent *Truth of Christianity*, eighth edition, 1912, also assumes the non-existence of post-Apostolic miracles. See p. 465 *et seq.*

² London: Constable & Co., 1911.

disagreed with me, and assured me that, after twenty years at the shrine, they were only the more convinced of our Lady's blessed and material favors. And perhaps, after all, it is merely a question of terminology." We are a long way off from the blatant accusations of fifty years ago, and from "base fellows of the lewder sort" of to-day in such kindly and tolerant words as these, and the others devoted to Lourdes in the book in question. But an even more important testimony is that of the late distinguished surgeon, Henry Butlin, once President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, a man whose name is known all over the civilized world, and also not a Catholic. Writing in the *British Medical Journal*,⁸ he says:

I defy anyone to read Zola's story of the cure of Marie le Guersaint, written by a skeptic, without being moved by it, and without feeling convinced that all true Catholics who were present, priests and people, with the unhappy exception of the Abbé Pierre Froment, truly believed that Almighty God had been moved by the intercession of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception to display His divine power by instantaneously restoring the health of the poor girl who had lain paralyzed upon a couch for seven years. In the eyes of all who witnessed it, it was a miracle, for every medical man who had seen her had, with one exception, believed her to be suffering from a damaged spinal cord. There is, therefore, no excuse, in such a case as this or in ninety-nine out of every hundred cases which are cured by faith, to impute dishonesty and deliberate deception to the priests and the people who proclaim such cures to be the work of God. From the little I have seen of the priests actively engaged in the Grotto of Lourdes, I can feel no doubt that the most of them honestly believe that the cures which they have seen are genuine. I would no more think of accusing them of deliberate deception than I would accuse my own relative of it.

We do not deny that there still exist persons who impugn the good faith of our clergy. What we do assert is that such no longer are to be found amongst really educated and informed classes. But can we go a stage further and state that educated and enlightened persons outside the Catholic Church are to-day willing to admit that miracles have occurred since the time of the Apostles, nay do occur in our own times? It is obvious that this is a much more difficult position for a non-Catholic to occupy. Since few miracles occur outside the Catholic Church, to assert that miracles do occur,

⁸June 18, 1910.

and occur within that fold and yet to remain outside it would certainly savor of inconsistency.⁴ Yet the position is maintained and not so uncommonly as some may suppose. "Who shall attempt," says a recent writer,⁵ "to lay down the laws which govern the operation of the spiritual on the material, and still more to delimit the Personality and Will of Him in Whose name Apostles, Saints of the Church, and humble Christians unrecorded in history have wrought cures, which only a purblind skepticism can gainsay?" To this recognition from the bosom of the Anglican body of the existence of post-Apostolic miracles, may be added a far more remarkable statement from a book at once learned, outspoken and delightfully written. The author is the son of an Anglican bishop, and occupies a position of some importance within his own religious body.⁶ "We believe," he says, "that it was Jesus Christ Who gave St. Francis the stigmata, because we are Christians. If we were not Christians, we might equally well attribute it to Allah, or to Zeus, or to any conceivable agency—beneficent, malevolent or merely neutral—which may exist in the unknown world that lies behind and beyond material phenomena." Now it will be generally admitted that fifty years ago, if there was one miracle more than another received with contempt and derision, outside the ranks of the faithful, that miracle was the one alluded to above. Yet to-day the reality of St. Francis' stigmata cannot be disputed by any person desirous of maintaining a character for sanity, so fully has the fact been established by historic research. Of course it is explained away as non-miraculous by those who think that the "blessed word" *suggestion* accounts for everything, but of that more anon.

Here, at any rate, we have a clergyman of the Church of England, associated with the most important seat of learning perhaps in the world, who is not merely convinced that St. Francis had the stigmata, wherein he agrees with all scholars, but also that they were directly imparted by our Lord Himself, wherein he agrees with the teaching of the Catholic Church. This is a remarkable instance of progress. To sum up: We find that public opinion no longer claims that a priest who expresses his belief in a post-Apostolic miracle is bent on deception, nor that all lay

⁴Of course the claim is that the "Branch Theory," which cannot here be discussed, permits of this extraordinary attitude.

⁵Canon Yorke Fausset in *Medicine and the Church*, p. 202.

⁶*Some Loose Stones*, by R. A. Knox, Fellow and Chaplain of Trinity College, Oxford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1914. See p. 183.

Catholics who pay attention to such statements are deluded fools. That is so much gained. Over and above this the world is now agreed that very remarkable phenomena have been taking place at Lourdes these past fifty years. Some explanation, it is clear, must be sought for these phenomena, the existence of which cannot be denied, nor explained away, as the result of conscious and ingenious fraud. The Church admits that some of these events are, or may be, strictly miraculous. Some outside her fold agree with that conclusion, while others think that the occurrences can be explained on natural lines, and that there is nothing miraculous about them. Before considering this matter more closely, we will turn our attention briefly to certain other attitudes which have been adopted and may still be held by some.

First of all is the "flat-footed" assertion that miracles do not and cannot occur. It is difficult to see how anyone claiming to possess a philosophical mind could utter such an opinion. Yet Zola, the historian of Lourdes, as perhaps he would have called himself, is an example of this class of mind. In his book *Lourdes* there is a character named *La Grivotte*, who is obviously, I believe admittedly, a real person, whose name is, or was, Marie Lebranchu. *La Grivotte* suffers from pulmonary tuberculosis, miraculously recovers at Lourdes; yet afterwards relapses and dies. The real Marie Lebranchu, who was diagnosed as suffering from a very severe condition of the above-named disease (there is no doubt, I believe, as to accuracy of the diagnosis), was actually cured at Lourdes, and is, or was last year, still alive, having since her cure married and become a widow. "When Dr. Boissarie called on him (Zola) one day in Paris, and asked him why he had made the story conclude in a way that was opposed to the actual facts, the famous novelist answered in a tone of annoyance, 'I suppose I am master of the persons in my own books, and can let them live or die as I choose? And, besides,' he added, 'I don't believe in miracles. Even if all the sick in Lourdes were cured in one moment I would not believe in them!'"⁷

A view so stupid is hardly likely to have been put forward by men of the calibre of Hume and Huxley, though their attitude, difficult in their day, when but little attention had been paid to these

⁷*Lourdes*. By J. Jörgensen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1914. See p. 179. No wonder that the late Monsignor Benson speaks of Zola's work as a "dishonest book." The dishonesty is made the more evident when we learn that Zola took the trouble to hunt up Marie Lebranchu, while writing his book, and found her to be alive and well, as she remained for years after the novelist's dreadful death.

matters, is much less tenable to-day after fifty years study of the supernatural. Their thesis is that, whilst it is incorrect to say that such a thing as a miracle is impossible, there is no evidence of anything miraculous, in the strict sense of the word, ever having occurred, nor is it in any way likely that sufficient evidence for any miracle will ever be forthcoming. This is as much as to say: "I am so certain that there are no such things as miracles, that I cannot conceive of such evidence being brought before me as would convince me that I am wrong." Huxley⁸ discusses what amount of evidence would induce him to believe that a live centaur had recently been seen. If Johannes Müller, whom he describes as "the greatest anatomist and physiologist among my contemporaries,"⁹ were to assert that he had seen a centaur, Huxley admits he would have felt staggered and would have suspended judgment. Nothing less, however, than a careful monograph from a noted anatomist, with full description and plates, would suffice to make him believe in a centaur. *Mutato nomine* the Catholic would and will thoroughly agree with Huxley, however much it might have surprised that eminent man to hear it, with regard to miracles. No Catholic would for a moment deny that the most rigid and irrefragable proof is required by the Church before any event is finally and definitely declared to be miraculous. Hume declared on this point that "there is not to be found in all history any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men, of such unquestioned goodness, education and learning as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; and at the same time attesting facts, performed in a public manner, and in so celebrated a part of the world, as to render the detection unavoidable: all which circumstances are requisite to give us a full assurance of the testimony of men." Now we may freely admit that with regard to a number of the "miracles" related especially by the earlier and less responsible hagiologists, miracles on which the Church has never set her seal, there is no real proof forthcoming, nor is any in the least likely to be produced. But much evidence of occurrences claimed to be miraculous has been forthcoming, and has been carefully sifted

⁸In his work on Hume, *Great Writers Series*. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1881.

⁹Who, by the way, was a Catholic. See his life published in *Twelve Catholic Men of Science*, by the Catholic Truth Society.

since the time of Huxley, not to say that of Hume. The result of all this has been to cause the skeptic to shift his ground and, instead of denying, as Hume would have done, the occurrence of the events, to state that they occur but are not miraculous. In this, as in other matters, we have to come back to human testimony. The solipsist denies any importance to anything not appreciated by his own sense, and thus commits intellectual suicide. The world at large judges otherwise, and it would be difficult to find more water-tight evidence than is available in connection with certain occurrences claimed to be modern miracles, explain them how we may. It is not too much to say that evidence equally strong, but in another direction, would certainly send the most respected of the Archbishops of Canterbury to the gallows for murder.

If miracles occur, they must be explained. Our explanation is well-known: some of them are miracles, some of them are, at least, very special graces. The other explanation is that they are the result of "suggestion." Suggestion no doubt may and perhaps does account for many occurrences which, in a less critical age, might have been claimed as miraculous, but which would not be so thought to-day by educated persons. Of course it may be said that the still more critical to-morrow may dispose of things which to-day we suppose to be miraculous. To which it may be replied that such an upheaval as that would require of all our medical ideas, even the most fundamental, is absolutely unthinkable, as will appear later. Whilst admitting all that may be said as to the efficacy of "suggestion" in a considerable number of cases, it is at least permissible to ask why only, or almost only, at Lourdes and such like places is this beneficent form of suggestion available? Mr. Belloc¹⁰ asks: "If what happens at Lourdes is the result of self-suggestion, why cannot men, though exceptionally, yet in similar great numbers, suggest themselves into health in Pimlico or the Isle of Man? It is no answer to say that here and there such marvels are to be found. The point is that men go to Lourdes in every frame of mind, and are in an astonishing number cured." Of course, we may be met with the argument that the religious form of suggestion is the strongest known, but the materialist who ventures on that argument is on very dangerous ground for himself, as a very little consideration will show.

But over and above all this the solid fact remains that there are certain cases cured, or reported to be cured at Lourdes and

¹⁰In his preface to Jørgensen's *Lourdes*, p. xii.

elsewhere, into which it is quite impossible to suppose that the element of suggestion can enter, and of which it may be said that if, *per impossibile*, it were to be proved that it did enter, the whole edifice of medical and surgical science would have to be reconstructed. Such are cases of broken and ununited bones, cancers, large destructions of tissue by lupus, and other such conditions not of a nervous origin, or to any extent capable of being influenced by the nervous system.¹¹ Every medical man knows the protean character of the manifestations of hysteria, and can make a guess at least as to the vagaries of which its victims are capable. But no medical man will argue that suggestion will instantaneously cure a broken limb even in an hysterical person.

Further, with such a condition, or with cancer, or any other grave organic disease, nature seems to be too sufficiently occupied to couple with it an hysterical condition. Lastly, hysteria, though not wholly unknown, is rare in men, amongst whom a great number of the cures at Lourdes take place. In fact the cases of the most remarkable character are just those in which the hysterical element is least, if at all, in evidence. Take, for example, the case of Gargam,¹² seriously injured, almost unto death, by a railway accident. His spine was dislocated, as the Röntgen rays proved; he was paralyzed, and his limbs in places gangrenous. He was declared by many doctors to be incurable, and on that account was awarded a life annuity by the law courts. He had abandoned his religion, but, to please his mother, and apparently without any expectation of a cure, he went to Lourdes, and was instantaneously cured of all his ailments. Or take the case of Marie Lemarchand,¹³ who was cured, also instantaneously, of a most severe form of lupus which had converted her countenance into a thing of repulsive monstrosity. Sixteen years after the cure, which is the last account of her, she had suffered from no recurrence of the disease. These are but samples of the more serious cases which have been cured at Lourdes, and the difficulty of explaining them on the "suggestion" hypothesis is intensified by their number.

The last-named case was admittedly the original of Zola's *Elise Roquet*, of whom the novelist asserted that she suffered from "an unknown formation of ulcers of hysterical origin." Now

¹¹For a full discussion of this and many other matters treated in this paper, the reader may be referred to an excellent little book by Father Joyce, S.J., entitled *The Question of Miracles*, and published by the Manresa Press, London, in 1914.

¹²See Jørgensen's *Lourdes*, p. 161.

¹³*Ibid.*, p. 175.

apart from the two, no doubt trivial, facts that lupus is as well-known a form of disease as any that ever comes before a medical man, and that it has nothing whatever to do with hysteria, so far as anyone knows or has ever to my knowledge suggested, the line of argument pursued in this matter by Zola, when placed in the form of a syllogism, would not deceive a babe in logic. His major premise is that there are no ailments cured at Lourdes which are not hysterical in their character. But Marie Lemarchand was cured there of lupus. Therefore the disease of which she was cured was hysterical in its origin, and as lupus is not that, we will call the condition one of ulceration (which it was) and of unknown origin (which, by the way, it was not).

Finally, let us glance at the very remarkable case of Pierre de Rudder, cured not at Lourdes, but at Oostacker in Belgium.¹⁴ His leg had been broken by the fall of a tree, and the fragments of bone remained ununited, in spite of surgical efforts, for eight years. His condition was known to all his neighbors and to medical men in the district around. Yet he was instantaneously cured after praying at the shrine.¹⁵ There can be no kind of doubt that the limb was broken, and the fragments ununited prior to the cure: that rests on evidence which cannot be gainsaid. Nor can there be any doubt that the bones did reunite for they are to be seen to-day,¹⁶ and bear unmistakable evidence of having been fractured and reunited. For the instantaneous character of the cure there also appears to be abundant evidence. Suppose that the cure had, after eight years of suffering, occurred very slowly and without surgical aid. That would be almost incredible to any medical man. But that it should have been instantaneous takes it out of the category of natural possibilities, unless, as I have said, the whole foundation of our medical knowledge is inaccurate.

Too much stress in this and other cases can hardly be laid upon the *instantaneous* nature of the cures. Nature does sometimes

¹⁴As this place and the village where de Rudder lived have been in the centre of the hottest fighting for some months, it is to be feared that no trace of the shrine or of either village now exists.

¹⁵Numerous accounts of this remarkable cure have been published. The best known to me is *A Modern Miracle*, from the French of Alfred Deschamps, S.J., M.D., Sc.D., published by the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland in 1906, in which a very full account, with illustrations of de Rudder and the bones of his legs which were removed after his death, is given. Another account in a book, entitled *Heaven's Recent Wonders*, is vitiated by the fact that the cut of the sound leg is described in the text as that of the injured and healed member.

¹⁶If they have escaped the peril of war. At any rate they were removed and placed in a museum after de Rudder's death.

cure patients suffering from tuberculous and other usually incurable diseases, but never long ununited fractures, nor, I think, it may be said, true cancers or various other things of a severe and chronic character. The cure, however, is slow, never, I think it may be fearlessly asserted, instantaneous, as is so often the case at Lourdes and elsewhere.

What we have to ask ourselves in face of any alleged miracle which comes under our notice, is what the authorities of the Church have to ask themselves when called upon to pronounce judicially in such cases: Did things happen as they are said to have happened? Can the thing which happened be explained upon natural lines? Both of these things are matters of evidence, and the proofs which will convince one man will perhaps not suffice for another. No one, however, who is not totally deaf and blind to all evidence, can deny that the evidence in quite a number of cases is uncommonly hard to get over. In fact it is only to be got over by the subterfuge of assuming that there are no miracles, since what seem to be such are occurrences under laws of which we are still in ignorance. But see what comes of this. In a non-critical age it was still possible to sneer at post-Apostolic or "Church" miracles, and to retain an undiluted belief in those narrated in the Bible. But that cannot be done nowadays, so we find the Biblical miracles naturally explained, or explained in accordance with Dr. Sanday's statement,¹⁷ that a "miracle is not really a breach of the order of nature; it is only an apparent breach of laws that we know, in obedience to other and higher laws that we do not know." In a sense this statement is quite correct, and its author may be perfectly orthodox in his meaning, but no one doubts that, in the minds of many, such an explanation is equivalent to a statement that miracles act according to or under natural laws. After all the essential element in the notion of *miracle* is exception to, or derogation from, the laws of nature. Whether this be effected by God's ordinary concurrence or coöperation with secondary causes or by His introduction of some new higher agency, His action must be really an interference with the general order of nature. But nothing is gained by ascribing this event to a "law." Indeed it is precisely in this fact of individual intervention that the supernatural revelation of God is manifested, and just in this lies the probative force of the Gospel miracles to which Christ so frequently appealed.¹⁸

¹⁷*Life of Christ*, viii., *teste Medicine and the Church*, p. 202.

¹⁸*E. g.*, Matt. xi. 5; John v. 36.

Moreover, when it has once been admitted that the free-will of man can intervene and alter the current of physical causation in his own organism and immediate environment, it is not easy to see why any theist should find insuperable difficulties in believing that a Personal God may, in analogous manner, intervene and modify the general order of nature.

But it is maintained by some that we can and ought to explain away the Biblical miracles as we have done the "Church" miracles. But what comes of this? First, that there was no Virgin Birth, though it is difficult to see how any other theory tallies with the age-long belief that our Lady was the flower of all Virginity and of all Womanhood, or is compatible with the view, which surely is not too high an estimate, that she was an ordinarily good and modest woman. Second, that the miracles of our Lord were worked on perfectly natural lines, that He knew this, yet appealed to them as proofs of His Mission. In spite of this deceit, He is to be looked upon as at least the best of men, and a model for us all. Again, either the Resurrection never took place at all, or a very different interpretation must be put upon it than that taught by the Church through the centuries. Yet the Church in her corporate capacity was there to see it, and the evidence of eyewitnesses in its favor is at least as strong as that brought forward in verification of any other historical event. And so on, and so on.

In all of this we trace the corrosive effect of the general revolt from authority which Protestantism represents. It eats away first one thing, then another, until nothing is left but a few useless and apparently unrelated fragments. This is what is meant by the two currents, the one setting towards unbelief as surely as the other is setting towards the Church. Which is the nobler, the better, the more reliable current to follow each man must decide for himself.

THE SPIRIT INDEED IS WILLING, BUT THE FLESH
IS WEAK.

(Mark xiv. 38.)

BY EMILY HICKEY.

O THREE He calls to watch with Him close by the reddening sod
Where drops the sweat of agony, the agony of God.

O three of watch in sleep forgone, your flesh too weak will prove;
And angelhood shall comfort Him, and not your human love.

And more, yet more; the hour draws nigh, the traitor's *This is He*.
The kiss, the clash of swords and staves, and ye to turn and flee.

And one of you with curse and oath will e'en deny the Friend
Who, loving in the world His own, had loved them to the end.

And one alone, to-morrow noon shall dare the shame and dread,
To stand beneath the cross till all shall be consummated.

Yet all you three in supreme love and supreme courage high
Shall will to suffer and work for Him, shall dare for Him to die.

Lord Jesus, Who hast bid Thy friends anear Thee watch to keep,
If earthly heaviness weigh down our eyelids and we sleep,

Speak Thou to us, as once to those Thy gentleness did speak,
The spirit truly wills aright, although the flesh be weak.

Oh, be the spirit willing then, to strive in might afresh,
And let the spirit's might o'ercome the weakness of the flesh.

Bid us to cast the dread away, to fling the shame aside,
And follow on where these have led, for Thee Who lived and died.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



THE CATHOLIC WORLD! The very name of our magazine marks an era in my life, for its mention gave me my first knowledge of Father Hecker. One day in 1865 I met a friend of mine in the streets of Detroit, a young law student—destined to hold a prominent place in the Detroit bar—named C. J. O'Flynn. He was but recently graduated from Georgetown College, a bright, cultivated mind, and an ardent Catholic. Instead of simply returning my passing greeting, he stopped me and said: "Have you read THE CATHOLIC WORLD?"

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD," I answered, "I never heard of it."

He said: "It is a Catholic magazine just started in New York; it is full of good reading."

"And whose magazine is it? Who is the editor?"

"Father Isaac T. Hecker."

"And who, pray, is Father Hecker?"

O'Flynn's answer sank deep into my soul with a mysterious penetration: "Father Hecker is a man who says that we can convert America."

I felt at that instant a powerful and quite peculiar charm in the words: "convert America," as well as a resistless drawing towards Father Hecker; the very first stirrings of my vocation. The occurrence—to me it was a holy event—is ever since placed high in my memory, beaming with divine light, the figure and voice of my zealous friend, his gentle insistence, the curious novelty of my feelings, even the street corners and the sidewalk and curbstones.

This happened fifty years ago. O'Flynn has gone to his reward after a life of singular virtue. His kindly zeal was God's first touch leading me and choosing me to be one of the disciples of Father Hecker, then known as the founder of the Paulist Community, and the originator and editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

After a while Father Hecker lectured in Detroit and I visited him; and amid the fascination of his personality and his conversation, I could perceive that his mind was preoccupied with THE CATHOLIC WORLD, which he reckoned high among the instrumen-

talities of the apostolate of the press. The establishment of a first-class Catholic periodical that would ably present Catholic teaching, and win non-Catholics by such able presentation, had been in Father Hecker's mind for a long time. Delay was unavoidable, however, being incident to the beginnings of the community he founded, the opening of the house and church in New York, and lack of funds. These hindrances were aggravated by the Civil War, whose first mutterings cast a heavy gloom upon the country immediately after the Paulists were organized, and which raged furiously from 1861 till 1865. The very month of Lee's surrender saw the first issue of the magazine, April, 1865.

Always eager for opportunities to spread the Catholic faith, Father Hecker had already written two volumes and some shorter pieces, mainly directed to the unchurched non-Catholics of his time and country. These were designed to aid "liberal" Christians and agnostics to follow the road he himself had trod—from the rejection of both Protestantism and natural philosophy as utterly insufficient, to an acceptance of the Catholic Church as the revealed and all-satisfying Truth of Jesus Christ. Not that he disregarded any class of minds groping for the truth, for first and last under his direction books and pamphlets and tracts and sermons of every kind, were printed, circulated, sold, given away, mostly by means of the Catholic Publication Society which he established.

"The most important and successful enterprise"—we are quoting Father Hewit's tribute to him immediately after his death—"which Father Hecker undertook in this direction, was the founding and conduct of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*." And Father Hewit, who succeeded Father Hecker as editor-in-chief, adds the deep-hearted wish, since then abundantly fulfilled: "Those who have control of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* at present desire and hope that it may continue and perpetuate the work which Father Hecker began."

This magazine marked the first entrance of Catholics into the American magazine arena since the earlier quarter of the nineteenth century. It immediately arrested the attention of the general public, even whilst largely filled with articles selected—many of them translated—from European periodicals. Of the "small battalion" of original writers, Father Hewit was the most learned and powerful, one of the very few Catholics of that day in our country who could compose a review article of parallel force and erudition with those of *The North American* and the great English reviews. Soon he was reënforced by Dr. Brownson, whose own

review had, for an interval, ceased to exist. These two may be called the principal contributors in matters of dogma, philosophy and controversy. Of the two great men we shall presently have something more to say. Meantime Father Hecker constantly sought for new contributors, and was soon richly rewarded. No prospector for gold diggings was so glad of a rich "find" as was Father Hecker when he could induce a Catholic priest or layman of literary parts to write him an article. He would go over the scheme of it with him, suggest his line of preparatory reading, inspire him with the right spirit, embolden him or moderate him according to need. He it was who thus painfully and happily recruited the "early battalion" of which Father Hewit speaks, trained it carefully, often setting its members forth upon a career of literary distinction.

Those who knew the inner reasons for the magazine's success, will recall with gratitude the memory of Mr. Lawrence Kehoe. Father Hecker found him struggling with the difficulties of Catholic publication, saw his ability, industry, good taste; he then gave him *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* to publish. The wisdom of Father Hecker's choice was proved by the experience of after years. Mr. Robert Rea was the proofreader of the magazine at its start, and so remained till near the end of the century, having been converted to the Catholic Faith by the literally conscientious exercise of his vocation. He was exceptionally competent for his responsible position. Both of these noble characters were very dear to Father Hecker; and indeed all who worked with him in any department of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* he seemed to love with special fervor.

The success of the magazine rejoiced all the educated Catholic public, and made its name inseparable from that of its originator and the Paulist Community. When Mr. James Parton in 1868, being at the time in the flush of his literary fame, wrote of Father Hecker in *The Atlantic Monthly* (the April and May numbers, *Our Roman Catholic Brethren*) he introduced him as "the Superior of the Community of Paulists, editor of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, and director of the Catholic Publication Society." He was amazed at Father Hecker's jubilant zeal for the extension of the Catholic religion, and especially admired his practical ability in initiating and planning and carrying out measures for a Catholic apostolate of the press.

As Superior of the Paulist Community, Father Hecker was chief of the magazine's editorial staff; for the Paulist house, Fifty-ninth Street, was not only a convent of religious men but an

editorial sanctum—Father Hewit, Deshon, and Young being consulted as a usual custom in all important matters, their opinions sought and heeded. Father Hewit in particular was the editorial *alter ego*. It was not only that he was sympathetic—he was self-identified with all the aims, quite saturated with the spirit, which had inspired Father Hecker in his apostolate of the press. Meantime Father Hewit was not only a man of learning, but of technical learning in all divinity. Book, chapter, verse of the Bible in all its parts were his own for ready reference in a most retentive and accurate memory. Everyone of the Fathers of the Church, St. Thomas and the leading scholastics, the divines of the Reformation era—we are speaking from many years of close companionship with Father Hewit—were at his command with the facility of a specialist. He was a constant student of all divinity from love, and a professor of long experience. His earlier life, outside the Church, gave him full command of the writings of Protestant authors, whether Calvinistic or Anglican. He was the trusted censor of Father Hecker, who told me more than once that he never had published anything without Father Hewit's express censorship and approval. And the latter's own articles gave the air of solidity of Catholic truth and plain evidence of learned research to the magazine in all that touched doctrine and controversy, and also on history and philosophy. He was pleasant reading, besides, having a flowing, graceful style, abounding in all chaste rhetorical adornment. He was an instance of erudition capable of making itself understood by the average intelligence. And Father Hewit possessed this other great advantage: he could write on grave topics at short notice, his manuscript needing little if any revision.

Fathers Deshon and Young were both of much use, as advisers as well as contributors, especially in articles of a devotional nature, though they wrote strongly on controversial subjects, and that more frequently than was generally known, because during nearly the whole of the first decade of THE CATHOLIC WORLD all magazine articles were unsigned.

Meantime Father Hecker was incessantly engaged in developing, in some cases, almost creating, literary talent in the interests of his magazine. Brownson—literary force was perfect in that master of virile English, that powerful advocate of truth. Therefore, except on some delicate questions of philosophy then hotly debated among learned Catholics in an atmosphere of scholastic militancy, Brownson was a doubly welcome contributor. Many of

his best pieces appeared originally in this magazine, treating of education, doctrine, and the lessons of history. Perhaps the earliest refutations of Darwinism, pointing out its injurious influence upon religious truth, were written by Brownson and printed in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. He lived in Elizabeth, New Jersey, those years, and once every month the old veteran, gray and stalwart, assertive and ponderous, came over to the Paulist convent and spent a day and night with us. Father Deshon was his Father Confessor, and in the later hours of the evening the doctor (after having spent hours and hours with the Fathers in amazing disputes about the more unknowable things of God), would creep into our novice-master's room (Father Deshon held that office over us) and make his humble confession. Next morning the noble-hearted, great-minded champion of Holy Church would kneel among us novices and receive Holy Communion with us, as if glad to be one of us.

Another welcome contributor was our foremost historiographer of the Church in America, John Gilmary Shea, whose contributions, all of enduring worth, appeared from time to time. John R. G. Hassard, a distinguished convert, biographer of Archbishop Hughes, not only gave articles of vivid interest, but was of such wide experience and perfect literary taste—he was for many years on the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*—that Father Hecker for some years engaged his services as assistant editor. Every convert of any literary antecedents was solicited for contributions, and some, like the late Father Hoyt and Mr. W. C. Robinson, were tided over their early financial difficulties by receiving salaried positions on the staff of the magazine. And not a few writers of distinction in after years found their noviceship under Father Hecker's kindly and patient and enlightened guidance.

Father Hecker kept *au fait* with all the religious drifts and currents in the non-Catholic world, but especially the fluctuations of thought among infidels, rationalists, and such semi-Christians as Unitarians and Universalists. With many of their leaders in America he was personally acquainted. With the enemies of the revelation of Christ, and of His Church, he was always "spoiling for a fight;" and though he put on the gloves of controversial good manners, he never failed—generally through articles written by others, but under his special inspiration—to administer a knock-down blow.

How well do I remember the community recreations of those days, whose delightful conversations were often occupied with

devotional topics and the outlook for conversions almost in equal proportions. Christian and religious perfection, the devotional and ascetical life was the theme to which the light and easy talk of the five priests, who then were the grand totality of the Paulist Community, constantly turned. And then, just as constantly, we listened to an exchange of views about articles in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, already published, projected or possible, covering the whole field of human dignity and destiny, ever having a close connection with the making of converts.

A note of sadness would now and then be heard in the community's recreations, for the very month which saw the first issue of the magazine had been marked with the first great sorrow of the Paulist Fathers. Father Francis A. Baker died on April 4, 1865. Father Hecker had looked to him to be a valuable help in his new venture, and he was worthy of his trust, being a facile and attractive writer, of refined taste, with a sense of the humorous, and widely read in letters sacred and secular. Moreover he was a most attractive personality, genial, zealous, well-balanced. To Father Hecker he was deeply attached; he was, indeed, a docile disciple. Almost as much might be said of Father Robert Tillotson. He died in 1868; but was an invalid for the three years that preceded his death.

We young aspirants were given in the community "recreations" two hours daily of instruction, of edification, of training for the Paulist vocation and the priestly career; more valuable—so I have ever been convinced—than the careful class work to which we devoted our intelligence and assiduity. Ever and always Father Hecker was the life of these conversations. The sanctification of the soul by methods the more interior and searching was invariably his chosen topic, as the conversion of America was the goal of all his outward activity.

CONDITIONS AND TENDENCIES IN RELIEF WORK.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.



THE agreements and differences which usually attend all associated efforts of man, are by no means lacking in the field of relief. In spite of good will and genuine devotion as these are found in charity circles, there is conflict as well as confusion among the friends of the poor. The radical and conservative tendencies that divide scholars, statesmen, and churchmen into contending parties, are found equally active in the field of relief where differences are not diminished by exalted purpose, and men are not freed from the limitations of prejudice and temperament. The tricks that our preferences, talent and limitations play on us in other walks of life, are quite evident among us when we befriend the poor. This is, of course, the human lot from which no nobility of purpose can release us and no available wisdom can protect us. Varied as are the differences to be found in this field, the more important of them can be reduced to an original fundamental difference between narrow and wide outlooks on problems of poverty: between a whole and a partial view of charity.

On the one hand, there are those who are inspired by the restricted vision of present duty, and are led on by the simple joy of homely service. Such find their pleasures secure and their labors peaceful and satisfying as they minister with particular affection to the daily wants of men and women and children among the poor. In these groups, we find little philosophy and much devotion, little publicity and much sacrifice, indifference to world views and to the larger propaganda that would reconstruct society rather than alleviate its present griefs. On the other hand, we find those whose vision is broad and whose sympathy is comprehensive. They read widely, think well, express themselves in good literary form, and cultivate the habit of seeing the particular case of distress in relation to all distress and to the wider problems of dependency. Minds think in large terms and deal with poverty in massive quantities. We find the impulse to system and formal principles well developed. The gentler sympathy active in the particular service of a poor

person is foregone in the light of the needs of his class, and his personal wants are apt to be overlooked.

A large number of the temperamental differences and of the conflicts among aims and policies discovered in the field of relief, can be reduced in last analysis to the divergence of these two fundamental views. There recurs here the ages-old conflict between system and personality, between the particular and the general, between the temperament that loves the individual and the temperament that loves the race. It is Charles Reade, if memory may be trusted, who says that a misanthrope hates humanity, but is tender to his wife and little children, while a philanthropist loves humanity and is mean to his wife and children. He adds that he prefers to live with the misanthrope and to read the philanthropist's books. There are in the field of relief many who have large vision and genuine good will, who love humanity and consecrate themselves to progress, but are harsh with the timid poor. There are others who are indifferent to humanity and not given to the discussion of progress, but are infinitely tender and kind to the poor whom they seek out and serve.

An observer who stands aloof from the great field of poverty and relief and looks in upon it as an outsider, will find interesting the resemblances and differences among the sections into which that great field is divided. He will notice first of all that modern poverty is massive, complex and persistent. He will discover overwhelming social forces which throw men and women and children prostrate, shutting out from them capacity for self-help and opportunity for it, clouding ambition, dulling sensibility, and blocking every aspiration which might be born within their hearts. Our observer would notice also that we have extensive and accurate knowledge of practically all of the facts of poverty and of the processes at work in it. He would find a vast thoroughgoing literature on poverty and relief splendidly worked out. The highest types of modern scholarship have not hesitated to turn their splendid energies into research work in the interests of the poor, and they have produced results which satisfy every demand of rigid scholarship and every approved principle of social interpretation. In fact, poverty has become an intellectual interest, and relief work has attained to a place of great social prestige. Social service offers occupation to those who might otherwise live aimless lives. It confers distinction, and satisfies every longing for helpful activity and satisfactory outlet for eager zeal. The newspaper, the magazine, the writer of fiction and the

lecturer find it to their advantage to devote much time and ability to poverty and the poor. This modern sympathy with poverty is so acute and socially so approved, and the impulses which it awakens are so active, that many rush into the work with intemperate energy, without regard to the discussion or preparation on which wisdom waits. However, in spite of our knowledge, literature and sympathy, most of us feel that much less is accomplished for the poor than we would like. Two new problems appear to replace everyone that we solve. This is the case largely because we set before ourselves increasingly exacting standards of achievement in the interests of the poor. We are eager to take advantage of everything that social philosophy, medicine, religion, psychology, economics, sociology, political science, and history offer us toward the understanding of poverty and its prevention. But theories and interpretations have become thereby so abundant that we stand blind in the very excess of light. Thus, our larger ambitions and stronger impulses hinder us from the joy of achievement by diminishing the apparent value of what we do in comparison with the greater value of what we would do. At any rate, we recognize thankfully the promise of great achievement in the interests of the poor and thereby of progress, through the depth of social sympathy that has been aroused, the awakening of social conscience that has been accomplished, and the many-sided wisdom that is laid before the friends of the poor to be used in the interests of these.

There are two fundamentally unlike views found in relief work. One is traditional and spiritual, the other is modern and scientific. The traditional view of charity finds its strongest expression in Catholic circles, wherein charity is represented as an organic part of religious experience, as an inseparable element of one's wholesome worship of God and spiritual love of neighbor. The act of giving material relief is an act of religion. The principles that govern relief-giving are formulated and estimated in their place in the spiritual interpretation of life. The religious atmosphere is permanent and determining. Set over against that view, we find the more modern understanding that would represent charity as a fundamental social interest, a law unto itself. The poor are looked upon in the light of the relations of poverty to progress. Wisdom is sought mainly through insight into social processes and direction toward a certain social outcome, while the principles of action are derived more from scholarship than from the Gospel. Neither view necessarily excludes the other altogether, although those who

share each view find themselves often fundamentally at odds. The differences between the two views are, to some extent, differences of perspective and relative value. The religious view of charity by no means excludes the results of scholarly research in the field of poverty, or the axioms of practical wisdom that are derived from experience in dealing with it. The modern sociological view does not necessarily ignore or exclude religion in relief work. On the contrary, it recognizes great value in religion for the individual life, and in the moral and religious reconstruction of the dependent poor. Nevertheless, the sympathies that grow out of each view are very frequently at variance. The standards of judgment by which success and failure are declared in relief work differ among themselves, and they lead at times to intense temperamental differences among those who hold them. Frequently, too, the practical policies developed in dealing with particular features of poverty are so antagonistic as to make coöperation and sympathetic understanding quite out of the question. How far-reaching these differences may become, is illustrated in attitudes taken toward the birth-rate among the poor, or the right of a poor mother to bear a child without first asking permission of "progress" to do so.

One by-product of this difference is worth mentioning. To the Catholic mind religion is dogmatic, authoritative and systematic, while charity is slow to take on the formality of system and the rigidity of set principles to which all particular conduct must be referred. The modern view of charity, on the contrary, makes charity systematic, rigid, and compelling, while under its influence religion becomes sentimental, informal, unsystematic, vague, and quite devoid of authority. In fact where the modern view of relief work or social service comes into conjunction with the modern estimate of religion, the latter tends to become simply social service and little else. This condition is illustrated by the remark of an able minister at a charities meeting, where he declared that the only business of religion is to enable men to live together and foster progress. Catholic relief agencies work primarily among Catholics, not so much because they prefer to do so, as because of the practical necessities of the case, which require them to do so. Even when our agencies of relief serve the poor of other faiths or of no faith, as is so often the case in our institutional charities, the spiritual standpoint of the work is never lost from sight, and the supernatural motive of that service is always cherished regardless of those who profit by it.

Another aspect of the difference between these two fundamental points of view lies in this, that the Catholic view of charity represents it as having a mission to the strong no less than to the weak. Charity is God's fundamental law governing relations among men who are brothers. It is the corrector of human hearts, the discipline of desire, the law of spiritual and social relationship, regardless of income, independence or power. Relief-giving is merely one aspect of this relationship. Charity corrects our thinking, guides our philosophy, directs our sympathies, and restores the social equilibrium which our spiritual laws demand and our cultural processes destroy. The modern view of relief which is practically that of philanthropy, looks upon charity as carrying a message of assurance and relief to the poor without particular attention to its spiritual message to the strong. The difference is that found between the whole view of charity and a partial view of it, between a completed spiritual relationship and a one-sided social economic relationship. We understand in the traditional view that strength is sanctified by serving weakness; that wealth and learning, power, health and virtue find their complete sanctification in serving disease, ignorance, bondage, sin, and poverty. Modern imagination is stirred, and service is inspired by a sense of the mission of charity toward the poor, and not by the larger view that includes the strong within the zone of its inspiring influence.

The sociological point of view of poverty is now uppermost in popular imagination. The establishment of this point of view in the modern mind is one of the real though qualified triumphs of our scholarship, and it has within it the promise of far-reaching wisdom. Under this point of view, poverty is looked upon as the outcome of a number of complex social processes. The individual dependent is dealt with rather as a victim of social processes, than as a person. The particular case of distress is seen in the light of its larger relations rather than in the darkness of its own misery. The industrial organization of society is traced out, and the process which assembles the helpless in the competitive struggle is described, and the victims of this process are known as the poor. We take up the whole process of the distribution of wealth, and point out the place where distribution fails and poverty commences. We describe with infinite care and commendable accuracy the social processes that govern housing conditions, that lead to the disintegration of the family and the breaking-up of social traditions, the processes that insulate the poor from all touch with culture. We trace

out the breakdown of political institutions, the faults of political administration, and the mistakes of social philosophy, all of which count for so much in the quantity and quality of poverty. All of this is done thoroughly and creditably from the standpoint of scholarship, and it throws astonishing light upon much that has heretofore been hidden from view. And yet there are some consequences of this point of view against which we are hardly well protected.

Those who are well read in the sociological literature of poverty tend to develop a philosophical habit of mind. They think and judge in the terms of social processes, and lose the instinct that enables us to single out the individual from the mass and deal with him as a human person with feelings, aspirations and capacity for pain and pleasure. Thus, the aims and problems of the prevention of poverty in particular cases are set forward in imagination and taste, while the homelier and less inviting tasks of relieving misery and distress in particular cases drift to the background. The social worker who reads much and thinks habitually, tends to become a social reformer, social philosopher, or even socialist, rather than an efficient friend and trusted helper of the poor. The liking for large views directs sympathy towards large problems and large measures. The habit of large social interpretations asserts itself, and the liking for the homely, unrecorded services that relief demands is harmed. Perhaps Dickens had something of this kind in mind in *Bleak House*, in setting forth the contrast between the manners of the tender and kindly Ada and Esther, who had no world vision but loved the poor, on the one hand, and on the other, the impersonal and determined ways of the pompous Mrs. Pardiggle as the three of them met by the side of the dead baby in the brick-layer's home.

No desire is felt to cast any aspersion upon the importance of thinking in large terms, and of large interpretations and broad views, as these are related to social reform and to the prevention of poverty. It does seem clear, however, that philosophers have no mission in relief work, and that those with talent for relief work in homely ways, will develop little taste for philosophy. The talents called for are unlike, the sympathies awakened are distinct. Each has its place in which it is wise and helpful. Either loses itself when out of its particular sphere. The habit of approaching poor and helpless men and women and children from the sociological standpoint, leads one to overrate the rôle of prevention and to underrate the demands of

relief. The sociological point of view is supremely important in its place. But those who represent it should not displace the less pretentious friends of the poor who find their mission and their joy in patient and kindly works of comfort, and in the duty of feeding the hungry, washing the faces of dirty children, and dealing patiently with dull and unresponsive minds among the poor. Prevention is much more important than relief when we speak of social progress. Relief is much more important than prevention when we deal with the poor who are in need of help. Relief is a distinct, present, insistent duty. Real charity issues in relief; philosophy and thinking issue in prevention and reform. Relief work should be made as wise, satisfying and effective as possible, but it should always be relief. Philosophy may be left to thinkers, reform may be left to reformers, law may be left to statesmen. While we must appeal to them, aid them, advise them in the impulse to further all of these noble purposes, the homely work of present relief for the poor who are before us must be done with energy and thoroughness and quiet love.

The sociological point of view tends, to some degree, to under-rate the element of personal sin and moral responsibility in dealing with the poor. This is another consequence of dealing with social processes rather than with persons. The charity worker who looks upon the law of God as supreme and definite, and who understands the meaning of sin in human life, will be guided by that understanding in dealing with the poor and in all works of relief and all plans of social reconstruction. In our own Catholic circles, the law of God, as we understand it, is paramount. The poor are dealt with under the assumption that they have souls, that they are in varying degrees morally accountable to God and to society, that they have more or less of the faculty of self-determination which is involved in sin. Not that the poor are looked upon necessarily as sinners, except in the Biblical sense that all men are sinners. The sociological point of view, in as far as it misses this understanding of sin, will be at fault in explaining poverty and equally at fault in its positive work among the poor. This thought will be taken up again in connection with later references to the natural law.

We note in the newer field of relief work that the collective prevails over the individual point of view. There are many poor. Their conditions are so alike and their forms of misery, ignorance, and helplessness are so nearly identical that we congregate them into groups, and deal with groups rather than individuals. The

ideal method would be to send the individual worker to deal with the poor family in the individual home on the basis of permanent friendship and kindly interest. Unfortunately, there are too many poor and too few among the well-to-do to make this possible. Hence, we assemble the children and the mothers and the fathers in groups, and deal with them collectively. The day nursery, the social settlement, the mothers' club, the fresh-air home, are typical instances of this. These methods have become necessary, and no present wisdom will enable us to change them. Some will complain that hereby we tend to lose sight of the individual home and family, and to neglect the reconstruction of the family in its own home, an aim which is always essential in relief work. The voices that proclaim the need of these collective agencies are strong and assured in our modern charity conferences. Those who doubt the wisdom of these methods are no longer so assured or so numerous. All things considered, these collective agencies enable us to accomplish very much more than would be otherwise possible. The best service that we can render is to encourage and strengthen them, and at the same time to take steps to protect ourselves and the poor against their known limitations. The ideal school consists of one teacher and one pupil, but there are too few teachers and too many pupils. Hence, we attempt the wholesale method which we call the school, this being merely education by means of a collective agency. If we may encourage the collective agency in education, why may we not depend upon it and encourage it in the field of relief?

The collective point of view prevails among the friends of the poor as well. The individual is practically forbidden to do relief work alone. He is made to feel guilty if he does so. We ask him to become a member of an organization. We ask the organization to associate itself with other organizations, to exchange information, compare results, to resort to division of labor, to supplement and reinforce one another. Thus all of the relief organizations of a city are asked to come together into an inclusive form of unity that will work out effective correlation of efforts in the name of efficiency. The reasoning that supports this development is strong. To a great extent the poor have become an anonymous multitude. The current of our lives is separated from the current of life among them. In the absence of personal knowledge and stable relations between the poor and the well-to-do, we are compelled to investigate, to discriminate, and to adopt habits of caution in relief work. In order that investigation may be well made and

the results of it may be utilized, organization and method are necessary. In order that the wisdom of the many may be at the service of all, discussion, conference, direction are essential. Since the work of relieving the poor requires tact, patience, intelligence and experience, a certain amount of training and restraint is necessary. Organizations assemble those who are qualified for the work. They act as experts in the name of all the friends of the poor who lack talent or opportunity, but gladly offer their support.

All of this is practically beyond doubt. And yet this development of organization and method has its limitations. If charity is the basis of spiritual, personal bonds between the strong and the weak, no organization can take over the duty of loving one's neighbor, although it may take over much of the work of serving him. The more we proclaim the need of system and efficiency, the more apt we are to forget the need that each of us has to know the poor in person, and to be in some kind of contact with them. Organization is admirable as regards the service of the poor. Is it equally admirable for the strong in their personal and spiritual interest? Professor Baldwin, eminent among American psychologists, has stated the question and answered it in this way:

In the organization of charities, for example, in the large cities, much has been gained, no doubt, by what is called "constructive charity." The charity society receives and dispenses the gifts of the charitable individuals. It certainly prevents much misplaced giving and discourages vagrancy; its end and its results collectively considered are good. But its results upon the individual are in many respects bad. The immediate responses of his charitable impulse are prevented; the knowledge of the single needy person is made remote and second-hand. The beneficiary is classed as "case number 10" and treated with thousands like it. The bowels of mercy are succeeded by the wheels of the typewriter, and the ready smile of human sympathy gives place to the curves of the statistician. Every citizen should support organized charity, but he should also reserve some small change in his pockets, and he should every now and then indulge in a debauch of capricious and sympathetic giving, simply to keep alive in himself the springs of divine and spontaneous charity.

It is slightly paradoxical to insist on efficiency and system in relief work, while demanding that our relations with the poor be

those of personal and informal friendship. No friendship can thrive if subjected to the exactions of efficiency and system. Those who would satisfy the demands of efficiency without chilling the impulses of love and the sympathies which those impulses create, have no easy task. If the demands are inconsistent, let us err on the side of love. It is not surprising to find that those who hold to the religious view of charity are much less given to insistence upon records, research, principles, and efficiency standards than those who accept the modern sociological point of view without reserve. The difference between the two becomes one of kind as well as of degree. For instance, modern efficiency standards would forbid charities to overlap. They would forbid any new relief organization to enter the field provided an existing organization could do the work in question. Now, if the mission of charity is to the poor alone, the argument for efficiency is practically conclusive. If, however, the mission of charity is to the strong as well as to the weak; if the strong have a right to the joy of service and the luxury of spiritual sympathy with the poor, they must be permitted in some degree, at least, to find these as they wish and not as a system or a science commands. There is little to commend the view which is sometimes expressed that the poor exist in order that the rich may display kindly virtues toward them. Nevertheless, if the law of charity is universal, the strong have certain rights in the work of relief which cannot be suspended or set aside by the demands of efficiency or science. To find the balance between these contending claims is far from easy. The suggestion is made merely as a hint at some kind of limitations of the demands of efficiency rather than as any suggestion or argument against it in itself.

The relations of the State to problems in relief are changing. Scholarship and sympathy have forced upon the modern public, much disturbing information concerning the poor. The modern world believes with increasing earnestness that the poor are the wards of civilization, that is, that the weak are the wards of the strong. Historically, the Church claimed the right and exercised the duty of extending loving care to the poor in the name of the divine brotherhood established among us by Jesus Christ. With the breakdown of old conditions and relations, the State has taken over much of the work that is done for the poor. Voluntary organizations have developed to a vast extent, and they are busy with every kind of relief. The modern employer is awakening to a

sense of his responsibility for the poverty which may be traced to accident or disease or insufficient wages. Wealth as such feels a keen responsibility toward poverty. Great endowments and princely gifts have become so common as to cease to excite more than passing attention. Modern science feels called upon to declare its message to the poor. Thus, the State, the Church, the employer, social classes, voluntary organizations, and scholarship proclaim their several views of responsibility toward them, and all volunteer services and resources in the interest of relief. There is more or less of confusion and of lack of coördination among all of these social agencies. One tendency appears above all others to extend the authority of the State in the field of relief, and to diminish correspondingly the other activities alluded to. We ask the State to remedy the larger social conditions which occasion poverty or increase the helplessness of the poor. We ask it to undertake those works of social reform which are of general character, and are beyond the reach of any other power which can compel obedience. Social insurance, minimum wage legislation, compensation for accidents, the protection of personal health, and care for general sanitation are works of this kind. But beyond this field, which is largely that of prevention, we ask the State to enter more directly than in the immediate past into the field of relief itself. Perhaps the development of mothers' pension legislation, and the demand that all of the helpless wards of the State be cared for in public institutions rather than in private institutions, and by public taxes, are the most conspicuous instances of this tendency.

Without attempting to explain or impugn the motives which urge on such measures, we may find certain plausible explanations for the tendency in question. We are divided among ourselves by religion, nationality, race, wealth, culture, sectionalism, and employment. These differences are enduring. They disappear among the poor in the identity of their common misery and helplessness, and in the indiscriminate tyranny of the social processes which cause poverty. The impression is growing that only a powerful and standardized agency can cope with these forces and problems. The only powerful agency at hand is the State. The only authority that can master or direct social process is that of the State. The only institution in which all of our differences disappear in last analysis is the State—all other agencies appear to be growing weaker, while the State alone is gaining in power every day. It is natural, therefore, that men should turn to the strongest form of organized power

within reach, to deal with the strongest forces that are defeating progress and perpetuating misery. It is natural that very many develop the habit of mind of looking to the State to master the larger problems of relief as well as those of prevention. Again, it is said that the burden of caring for the poor ought to be distributed with relative equality among the strong. The only way that this can be done, it is alleged, is by supporting relief work through taxation. Of course, this development does not forbid, on the contrary, it encourages and expects private effort in the field of relief. Nevertheless, the extension of the sphere of the State into the work of relief becomes a factor in our thinking, and it promises to develop rapidly regardless of the effect of that development upon the impulses of voluntary service in the field. The mental habit of recurring to the State at once in facing relief problems without first exhausting all other agencies, becomes a primary factor in every typical situation in the field of relief. It is claimed that public relief tends to encourage the development of poverty and listlessness, and to kill the voluntary initiative of the well-to-do. The history of public charity, and of even endowed charities, seems to bear this out.

There are some in our own circles who look upon this transfer of responsibility for the poor from religion and voluntary organizations to the State with much misgiving. Stated in general terms, the difficulty appears to be very serious, and the unforeseen consequences of such measures do awaken serious concern. But the warrant for State intervention in relief work may be traced back to very serious problems which, for one reason or another, voluntary charity, either social or religious, has failed to master. Wise decision in this situation is not easy. We may, for instance, regret the paternalism that leads our public authorities to undertake the protection of the health of school children. Yet when parents actually fail to give their children the foresighted protection to their health to which they have a right, shall we prefer to see the children remain under their handicaps rather than have them protected by public authority? Of what avail is the theory that requires parents to rear their children properly and tenderly, when the failure of tens of thousands to do so makes necessary the development of school policies and juvenile courts which are taking over parental functions increasingly day by day? After all, the State tends to regard itself as the residuary legatee of all forms of neglect and abuse of which normal social agencies may be guilty. However, when we fail to

reconstruct homes and to force parents to do their duty, into what path should wisdom direct us? Should we insist upon a theory and neglect conditions, or should we sacrifice a theory in the earnest hope of hindering irreparable harm? The drift toward State paternalism is appalling. But how are we to stop it in the face of the problems which public authority is endeavoring to solve, because it feels with increasing keenness its responsibility to the future, and recognizes the unmistakable failure of lesser social agencies to conquer situations.

The Catholic and the modern points of view in the field of relief are quite out of sympathy with each other in their understanding of the moral law, and its place in the aims and methods of charity. The traditional Catholic point of view accepts the natural law as revealed in the constitution of humanity, and completed in the teaching of Christ. Where the provisions of the natural and divine moral law are understood as they affect practical measures of relief and prevention, they merit and they receive reverent obedience and loyal defence regardless of social, economic or political consequences of whatsoever kind. Of course, there are questions of detail which occasion controversies among ourselves. Whether or not this or that or another proceeding is sanctioned or forbidden by the natural or divine law, may at times be the subject of debate. But no controversy among Catholic charity workers and leaders can in any manner destroy the fixed spirit of reverence for the divine moral law and the determination to respect it, regardless of what it costs. This attitude must be regarded as a fixed element in the mental outlook of the Catholic charity worker. It is fundamental and compelling. No situation tempts one into any kind of disregard for the moral law once it is understood.

The modern sociological point of view is quite distinct. It tends to look upon morality as relative, and to compound a moral law out of transitory maxims dictated by current conceptions of progress. The relativity of morals is true as a circumstance, but false as a principle. Thus it occurs that the representative of the modern point of view brings with him into his work a mental constitution or attitude which subjects the moral law to the dictates of progress, thereby implanting a mental perspective and standards of practical judgment that in certain particular questions are antagonistic to the Catholic attitude. For instance, in our traditions, we fix by certain principles the limitations of State action. We attempt to limit it, for instance, by its relations to family authority, to the

Church, and to our conceptions of personal liberty and property. The modern sociological point of view fails to take these fixed positions, and it permits an unstable conception of the State that is adaptable to the current understanding of progress. The modern point of view will dictate fearlessly and definitely a birth-rate or the lack of it for the poor in the name of progress, but without the faintest reference to anything like a law of nature or of God that would define such proceedings as sinful. In our traditional understanding of the natural and divine law, we are forbidden to interfere with certain rights of the individual and of the family, regardless of any and all of the demands of so-called progress. The unfit, the anti-social, the defective are looked upon by us under the restraints which moral law places upon our aims and methods. There are no restraints dictated in the modern point of view, except those enacted in the name of progress.

Thus, it often happens that different attitudes toward the moral law, taken in the traditional and the modern points of view, create a fundamental division which cannot be bridged, because it is a division that is due to a whole philosophy of life and of religion. The differences referred to are far-reaching, to the extent of hindering the development of a spirit of coöperation in many ways. Praiseworthy efforts toward coöperation are constantly made with more or less success. It would, of course, be foolish to assume that our attitude of respect and reverence for the moral law insures wisdom to us. We have no monopoly on wisdom and no assurance that we shall not err. We should not, of course, appeal to the wisdom and rightness of this attitude to excuse laziness or indifference or faulty work among the poor. We must hold to this respect for the moral law, and after that take over as much of the wisdom and power and insight of the modern sociological view as our ability makes possible and our philosophy allows.

Another difference may be mentioned. We Catholics are accustomed to trust the authority of the Church without qualification. We accept our relief organizations, both lay and religious, with greatest respect for their motives and with confidence in their wisdom. We do not take a critical attitude toward them, and we wish not to do so. Catholics are satisfied to support their institutions and activities, to approve of them and encourage them, and work with them with unqualified trust. One can scarcely imagine a typical Catholic asking an orphan asylum to display its records and bookkeeping before he would make a donation to it. We care

greatly for the supernatural motive, and we respect it. We trust the problems of bookkeeping, sanitation and administration to the intelligence and honor of those in charge. Whether or not this is the wisest thing to do is beyond the question. It is what we do. The modern sociological point of view in relief departs altogether from this habit. It judges institutions and activities not by what they aim at, but by what they accomplish. The first requirement for approval is that of efficiency. Bookkeeping is inspected, records of work are investigated, compliance with assumed standards of wisdom is asked, before approval is bestowed or confidence is given. Good bookkeeping, administration by system, up-to-date regard for the results of science, are the factors upon which sanction is conditioned. The Catholic spirit shows a marked tendency to respect the privacy of the poor, to conceal their misery, and to help them in ways that are most considerate of their feelings, prospects, and hopes. As a result of this attitude, our organizations are not much given to the office administration and office methods that attain to such prominence in circles where the modern point of view is taken. Possibly, if we had sufficient means to do the relief work that we find before us, and to pay the salaries that trained workers should command, the administrative side of our charities would develop more rapidly than is now the case. But in the face of large problems and limited resources, and depending as we do on volunteer workers who lead busy lives, we seek to do the essential things first, and we are sometimes too easily satisfied with our neglect of non-essentials.

Turning from the contrast between the Catholic and the modern points of view in relief, a word may be added as to some of the limitations of our own work in particular. We need greater numbers of social workers in all of our cities. Those that are capable and experienced in our circles are compelled now to do too much. We need stronger organizations and more of them. We need more effective administration and foresight than are now displayed. We do not know all of our own poor. We can not take care of all of our own poor whom we know. While the development of organization in our own circles is encouraging, there are great numbers of Catholics who still give relief under the impulse of a good motive, but not under the restraints of approved methods and through the agency of organization. We have need of closer coördination among our relief agencies. While our lay charities are working in much closer coöperation than was formerly the case, there is still

much to be desired in the improvement of efficiency and coördination of effort. Coöperation between our religious and lay charities is far from perfect. Closer association is both possible and desirable, if we are to measure up to the reasonable standards of efficiency.

There is need of closer coördination among our religious charities themselves. No method occurs to mind at this moment by which our religious communities can get into touch with one another to discuss their common problems. Each community does its own work thoroughly and nobly, no doubt. But its experience lives and dies to a great extent with itself. That experience produces little, if any, literature that might declare its wisdom to the world or even contribute, as such literature might, toward the final solution of the great problems with which we deal. Even where members of different religious communities are engaged in the same field, and for that matter in the same city, as, for instance, in child-caring work, hospitals, or outside care of the sick, no method is developed by which their representatives might come together for conference, discussion, comparison of results or test of methods. The wisdom of many is always greater than the wisdom of one. The collective experience of many organizations is worth more than the wisdom of any one organization. If universal experience has any value, our religious communities would gain much and lose nothing if they were to get into closer touch with one another, bring their experts into systematic communication, and give forth in worthy literary form the results of their experience. No organization, however noble its purpose, can escape a certain narrowing vision and hampering traditional routine when it is untouched by outside influences. Scholars, lawyers, physicians, scientists, artists, howsoever they differ at every point and howsoever eminent they are, seek progress through organization and conference. Our secular and civic charities do likewise. Our lay Catholic charities are doing so to a marked degree. Can it be that our sisterhoods make an exception to this general law, or that there is anything in the nature of the religious life and its exalted aims that would be harmed by adopting this method of improving efficiency?

Undoubtedly, our sisterhoods have a right to do the work that they undertake in their own way. They have a right to the traditions of retirement which they love, and to the spirit of self-effacement in which they do their work. But in a time when malice and ignorance misrepresent and attack them and their methods, the one effective answer that can be made is to display the great

results of their work, and to vindicate the wisdom of the methods that they follow in doing that work. The success of the Catholic Educational Association in drawing our teaching sisterhoods together into a national annual conference, shows us that what is asked in the field of relief may be asked without overstepping the bounds of propriety, and without departing from the worthy traditions of the spiritual life. Of course, our sisterhoods can and do take advantage of the increasingly rich and abundant literature that modern relief work has created. All methods, all results, and all views in modern relief are available in easily accessible published form. But there is still need of closer coördination of the communities themselves to reach a degree of efficiency and acknowledged wisdom worthy of the consecration and motive which they bring to the work.

One further need may be mentioned. It relates to the production of a general relief literature which will adequately represent the results no less than the methods and problems in Catholic activity. The modern sociological drift has created a superb literature covering every aspect of poverty and relief. The literature of investigation, of interpretation, of direction and of inspiration that has come forth in the past twenty years will stand for all time a monument to the sympathy and scholarship with which the age has taken up problems of relief. We have need of a distinctively Catholic literature for the sake of the work itself, and as a Catholic contribution to modern efforts in the whole field of relief. We have pressing need of a literature of investigation in distinctively Catholic problems. We have great need of a literature of interpretation that will carry into the explanation of problems the Catholic philosophy of life, and of the meaning of sin and of divine grace in our social problems. The modern general literature of direction is, on the whole, available for us in most of our work. We have not lacked at any time a sufficient literature of inspiration. Appeal should be made to our schools to recognize the claims of relief work in the organization of their courses. Appeal should be made to our experienced leaders to do more thinking, and to publish the results of their thinking. Appeal may be made to our religious communities to give us a literature for which they have such abundant material in the records of their work.

A single illustration may add point to these appeals. Statistics on record in the juvenile courts of a half dozen large cities which might be named, show on the surface that the proportion of Catholic

children among delinquents is somewhat greater than the proportion of Catholics in the population. Statements relating to these facts and offering explanations of them have been made at the last two meetings of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. Have we not pressing need of a critical investigation of this problem made after the approved methods of modern scholarship by a Catholic?¹ Even a superficial glance at such records shows their misleading character on account of failure to take account of factors which modify, appreciably, one's first impressions. There are many problems that affect us and our methods vitally. What type of apologetics for the faith and social action of the Church could better answer the searching questions of modern times than an exact, scholarly literature in this great field of relief. We have aspirations for it and beginnings of it. Let its development become the ambition of all who have experience and insight in the work of relief, and we shall answer every challenge to our wisdom and every dissent from our philosophy with confidence and power.

¹A study of this kind is now being made by a graduate student in the Catholic University.

THE HOUSE OF A DREAM.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



SYLVIA ARMADALE had come to England as soon as she was her own mistress, with the intention of settling there. Her family had been Californian for several generations. One would have thought that the gray skies and the fogs of England could have little appeal for her. She looked a creature of the sun and the beautiful weather, an upstanding, slender girl, of swift, beautiful movements, with a pallor which had a touch of healthy gold in it, dead-leaf hair with a burnish to it like a pheasant's wing, and eyes of the same copper brown.

No one of her friends could understand the attraction England held for her. While she grew up in the Convent of the Holy Pillar—her father had died when she was ten years old, leaving her with scarcely a relative in the world—she had always known that, as soon as she was free to go, she would go to England. She could not have explained it to her cousin, James Armadale, who was President of the Armadale Banking Company from which Sylvia derived her income, a larger income than she knew what to do with, not yet having found her way.

James would have thought it madness—that a dream should have power over her to bring her to England, rushing away by herself in a manner he thought unseemly, instead of awaiting the time when she could go under a husband's care and protection. James Armadale was for the time engrossed in business interests. He could not imagine that any woman would stir his pulses as did the making of two dollars where only one had stood before. He was only twenty-eight, but he was older than many men of sixty-eight. By and by, when he had time, he meant to point out to Sylvia the advantages of amalgamating their interests in the bank. At the moment he had not time.

Sylvia was very shy about her dream. Once she had told it, in a burst of confidence, to a black-eyed, black-haired child at the convent school. Dolores had been profoundly thrilled by the story of the dream; but when it came to Sylvia's scheme of following

it up by looking for the house of her dream in England, the little girl had been discouraging.

"It is a country of cold heretics where the sun never shines," she said. "No bigger than my pocket handkerchief, and with not a single place without crowds of people—so I have heard. You would be mad, Sylvia. Besides—your dream! After all, it is but a dream. There is no such house."

After this discouraging experience Sylvia had held her tongue. While papa lived she had often tried to tell him about her dream; but he had been too busy to listen. She supposed, in a manner of speaking, that the dream derived from mamma, who had always wanted to go to England, and had died without ever seeing it, being scarcely older when she died than Sylvia was now. It was not at all likely that Sylvia would breathe a word of her dream to James Armadale, of all creatures living.

She had started for England in charge of a lady whom even James Armadale could trust. Sylvia was weary of protesting her capability of taking care of herself to James Armadale's unbelief. She accepted willingly enough Mrs. Wilbur's chaperonage across the States, across the Atlantic. The one thing no one could have foreseen was that Mrs. Wilbur should have a breakdown in health as soon as she got to England. After a few weeks in a nursing home she was sent back. Sylvia would rather have had her emancipation in any other way than by Helen Wilbur's illness. But there was nothing to grieve about. The illness had taken a satisfactory course. Eldred Wilbur had come to take his wife home. He had suggested, with a glint in his eye, that James Armadale would expect Sylvia to return with them. Sylvia had laughed back at him.

"Tell him that you have left me with an English maid who has been with the best families, and is as good as any courier for knowing her way about Europe. Tell him that Sarah fairly bristles with respectability. Tell him that he may look for me when I am tired of traveling."

She had cast her bread on the waters. It was as likely to lead her to the house of her dreams as any other way, for she had no clue. Was she to explore England from end to end for the house of a dream—which might have no existence except in a dream?

As they came from Liverpool to London, in the train among their traveling companions had been a fresh-colored English lady, who had been ready and able to explain England to the Americans.

They had just passed Lichfield, and she had been sending the Americans on a Johnson pilgrimage—that is to say, not Sylvia and Mrs. Wilbur, but a group of eager Bostonians who were doing the trip in a real spirit of pilgrimage.

Her eyes had seemed for a moment to rest on Sylvia as she said: “You must be sure to see Malvern. The very secret of England is, I think, locked up in Malvern. It is the heart of English beauty.”

The afternoon of the day on which the Wilburs had left London, the admirable Sarah came to her mistress in tears. Sarah’s mother was ill in a Worcestershire village and she must go to her; but how leave her lady, alone, unattended in a London caravansary. Sarah might be a traveled woman, but the result of her traveling had not been to give her faith in human kind. To Sylvia’s mind Sarah’s alarms would have been humorous, if it had not been for the spectacle of the good creature’s responsibility struggling with her family affection.

Suddenly flashed the elucidation. She remembered Malvern. Sarah’s native village was not far from Malvern. They could travel together. From what Sylvia could learn there was nothing of wicked wiles about Malvern.

She had been planning to do London thoroughly by herself. She was in love with its secret quietnesses—the Temple Church, the Abbey, the old City churches—the Middle Ages in the swirling tide of twentieth century activity, twilit places full of ancient peace. All that must wait till she came back. Sarah was quite satisfied about Malvern. There were no wolves at Malvern apparently. Her young lady would be quite safe till she was free to return to her. She was not sure about Ajax, the baby bulldog who was Sylvia’s latest acquisition. They might object to Ajax at the Beaumont Arms, which was Sarah’s recommendation. “In w’ich case,” said Sarah, “you send for me, Miss, an’ I’ll find you lodgin’s, unless Mrs. Wood of the Niche still lets her rooms.”

Sylvia wrote a letter of rapture to James Armadale upon the heart of England, as she saw it from the windows of the Beaumont Arms, thirty miles of silver valley stretching away between her and the Cotswalds, intersected with streams, dotted with villages and church spires, over it all the strange shining whiteness of the fruit blossom and the may. She referred disingenuously to Sarah, without mentioning her absence. Her alarm was that if he knew her unprotected state, James Armadale might find

another chaperone for her, and she had a constitutional dislike of being in opposition.

Ajax drove her forth from the safe shelter of the Beaumont Arms sooner than she had intended. He was a gregarious animal, and he took up his place on the mat in the entrance hall of the hotel, and welcomed visitors with what he thought to be an ingratiating smile. However, it had quite another effect on nervous visitors, and the landlord, with an apologetic pat of the gray velvet skin that held Ajax loosely within it, announced that the dog would have to live in the kennel where there was a nice little dog-run, as people were so scary, and he had to live by his patrons.

So Sylvia set out in search of lodgings. Mrs. Wood of the Niche had long ceased to let rooms, and was at rest with her fathers. Having failed there, Sylvia was coming back with Ajax at her heels when she happened upon a very old-fashioned bus with a red-faced driver. He was waiting for passengers at a corner, and he cracked his whip as Sylvia came near.

"Just goin' to start for Maybush, Miss," he said. "Would the dorg like to see the country?"

Ah, here was someone who had the sense not to be afraid of Ajax. The word Maybush had caught Sylvia's ear. Delightful name! It seemed to hold in it the fragrance of the country, green and white, as she was realizing it every day with a more passionate pleasure. The sharp, clean exquisite green, so unlike anything she had known in California; the dazzling white; oh, it was delicious, a world new-made, fresh from God's hand, without a stain on it. And Maybush held the whole fresh and fragrant delight of it.

She climbed up to the top of the bus, where the driver helped Ajax to her side, with a fearlessness which commanded her respect. He pointed out various places to her with the whip, making running commentaries and explanations to her as they went. She was not always sure of what he said, but the manner of it pleased her. The jolting bus, which swayed from side to side, jogged along leisurely. Oh, this was Arcady! The leafy roads along the side of the hill enchanted her. She felt exquisitely happy. There was not a flaw in the fulfillment of her anticipations. The bus drew up at last—under an exquisite little hill, shaped softly like the outline of a breast. There was a long black and white-fronted inn, with projecting gables.

"Mrs. 'Arris'll give you as good a cup o' tea, Miss, as 'art could desire," said the bus-driver, "and don't 'urry over it. We

don't go back, not for two hours more. Time to see a bit o' the country roundabout as soon as you've 'ad your tea."

Sylvia found that Mrs. Harris matched everything else at Maybush. "The Coach an' 'Orses," she explained to Sylvia who heard her with rapture, "'ad bin in 'Arris' family time out of mind. If the young lady was to go up by Maybush Churchyard, she'd see for herself that there were 'Arrises there in the time of Good Queen Bess and earlier." Sylvia was delighted. Surely she had attained the goal of all her hopes. It was better than her anticipations.

Mrs. Harris presided over the tea, broadly smiling. It was a plentiful country tea—homemade bread, cream, sweet country butter, honey, a little dish of watercress, fresh from one of the streams that tinkled on the wide heathy space in front of the inn. She had her tea in one of the gable rooms, paneled and wainscoted in oak. She sat by one of the deep low windows. The tinkle of the streams came to her ear mingled with the bleating of sheep and lambs, the songs of birds, the call of the shy plover. There was an apple tree all rosily pink in the inn garden. The smell of a bean field in blossom was blown in at the open window.

Sylvia was bewildered, over-joyed. Could Mrs. Harris give her a bedroom and the use of a sitting-room? She had never seen any place she liked so well as the Coach and Horses.

Mrs. Harris was distressed. Her only available rooms were occupied at the moment by a young couple who were likely to stay during the summer. Anything Mrs. Harris could do in the way of finding a lodging—suddenly her face brightened. Standing up at the end of the table she had caught sight of someone entering the inn garden.

"If it isn't Father Gilbert," she said, "you're not in luck. He'll be able to tell whether Mrs. Burberry's rooms at the Farm is yet took."

Sylvia looked out of her window. It was the one thing needful. A tall man in the habit of a monk had paused by the garden gate to speak to Ajax, who lay basking in the sun in the inn garden. He straightened himself, and Sylvia saw a rosy benign face and spectacles. Mrs. Harris hastened to intercept him. He was on his way to visit her young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, who had the other gable room for their sitting-room. She brought him triumphantly to Miss Armadale, explaining that the young lady

wished for a lodging, and did he know if Mrs. Burberry's rooms were still to let.

Father Gilbert, as he stood upright in the gable room, looked down at Sylvia from somewhere among the rafters. His eyes, of an uncommon blueness, looked at her as though she were a child. His hands were in his big sleeves, a great rosary hung from his girdle. Oh, it was satisfying. He completed the picture of mediæval England.

Father Gilbert thought that Mrs. Burberry was still unlet. As his friends were out for a walk, he volunteered to guide the young lady to the Farm. Mrs. Burberry was one of his flock—a good creature. If the young lady was satisfied with very simple living—for a second the man-of-the-world leaped oddly to light in Father Gilbert's blue eyes, as though he had detected under Miss Armadale's studied simplicity of attire the fact that she was a lily of the field—she could be very comfortable at the Farm—till she grew tired of it.

They walked away across the heathy open space, amid the tinkling streams, the flocks, and the wandering cry of the plover. As they talked they discovered common likings, common interests. That glimpse of the man of the world in Father Gilbert's face had not been misleading: he had traveled much, read much, met many people. Pictures, music, books—Father Gilbert could talk about them all. Now and again he drew her attention to some small detail of the beauty about them. He halted once or twice at a cottage door to ask a question. The children, herding cattle, hunting about in the tussocks for plovers' eggs, looked up and smiled as he came near, dropping him quaint curtsies.

Sylvia was warmed, delighted, as one feels when one has met a really congenial spirit. She felt something else—as though she were a returned traveler. She was not discovering this heavenly country. Somewhere she had known it all before. Some strange sense in her ran on before her feet, telling her what she should find round the next corner, at a turn of the road.

They had left the wide Common behind, and were on the road again, when Father Gilbert pulled up at the garden gate of a cottage that turned its gable end to the road.

"I warned you it was very small," he said apologetically. "It is all on a miniature scale, including Mrs. Burberry herself."

"It is delicious," said Sylvia, breathing in the scent of the wallflowers, the lilacs, the clove pinks, gazing with delight on the

ivied cottage out of which five tiny windows like kind old eyes looked at her, blinking in the late sun. She had just caught the apple blossom—for there was a tree deeply pink as a cabbage rose in one of the vegetable beds. Fruit and flowers and vegetables were packed as tight as they could be. The garden was a mosaic of color and light and sweetness.

Mrs. Burberry, a tiny woman, with an anxious face, came out as the old sheep dog in the porch barked and leaped on Father Gilbert, before going on to inspect Ajax. Yes—her rooms were still unlet. The young lady could see them. Of course she would do her best—she looked a meek entreaty from Sylvia to Father Gilbert—she knew the rooms were very small, but if the young lady decided on taking them she would do her very best.

Sylvia followed Mrs. Burberry upstairs, while Father Gilbert read his Office standing out in the garden. She knew it was a formality her seeing the rooms; she meant to take them from the start. Was there ever such delicious peace? Down here on the plain she was just far enough from those heavenly hills to get them in all their aspects. The sunset would not be hid from her nor the dawn. At Maybush the little hill like a breast would have taken all the sunset; here the little house was bathed in evening light. Long glints of gold came in at the low windows. It shone on the distant hills, catching a window here and there or the gold vane of a church, setting up a cresset of flame.

The little farm was as clean and innocent as the fresh new-made world outside. On the first landing was a tiny altar of innocent babyish figures. At the stair-head, a bigger altar, a Madonna with a blue lamp, vases of narcissi, wallflowers and blue bells. In the rooms the same tiny altars everywhere—the artless images seeming somehow to fit in with the anxious, wistful face of the little landlady.

Mrs. Burberry was ready for a lengthened discussion about the rooms, plainly ready to concede anything the lady wished. She had no objection at all to Ajax if the young lady wished to have him with her. Sylvia laughed at the deprecating expression of the little face as she doubled the sum Mrs. Burberry had asked, which, even doubled, was a very small sum. She soothed the little woman's doubts and fears. She knew she would be satisfied, more than satisfied with Mrs. Burberry's cooking—with everything. It was all too sweet and lovely! If Mrs. Burberry had been the ordinary landlady she would have regretted a lost harvest. As it was she

blinked under Miss Armadale's raptures, blushed in a way that made her suddenly pretty, and hoped she would deserve the young lady's goodness.

Twenty-four hours later saw Miss Armadale installed as Mrs. Burberry's lodger. Her first meal was a delightful one, light and delicately cooked, almost too dainty, with asparagus and an omelette, the very first gooseberries with whipped cream, and coffee of the most delicious quality. "In a day or two more," said Mrs. Burberry, "I'll know your little ways, Miss, and what you'll like. And you'll please to tell me anything you don't like about my cooking. If you'll just tell me, Miss, the dishes you like I'd do my best to please you, I really would."

Miss Armadale said something bewildering to Mrs. Burberry about being fed on honey-dew and drinking the milk of paradise; but as she accompanied the strange speech by a manner which was almost caressing, Mrs. Burberry was happy for the moment, and smoothed out the lines of puzzled anxiety in her forehead, only to display them again as she turned back to ask how Miss Armadale liked her eggs for breakfast, and if she would have coffee or chocolate or tea.

Sylvia was too excited when she went to bed to sleep. At ten o'clock she had discovered that Mrs. Burberry, and Tom Burberry, who had been afoot since early morning, were waiting to go to bed; so she took her book upstairs with her, meaning to read herself asleep if necessary.

Quietness settled down on the little cottage and the country outside. The calls of the plover had dropped into silence; the blackbird had gone asleep after disturbing the nests in the coppice with his long-drawn-out good-nights till an unconscionable hour. The valley stretched before the window as light as day in the moonlight, till it ended in a line of sharp blackness where the shadow of the mountains fell.

There was such a strange pleasurable feeling of having come home wrapping her warmly that she could not sleep. She looked about her at the chintz curtains of her bed, the pictures of saints, the crucifix on the wall, the little altar in the corner burning its dim red light. There was something familiar, long-lost and found again, about it all. Not the room exactly, but the air, the garden scents, the hills, the dark coppice below the hill, where the road mounted. She must have known this in another life; she must have been in those quiet and moonlit fields; she must have heard

that strange bird-note—the night-jar—in just such a coppice under such a hill.

She could neither read nor sleep. She blew out her candle, got up, and sat by the open window. The scent of the white may, miles and miles of it, was intoxicatingly sweet. Was there ever anything so gentle as the quiet fields, the line of the hills, the tower of Maybush Church in the distance, the dark coppice below the hill.

She had known them all before—in some other life. She had smelt the may. She had seen the moon just so, like a lamp above the mountains. She looked down at the white road that ran past the Farm, and she was suddenly aware that if she were to take it and climb the hill, she would find an entrance gate on the left hand side of the road. By it she would enter an avenue overhung with trees, the trees of the coppice. At a turn of it she would come out in front of an old house, set upon terraces, part Elizabethan, part much older, with a lake at its feet—rather two lakes, adjoining—divided by a little bridge and a weir, with sluice gates to the lower lake by which the water could be emptied away in time of flood. The house faced the mountains, yet stood far enough away to escape their shadow. If she went in at the hall door—it had always stood open in her dream—

Her dream! There was something in the moonlight and the smell of the may that made her foolish. Was it likely she would find the house of her dream up there beyond the coppice? It was a delusion. How could she have known of it? Yet, it was true that from as far back as she could remember, she had had a recurring dream of an old house, fronting a hill, beautiful amid its lawns and gardens—the two lakes in front. She had always come upon it out of the shadow of trees, and had looked towards the hills before entering and taking possession, as one enters one's own delightful home, with a sense of a goal reached, a pilgrimage finished, rest and dear delight awaiting her. Again and again she had awakened from her dream with a black desolation, because the source of the happiness which came to meet her in the dreamhouse was not fully revealed.

She said to herself sharply that there was no house there—on its terraces behind the coppice. Why, she would be sleep-walking in search of it if she did not take care, reviving an old bad habit of her childhood. To-morrow she would climb up the hilly road and discover for herself that there was no house. She would *not* be disappointed. How often she had told herself that the house

of her dreams had no existence, that it had been bequeathed to her by the sick longings of her mother. Why, if there were a house there it would be something quite different; she would not know the way.

Suddenly something marvelous happened. There had been cheepings and chirpings which she had hardly noticed. Suddenly there was a low call—a pause—an answering call, and then the long trill of the nightingale.

She realized immediately that it must mean nightingales! Oh, she had not been thinking of them. She had not imagined such a golden fortune as that she should find the nightingales, here in the heart of England, in the flowering time of all the year! It *must* be the nightingales, since no other birds sang at night. The wonder and the rapture of it flooded her thoughts. Why she might have known they would sing here if only she had considered it, for May was the month of the nightingales in England, and surely this was the place they would choose, this heavenly place.

She fell asleep to the singing of the nightingales, and awoke to the sound of Mrs. Burberry filling her bath. The little woman was anxious about her guest's sleep. "The nightingales. You should close your window of nights, Miss, else they'll keep you awake. Burberry he do often drat them till he gets so used to them that he doesn't hear them."

"Tell me," Sylvia said on a sudden impulse, "there is a big house up there in the coppice just below the hill."

Mrs. Burberry stared. "For sure, Miss, Maybush Place. Many a one comes to see Maybush Place. The Squire's at home now; but I don't think he'd mind your seeing it. It's a grand old place for sure. It stood the Wars of the Roses just as it stands now. It'll be a sad day when the Langleys are gone out of it."

It was a curious coincidence. Sylvia was almost afraid to ask any more questions. She felt as though she needed some preparation before this house of her dreams should burst upon her.

"Langleys?" she repeated confusedly.

"Yes, Langleys, Miss. Maybush Place has belonged to the Langleys for hundreds of years. Not much longer it won't. The Squire can't keep it going. He's got to sell. Ten thousand pounds they say it would take to do what the house wants done to it. 'Tis on the agents' books. Some rich man will buy it presently, and there won't be a Langley left. Squire ought to marry money, but he isn't that sort. He farms a bit. He was in the army. They say

if he sells the Place he'll look for a job of soldiering again. 'Twould break his heart I should say, Miss, to see Maybush Place go from him. 'Twouldn't be everyone's money neither."

A day or two later Sylvia came face to face with the Squire. She had trespassed, crossing a gate into the Squire's woods that hung on the side of the hill, disregarding the warning board.

A tall man slightly gray at the temples, with an austere look as though from devotion to lost causes, yet the blue eyes of a boy in a ruddy face. A fine upstanding figure in gray homespuns, two or three dogs at his heels, who took a friendly interest in Ajax! The wood was intersected by wide paths. On the one side she looked up, up through the hanging gardens clad in grass-green silk. On the other, she looked down on the chimney tops of Maybush Place, seen dimly through the fine network of green branches. What she could not see, her knowledge, her fancy, filled in. There were the lakes with the water-lily leaves upon them—the gabled house, the odd little tower at one corner, which was the oldest part of the house, where a queen of the Plantagenets had slept.

Oh, she knew it all. She was bewildered. She said to herself that blindfolded she could pick her way through the rooms, up winding stairs, along corridors. There must have been meaning and intention in the fortuitous chances that had brought her here. Her own beloved house of which she had dreamed all her life. And it was in the market. She could buy it, put it on its feet again. She was meant to possess it, to guard it, to treasure it, just as it was. How *awful* if it had fallen into the wrong hands!

James would grumble. What matter! She was her own mistress, and there was a considerable sum at her disposal, the savings of her minority. She wondered how much Mr. Langley would want. Oddly enough she had not thought of the dispossessed owner of the Place till, turning about, she saw him.

She thought she must have seen him before—somewhere they had met—in another life perhaps. She looked at him, her lips a little parted, and he looked at her with something surely of a startled recognition in his eyes.

"I'm afraid I am trespassing," she stammered.

"Please—use the woods as you like. I have heard of you from Father Gilbert. But you needn't climb gates. I will show you where the padlock key lies under a stone."

He had a charming voice, slow, gentle, yet with deep masculine tones in it, and she was very susceptible to the beauty of a voice.

She turned and walked with him. Their common friendship with Father Gilbert seemed to be introduction enough. And the Squire stooped to pet Ajax with a very friendly face.

"You were looking down at the Place when I saw you first," he said. "You like old buildings?"

"I love old English houses," she returned, and was aware of the inadequacy of what she was saying.

"It is a dear old place," he sighed, and he looked down as he walked. "My sister is away just now. When she comes back I hope she may be permitted to call upon you. We shall hope to see you at the Place—if you will do us so much honor."

She loved the formality of it. It seemed right in Gilles Langley, even though it was quaint to her freedom-loving mind. She was almost glad that she need not see the Place just yet. She wanted to get used to the idea of it. Meanwhile, when she went back to the Farm, she wrote to the firm of old-fashioned solicitors in London to whom she had been commended by James, telling them her wish to purchase Maybush Place. She posted the letter with her own hands before she sat down to lunch, as though she was determined to make it irrevocable. She was right, because hardly had she done it before she was seized with a tremor. She felt as though she had been guilty of an act of treachery to the Langleys, going behind their backs to buy Maybush Place.

She was thinking so much about it that she hardly noticed Mrs. Burberry, who gossiped away placidly while she waited. Mrs. Burberry was talking about the ghosts at the Place. The Plantagenet queen apparently still wept for the ruin of her cause. There was a monk who read his breviary in the little stone room off the library, which was all that remained of the old Cistercian Abbey on the ruins of which the Place had been built. Mrs. Burberry referred to the monk as a nasturtium ghost, and Sylvia hardly smiled. There was a third ghost, a lady who came and went. She had frightened the servants away of late years. "Wot she've got to do with the family," said Mrs. Burberry darkly, "is more than I know. Squire, he don't know either."

After that the Squire began to drop in to see Tom Burberry, who was his tenant, pretty often. And he and Miss Armadale were always meeting each other about the hills, on the roads in the woods, out on the heath that stretched for miles; but they only met on the heath once, and then the Squire, with a certain sternness which Sylvia did not resent, forbade her to walk on the heath alone.

"You might meet with rough people," he said. "If you wish to walk on the heath I am always at your service."

"But I have Ajax," she protested.

"Oh, yes," he agreed. "Still, you had better let me know when you wish to walk on the heath."

They became friends with extraordinary quickness. Gilles Langley was a very uncomplicated person. Sylvia Armadale felt after a few of these walks and talks that she knew all about him that was to be known, and nothing displeased her. He belonged to the old world. He was delightfully in keeping with Maybush Place. There was a deal of the Middle Ages about him. A Quixotic person, sincere, simple, and courageous. She liked to look through a man-as through a clear glass.

One day as they came down the hill behind Maybush Village towards the Place, they met with Father Gilbert, who had been absent for some days. Sylvia was somewhat ill at ease; the Squire had been abstracted, gloomy. She thought she knew the cause; the business about the purchase of the Place was going on. She had forbidden the lawyers to mention her name yet. She had been expecting the Squire to speak of it, but he did not.

"I have something to tell you, Father Gilbert," said the Squire; "I think Maybush Place has found a purchaser at last."

"Oh—I am—glad," said the priest; yet he looked as though he had received a blow. "Is it true? Maybush—without the Langleys."

Sylvia longed to cry out that she would not take Maybush from the Langleys. Something stilled the words on her lips. The two men were looking at each other sorrowfully. They had forgotten her.

"Come in and lunch with me, Father Gilbert," the Squire said, "and Miss Armadale—if you would come too, I should be so honored. Perhaps—I may not be able to ask you much longer."

"I should love to come," said Sylvia, gently.

They went into the house by the open hall door, without meeting anyone. Sylvia walked like a person in a dream. She was unaware that she had taken the lead, and was going on before as though she knew the way. She opened the drawing-room door and went in, looking about her, recognizing the things she had seen in her dream.

"Oh!" cried a startled voice. A little lady had stood up from a chair by the window—Gilles Langley's sister. Impossible

to mistake her with those blue eyes. Her exclamation had been almost a shriek.

"Oh, darling, I did not know you had come," the Squire said kissing her fondly. "This is Miss Armadale. She is staying at the Farm."

"But—how like—" the little lady was staring at Sylvia. "What an odd thing!"

The Squire laughed.

"You are remarkably like one of our family ghosts, Miss Armadale," he said. "I saw it the first time we met, and mentioned it to Father Gilbert. It really is a ghost. We have all seen it at one time or another. It—she—has come walking down a corridor, opening the door of a room and looking in. I have seen her myself in the gardens, flitting before me. I could never come up with her."

He laughed, seeing that Sylvia looked a little pale, and turned it off with a jest.

"Not that you are a ghost, thank God," he said, with an intensity which made Father Gilbert stare at him through his glasses with surprise and some doubt.

After lunch, when Father Gilbert and Mrs. Ponsonby found a good deal to talk about, being plainly old and good friends, the Squire offered to show Sylvia the house. It held no surprise for her. Everywhere she knew what was coming, and ran on to meet it.

In a sunshiny little octagon room which had apparently been a boudoir for the ladies of the family, he turned and looked at her with a baffled expression.

"I believe you are really the ghost," he said. "Or you have been here before. I have been discovering that the house has no mysteries for you."

"I believe I am the ghost," she said simply, "I don't know how it is or why it is that my spirit should have come over all those thousands of miles of sea and land to Maybush Place. Since I have been a small child I have known it all in my dreams. I came to look for it. There was always something more I wanted to know."

"Ah," he said, "I knew you when I saw you; I knew that in some way you belonged to me. I have nothing to offer you, Sylvia—only a heart that has never loved a woman before."

It was the wooing she would have desired of him. She was

in his arms. He had never loved a woman before. He had brought her an unstained heart, and she had seen it in the austerity of his brow and his lips, in his boyish eyes.

"Will you come into exile with me, my wife?" he asked passionately. "My poor little woman. You will only have a pair of strong arms to work for you. Maybush is sold. It has housed the last of the Langleys. I shall not bring my bride to Maybush. My children will not be born here. Maybush shall be empty of Langleys for the first time for seven hundred years. It is bitter, but the good God has given me you."

"With Maybush in my hand," she cried. "Oh, Gilles, I only bought it to give it back. It is yours, we need never leave it. I have a right to the place as well as you. Was I not born to return to it? Even while I slept my spirit came and took possession."

"You," he said with stupefaction, "the owner of Maybush! I had no idea—you were so simple—living alone—at the Farm. How could I tell?"

"I think," she said, smoothing a pucker from between his level brows with her kiss, "I think if you had known that I was an heiress in my own right, your pride would have shut one door against me. Think of me, a poor little spirit that must be always knocking at the door of Maybush and the door of your heart. And always to be standing outside. Now, oh, now I know what it was that lay just beyond my dream and made it pain to awaken. It was your love."

He took her two hands and kissed them as though he laid something in them for her to do what she would with—his pride. And Ajax, looking up at them, wagged his tail, as though he had been an instrument.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.

BY JAMES A. ROONEY, LL.D.



IN April, 1865, while Cardinal Farley was still a collegian at Fordham; when New York's small Catholic population was ministered to by one hundred and nineteen priests in seventy-seven churches (increased to-day to one thousand and fifty-two priests and three hundred and ten churches);¹ when the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle had been in existence only a few years; when John R. Brady, the first Catholic elected to the Supreme Court, was still reflecting credit on the bench; when there were no telephones or electric lights; no trolleys or elevated roads; no subways or tunnels; and the old-time stages were still running on Broadway and Park Row; when the admirers of Horace Greeley needed not the statue in front of the Tribune Building to remind them of its editor, for he was still alive and just then ready to go bail for Jeff Davis; when the echoes of the two hundred gun salute, that reverberated from Governor's Island signalling the surrender of Lee at Appomatox on Palm Sunday, had hardly died away; when there was not a single Catholic magazine published in the United States, and few other magazines—it was then, just fifty years ago, that Father Hecker launched THE CATHOLIC WORLD from the upper floor of 126 Nassau Street, from whose windows one could look out over City Hall Park, still entirely enclosed in the stockade that had made it a rendezvous for soldiers and a recruiting station for the armies of the North.

In April, 1865, when Barclay Street had been made famous by the Catholic publishers of New York as the greatest producing and distributing centre in the United States for every kind of Catholic literature, except a Catholic magazine of commanding influence, Father Hecker, with a wisdom and foresight and zeal in which Providence must certainly have had a hand, stepped in to fill the void.

Patrick J. Kenedy, D. & J. Sadlier, Patrick O'Shea, J.

¹Figures for 1865 from Catholic Directory of 1866. Figures of this year from advance proofs of this year's Directory.

Cunningham, Benziger Brothers, Edward Dunigan, Lawrence Kehoe, and other veteran publishers were turning out large editions of the Bible, Church histories, school textbooks, books of instruction and devotion of all kinds, and standard Catholic literature generally. None of them, however, seemed awake to the fact that a new generation of Catholic writers and authors had sprung up demanding recognition, and, though some of the publishers encouraged them, little thought was given to a monthly as a vehicle for their products. Viewed from the commercial standpoint the monthly was an unpromising field. They recalled the fate of early attempts in that line, such as *The Metropolitan* and *The United States Catholic Magazine* of Baltimore; *The National Catholic Register* of Philadelphia; and *The Catholic Expositor* and *The Young Catholics' Magazine* of New York; all monthlies and all creditable publications, with editors and contributors of recognized ability, learning and popularity. None of these made any permanent impression, and none of them lasted long. The few Catholic weeklies seeking patronage and circulation had a hard enough task to make ends meet. Then what chance had a monthly, with an even more restricted clientele, having to discard ordinary church news, and appealing with its higher literary tone to the better educated and more cultivated readers, and not to the great body of the Catholic laity?

Catholic publishers of the immediate *post bellum* period admitted that there was a crying need for such a publication, and recognized that with the close of the war and the advent of peace prosperity would come, but they hesitated to enter the hitherto precarious field of monthly journalism, content to follow up and develop the less hazardous, more certain and more remunerative, because better established, lines in which they were then engaged.

The Catholic monthly magazine, accordingly, was waiting for the man. The commercial side must be his least consideration. He must equal or surpass, in all the requirements of ability, learning and zeal, those who had gone before him, and, while blazing the way, had failed to leave a record of success. But, besides, he must be a genius, an enthusiast, with a magnetism and a personality that would attract the best of the old writers to use new topics and an improved style, and that would attach to himself and to the cause he represented a band of hitherto unknown contributors and writers in all departments of literature, who, under his training and guidance, might be filled with a determination, radiating from his own per-

sonality and charm, to turn thought into action along such lines as he might suggest.

Father Isaac Thomas Hecker was that man. Even a five minutes talk with Father Hecker left its indelible impress. If the subject chanced to be, as most likely it would be in those days, *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, one left him with a feeling of exhilaration as though one had generously breathed of particularly fresh air or quaffed of good wine. His auditor was firmly convinced of the need and the undoubted success of the proposed Catholic monthly, and was flattered to think that he might be called upon to help even in the smallest way.

So, Father Hecker launched *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* with a beautiful cover design and the double-column page. It was printed on a superior quality of paper specially manufactured for it at Whippany, N. J., and its general appearance was equal, if not superior, to that of the best of the magazines then published. The early numbers were made up largely of very carefully selected reprints from standard foreign publications, but it was not long before Father Hecker had gathered about him a trained corps of writers sufficiently strong and numerous enough to furnish the magazine with an ample supply of original matter.

The first publication rooms were at 126 Nassau Street, where the offices of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* occupied one of the upper floors of the building. Then most of the editorial work of the magazine was done in the Paulist convent. Father Hecker spent a large portion of his time in the Nassau Street office. A week seldom passed without bringing to the magazine a new contributor, sometimes an experienced one. More often one who had yet to win his spurs. All received a whole-souled welcome from Father Hecker, the new candidates particularly. His words of encouragement filled them with some of his own enthusiasm, and a determination to put forth their best efforts to attain his high ideals in Catholic literature.

In the beginning articles were unsigned, and in many cases the secret of the authorship of some of the more important died with Father Hecker. Conspicuous among the gifted writers whose productions established the place of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* as a commanding one were, of course, the Paulist Fathers, including Fathers Hewit, Walworth, Elliott, Young, Deshon, McMillan, and others, besides Orestes A. Brownson, John D. Gilmary Shea, Dr. Henry A. Brann, Bishops Lynch and Spalding, John R. G. Hassard, Col,

James Meline, Miles Gerald Keon (the author of *Dion and the Sibyls*), Eliza Starr, Christian Reid, Katharine Tynan, Agnes Repplier, William Seton, Maurice Francis Egan, Dr. Charles G. Hebermann, Fathers Mooney and Preston, and others, making up a literary galaxy never before gathered within the pages of any single publication.

Father Hecker devoted much of his time to the younger writers, in the hope of developing a band ready and able to take the place of the veterans when they would drop out. The case of Miss Tincker was a typical one. At her first interview with Father Hecker she was unknown to the world of writers. She was a country woman, and no one ever suspected that it was an untried hand that wrote *Grapes and Thorns* and *The House of Yorke*.

John Rose Greene Hassard was Father Hecker's first associate editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and after holding that position for five years he resigned to write on musical and dramatic matters for the New York *Tribune*. Aside from his splendid ability, the fact that he was a convert to the Faith made him dear to the founder of the magazine. Many of its most valuable articles in the early years were from his pen, and even after severing his intimate connection with THE CATHOLIC WORLD his advice and assistance were always at Father Hecker's disposal. His articles on a variety of subjects run all through the early numbers, and his contributions continued until his death.

Once, when the newspapers and the denominational ministers began to accuse Catholics of receiving huge sums of money from the city of New York to build and equip their charitable institutions, Mr. Hassard, at the suggestion of Father Hecker, presented the actual facts to the reading public. He was well aware that the Protestant denominations received sums of money from the city for the maintenance of their asylums and reformatories far in excess of the amount disbursed among Catholic institutions. He knew, also, that the public money paid a large share of the expenses of the schools conducted by the Children's Aid Society and by the American Female Guardian Society. He secured from the Comptroller of the city of New York copies of all accounts showing the amounts of money distributed among the Catholic religious and so-called non-sectarian institutions, and it took an accountant two weeks to transcribe them from the records. Mr. Hassard wrote two articles for THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in which he proved that the Catholic institutions received but a very small portion of the whole disburse-

ment, and that what they did receive was money paid for the support of children committed by the courts. These articles were printed in pamphlet form for general distribution. Since then no one has had the temerity to assert that Catholic institutions received more than their just share of the public money for children who would otherwise be a direct burden on the city.

Mr. Hassard also inaugurated a series of articles for *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* the like of which had never appeared in an American publication. They were called "Book Talks." He procured copies of such notable books as he desired to criticize, and he reviewed them with such brilliancy and impartiality that the office was deluged with books by the publishers in the hope that they would be submitted to the unnamed critic for review. All these books were returned with a statement that the author of "Book Talks" had a free rein in the selection of his own books, which he purchased from the booksellers in the regular way. It was while engaged in this work that his health failed, and he was obliged to give up this line of work, which was to him a most congenial occupation. The "Book Talks" department was continued by Maurice Francis Egan, now Minister to Denmark, and he afterwards collected his contributions and made them the basis of a book on literature.

To show Mr. Hassard's versatility in other departments not strictly literary and journalistic, it may be stated that while on the *Tribune*, and after the political campaign of 1876, Whitelaw Reid placed the famous cipher dispatches in his hands, with a request that he make an attempt at deciphering them. He accomplished the task in a week, although the ablest men in the country had failed. He wrote an article on cipher codes for *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* that attracted much attention, in which he stated that it was impossible to invent a code that could not be deciphered.

Mr. Hassard's *History of the United States* is well known, as it revolutionized the school histories of the country.

John McCarthy was another of the associate-editors, and he was responsible for a number of the articles written on Great Britain. These foreign articles had a great vogue for a time. While connected with the magazine he also wrote a *History of the World*, which met with much praise.

Thomas F. de Burgh Galwey succeeded Mr. McCarthy on *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* as associate-editor, and devoted some of his spare time to a translation of Deharbe's Catechism, No. 2. This famous

catechism first appeared in America under the name of Fander's Catechism, and was favorably received. Rt. Rev. Patrick N. Lynch of Charleston revised it so successfully that it is now the standard for instruction in Christian Doctrine throughout the United States. It ranks, however, as a high school textbook, and Mr. Galwey prepared a shorter form to be used in the parochial schools as a preparation for the study of the larger book. The latest and best edition of Deharbe is that edited by Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., and James J. Fox, D.D.

The influence of THE CATHOLIC WORLD in the cause of the Church, even in its early days, was never better exemplified than in the result of a powerful article entitled *An Uncivil Journal*. This was aimed at *Harper's Weekly*, then a rabid, anti-Catholic publication, and it was intended as the first of a series to compel *Harper's* to discontinue its abusive articles from the pen of Eugene Lawrence. This single article proved to be more than enough, for Lawrence subsided and the abuse of *Harper's* ceased. The article *An Uncivil Journal*, was written by Col. James Meline, and this is the story of its writing:

Shortly after the war Harper Brothers made an effort to increase the sale of their school books in this city. They employed a popular school principal to this end, and his plan of work met with great success. But the rival publishers protested. They made good use of the knowledge they had of Harper's secret school agent. *Harper's Weekly* was then engaged in a furious attack on the Tweed ring, the rival publishers combined with the politicians, and the result was that Harper's books were driven out of the schools.

Now no one with any authority to speak for the Catholic Church had anything to do with the movement that brought disaster to the Harpers, yet in spite of this fact *Harper's Weekly* began a scathing attack on the Pope and everything Catholic. Eugene Lawrence, who was a master at mixing invective with abuse, wrote these articles, filled with the vilest charges and calumnies. He accused the Catholics of the United States of disloyalty and treason.

Father Hecker at once took up the matter. He remembered that in 1860 this same *Harper's Weekly* had grossly abused President Lincoln, had caricatured and ridiculed him and other leaders of the Republican Party, and that its attacks continued until it became evident that the coming Civil War would destroy all its sales in the Southern States. Father Hecker believed that as the Harpers accused their neighbors of treason and disloyalty, they themselves

should have an unblemished record for patriotism. The case was entrusted to Col. James Meline, and his first step was to secure a volume of *Harper's Weekly* containing the issues of the fall and winter of 1860. Search was made in every library in the city without avail, and it was found that that particular volume had disappeared from all collections of books then accessible to the public. John Gilmary Shea came into the office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD while the search was in progress, and when told of the trouble said in his high falsetto: "I'll bring you that volume of *Harper's* to-morrow." Thousands had bought *Harper's* in 1860, but Dr. Shea seemed to be the only one wise enough to preserve his copies. From the ammunition this volume furnished, Col. Meline paid his respects to Eugene Lawrence and *Harper's* by means of the deadly parallel and with speedy and effective results. *Harper's* no longer abused Catholics.

Col. Meline also took up the cudgels for Mary Queen of Scots, whose character was attacked by James Anthony Froude, with a literary ability that dazzled his readers. When Col. Meline finished his attack Froude was demolished.

Another of the well-equipped veteran writers of the early days was Col. James McGee, brother of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who saw active service during the war, and who resumed his literary work in New York on the coming of peace. He called at the office one afternoon in the absence of Father Hecker, bringing with him an article on Irish affairs for publication. He entrusted the manuscript to Lawrence Kehoe, who forwarded it to Father Hecker. When Col. McGee next called, he received a note accepting the article, on the proviso that he would write a series on Irish topics. He went to work, and his articles on the Irish question culminated in Gladstone's Home Rule Bill for Ireland. Col. McGee continued to contribute to THE CATHOLIC WORLD until his death. At that time Father Hecker had completed arrangements with D'Arcy McGee for a series of articles, the first of which was then in type and ready for publication. They would have given to the readers of the magazine the results of the ripe experience of one who had taken an active part in movements affecting the progress of the Catholic Church in America from the time of the first Know-Nothing outbreak, had not a telegram to Father Hecker from Ottawa announced the news of D'Arcy McGee's assassination. Father Hecker mourned for the fallen hero because of their personal friendship, and because THE CATHOLIC WORLD had lost a valuable contributor.

When the editorial work became so exacting that Father Hecker found it necessary to increase the staff, Mr. Hoyt took charge of the down-town office. He had been a clergyman, and after his conversion to the Faith became an enthusiastic follower of Father Hecker, and remained in the editorial department for some time. In the meantime he prepared for the priesthood and was ordained. He was an exemplary priest and a cultured gentleman, and he went to his reward after years of parish work.

The time never came in the down-town office when a visit from Father Hecker was not to be expected, and on these occasions when he received a notable article from one of his favorite contributors—and he always kept up his personal correspondence with them—it was his custom to read it aloud to those who happened to be present. On one occasion when he was preparing one of the numbers of the magazine during the centennial year, he received from Aubrey de Vere copy of a poem or centennial ode he had asked for, and which he suggested should glorify the cause of American Independence. This he read aloud with his perfect enunciation and emphasis, and all were charmed with its beauty. Later, on its publication, it was found to bear comparison with the best efforts of the American poets on the same theme.

As years passed, Father Hecker found it more and more difficult to spend the necessary hours in the editorial room. His energies were directed to the larger questions affecting the Church. He went to Rome to attend the Vatican Council, and from the Holy City he forwarded to THE CATHOLIC WORLD a number of famous articles summarizing the transactions of that august body.

Though John Boyle O'Reilly, afterwards the famous editor of the Boston *Pilot*, was counted among the early contributors, he did not make a permanent stay in New York on his arrival in 1869, after his escape from an English prison in Australia, but he owed the first money he earned in America to the kindly offices of THE CATHOLIC WORLD'S associate editor, Mr. Hassard, who secured the publication in the *Tribune* of his famous poem, *The Chase of the Amber Whale*. Not finding a convenient opening in New York he went to Boston, where he became eminent in the literary and social life of that city, and the associate of Archbishop Williams in the publication of *The Pilot*, and co-proprietor with him of that paper until his death in 1890.

One of the old associate editors was Mr. Arnold, who was particularly strong on punctuation and paragraphing. However,

as most of the leading articles were prepared for publication in the Paulists' convent, their authors escaped the tyrannous blue pencil of the down-town editor, whose domain was restricted to the Warren Street office.

Illustrating Father Hecker's happy faculty of enlisting writers of ability in special lines of work, was his capture as a contributor of Dr. O'Leary, Professor of Literature in Manhattan College, on the occasion of a chance visit of the latter to the office. It resulted in a series of articles on the Darwinian question, all of which were well received.

Louis Binsse was a prolific writer on a variety of topics, his favorite subjects being the prisons of France, and the charities and charitable work in the prisons of New York. Under Mr. McCarthy's régime Mr. Robinson wrote sketches on *My Trip to Mexico*, remarkable for their clearness and sustained interest. His son was later the superior of one of the religious orders in England. It was at the office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD that the daughter of the Earl of Dunraven wrote her celebrated *Letters of an Irishwoman to Her Sister*. Robert T. Rea, an old time proofreader, found his way into the Church through reading copy for the magazine. Hardly a week passed without a visit or a contribution from William Lummis, always cautious of speech and diffident of manner; or from Zachariah Halpin, whose general good humor never failed to win adherents to his all-pervading optimism.

From the earliest days Henry Livingston Richards was a regular contributor. His friendship for Father Hecker made him a companion in the founder's pilgrimages to distant cities, a counsellor on questions that stirred his soul, and a comforter when misunderstandings brought grief to his heart. His practical good sense straightened out many a snarl, and his charity never permitted his pen to write a harsh word of criticism.

One of the early writers was Rev. John Talbot Smith, young then to be sure, but the literary excellence of whose early work still charms readers young and old. Mr. Girard, editor of the old *Graphic*, New York's first illustrated daily, was a contributor who took a world view of political affairs, and who, with William Seton, John McCarthy, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. William Tecumseh Sherman, General John Newton, and General William Starke Rosecrans, and many other callers and contributors, kept the editor well informed on mooted subjects to be treated in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Edward D. Farrell was a member of the staff in 1868, and as a confidential attaché his services were invaluable on many occasions. Later he entered the educational field, and retired as district superintendent of schools.

The circulation of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* was one of Father Hecker's least cares. He always contended that the time had arrived when a Catholic monthly magazine on the lines laid down for *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, and which he made it his special duty to see carried out to the letter, would become a permanent and prosperous institution. The result justified the accuracy of his judgment in this respect, for the circulation increased rapidly not only in the metropolitan district, but throughout the United States and abroad. A special edition had to be printed for Burns & Oates of London, and the general news dealers throughout the country soon came to demand a liberal supply from the American News Company. To meet these demands, in addition to the regular mail subscribers, required a monthly edition of ten thousand copies as early as 1869, and it must be remembered that the annual subscription price at that time was five dollars.

This circulation was reached without any of the modern methods of advertising or "acceleration," and largely on the intrinsic merits of the magazine, which took its commanding position in the literary world, and attained a success that has endured for fifty years, and has never been equalled.

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.



TO say that literature depends for its quality upon life itself, is one of those truisms which have something of the dignity of a first principle. No people have ever produced really good, enduring literary writing save when their soul has been alive with strong purpose or elated with high achievement, or when they are stretching out towards some yet unrealized ideal. On the other hand, when a people's soul is nerveless and lacking in moral or spiritual energy, their decadence will be reflected in the books they read and the songs they sing. There is no truer index to a man's inmost soul than the books in which he delights or finds his solace.

But whilst many will acknowledge this truth in general terms, there are yet comparatively few who are awake to the enormous moral power exerted over men's lives by what is properly termed literature, as distinct from mere writing. For literature is something more than the cataloguing of one's thoughts: it is the living utterance of the soul caught up into the emotion which some visioned truth excites in the soul of the seer; and it expresses and diffuses that emotion together with the truth it utters; it acts upon the imagination as well as upon the logical reason; it speaks to the heart as well as to the brain. That is where its unique power for good or evil comes in: it not only directs the intelligence, but at the same time it stirs the passions and affections which are the immediate moral agents in the fashioning of men's lives; and for this reason it wields a subtle and persuasive influence not only in the formation of men's minds, but even more so in the formation of character. Indeed the ultimate value of a literary work is not so much in the subject it treats about, in its ideas or dogmatic teaching, as in the attitude of soul with which it approaches its subject; in its general outlook on life itself; and in the moral and spiritual quality which pervades it. It is this which leaves its mark on the mind of the reader, and forms or deforms his soul.

Now this is a fact which peculiarly concerns us Catholics at the present time; for at no time, perhaps, were men more influenced by the written word than they are now. Whether we are concerned to bring home to the world at large the truth and beauty of Catholic

teaching, or whether we would foster the Catholic life amongst those who acknowledge the guidance of our Catholic Faith, we cannot afford to ignore the immense power of strong and noble literature to win the allegiance of men to the cause we have at heart.

At the outset it is needful to recognize frankly the moral harm done by literature which is weak in intelligent understanding of the actual experiences of life or in personal conviction; the literature which plays with mere fancies or borrowed sentiment. Nothing is ultimately more harmful to men's characters, or more productive of moral and spiritual weaklings; and it is not of such sort of men that the Church is built up in spiritual vigor, or the Faith rendered beautiful in the eyes of the world. All literature to be morally wholesome must be strong; it must be created in the vision and by the judgment of a heart which has looked into the face of its own experience with steady gaze, and brings that experience to the aid of its judgment of men and things. No literature has ever vitally moved the world which does not manifest this note of heart-searching experience. A man must have battled with the problem of his own soul; he must have weighed the truth that he utters in the scales of his own experience, and issued forth with a personal conviction of the truth, if his utterance is to reach those deeper depths of other men's souls where lie the springs of true emotion and vigorous action. It is just this underlying personal experience which makes his utterance forceful and stimulating in its action upon the souls of other men. But the writer who gathers his emotion, not from personal experience and conviction, but from some clinging sentiment which adheres to a word or institution or idea; who accepts the word or institution or idea because of impersonal sentiment, rather than the sentiment because of the thing to which it is attached—such a writer, though he may stir the surface of men's souls with pleasurable sensation or unpleasurable, will bring no true conviction. It need hardly be pointed out how literature of this sort not only does not strengthen the mental and moral character, but positively tends to weaken both; no matter what his subject may be, whether religious or secular, a plea for godliness or ungodliness. Even a treatise on the love of God, if it lacks the conviction which comes from real, not fanciful, experience, is apt to cause spiritual harm, inasmuch as it will satisfy the craving for emotion, whilst leaving the source of true and healthful emotion untouched. In consequence God is made a mere idol of superficial sentiment instead of the living fulfillment of human nature's deepest need and desire; and should the heart

at length awaken to its real longing, and experience its true need, the idol of unreal sentiment will fall and the soul find itself without God; or worse, will turn against God Whom it has bound up with its false sentiment. And in truth it is to religious literature of this kind, that many a man has owed his loss of faith and piety. Far better would it be to have no religious literature at all than this which saps away the very foundation of spirituality. The ultimate injury would be less, both to the individual and the Church at large; for such literature does but devitalize the spiritual energies.

But if weak religious literature is harmful, so too is weak secular literature: since all literature has a moral effect either for the upbuilding or destroying of character. Parents and teachers are oftentimes careful to keep from the young books which manifestly inculcate immoral or irreligious principles, whilst with an easy conscience they encourage the reading of books which, in their ultimate and cumulative effect upon character, are hardly less injurious. Take the majority of the novels which are thus put into the hands of young men and women. In the radical insincerity of their sentiment and their lack of moral conviction, they are far more harmful to the souls of the young than many a novel which the respectable or pious parent taboos. They do not present problems which alarm the parent, but they do educate the young man and girl in habits of insincerity, feeding their minds upon unreal emotion, and deadening the capacity to think truly and to look for life's deeper realities. A generation whose mind is thus fashioned can have no moral stamina. It is not to such human material that the holiest Faith can look to bear compelling witness to its life-giving Truth.

On the other hand, literature of the nobler sort, whether it be professedly religious or secular, has always an invigorating moral effect. Even if it does but teach a man to look with sincere mind upon the commonest things of the earth, there is a distinct gain in essential truthfulness. But the greater literature never does stop short at the world outside a man; it always reveals the soul which is in man, and the deeper life of the world with which man's soul is akin. To every true literary writer and not merely to the poet, the world which meets the eye is the domain or battle ground of spiritual forces. He may marshal his facts like a mathematician, but behind the visible facts he sees some moral or spiritual force; and it is the consciousness of this force which evokes the emotion through which literature acts upon the world. Hence, no matter what his subject may be, whether it be drawn from human life or inanimate,

from life's tragedy or comedy, from the laws of reason or the dark ways of instinct, the true literary artist speaks directly to the human soul, leading it to a wider knowledge of itself and of its relation to the external world: he sets the human spirit working and evokes a larger personal consciousness. On the old scholastic principle, that it is better to be than not to be, all true literature may be said to benefit a man, inasmuch as it tends to make him more a man. The literary artist may indeed work immediate harm if, whilst he arouses men to conscious effort, he directs his desire towards the attainment of what contravenes the divine purpose as revealed in conscience and Faith; and when he does this, the greater the literary merit of his work, the more subtly does it instill its poison. But in this case the evil comes not from the perception of the facts or experience, as from the deliberate deductions which the writer draws from the felt experience. These deductions may be false and mischievous, whilst the essential experience is true. Here it is possible for a literary work to be at once the utterance of true spiritual experience, and yet morally false in so far as the writer sets himself to build up a theory upon the basis of his experience.

But there is one thing about the greater literature, even when it is harmful, which makes it in the long run morally preferable to literature of the weaker sort. The greater literature, just because it leads a man to a consciousness of the elemental realities of life, in some measure supplies the antidote to its own poison. It develops intelligence whilst arousing emotion; and in forcing men to look at vital issues intelligently, its own actual conclusions sooner or later are brought to judgment before the tribunal itself has evoked. And if, in the meanwhile, the awakened intelligence finds truer guidance in the solving of the problems to be faced, the probability is either that no harm will be done or that it will ultimately be remedied. The harmful influence of weak literature is more difficult to combat or remedy, since it deadens the intelligence and makes a man a mere creature of excited sensation; and as long as the sensation is pleasurable, the victim will not readily listen to reason. The difficulty arises from the fact that the man habituated to mere sentiment, loses the power of real self-activity, and in the widest sense is demoralized.

Now it is unhappily the fact that of the multitude of books, whether professedly secular or religious, which are year by year put forth, by far the greater number either have no literary merit at all, or else go to swell the flood of literature of mere sentiment. At the

same time, amongst books of real literary quality, the greater number are written either with the professed purpose of challenging the traditional Christian beliefs and code of conduct or in ignorance of Catholic teaching. The results are that there has been a weakening of character amongst the reading public at large; whilst amongst those who are attracted to stronger mental fare, there has been a widespread revolt against the hitherto accepted Christian life. This is a fact Catholics have need to recognize frankly and to remedy. Without a strong and high Catholic literature, the beauty and convincingness of Catholicism will never receive its just mead of appreciation; either amongst the body of Catholics themselves or in the outside world; and we shall never be able to combat successfully the anti-Christian propaganda which animates so much of the literary efforts of to-day. If the Catholic Faith, with its inspiring ideals, is to win over the reading world—and to-day we have to deal with a reading world—it must be presented in language alive with the living genius of that which it would set forth, and which bears the hall-mark of inspiration of noble truth sincerely felt. Then only will it be really convincing and captivating. And surely if anywhere inspiration might be found for the noblest literature, it is in the ideals of the Catholic Church.

Nor is it merely for the purpose of winning the outside world to recognize the Catholic claim to truth and beauty that we need a strong literature to-day: it is equally necessary for the fostering of the Catholic life of those within the Church to draw out their enthusiasm and awaken their understanding and enkindle a love of things Catholic. Too great a proportion of our Catholic books at the present time leave the imagination and the deeper emotion untouched, and consequently fail to present that beauty of truth which stirs the heart and compels a willing and joyous service. Indeed it is to be feared that the lack of literary quality in Catholic writings meant for popular reading, has not infrequently been encouraged on the ground that what the mass of our people want is not "literary" writing, but "simple, homely books." But this plea either is based upon a misunderstanding of the requirements of true literature, or else is a more or less conscious pandering to the fallacy that the mass of men are devoid of feeling for the beauty of truth, which it is the office of true literary writing to convey. Hans Andersen's fairy tales are not the less true literature because they are the delight of children. A book may be simple and homely, and yet suffused with the mystic light in which the beauty of truth is conveyed to the soul of the reader. Let it be remembered that true literary quality de-

pendes primarily upon moral and spiritual conditions in the soul of the writer, rather than upon a cultivated style of words, though this too is not to be despised. The body should as far as possible reflect the living soul; yet it is the living soul which mostly matters. A book may be crude in style; yet if it is the utterance of an animated soul, it is preferable, even artistically, to a work of perfect outward style which lacks the animated soul. Many a literary work of imperfect style lives and is cherished for its inspiring quality, whilst more perfect works of style are rightly cast into the lumber room. It is perhaps just because so many people have failed to recognize the moral quality in true literature, that they have depreciated its value in the moral and spiritual upbuilding of men's souls.

It may then be well to consider what are the moral qualities which make literature really inspiring and powerful.

The first condition is merely that the writer have a real, personal, living faith in the message he wishes to convey to the reader. High literature is always at base a confession of faith, and never a mere expression of opinion or an array of argument or a retailing of gossip. When the Norse poets sang their sagas they were uttering the faith which was in them—their faith in the hardy valor which was at once to them the joy and glory of life. It is Shakespeare's robust worship of human life under all its natural manifestations which is at the root of his imperishable genius. Thomas Carlyle would never have attained true literary power but for his firm belief in the supreme nobility of life as exhibited in the man strong to act and to endure. Cynicism has never yet produced healthful literature; nor has the cynic produced any enduring literature except when, as in the case of Thomas Carlyle, the cynicism has a background of strong faith, and is itself an expression of the underlying faith. In fact, the writings of the cynics themselves go to prove that the literature which is strong to influence the world's thought, is the product of a faith in something. Voltaire and the prophets of the French Revolution would have beaten against the Christian ideals with little effect had not their attacks been weighted with a faith in their own ideal of human freedom, more fervent and vital than the faith in Christianity of their opponents. And this is to be remembered: real faith—the faith which wins battles—is never entirely in error, since it is always allied with some true instinct of human nature or with some vital perception of the heart; and in that it differs from mere intellectual opinion with which it is sometimes unthinkingly confused. The mental deductions may be altogether false; the theories built upon the felt experience may be utter

foolishness; but the faith that makes men strong to win over the hearts of men is never wholly false. It is in virtue of the element of truth that lies in his faith that a man's writing continues as a living force. The deeper and more fundamental the truth to which his faith clings, the more powerful and enduring is his influence upon the lives of men: provided, also, that the other moral elements of literary power are present.

Literature in fact is born in the heart's acceptance of some moral or spiritual truth as a *beauteous* mystery, in the vision of which it lives and works. Take away the mystery, and the reader's spirit flags, since it is the delight in the unfolding vision of that which his faith holds which urges him onward. He must feel himself in the presence of something beyond himself, and yet which is his possession by faith in it, before he can give forth a true literary utterance. For that reason pure rationalism cannot produce high literature. A logical treatise may be suffused with literary feeling; but what gives the literary quality is some faith to which the logical reasoning is subservient in the writer's soul: and it is by the fervency of this faith, and not by its logic, that such a treatise finally forces the conviction of the heart and stirs it to moral and spiritual activity.

A second condition of high literature is sincerity. No man has ever yet produced what the world continues to hold as wholesome literature, except in so far as he has really meant what he has uttered, speaking with the conviction of the heart. A man may write a book which, judged intellectually, is clever, and as to style is fashioned with a sense of literary form; but if his work is lacking in sincerity, it is more properly ranked with the conjuror's tricks than with the living creations of the soul. Such works may for a time fascinate, but they leave no constructive thought behind them and no real conviction. We have suffered much from this sort of literary product, and its widespread acceptance as high literature is a sign of the moral instability of our social life, and of the lack of creative ideals in our intellectual life. The secular world of to-day has been largely educated upon mockery which laughed at its own solemn asservations, whilst, yet more recently, it has come under the sway of a literature which parades a solicitous respectability with its tongue in its cheek. The real worth of such work will be apparent when the indifference of a saner generation casts it aside with contempt. But insincerity is not always as self-conscious as in the writings here referred to. There is, for example, the religious book written for "edification," in which the writer utters

the conventional sentiments which he deems proper to his subject, without that real conviction of their truth which depends upon personal experience. The wish "to edify," it is to be feared, proves not infrequently a snare to writers on religious subjects, and accounts for much of the spiritual inanity, as well as for the poor literary quality, of not a small number of our religious works. A man's writing, if it is to have force, must express truthfully his own personal conviction. The writer may laugh over his subject, but it must be a wholesome laughter which leaves the heart honest; he may indulge in sentiment, but the sentiment must ring true; he may retail the thoughts of other men, but he must first make them his own; otherwise the deeper personal conscience of his readers will convict him of falsehood, and judge him and his work shallow or untrue; and with such a conviction his power to convince is gone. A man must utter his faith in all sincerity, if his work is to have that moral power which is the ultimate test of true literary utterance.

But whilst it is true that the inspiration of literary work comes from the writer's faith, the inspiration becomes effective only in so far as it calls forth the affective emotions. All true literature is born of the soul's passion: it springs forth out of some intimate delight or sorrow. A man must love or hate, worship or be alive with condemnation, before he can produce a work which will rank amongst the vital things of human utterance. Not that mere passion will give birth to literary work: the passion must first pass through the reflecting intellect, and be brought under the sway of the moral judgment, before it can properly enter into a man's work; yet without passion his writing will remain mere writing, and fail to attain to the dignity and power of literature. For it is primarily through the emotion which invests his utterance, that the writer reaches the heart of the reader, and communicates the faith which is in himself. Emotion is thus the vehicle of his inspiration. Yet it is well to remember that the emotion which enters into true literary work must be the emotion of the spirit attuned to a noble faith: otherwise you have but a debased emotion and a debased literature.

George Eliot, seeking for the compelling power of the *Imitation of Christ*, found it in the fact that its message "is the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience;" but she adds: "it was written by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting: it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph—not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it

remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and consolations; the voice of a brother who ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced." The same might be said of St. Augustine's *Confessions*; and is it not because we have in these books the utterance of a strong faith invested with exquisite human emotion, that men continue to turn to them for spiritual light and comfort? But in every book that has powerfully moved men to self-knowledge or action, or has won their appreciation for the higher things of life, there will be found this same alliance of true emotion with experience and faith. And this is intelligible if we remember that the impelling motive of literary writing is not merely to inform the mind but to win the affections to the truth conveyed. Literature has not merely to tell the truth; it must impress the soul of the reader with a conviction of the beauty of the truth; and to do that it must touch the imagination and the heart as well as convert the logical reason; then only does the truth bring with it a sense of that spiritual freedom for which the human spirit is ever hungering—and in which it finds its joy.

At the present time it is just this beauty of the Catholic Faith which, as it seems to many of us, the world is waiting for. The modern spirit has passed through an acute stage of rationalism in religion, and finds itself bankrupt of positive spiritual ideals. In its despair it is turning here and there in search of some ideal which will pull it out of the slough of despond into which rationalism has landed it. Some are looking back to cultured paganism; others are intent upon a pseudo-mysticism; some few are turning their eyes towards Catholicism. But the turning towards Catholicism would undoubtedly be more widespread were the teaching of the Faith more generally interpreted by a literature which would convey to the age in which we live, a sense of the moral and spiritual beauty attaching to the Faith. And upon such a literature our own lives would grow spiritually stronger and more vital, as did Catholic life in the too-little known "Ages of Faith" in the early days of the Church's development. But we must first rid ourselves of the notion that high literature is a luxury for the few, and that the unliterary book and the book of cheap sentiment are good enough for the moral and spiritual uplifting of the multitude. In that fallacy lies the root of much weak-kneed Catholicism amongst the younger generation of Catholics.

O'LOGHLIN OF CLARE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

XXIX.



UGH was gone, and Brona was in her room on her knees before the crucifix. "*O happy lot!*" These were the words of the stanza of the poem of the Dark Night that Hugh was not able to take as applying to himself. Was he yet to read the riddle? Might he not discover what was meant by that happy lot, and make it his own? He was a resolute man, and if he found that he was called to the faith of the proscribed, he would walk to meet his worldly ruin. Such ruin would, of course, include that of Morogh O'Loghlin, but her father's tent was already pitched in heaven, and she herself was of no account, except in as far as she could minister to the needs and the comfort of his remaining years. God would provide a harbor for them. But Hugh Ingoldesby, the young man with his life to live, the friend who had protected them, was he to lose everything in the world through his generous sympathy with the oppressed?

If he had never met her, he would have gone on conscientiously disbelieving in the creed condemned by his church (if he had a church), by what he called common sense, and by the State. He was not accountable for invincible ignorance. And, now, might not his irresponsible attitude change to one of unbelief no longer irresponsible? A mere doubt, while effecting his worldly overthrow, might fail to bring him actual conviction of the truth of the faith that was so difficult to him? Thus she would have on one side ruined him, and on the other only brought him into danger.

Tortured by these thoughts, Brona felt that the cup of her sorrow was indeed filled to the brim. The peace and sweetness preached by the Saint of the Cross, out of his own experience, was far from her. At the moment the Living Flame seemed to give her no light, and the shadows of the dark night were upon her. Memory brought to her mind familiar words of the Saint of which she had tried to make a motto for her life.

My soul is detached
From everything created,
And raised above itself
Into a life delicious,

Of God alone supported.
And therefore I will say,
That what I most esteem
Is that my soul is now
Without support, and with support.

All that had been done in her soul seemed now undone. Could she say,

God alone and I
God alone in my spirit to enlighten it,
God alone in my acts to sanctify them,
God alone in my heart to possess it.

Turning over the pages of the book, looking for some help, she fastened on the Saint's explanation of the words "in darkness and concealment," a line in one of the poems which had fascinated Hugh, and she tried to apply the lesson to her own heart in the silent suffering which her tongue could confide to no one.

"When God visits the soul Himself the words of the stanza are then true, for in perfect darkness, hidden from the enemy, it receives at such times the spiritual graces of God. . . . A work wrought in the dark, in the hiding place, wherein the soul is confirmed more and more by love; and therefore the soul sings

In darkness and concealment.

Had the promised grace been now denied her, so that her faith seemed gone? And had she in darkness and concealment been only working the undoing of the man who loved her? She had prayed for him, and was his uncertainty of mind the answer to her prayers? Was she now doubting God Who had heard her prayers, as though He were some malign spirit hearing them awry and answering them with cruelty? In the anguish of his temptation she wept tears, prostrate with her face to the earth.

All that day and night she prayed. Ought she to urge this man to talk to Father Aengus? Might not the saintly spirit of the Father rush on too fast to a conclusion and hurry the soul, dazed with new light, over a precipice unperceived by counsellor and counselled? A mere fascinating doubt, an imperfect effort at faith, ending in harder unbelief, was after all the worst thing her imagination dreaded. Would Father Aengus, wrapped in his own light, see nothing of this danger of darkness? After a hard struggle, she felt impelled to go to Father Aengus in his cell and put the case of Hugh, as she saw it, before him. A smile lit the friar's pallid face when she confessed her dread of his too-urgent zeal for the cause of his divine Master.

"Have no fear, my child," he said. "Neither you nor I must

press this soul. We will pray, and leave the answer to the judgment of God, to Whom every soul is known with its needs, Who knows His own requirements of each, and His designs for it as we could never guess them. God will send this man to me if it be good for him to come to me. He must seek me of his own impulse, being divinely impelled."

Then the terror left Brona, and her prayers were once more sweet with the confidence that had been her joy during many months of the past, when Hugh appeared to have forgotten her, making himself happy with other friends, and when she had believed herself separated from him for ever, except by spiritual links of the forging of God, which neither time nor distance would ever have power to weaken. Her face was bright, and her voice and words sweet as she came and went in her father's sick room. She found him serenely at peace, thanking God for Ingoldesby's protection, and making no complaint of the blow dealt him by his unworthy son, the knowledge of whose heartlessness was draining the life from his own heart. Turlough's name was not mentioned between them, though a letter from Aideen passed from one to the other, in which she told of her efforts to find her nephew, and of the success which had brought her little comfort.

XXX.

As the summer approached and advanced, Ingoldesby continued in the way of life he had marked out for himself, busy with improvements on his estate, such as required long rides and the thinking out of plans, with the interviewing of experienced workers necessary for the realizing of his own tentative ideas. A visit to Castle O'Loughlin often filled the afternoon. Morogh was now able to come down to the library, and sat in his old chair by his writing table at the window overlooking the sea, appearing not so much like the shadow of himself as like the spirit within him, made more visible by the wasting of its material wrappings. Brona was always found near him, to read or to talk as he might desire. Hugh never saw her alone, and he had no opportunity of making further confidences to her. This was as Brona's resolution had arranged it. Her fear of injuring him was stronger than her desire to know the working of his mind on certain subjects, of which he had given her a hint, and which might end either in his triumph or his undoing.

She longed to know whether the old books found concealed in the high room of his house had been thrown aside as full of incomprehensible extravagances, or had maintained their fascination, and led him on by the new light that had shone on him momentarily. Had the light come again, or had it gone out and left him in a deeper darkness?

He talked cheerfully to her father about his doings on his lands, in a manner that caught the old man's attention, and suggested new interests in life, were it only for an hour. She herself was all alive to these doings of Ingoldesby, both for his own sake, and for the poor who had her most tender compassion. Religion was never touched upon, lest difference of views should lend to dissension, marring to peace and to that harmony so necessary to Christian charity.

Brona planned her walks at hours when she knew that Hugh's self-appointed duties had taken him far from home in a quite opposite direction from the paths she selected for her own rambles. One morning when she believed him to be at least five miles away, she saw a figure on horseback coming towards her over the brow of a hill, and for a moment thought it might be Hugh. Coming nearer, however, the rider sprang from his horse, and she perceived that it was Colonel Slaughterhouse who was walking to meet her. He threw his reins to the servant who followed him, and bade him take the horses to Ardcurragh, as he intended to see Miss O'Loughlin safely back to Castle O'Loughlin. Brona shrank from his greetings, but quickly took pains to conceal her dislike of this man whom she had last seen on the occasion of his search visit to her father's house, and whose bold notice of herself had given her anything but pleasure. His manner now was respectful, if a little too friendly.

"I am delighted to see you, Miss O'Loughlin," he said, "if only to congratulate you on being safe from such intrusions as that which first gave me the occasion of making your acquaintance. As you are now under the protection of Mr. Ingoldesby, I have no longer the power to annoy you. That I ever had the will to do so, I hope you will believe—"

"Certainly," said Brona, "I know the law, and that you are bound by your duty. We have long been accustomed to live in fear of the law. Even now we live only at the sufferance of a good neighbor. But it is kind of you to let us know that you wish us well."

"Miss O'Loughlin, I wish more than that," said Slaughterhouse. "I wish to make your welfare one with my own."

Brona felt a thrill of dread. What did this speech portend? Was one danger escaped only that another might be encountered?

"Pray do not be uneasy about us," she said. "As you say, we are safe for the present, and my father is enjoying a spell of peace."

"But will it last?" persisted Slaughterhouse. "Ingoldesby is a good fellow, but human nature is human nature, and after all if he should change his mind you are at his mercy."

"Even so," said Brona, "but I think he will not change. Meanwhile let us live our lives in some kind of security, even if it be only short or imaginary."

"I would make it real and lasting," said the Colonel. "I am a blunt soldier, Miss O'Loghlin, "but I must beg you to give me a hearing. Marry me, and I engage that you shall have no further trouble."

"You mean to be very good, Colonel Slaughterhouse," said Brona, "and I am grateful for your thought about me. But what you ask me to do is impossible. I have promised to remain with my father."

"I will take care of your father, with you, as no other can take care of him. Ingoldesby means well, but his power is not sufficient. On several accounts he is likely to fall under suspicion himself."

"I hope not," said Brona. "That would be a sad result of his protection of us. And you, sir, if protecting the oppressed brings suspicion on the protector, then why should you subject yourself to a like misfortune?"

"Mine is a different position from Ingoldesby's. I am employed and trusted by the authorities. I have friends in power. As my wife you may keep your own religion without fear of harm to anyone. I shall be able to arrange for that. Marriage with any other Protestant would be the ruin of your husband, unless you were to conform within a year. I should cease to admire you if I thought you could be induced to forswear your conscience. I can promise you freedom in this as in every other matter of importance. I have wealth enough to ensure you indulgence of all the pleasures you have had to forego in this detestable country. You shall live anywhere you please."

Brona began to feel a dread of the urgency of the man's manner, and the masterful haste with which he continued to put before her the advantages of her consent to his wooing.

"You are very good, but indeed it cannot be," she kept repeating at each pause in his argument, and began to walk more quickly, hoping to reach home and escape from him before she lost patience and provoked him to anger by betraying her dislike of him. He showed more forbearance, however, than she had expected.

"I see I have startled you," he said at last. "I meant to have approached you more delicately, but, as I have said, I am a blunt soldier, and the temptation of an unlooked-for opportunity has been too much for me. I will not accept your denial now. I beg you to consider all I have said, and at some future time to give me another hearing. I will now venture to present myself to your excellent father, merely to congratulate him on his return to health, and on his present position of some degree of security."

Brona did not dare to refuse the visit to her father, putting his safety before all feelings of her own, not knowing what evils might be the consequence of defiance of this man who claimed to have power which her ignorance could not measure or estimate.

"O good Lord! here's Slaughterhouse! Where's the priest?"

said Thady as he saw his young mistress approaching the house with her strange escort.

"The Father's in his cell safe enough," said Mrs. MacCurtin, "and sure let him come. He can't do harm to us now; we all belong to Ingoldesby!"

"O wirra!" said Thady, "it's myself that doesn't believe in e'er a mother's son o' them all, that would burn the whole of us one by one, and laugh at the fun of it."

"Go and open the door to him, an' don't be a fool," said Mrs. MacCurtin, "and look as glad to see him as if he was Michael the Archangel instead of Satan himself."

Thady obeyed this order to the best of his ability, and that evening in the servants' quarters told how he had perceived that Slaughterhouse had jaws like a tiger and the eyes of a wolf, which was drawing largely on his imagination, seeing that the Colonel was rather a fine looking soldier, and that Thady had never seen in the flesh either wolf or tiger.

The Colonel approached Morogh with an assumption of deference and sympathy, and was received with such gentlemanly courtesy as made him feel that his visit was understood to be merely a graceful act expressive of conciliation. Brona gave her father no hint of his embarrassing proposals to herself. On this, as on many other disturbing matters, she was bound to be silent, and her father rested on the belief that the amiability of the formidable Slaughterhouse was an unexpected and agreeable consequence of the friendship of Ingoldesby.

XXXI.

Hugh continued his study of the books which he had refused to leave in Brona's keeping, and every night in the still hours before the dawn, he gave his mind to the fascination exercised over it by the radiant spirit gone centuries ago from amidst the earth's clouds and perplexities. With the first whisper and pipe of birds and gush of fragrance from waking wild flowers, with the earliest gleam of pale eastern lights that grew to golden flame, he began to associate such joys of the soul of man as he had never imagined to exist. Every time he rose from his reading and pondering, he was as a man different from the man he had hitherto known himself to be. Of what it meant, of how anything real was to come of the change, he had no clear perception.

The lights in the east grew to flame, the birds shouted their matins, the air breathed of flowers from which sunbeams were drinking the dew. Inanimate nature rejoiced. For him, the man, was no rapture.

Nothing but the desire to rest after a strange and unsatisfying vigil. He wanted another thinking and understanding mind with which to discuss his growing impression of knowledge to come, of light destined to intensify, revealing to him things that he had never yet seen. He could not talk to Brona, as he never found her alone. He began to suspect that she was trying to protect him from himself, and the thought sounded an alarm to his courage. The suggestion that a talk with Father Aengus would help him was rejected several times before he decided to act on it. But at last one day he said to Brona:

"Could I be permitted to see the Father in his cell? I should be glad to have a little conversation with him, and there is no other way. Will he trust me?"

"He will trust you. He is there now," said Brona. "Shall I speak to him?"

The Father's response to the request was a warm invitation.

Hugh was led by Brona, by the secret stairs and passages that led to the little dungeon where the humble Franciscan lived with his God. He found him writing at a small table on which were some books and a crucifix. At sight of the spare brown figure and the pallid face, Hugh remembered vividly his encounter with this man in the bog, and felt wonder and remorse sting and touch him keenly. With a passing thrill of amazement at his own conduct, Ingoldesby stood with bent head as Brona left and closed the door on him.

"You are welcome, Mr. Ingoldesby," said the friar. "Not everyone would care to pay a visit to this dark little den."

"You believe it is a friendly visit?" said Hugh. "I am anxious to make you feel that I am worthy of your brave trust. Not every man would have courage to receive me here considering all the circumstances."

"Have I not every reason for such trust?" said Father Aengus. "You are the saviour of this family from misfortune which they do not deserve. As for me I am nothing but a casual, a tramp in the service of God. I live only to help others. If I can help you in any way, or in any degree, let me know how to do it."

"I will go to the point at once," said Hugh. "I have come across these books by accident, and have been reading them. I would like to talk to you about them. Will you tell me what kind of a man he was who wrote them? Was he a mere poet and dreamer, or did he do anything of service to the world?"

"He was certainly no useless dreamer; he did very noble service to the world of his days, service for the lasting benefit of the world of all days. He was a man of active life and practical abilities, industrious, energetic in business, shrewd, prudent and courageous. To form an idea of his character you should study all his writings—these

books are only a part of them. You will find him neither a dreamer of fantastic dreams, nor a stern taskmaster, but a saint with a passionate love of his God, and, for God's sake, of his neighbor; besides being, as I have said, a man of eminent common sense, whose life was full of useful and very practical work."

"How can I get these other writings?" asked Hugh. "I am greatly attracted by his luminous thought. It impresses me with a power which no mere poet ever exerted over me. The noblest speculations of pagan philosophy, and the deepest wisdom of the Scriptures, have evidently fed his lofty mind. It amazes me that he should have been also a worker in practical affairs."

"Ah, yes," said the friar, "the world has a false conception of the mind of a saint, who may be at once poet and philosopher, religious and contemplative, yet fit for the ordinary duties of life, and in full possession of practical and social virtue and capacity."

"I confess I have known nothing of the saints," said Ingoldesby. "A mind such as the mind of this man attracts my admiration. That is all. I would like to see deeper into it."

"I can lend you his books," said Father Aengus, "if you venture to have them in your house."

"I think I am above suspicion," said Hugh, "and may be allowed as a well-rooted Protestant to read what I please. And about the other saints of whom I have not the slightest knowledge, except as I have seen them in church windows, or in the paintings of the old masters prized for the sake of art, can you afford me also a little insight into the meanings of their strange lives and teachings?"

"St. Thomas Aquinas for instance," said the priest. "St. Augustine?"

"These I know by name and I possess a volume of each, unread. I would be glad to begin with them," said Ingoldesby.

"Here are more to begin with. But remember I have not pressed them on you, nor have I invited you here. I have laid no plot to lead you to my own way of thinking. Faith is of God. If He is drawing you nearer to Him, He will do it in His own way. Meanwhile I say again be careful. You may be beyond suspicion, but a man so straight and sincere may have enemies avoided by the more wary and the more cunning."

This was only the beginning of a conversation which lasted for some hours, and when Hugh departed he carried his loan of dangerous books as openly under his arm as though they had been the works of the most approved ancient pagans, or the latest production of that then rather rare *littérateur*, the English novelist. Evening after evening he gave his mind to the reading of these books, and one night was sitting rapt in the study when he was interrupted by Colonel Slaughter-

house, claiming hospitality, declaring that he was tired and hungry, that his life was worse than a dog's life, and that he was not going to bear it much longer.

"My men are all over the country," he said, "and in ill-humor because they have been finding little to do, and have been earning no rewards. Truth is I have tried to restrain them, but it is little use. Some other man will have to lead them soon—some fresh hand."

Hugh supplied all his wants of the hour, and afterwards the two men sat at the open window, while the moon rose over the mysterious bog, and the night mists flitted across it like penitential spirits in the ghostly gleam. The lamplight from within the room fell on the open book laid down by Hugh on the visitor's entrance, and Slaughterhouse threw the end of his cigar out of the window and took up the volume.

"Hello!" he said. "Popish books!" and then he looked through the pages for some minutes, while Hugh sat tranquilly watching him.

At last the Colonel closed the book with a slap and threw it on the table.

"Now look here, Ingoldesby," he said. "I've come here to you as a friend to a friend. You have given me meat and drink, and I will give you what is better, a word of advice. You are a proud, independent fellow, and as such I admire you. But don't let your pride run away with you in a conceit that you can be supposed to do no wrong in the eye of the law, and that you can dabble as much as you like in the mire of Popery without suspicion of defilement."

"I don't," said Ingoldesby, smiling. "Am I not the model of a law-abiding gentleman? My hands are clean of mire of any sort, whether of Popery or of a law in a state of corruption."

"Corruption on both sides. Keep out of it all."

"I have not found any between the covers of the book you are condemning. Nothing but the highest thought, the noblest teaching that the heart and brain of man have ever conceived. If I may not think such thoughts or examine such teaching, what then do you provide for me? Is a man not the master of his own conscience?"

"Not in this country. How can you ask such a question in a land where the air is hissing with the promises of bribery? Where the ultimate penalty of disobedience to the law is death?"

"My neck is safe, however," said Hugh laughing. "Have another glass of wine, Slaughterhouse, and a good night's sleep, and you will have no more nightmares."

"I see you will not take me seriously," said the Colonel. "Yet I am giving you a friendly warning. You have associated yourself in an extraordinary manner with Catholics, and at the same time retired from the society of your Protestant neighbors. And, now, if you are caught studying Papistical literature, you may find yourself an object of

suspicion, which a false word from an enemy may change into certainty in the judgment of those who can strip you of everything."

"Well, you see, I have you between me and the danger," said Hugh with another confident smile.

"You may not have me long. I am sick of the work I have to do. I think of getting out of it all, marrying and going to live in some less miserable country. Another man who will have his fortune to make (rot who will, to manure his own new possessions) will take my place. When I have left the service, I shall have to wash my hands of you."

"I am sorry for that," said Ingoldesby.

"Think over what I have said. Now I will take your hospitable offer and go to bed. Don't sit up all night reading this dangerous trash," said Slaughterhouse, going.

XXXII.

On a radiant midsummer morning Brona set out for the Mass Rock, arriving there at sunrise to find a congregation waiting for the coming of Father Aengus, who had not appeared. The priest had gone the evening before to give the last Sacraments to a dying man, at a considerable distance from the Castle. He had not expected to return that night, but had intended to meet the people at the Mass Rock by sunrise on the following morning.

As time passed, and the familiar brown figure was not seen hastening across the bog, the people became uneasy and began to disperse. It was dangerous to linger there. Slaughterhouse's men were known to be abroad. The priest might have had a timely warning to lie by in some of the hiding places, in hollow tree, or ruined wall, or cave under rocks which were his refuge when in fear of a surprise. It were safer for him and for them that they should separate and get back to their homes. And so they crept away, in ones and twos and threes, by cuttings in the bog, by passages, between rocks, and by stepping stones and planks of bogwood across pools and lake-like sheets of bog-water.

Brona waited long, and was the last to turn her face towards home, where she hoped to find the Father in his cell. But Father Aengus had not returned to the Castle. He was not in his cell, nor had he been seen or heard of by anyone in the house or in the neighborhood since the previous evening. Such an unexpected absence was not quite unusual, and yet was always a cause for great anxiety to his friends and clients. In some one of his lonely hiding places, scarcely known even to his friends, he might lie, starved and

chilled, till illness from exhaustion might seize him, and death put an end to his sufferings before aid could find him.

"Ah," said Thady, "sure the bell isn't more buried in the heart of a tree than himself maybe this minute. An' ne'er a shout out of him like the ringin' of the same bell, though nobody can find it."

"Don't be a false prophet, Thady Quin," said Mrs. MacCurtin. "The Father will be back in his cell safe and sound, as many a time he was, after the hearts had been squeez out of us with fright about him."

Brona could not rest, and Hugh met her crossing the bog alone in search of the object of so much general anxiety.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Is your father ill? Or you yourself?"

"We are ill with anxiety about Father Aengus. That is all. But it is an all that means much. How terrible if we were to lose our only friend in God!"

"I do not believe that Slaughterhouse would allow him to be harmed."

"I trust not," said Brona; but her faith in Slaughterhouse was hardly so absolute as Ingoldesby's.

It was a glorious midsummer day. The brown and golden moor, with its seams of purple and flashes of watery light, the gray violet hills, the darkling woods, the ripening fields, the blue sea with its fringes of green, all lay under a benediction of brooding sunshine, like the approving smile of an infinitely loving God. Going by unfrequented paths they met no living creature. Hugh found a longed for opportunity for talking to Brona of many things which he did not care to discuss in the presence of others, and Brona listened, thrilling with hopes and fears which she did not dare to put into words. Thus many hours passed while they traveled an area of some miles, visiting hovels and cabins where lay the sick and needy, who were the particular objects of the charity of Father Aengus. But no one had seen the Father or heard from him.

At last they found the dying man to whom he had administered the last Sacraments on the previous evening. The visit of consolation had been happily paid, and the Father had departed as usual just at nightfall. He had been seen to cross the bog by the light of the rising moon, but further than a shadowy fold in the land nobody had tracked him. Coming to a group of ruined walls with a half-fallen tower, Hugh made his way up a narrow winding stair to a hiding place among tumbled stones to which Brona directed him.

"He may be lying there, stricken with illness," she said. "I have always feared that some day we should so find him."

Hugh reached the spot with difficulty, but it was empty, and a

call of the Father's name produced no answer. A hollow tree, a cave under rocks were explored, the name of Father Aengus was whispered in silent almost inaccessible places, and all to no purpose, till at last Ingoldesby insisted on Brona's returning home, saying that in all probability the hours they had spent in their quest had brought the friar back safely to Castle O'Loughlin. That expectation was disappointed however. The priest was still absent and had not been heard of.

After a sleepless night Brona was on the moor again, and again was met by Hugh bent on accompanying her. Turning their faces in a different direction from that traveled the day before, they followed the same plan of search, Brona going into the cabins, and asking questions of everyone she met on the way. The only information she gained was of the fact that a band of soldiery had been seen hanging about the countryside during the last few days. They had made raids on some of the better class of houses. It was hoped that they had now passed on elsewhere, but the terrified people spoke of their doings in whispers. That day's search also proved unavailing, and on the third morning Hugh came early to the Castle to beg that Brona would not undertake another such long fatiguing quest, but would stay at home with her father, and try to divert his thoughts from the anxiety of the moment.

"Alas!" said Brona, "he cannot take any comfort till the truth is known. He will be better satisfied if he is assured that every effort is being made. That our friend is lying ill and desolate somewhere is certain, and I may possibly be, of all the searchers, the one to find him."

And so another day's travel began. Brona tried in vain to persuade Ingoldesby that he was endangering his own safety by displaying such open sympathy with a felon, and with the friends whom he was supposed to have condemned and betrayed to the executors of the law. He persisted in supporting her throughout this hour of increasing tribulation.

"My lot is my own," he said. "I have drawn it. Let me take it. There are things that must be done without thought of danger. If not your resolute priest would never have set foot in this cruelly misgoverned country."

So they set out again, Hugh heavy-hearted, dreading a further impending trial for Brona, and Brona weighted with sorrow and fear for everyone concerned but herself. Occasionally they met people pretending to be gathering turf or cutting heather, or dragging bogwood out of the water, all eagerly on the search for Father Aengus. A whisper with averted eyes was their greeting of Brona. Slaughterhouse's men might be lurking on the watch behind some rock or bush,

and words that the wind might carry were better unspoken. There had been scarcely a breeze all day. Radiant sunshine transfigured every feature of the land. The mountains seemed absorbed in a rapture of worship, the motionless sea raised blue eyes dim with dreams to the sky, a mantle of glory had descended on the darkling woods. All nature was lost in adoration of the Creator of so much splendor.

"As if in pre-vision of what is to come, never yet sighted by mortal eyes, never felt by creature or thing," said Brona pausing to rest against a thorn tree that looked at the moment like the Scriptural burning bush that hid the Lord.

As the "westerling wheel" of the sun, having made heaven's descent, reached the mountains' brow, and seemed to rest there, the wind began to rise in short gusts, and clouds that had hung about all day in golden laziness shook off their languor and hurried about the sky, making for the west, as if obeying some mysterious mandate to signal the end of so much magnificence by unveiling the glory so soon to become extinct. By the time these gusts of wind had freshened, and the clouded western sky had taken the appearance of a gory battlefield after the fray, Brona and Hugh had reached a spot skirting the bog, on its distant side from Castle O'Loghlin. They had passed the spot before, and had seen nothing unusual in the rough stems and thick growth of the branching trees hanging over their heads. Suddenly Brona uttered a piercing cry, and fell with her face to the sod.

"O God! O God, he is there!"

Hugh stooping to support her raised his eyes to the trees and saw what she had seen—the flutter of a brown gown, the swing of a sandalled foot as the wind swept the boughs aside; and for a moment the pallid face of the Franciscan gleamed on him, and vanished as the boughs closed again and hid it. Slaughterhouse's men had not left the neighborhood without earning their money.

XXXIII.

At midnight by the glimmer of a watery moon Father Aengus was taken down from the tree of his martyrdom into reverent arms, and laid in the grave hastily dug for him, his crucifix on his breast, his brown robe folded about his limbs, no coffin, no shroud, lest delay should see the return of the executioners to desecrate this holy resting place, and to dishonor the mortal shell that had housed the soul of a saint and a Christian soldier. Ingoldesby and Thady were present at the strange funeral.

"I seen him put in," said Thady hanging over the fire in the

small hours with Mrs. MacCurtin. "He's close to the old Mass Rock, as he has a right to be. Oh, then when will the Mass be said there again, now he's gone? An' nobody to come after him till God sends us another warrior to fight for Him, and the mather dyin' without the priest, an' no Sacraments to comfort him. An' that'll be the sore end to his troubles. For dyin' he is, an' no wonder after one thing and another that has happened to him. Turlough to have turned out a rascal on him, and the Protestant to have got the estate, and Miss Brona to be left desolate, and himself to be dyin' without a priest to bring the Lord to him."

"Whisht now, Thady," said Mrs. MacCurtin, wiping her eyes. "Sure you know well that Morogh O'Loghlin lyin' on his bed up there is well able to die without the priest. If he wasn't wouldn't God have waited a bit for Father Aengus, bad as He might have wanted to get him in heaven? And didn't the Father tell us that the Lord Himself will come to us dyin' without e'er a one to bring Him, or give Him the whisper that he's wanted? Do y' think it is the doctor we're talkin' about that needs a word to be sent to him, or how would he know a body was sick? And for Miss Brona it's easy to have a guess about who's goin' to take care of her. The Protestant that has us owned at present is not goin' to be a Protestant long."

"Tush, my good woman!" said Thady. "If you want to know an honest man's real mind about that—I don't believe in one o' them. Is it two estates down to his name and throw them both over his shoulder? Do y' want to put him even with the mather that's a dying saint, and Father Aengus that's a martyr?"

"I'm takin' nothin' to do with either odds or evens," said Mrs. MacCurtin, "only sayin' plain what I see, an' I with my two eyes open."

"Well, my two eyes is gettin' shut," said Thady, "an' small blame to them, between salt tears an' never a wink o' sleep this many a night; besides the sight I seen at the Mass Rock a couple of hours ago, that nearly cut the light out o' them, lavin' you blind, Thady Quin, for the rest of the time you have to be in it."

Brona knew that her father was on his deathbed. The cruel martyrdom of his tender comforter and spiritual friend and counsellor had dealt him a final blow, and he lay prostrate in the death sickness of gradual heart failure, a little weaker every day, with no hope from his physician of his recovery. Ingollesby stood by Brona, coming every day to relieve her watch undeterred by her protests as to his danger, or by the warnings of Slaughterhouse. Sometimes he stayed the night, if immediate death seemed imminent. In those quiet hours alone with the dying man, listening to his murmured prayers of resig-

nation and thanksgiving, the latent convictions of his own mind and heart forced their way to their place in his most living thoughts, and a resolution was taken which at that time he confided to no one.

"How these Catholics die!" he said to himself. "How they bear to live, and how they die!" And he began to pray in the words he had learned from St. Augustine.

Mrs. MacCurtin was right when she said that Morogh was able to die without the priest, since God had deprived him of all spiritual help.

"Brona," he said, "I know you are grieving because I have to die without the Sacraments. But have good heart. I always thought I should have our dear saint beside me at this hour; but God has taken all such anxious desire away from me. He is coming Himself Who is the Sacrament. Already I hear His approach. He is coming across the bog. He is at the Mass Rock. Father Aengus is with Him, and others. I see Columba, Adamnan, and the Caldee. Patrick and Bridget, and the Holy Mother herself will be of the company. Already this room is filling with the angels in waiting for them."

Brona was holding his hand and watching the smile as of great bliss brightening on his face.

Presently they heard him say with a loud and happy cry:

"Welcome, a hundred thousand times welcome my Divine Master! Amen. Come, Lord Jesus!"

With the last word his soul passed.

They made his grave in the ancient ruined Corcomroe Abbey, in the open wind-swept chancel, near the sculptured tomb of King Conor O'Brien. And after all was done Brona stood like the shadow of herself, alone of all her family, in Castle O'Loughlin.

Aideen had not been able to come to her. Turlough had fought a duel in a gaming house, and was ill of a mortal wound. She had left her harbor in the convent and was nursing him, striving to save his useless life, and to bring peace to his soul. Her letter to Brona breathed of anguish which was little tempered by hope. Of all who had been hers in her home, Brona had no one by her except the faithful and affectionate old servants. But outside her walls there was still the devotion of Ingoldesby.

XXXIV.

Mary Delany hastened from her garden to her husband in his study.

"Morogh O'Loughlin is dead," she said. "They have hanged the priest who was his comforter, and the shock has killed my friend."

Hugh Ingoldesby has written to me. The girl is alone at Castle O'Loughlin, and Hugh is concerned about her."

Dr. Delany joined his finger tips together as if about to pray or preach, and looked mildly over his spectacles.

"My dear love," he said, "this is sad news. But there is nothing that you or I can do in the circumstances. The girl is already a nun, and will find a home in a French convent. Don't let us follow Hugh's lead by entangling ourselves in Catholic movements. Rumor says that he has greatly injured his reputation as an upholder of the State by his interest in Papists and their affairs."

A slight frown crossed Mrs. Delany's sunny face, and she said quickly, "I love Brona O'Loughlin for her own sake, and be she Papist or Hindoo, I will show her any kindness I can in her day of need."

"Right, right, my love," said the Dean. "But what is her need? Where are the French aunt and the troublesome brother? What occasion can you have to interfere?"

"The graceless Turlough is ill from his own folly, and his adoring aunt is nursing him."

The Dean shook his head. "Pity Hugh had not allowed the young man to step into his father's shoes. The estate would have been saved for the family and the name carried on, and the county at the same time would have secured another good Protestant landholder."

"At the sacrifice of conscience!" said Mrs. Delany reproachfully.

"My dear, don't speak like that to anyone but me, or you may be quite misunderstood. There is an extreme, an exaggerated conscience that leads persons astray, and which ought not to be taken into consideration. But do as you please, my love, and I trust that your husband's reputation and position will shield you from the consequences of your too good-natured action."

An hour later Hugh presented himself in person to Mrs. Delany, who received him with even more than her usual kindness.

"Tell me all about it," she said.

When she had heard the details of the O'Loughlin tragedy, she proceeded to act with the good nature which her husband had disapproved and yet sanctioned.

"Any service I can do Miss O'Loughlin shall be done for her own sake," she said, "but after that, when we have seen her safely into a French convent, you will, I hope, cease your dangerous association with the Catholics of your county. Already you are under some suspicion."

"I have had a letter from Slaughterhouse," said Hugh, smiling, "warning me that I am known to have assisted at the cutting down

and at the burial of the long-hunted and finally-captured priest, the Franciscan friar who for some years had infested the district of Burren. Also, that under pretense of discovering on a Papist property holder, I have mixed myself up with the affairs of his family, and have been present at his godless deathbed."

"Well?" said Mrs. Delany, "does it not prove that I am right? I will go to Clare and fetch Miss O'Loughlin here to stay with me till she can make her own arrangements. And you, I beg of you, leave the country at once, and avoid trouble that is evidently impending."

"According to Slaughterhouse it has been impending for a long time," said Hugh. "I will reply to him that I intend to save him the trouble of doing his worst by the step I am about to take. Tomorrow morning I shall be received into the Catholic Church."

"Are you quite mad?"

"If I were ever mad, at all events I am now sane. In the kingdom of God is sanity, on earth as it is in heaven."

"You will lose everything for love of a woman!" cried Mary Delany.

"On the contrary, it is the love of a woman that has saved me. Dear friend, I am grieved to distress you, for I know that your distress is as genuine as my own would have been sometime ago if one I loved had told me what I tell you to-day."

"I am indeed bitterly distressed. You will marry Brona?"

"If she will take me now. At present she is in ignorance of the decision I have arrived at by the grace of God, and that only. No one, not you, nor Slaughterhouse nor any of my friends or well-wishers, has been as anxious as she has been to shield me from worldly ruin by her warnings, and by her avoidance of my company. But that was when she feared I might not be thorough from any point of view—that I might lose the shadow without gaining the substance, if I may be allowed to reverse the order of the fable."

"Your worldly ruin!" echoed Mary Delany ruefully.

"Not that either," said Hugh smiling. "It will, indeed, be good-bye to the County of Clare. Some lucky fellow will pick up two nice properties no doubt, and there will be some laughter at the fool who threw them both out of his hands for the sake of a woman, or, granting me sincerity of conscience, then for the sake of a dream. I know it all so well, because I was in the swim of it myself so recently. But my wife and I will have sufficient means left for a happy life in some country where a man is allowed to live by his conscience, and to follow, if he will, in the footsteps of the saints."

"Which saints?" asked Mrs. Delany, sadly.

"A large question," said Hugh brightly. "I have known some

saints already on this side of the great boundary. I shall have one by my side. And now, dear friend, so interested for me, so patient with me, I know what your eyes are looking at, and I know what they cannot see. But let us join hands in Christian charity, which in itself is a communion of saints, and let nothing break our friendship."

"Nothing indeed, on my side," said Mrs. Delany. "As I have said, I should wish to go to Clare and bring Brona here."

"You are good," said Hugh. "Will you come back with me to Ardcurragh?"

"What will Miss Ingoldesby say if she comes to save you from ruin, and finds me countenancing you?"

"No fear of that. My good narrow-minded aunt will avoid me in future as she would fly a pestilence."

XXXV.

Brona was packing to leave her home, sitting on a trunk already filled, a mournful letter from Aileen in her hand. Turlough was still alive, and Aileen could not leave him, so Brona must prepare to come to her. MacDonogh was to sail in a few days and would bring her safely to France.

"Your old friends in the convent will be glad to receive you," wrote Aileen, "and I have enough of my little fortune left to enable us to live here till we see further."

Hugh was in Dublin. The lonely girl asked herself whether she ought to wait for his return, or depart without saying farewell to him, perhaps forever. She must, at all events, be ready to start as soon as MacDonogh should call for her.

Reading the letter yet once again, clinging to it as a link between the past of love and the present of desolation, she was interrupted by the arrival of Hugh. She went to him with the letter in her hand.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I did not like going without saying good-bye to you."

"You would not have done that," he said. "But Mrs. Delany has a better way arranged for you. She has come to take you to Delville. She has written to your aunt and to MacDonogh. She is coming to see you this afternoon. Meanwhile, will you come for a walk with me, a farewell walk? For I too am leaving the County of Clare, perhaps never to return."

"Oh, no," said Brona, "it is doubly your home now, and all difficulties are cleared from your path. But, yes, I would like to take that walk with you."

They walked through the sunshine towards the Mass Rock. Both

knew that they were going to pay a farewell visit to the grave of the murdered Franciscan.

"Let us rest here awhile," said Hugh, finding her a seat on a ridge of stone, "and let us have a little talk. You said just now that difficulties have been cleared from my path."

"Yes," said Brona. "We shall all be gone. And I am glad, as we have had to be blotted out, that it is you who are to stand in my father's place. You have no longer that prejudice against the faith of the people which you used to have, and you will be kind to them. You will have much power, being the owner of two properties instead of one."

"All that would be of no kind of benefit to me unless I could share it with you."

Brona's eyes darkened with pain.

"Don't!" she said. "Why will you spoil the last hour we have to be together?"

"I don't want to spoil this happy hour," he said, "but I must ask you once more, and for all—Brona, will you marry me?"

"You are not generous. You know the sad difference that keeps us apart."

"I do not know it. We are one in heart, and one in faith.

"Faith?"

"Yes, faith. I have been received into the Catholic Church. No, don't look so shocked, my dearest. I have done it from no unworthy motive."

"For me?" said Brona, with a white light on her face, her lips trembling. "Oh, no, God will not be played with."

Hugh took her hands, and held them while he smiled in her eyes.

"My dear, you have not been the cause, only the instrument. God has taken so absolute a grip of me that I could not escape Him if you were not in the world. As you are in the world, and as we may live in it together henceforward, I am most devoutly thankful."

Brona had bowed her head on the hands that were holding hers so tightly.

"You must give me time to realize it," she said. "It is too amazing."

"You are not more amazed than I have been, but already it seems so natural that I feel as if I had been born and baptized into the Catholic Church. For the rest we shall not starve. We can live frugally in Italy.

Mrs. Delany was waiting for them when they returned to Castle O'Loghlin. Seeing the two bright faces that met her troubled eyes, she marveled at that supernatural Something which was so radiantly real for them, and had no kind of existence for her,

She did not venture to speak of it, only said:

"You will come and make your home with me, my dear, until things are settled."

Brona made no objection. She was in Hugh's hands now. The next day another visit of farewell was paid to the grave of Morogh O'Loghlin in the ancient Abbey, Brona's favorite haunt in the days of her sad and meditative girlhood. Arrangements were made with the old servants to stay in the Castle until directed to join their mistress in her new home after her marriage.

They were wedded in the little secret chapel of Miss Crilly's "nunnery" in Dorset Street, and left Ireland for Italy immediately afterwards.

Hugh Ingoldesby's conversion to Popish ways remained forever an enigma to Mary Delany, but she delighted in her visits to the modest little home at Fiesole where the Ingoldesbys, in the small house and large garden, which was the ideal of Horace, found ample scope for the doings of an active as well as an intellectual life. For which curiously inconsistent and scandalously liberal conduct she had to suffer the loss of the friendship of Miss Jaquetta Ingoldesby.

A few years later Hugh's old acquaintance, Colonel Slaughterhouse, wrote to him:

I am glad to hear you are so happy in your own peculiar fashion, and I am sure you will feel no displeasure at the fact that the estates of Ardcurragh and Castle O'Loghlin have devolved on me. You know how often I warned you of danger, and until you had quite cut yourself off I had no intention of stepping into your shoes. For the rest, someone had to do it, and the someone might as well be me.

You had heard that the title of Earl of Donegore is to go with the estates. I do not care much for titles myself, but my wife (whom you knew as Lady Kitty Carteret) fancies it, and naturally I am pleased to gratify her.

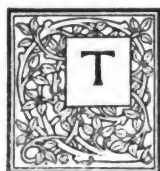
It may be noted here that a certain Hon. Captain Slaughterhouse who distinguished himself in the Boer War, boasts of his descent from an ancient and honorable family in the County of Clare.

But (as the people pray) "the light of heaven to them"—the ancients whose mortality sleeps in the sanctuary at Corcomroe, and in the heart of the Burren bog beside the old Mass Rock under the tree of the martyr—the last of the O'Loghlins, Kings of Burren, and the Franciscan who lived and died in the service of his Lord!

[THE END.]

A NOVELIST'S NOVEL-READING.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.



HERE are some fairly bookish people to whom it is a matter of impossibility to read the novels of the present century, and that by no means because they hold themselves superior to novel-reading. They go through a certain cycle of novels year by year, and go through them again and again, their pleasure in them never diminished, though the plot of each is well remembered, and can hold out no hope of the excitement of surprise or suspense; even the dialogue is known almost by heart, and much of the phrasing is known altogether by heart. Such readers could dictate whole pages of *Pride and Prejudice* or of *Emma*, yet Miss Austen never grows stale, and twice or thrice a year is not too often for them to read her books. They can read with the same faithful frequency all those novels by Sir Walter that the true lover of Scott means when he speaks of his books—*Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *The Pirate*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Redgauntlet*, *Rob Roy*, *Waverley*—yes, and *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality*, *The Legend of Montrose* and *Peeveril*, *Woodstock*, and *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

Jane Austen is faultless, and Sir Walter's faults are nothing to them. Miss Burney's one book is so excellent that they are fain for its sake to read and re-read the other two—as one frequents the two less clever sisters in a family for the reminder they are constantly affording of their brilliant sister who cannot be always in presence.

In the same way this class of reader will, for the love of *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee*, go through all, or very nearly all, of Miss Edgeworth. And perhaps it is not only for its own sake that Miss Ferrier's delightful trilogy is held dear: *Inheritance*, *Destiny*, and *Marriage* have none of the faultlessness of Jane Austen, but they are Scotch cousins of her masterpieces. If ever it were lawful to edit anybody it might seem so in the case of Miss Ferrier. There is not a line or a phrase in all Miss Austen that could possibly be left out, shortened or bettered; there are pages, and almost whole chapters, in *Inheritance*, *Destiny*, and *Marriage*,

against which skipping is too mild a protest: they should not be there. I dare to say Jane was as good a woman as Susan, but Susan is too good by half. She had no business with reflections except those her looking-glass afforded her; and she should have published her sermons by subscription, separately. In spite, however, of the sermons and reflections no one who loves novels that are books could do without *Inheritance* and Miss Pratt, *Destiny*, and Lady Waldegrave, or *Marriage* and Lady MacLaughlan.

So far we have scarce got beyond the eighteenth century, which ran on into the nineteenth in a manner that has not been repeated with the nineteenth and twentieth. On the contrary, the twentieth was an eight months' child, and had not the decency to wait for A. D. 1900—or 1901; I forget how they settled it.

But the bookish novel-reader who loves Jane Austen and Sir Walter, Maria and Susan, has later loves, which never tend to make him faithless. There are many Dickens-books, and many Thackeray-books which are not less dear to him, but more, for his fealty to the *Waverleys*, *Mansfield Park*, *Evelina*, *Castle Rackrent*, and *Inheritance*. He knows all that can be urged against Dickens and against Thackeray, and feels it more strongly than most of those who urge it—because he feels a personal interest in it, as Lord Westbury did in the question of Eternal Punishment—but it makes no difference. Paul Dombey was not always “wildly waving;” Little Nell, if insufferable, is not ubiquitous, even in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, which is now a first favorite. Paul's bones are really rather touching, and the poor child would not have been sentimentally pathetic if Dickens had not thought an early Victorian public demanded it. It has been said that Dickens had no idea of being humorous and pathetic at the same moment; that when he meant to be funny he only meant you to laugh, and when he was resolved to be pathetic there would be no occasion for anything but pocket handkerchiefs. But Paul Dombey is certainly not least touching when he is most queer.

It may be true that Dickens is often too didactic: that there is too much purpose in *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*. It may also be true that in many of his books there is no plot, or that the plot is not ingeniously constructed; but such truths are not of the least consequence. They may illustrate the ingenuity of a certain class of critic, but they will never make readers care more for criticism than for Dickens.

Thackeray's faults are of a wholly different kind, and his
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greatest admirers may be entirely sensible of them. He is, said a very brilliant essayist, the average clubman plus genius: which is saying about as much as if one should say that Burns was the average ploughman plus genius. He thinks too much of the backstairs, and is too fond of mounting to the drawing-room by way of it; of the drawing-room itself he makes too much all the while he is fie-fying it. Some of his snobs are so because he makes them so; his nose for meannesses, pettinesses, hypocrisies is too keen-scented and rather heartless. His pessimism is not less dismal because it is vicarious and conventional. All this may be true, and much more than this; had he possessed anything short of absolute genius he would have been intolerable: but then the genius is absolute and not to be talked down or belittled by all the criticism in the universe or elsewhere. His wit is never boisterous like that of Dickens, and the laughter he raises has a gasp in it; but it never falls short of itself. It is often of extreme subtlety, often poignantly akin to pathos, sometimes not without a scoff or a stab, but never far-fetched, nor forced, nor insincere; never common, never coarse, though sometimes cruel, and, on occasion, brutal.

Thackeray might, when he gave *Vanity Fair* to the world, have said with a million times more truth what William Godwin said when he gave it *Caleb Williams*: "I will write a tale that shall constitute an epoch in the mind of the reader, that no one, after he has read it, shall ever be exactly the same man that he was before" —but Thackeray was not capable of such Giant Blunderbore boastings. He never even tried: had he tried it would have been "in a monstrous little voice;" he would have boasted you as gently as a sucking dove.

To such novel-readers as we speak of, come, after Dickens and Thackeray, in long procession, and assured of welcome, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy (or vice versa), the Brontë sisters, George Eliot, the authoress of *Cranford*, and the authoress of *Salem Chapel* and *Miss Marjoribanks*; and, walking somewhat alone, the still under-appreciated author of Mrs. Proudie's being.

Having admitted faults in greater men we may speak of Meredith's; a plethora of genius and a supererogation of brilliance. His brilliance is less trying to the eyesight than Bulwer's or Disraeli's; and it does not irritate like theirs, because it is less voluntary—one really suspects he can't help himself. But it also fatigues, and its dazzle distracts the attention of those who would desire intimacy with his galaxy of originals. Too much glare of light

makes everyone look alike. And, in thus succumbing to the brilliance of his own gifts, this illustrious writer is unfair to his creations—they are all too Meredithian for quite absolute truth and quite complete conviction. And, singular as his genius is, there is too much of it. No one who really reads books can read more than a chapter or two of Meredith at a time: the cleverness is so great that one dreads missing any of it through a mere yielding to the interest of the tale.

Such faults are not common, and they only amount to over-equipment, an excess of extreme rarity. No one could be less like Meredith than Hardy, who is still more unlike Thackeray; his stage is infinitely broader, being as wide as nature herself, and stretching as far as God has any land, much further than He has any folk upon it. Thackeray, Dickens, and Meredith, with nothing else in common except genius, are at least all three of a persistent modernity. Hardy is not of any time. He has an ancient breadth and deepness; he is as tragic as a whirlwind, and can be as pathetic as the spring. His power is elemental and does not belong indoors: when he comes in out of the woods and the rain and winds, when he leaves behind him heath and hillside, flowered field and broad sunshine, he lies bound like Samson in the house of Delilah. He is too big for the littleness of parlors, and is well-advised to avoid them, as he chiefly does. I do not perceive that he has any literary ancestors: like Melchisedech he appears to be without father, without mother, without genealogy. In a sudden chapter of literary genesis he appears, a great and lonely figure, of intense meaning and force and grandeur; at a solitary altar he offers a solemn and silent sacrifice, with never a word of himself, to a power that he does not explain, nor name, nor image.

As separate, as solitary, not less sombre, and more fateful, stands Emily Brontë, who is always mentioned with her sisters, and should never be mentioned except apart. How the perversity of any criticism could have ascribed *Wuthering Heights* and *Shirley* to the same author passes my patience of comprehension. Powerful as Charlotte's best work is, there is scarcely a hint in it of the austere sublimity of power that starts up like an apparition in *Wuthering Heights*. In no flippant spirit be it said, Charlotte was born a governess and died one, and her heroes are governesses like her heroine. Her gift was very great, but not quite great enough to lift her beyond her origins; and her material was confined to what her own narrow life had given her. When she had described

her personal experiences from various points of view, she had said all she could say; when, as in some parts of *Jane Eyre*, she essays to describe something else, she becomes wooden and nearly becomes absurd. Emily, whose experiences were still fewer, was independent of them. *Wuthering Heights* is no more autobiographical than the *Eumenides*, and we must go back to Æschylus to find anything comparable to it: which is not saying that Æschylus, nor anyone else, ever produced anything *like* it. It stands quite alone in literature, and cannot be accounted for or explained. We can best know the extraordinary girl who wrote it by reading it, but nothing that we know of the poignant bitterness of her life helps to make it seem a less astounding achievement of supreme and savage genius. It is pure tragedy without any of the common "properties" of tragedy: a tragedy not of mere romance but of unique passion.

I know of one most capable critic who ascribes it neither to Emily or Charlotte, but to their brother, Patrick Branwell: such a theory to me appears an insult to the book. It has what he could never have given it, a fury of passion that is amazing in its intense whiteness, its miraculous purity. It burns with a fire that is like the scorching of one who blisters himself by touching his flesh to arctic ice. No other woman could have written it, and no man could have written it at all. If one should indulge his fancy by arranging marriages for the Brontës, the genius of Emily would mark her Swift's, and in death itself, with her for mate, *sæva indignatio* would have followed him; William Godwin would have done for Charlotte.

From *Wuthering Heights* to *Adam Bede* is a far cry, but George Eliot is not to be talked out of the list of those whose best novels can always be read, though for the fiftieth time, by those to whom the twentieth century novel is unreadable. *Silas Marner* is no more her greatest novel than *Cranford* is Mrs. Gaskell's; but those who love Mrs. Gaskell best love *Cranford* immeasurably more than all the rest of her books together; and *Silas Marner* has a completeness of perfection attained by none of its bigger brethren. One huge half of *The Mill on the Floss* is almost perfect, too, but Maggie's best lovers find her less absorbing when she has grown up and has a lover—for that matter, two—of her own. The genteel portion of the book is unworthy of the Tulliver and Dodson part, though not quite unworthy of George Eliot; the Guests and their friends are as tiresome as the finer gentry in *Adam Bede*. Adam

himself, can be tedious at pleasure, but there are only dull passages in the book, seldom whole chapters. *Daniel Deronda* and *Romola* have few chapters that are not dull.

Of *Cranford* there is nothing to be said except that it is sheer perfection: not one line anywhere could be spared, not one phrase made more faultless. It can never be loved too much, and it is more tenderly loved at every reading. The only thing one can do with it when the last word is reached, is to turn back to the first and read it again. It could only be done once, and nothing else in literature is like it. Mrs. Gaskell must have wondered how she did it, for no other work of hers seems to be by the same writer. The only shelf worthy to house it is that on which our Jane Austens rest; but it has what they have not, an exquisite tenderness and pathos.

Nevertheless, *Sylvia's Lovers*, *Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, *Good Wives*, and *North and South* are all fine books worthy of each other, if unrelated to *Cranford*. It would seem to show how far we have traveled—I will not say in what direction—since they were written, that *Mary Barton*, on its appearance, was thought “dangerous,” and *Ruth* improper.

Mrs. Oliphant has some resemblance to Mrs. Gaskell when the latter was not quite at her best. But Mrs. Oliphant's best is very good all the same. *Salem Chapel* and *Miss Marjoribanks* are excellent reading, in spite of the heavy handicap their author chose to lay upon herself in the choice of her subjects. Perhaps less gifted authors will be well-advised if they abstain from seeing what they can make, in the way of romance, of a Nonconformist minister and his committee, or of a young lady, released from boarding-school, who aspires to leadership in a middling society.

None of the illustrious writers we have mentioned have anything particular in common with Captain Marryat, except the fact that those to whom the contemporary novel is impossible can read, at all events, *Peter Simple* with never-failing gusto and pleasure. For my part, I wish he had not written any of the others, unless it were *Midshipman Easy*. Not that I want them unwritten, but that someone else might have done it; just as another lady of her name with a different genius might have given us all Mrs. Gaskell's books except *Cranford*. *Peter Simple* contains in itself almost all that Marryat had to say, and it was uncommonly well worth saying. In *Midshipman Easy* he says it again, with excursions into the madcap realms ruled by Thomas Love Peacock, realms in which I, for one,

can pass but brief visits, and those rather of curiosity than of pleasure.

And now for Anthony Trollope, to whom much more is owed than the critics have ever been disposed to admit. Those gentlemen have praised him for the most part, with too generous apology. His readers form, I trust, a far more numerous band than his critics; and if they decrease, it will be because the taste for excellent reading shall have diminished. The Barsetshire series are as good in their kind as anything we could desire, and far better than anything else we actually have. When Disraeli or Bulwer touch the same ground, with all their brilliancy they invariably fall short of him, and are usually intolerable. Those clever men thought more of their cleverness than of their theme, and in their hands it lost all the appeal of reality. Trollope created hundreds of men and women that no one else ever called into life; and between them they constitute a presentment of English life in his times that will be of infinite interest to times when they shall have long ceased to exist: which is what not all historians have been able to do. Nor is their interest merely archaic; they are so human that they can never be out of date.

It seems to be suggested that Trollope had but a middling capacity, and that his work was of only a mediocre quality. If he had created no single character but the Rev. Josiah Crawley, in the *Last Chronicle of Barset*, it would be enough to prove the dull injustice of such a pretense; and the book of which he is the protagonist is worthy of him. Mrs. Proudie achieves full immortality in it in more senses than one; and in it Archdeacon Grantley is at his best, which is also his worst. Yet it is the last of a long series of long books reproducing many of the same scenes and many of the same people. How few authors could have made the same attempt and contrived that the last should be better than the first, and as good, if not better, than any of its predecessors.

By those who assume the uncalled-for, if not gratuitous, rôle of Trollope's apologists, it seems to be taken for granted that he had only a singular photographic capacity for merely correct reproduction; that he had a pedestrian accuracy of making portraits from living originals. Yet all these books are in fact works of imagination; the truth is that their author was the creator of these characters, whom in life he had never met and had had no opportunities of meeting. It is the highest tribute to his power that he should have so imposed upon his critics: his people are so real that the perty

dull critic takes them for mere reality. What is true of his characters is true of the surroundings in which he sets them: they are painted from pictures he imagined, not from this English town and county or from that. To pretend that Barchester is Salisbury is possible only to those who know nothing of Salisbury, and can realize no picture of Barchester when they read its description.

It may very readily be granted that the Barsetshire group of Trollope's novels is the best: it certainly contains his two finest works. But it would be a very stupid mistake to suppose that it contains all his fine work. In *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* he has given us a better novel of Irish life than any Irishman ever wrote, and, to my thinking, the best Irish novel that we have. *Castle Richmond*, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys*, and *An Eye for an Eye* are not so good, but they are very good indeed.

Then there are the political novels, *The Prime Minister*, *Phineas Finn*, *The Duke's Children* and others, any one of which is better than Disraeli's, in spite of Disraeli's much greater knowledge of his subject. *Can You Forgive Her?* is only in a minor degree political, and that is by no means against it. It contains characters hard to beat anywhere, *e. g.*, only, Lady Glencora, George Vavasor, his sister, and their uncle, not to insist upon Burgo Fitzgerald. *Is He Popenjoy?* is perhaps as good, and that is saying a great deal.

To compare any other writer with the absolute giants must be unfair to the other writer; but if anyone should say that Trollope's heroines are better than Thackeray's, it would be uncommonly hard to disprove it—assuming, at all events, that Becky Sharp is not one of Thackeray's heroines. Alice Vavasor is not the heroine of *Can You Forgive Her?* but I do not know where to find her equal in Thackeray, or where to look in him for a Lily Dale, or even a Grace Crawley; and I would give twenty Amelias for one Mary Thorne.

Trollope's scoundrels are as bad as the devil and our own selfishness can make us, but they are never too "steep" like those of Dickens, and no one can help believing in them. They are thoroughly bad fellows, and they range from worthlessness to vile rascality and baseness, but they are men, not incarnations of particular vices, just as his best women are neither lachrymose angels nor blameless idiots. Pitt Crawley's wife was as good a woman as any in Thackeray, but he would not have held her forth as his heroine.

There is no book of Trollope's that one cannot read through,

and soon read again; while there are at most two of Disraeli's that one cannot read through at all. *Lothair* is easier to read by reason of Bret Harte's parody, with which it is amusing to compare it, and for the rather illicit reason that one may have known the *dramatis personæ*, and find in contrasting them with the originals a diversion that has nothing to do with literature. The same diversion is yielded by *Endymion*—but every book of this illustrious writer contains more that is indigestible and intolerable than what is dazzling and almost interesting. They enshrine political essays of singular brilliancy, and even justice, that might serve as invaluable sermons to politicians of a later age; but they contain, also, heroes and heroines as insufferable as can be found anywhere, though you should turn to Bulwer to find worse, and heroic talk that might make one of the paladins out of *The Talisman* perceive that the faculty of boring to the marrow is the monopoly of no age.

Let us pause and remember that the nineteenth century gave us other and very different novelists: trousered, and, I suppose, crinolined. Some whom one can read with effort or without, and some whom one need not read unless one has a mind. Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins are read still by those who could ever read them, among whom the present writer does not venture to class himself. But that is because he never could care for a plot unless he cared for the plotters. They are both masters of plot, and they had both the same perverse conviction that it was their duty to the public to throw everything else overboard—except didactic purpose, in Charles Reade's case, which was the one thing in his cargo his ship could have sailed without.

What the poverty of the English language compels us to call Wilkie Collins' style, sets our teeth on edge as effectually as Carlyle's dislocates our spine, and his men and women are like trees walking into a witness-box.

With less of his fortunately rare genius, Mrs. Henry Wood is a great deal more readable. She stuck to the middle-classes, and no doubt she was wise—wiser in her generation than a much wiser woman, George Eliot, who made more than one unjustifiable attempt on the aristocracy. But she fails to convince us that literature is middle-class. She seldom fails in her plot, and that in spite of an iteration that must have been hard to contend against. Thefts that haven't been committed, and checks that no one forged, would hardly seem more promising than murders that were mere suicides or accidents, but she manages to make very good tales of them,

as indeed she does out of the slings and arrows of outrageous poverty.

By a singular stroke of genius an inspired parodist knocked down Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Yonge with one stone, which must be our excuse for mentioning the authoress of *The Heir of Redclyffe* so soon after the authoress of *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles*. Time was when we too could feel our interest in the Anglican Amours of the Heir and his reproductions. But it must be admitted that all Miss Yonge's heroes who were not in Holy Orders ought to have been, and that there is some truth in the flippant assertion that they were all old governesses in trousers. But Miss Yonge wrote also *The Little Duke* and *The Lances of Lynwood*, which go far to prove that she might, had she condescended so far, have written as good a romance of chivalry as anybody who has made the fell attempt seven or eight hundred years *post factum*.

There may be some to whom it will appear bold to drag into such a list as this the name of the writer of *Jackanapes*. But she deserves place as fully as does Miss Yonge. Those whose youth was rendered less prosaic by *Aunt Judy's Magazine* will remember Horatia Ewing's name as gratefully as that of her more renowned sister, who gave us *The Monthly Packet*. They were both magazines that died intestate, and have left—alas for young people nowadays, if there are any—no heirs. Horatio Gatty, who became Mrs. Ewing, enriched us with "little" books that were perfect in a kind that stands apart. *Jackanapes*, and *Lob-lie-by the Fire*, *Jan of the Wind-Mill*, and *The Story of a Short Life*, were tiny masterpieces that had a compact faultlessness which reminds us of *Silas Marner* and of *Cranford*, and forbids our wishing them bigger. That they had for their illustrator the artist who translated *Bracebridge Hall* into picture, was a stroke of rare good fortune and singular appropriateness. They are only children's books, if it be true that children and not grown-ups need lessons of the beauty of innocence and purity. I should be sorry for the man or woman who could read *Jackanapes* aloud with a steady voice. For clear perfection of style they would claim a high place, were it not the case that they have far higher merits.

But the very word *style* must remind us of Robert Louis Stevenson, who had so much else to recommend him. Any to whom beautiful English is dear, would read his books even if they were only half as enthralling as they are. To dare another heresy, I

would say that if Smollett's books could have been written by Stevenson, they would have lost little and would have gained a great deal: "Commodore Trunnion would have been just as queer, and would not have been queer only. Is there among all the long list of odd, striking, original characters Smollett has left us, one that anybody loves or that deserves the love of anybody? Are not most of them repulsive and intolerable, and that because their presentment is merciless and brutal? If *Peregrine Pickle*, *Roderick Random* and the rest make up a true picture of their age, then indeed has mankind improved; but I do not believe it. The age was that of Sterne, and whatever may be urged—and there is much of serious moment that can be urged—against *Tristram Shandy*, *Tristram Shandy* alone would supply an antidote to such belief; for whatever it may be it is profoundly human and profoundly tender: it has passages that are almost bestial, but it is not full of beasts. Whatever Sterne's own heart may have been worth, he knew all about the worth of the heart of mankind; and he could open a window into it with unerring instinct and art, if he could shut it again with a grin not much cleaner than a satyr's. Smollett knew nothing about the heart, except what the dissecting table teaches. If Sterne could so far forget himself as to be obliquely obscene, Smollett would be filthy without forgetting himself at all, and there is nothing oblique about his filth: it is as naked and unashamed as Swift's, and it is as cold as it is naked. When Sterne fell into the dirt he was dragged thither by his incapacity to resist a morbid and illicit humor. Even Swift's filth is witty while it is savage; Smollett's is equally savage, but unwarmed even by the chill fires of Swift's godless wit.

If all Smollett's books could have been lost and Stevenson could have found them and written them again, what books they would have been! Not a character would have been lost, and what characters they would have become! In virility they would have lost nothing; they would have been as grotesque and individual; and they would have acquired humanity and humor; we should have been able to laugh more, and we should be able to cry a little (especially if, since Stevenson did not mind collaboration, Sterne had "collaborated"); and, above all, we should have been interested in their fate. There is not an ounce of suspense in all Smollett, and there is almost too much in Stevenson for readers with weak hearts, who are not weak enough to peep into last chapters.

Of course, Stevenson would have got as good as he gave:

there would be some added originality and perhaps some additional force. But *he* would have supplied the romance. In his fine air Smollett's brutes would have heroic excuse, and among them would have moved women of whom Smollett never dreamt. We should lose Smollett's improper prigs, but no one would miss them: for the only justification of a prig is that he should be at all events proper. No doubt such imaginings are unlawful, and can no more be excused than any other liberties with the great. One might almost as well wonder what Macaulay's *Essays* would have been like if Ruskin had written them, or what Bacon would have turned out if Shakespeare had amused his leisure by their production while Bacon was actually engaged upon *As You Like It*. One might, almost as pardonably, conjecture what sort of a book *Wuthering Heights* would have been had Charlotte Brontë or Mr. Clement Shorter really written it, or what might have been the result had Jean Jacques Rousseau made St. Augustine's *Confessions* instead of his own. It is as bad as perplexing youth by enquiring what would have been the subsequent course of English history had Oliver Cromwell married the Queen of Sheba, or Mr. Lloyd George's parents never met.

NOTE.

ALL the departments of the magazine had to be omitted this month in order to make room for the special articles in honor of its Golden Jubilee.—[ED. C. W.]

SOME ADVANCE CONGRATULATIONS.

TOLEDO, OHIO, March 8, 1915.

REV. JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.,
Editor of The Catholic World,
New York City.

REV. DEAR SIR:

I was much interested to hear of the forthcoming Jubilee number, for the reason that possibly I am your oldest living lay reader, not so much in the sense of my years, as from the fact that I was a reader of THE CATHOLIC WORLD from the beginning of its publication; and I am almost certain that I am your earliest living lay contributor, with perhaps the exception of Agnes Repplier.

With best wishes for the continued success of the magazine, I am,

Respectfully yours,

(MRS.) MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

HOCHELAGA CONVENT,

MONTREAL, QUEBEC, March 13, 1915.

DEAR REVEREND EDITOR:

Allow me to congratulate you on the fiftieth birthday of your excellent monthly. We have taken it here from the beginning, and have had the volumes bound, two a year. When a young teacher I do not know how I should have managed without the selected special articles that treated so well of events and people necessary to be known. To-day, one can refer to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, or other works of the kind, but forty years ago the case was very different, so that "a friend in need," with the rest of the rhyme, found much of its applicability in the reliable old CATHOLIC WORLD. May it multiply its fiftieth anniversary by fifty times fifty more.

My father took it at home, too, and was acquainted with the venerable Father Hecker. In fact, Brownson, MacMaster, and the great Tractarian group were fireside friends in my childhood. We did not have so many stories then, and so learned to love the great teachers, with whom it was a pleasure to meet, even in print. I have always been thankful for the privilege.

I take the liberty of enclosing part of last month's wrapper; it may help in your choice of paper for the purpose. Estimable friends should travel safer.

In renewing my good wish for your continued prosperity, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

SISTER MARY P. GONZALES.

SHREVEPORT, LA., March 7, 1915.

MY DEAR FATHER BURKE:

As a subscriber to your monthly from the second year of its introduction to the world, by the noble brotherhood of Paulists, now after passing its Golden Jubilee entering its centenary period with strengthened force, inspired to continue voicing the truth with the same resolute courage of the men whose intellectual conscience became its missionary founders, I may be permitted the great honor of wishing the continuance on its blessed way forever. This is the heartfelt wish of a reader to whom it has been a guide and preserver.

With reverential respect,

ANDREW CURRIE.

(From *The New World*, March 2.)

THE March issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD marks the completion of a cycle of fifty years since the first appearance of that publication. The editors announce that a Jubilee number will appear next month with articles and contributors to "fit such an exceptional occasion."

The Paulist Fathers are to be congratulated on having weathered all the difficulties and discouragements facing Catholic editors and publishers through so long a period. For fifty years they have wielded, and still are wielding, a powerful weapon, both of contest and defence, for the Catholic Church.

The March CATHOLIC WORLD has buried underneath a mass of fiction, essay, and poetry, a timely article, *Mexico for the Mexicans*, by Dudley G. Wooten. Unlike Mr. Lind's, Mr. Wooten's credentials as an authority on Mexican affairs are vouched for by the editor. The article is timely because, with a thousand tales of Mexico's present and future before us, we have in all the discussions of the past year heard little of the past of the Land of Revolution. (Exception must here be taken to Mr. Lind's articles which appeared in the *Bellman*, and Dr. Kelly's commentary on the same.) Mr. Wooten presents Mexican history of Aztec, Spanish and Republican days, insisting upon conditions in all that time that shaped the character of the present-day Mexican. And just that character, he says, is what is ignored in all our plans for Mexican pacification and readjustment. He concludes that we must either "assume and enforce the right to control Mexico" or rest contented with the watchword, "Mexico for the Mexicans."

A Returning Caveman, by Edmund T. Shanahan, S.T.D., in the same publication, is destined to jar the "futurists" and bring them to a realization that what they are tending towards is just what the

world has been endeavoring to conquer since "stone age" days. There is relish in the thought of a congress of "modern intellectuals" having this fact forced upon them by "a returning caveman."

(From *The Catholic Columbian*.)

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, just to hand, is certainly a golden milestone marking the passage of fifty years of sacred service to all the high and holy purposes of Catholic literature. We have no other monthly that has reached the age of fifty, and only three secular periodicals have celebrated these rare jubilees. So the Paulists' work holds an unique position in the world of letters. This great periodical certainly gives a safe expression of our Faith, as it touches narrative, story or poem. Eminent Paulists founded the magazine, and kindred spirits in zeal and intellect perpetuate its high standing.

* * * *

The Columbian congratulates THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and wishes it a continuance of popular favor as well as of true worth.

(From *The Church Progress*, March 11.)

The Church Progress extends its most generous and genuine congratulations to THE CATHOLIC WORLD on the completion of its fiftieth year of uninterrupted publication. It is, indeed, a glorious record of service, rich in results for God, for Church and for country.

The grand work it has done in these causes during its half-century existence is beyond human power to measure. Standing always for the highest and holiest purposes, its influence in these directions has been stupendous. Wise in its counsels, fair in its criticisms, and true in its judgments, it has always been a safe guide and a good leader.

The Paulist Fathers—its publishers—have reason to be proud of their success.

(From *The Catholic News*, March 13.)

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the able monthly magazine issued by the Paulist Fathers, has just completed its fiftieth year of continued publication. It is the oldest Catholic monthly in the United States, and it is believed that there are only three secular magazines that may claim a longer life. THE CATHOLIC WORLD has had not only a long, but a distinguished career. It was the first ambitious attempt to put in practise the theory of Father Hecker and his brother Paulists that printer's ink is a powerful force in the advancement of Christ's Church. In its half-century the magazine has been directed by such scholarly

and earnest men as Father Hecker, Father Hewit, Father Elliott, Father Doyle, and Father John J. Burke, the present occupant of the editorial chair. THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a credit to the Paulist Fathers and the whole Catholic Church in this country. Let us hope that its second fifty years will be as fruitful as its first half-century.

We wish also to extend our thanks, for their congratulations and good wishes, to *The Southern Messenger*, *The Catholic Citizen*, and the *San Francisco Monitor*.—[Ed. C. W.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Commentary on the Psalms. Psalm I.-L. By Rev. E. S. Berry. \$2.00 net.
Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome. By Rev. A. Kuhn, O.S.B. Parts VII., VIII. 35 cents. *How To Help the Dead.* By M. H. Allies. 40 cents. *A Manual of Church History.* By F. X. Funk. Two volumes. \$5.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

The Orchard Pavilion. By A. C. Benson. \$1.00. *The Dread of Responsibility.* By Emile Faguet. \$1.25. *Alsace and Lorraine.* By Ruth Putnam. \$1.25. *Select English Historical Documents of the Ninth and Tenth Centuries.* Edited by F. E. Harmer, B.A. \$1.75 net.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

Sinister Street. By C. Mackenzie. \$1.35 net. *The Haunted Heart.* By A. and E. Castle. \$1.35 net. *The War in Europe.* By A. B. Hart. \$1.00.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain. By J. A. Cramb. \$1.50 net. *Who Built the Panama Canal?* By W. L. Pepperman. \$2.00. *Jesus and Politics.* By H. B. Shephard, M.A. *Practical Mysticism.* By E. Underhill.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Poems. By R. H. Benson. 75 cents. *Loneliness.* By R. H. Benson. \$1.35 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The Graves at Kilmorna. By Canon P. A. Sheehan. \$1.35 net. *From Fetters to Freedom.* By Rev. R. Kane, S.J. \$1.50 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

The Jesuit Myth. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

Our Knowledge of Christ. By Lucius H. Miller. \$1.00 net.

THE AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

A Historical Introduction to Ethics. By T. V. Moore, Ph.D. 80 cents.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

The Appetite of Tyranny. By G. K. Chesterton. \$1.00 net.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Essays on Motion. By E. N. S. Thompson, Ph.D. \$1.35 net.

MITCHELL KENNERLY, New York:

Carranza and Mexico. By Carlo de Fornaro. \$1.25 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

America and the World War. By Theodore Roosevelt. 75 cents.

THE NEALE PUBLISHING Co., New York:

Father Tierney's Poems. \$1.00.

STURGIS & WALTON, New York:

Socialism as the Sociological Ideal. By F. J. Melvin, Ph.D. \$1.25 net.

THE FATHERLAND CORPORATION, New York:

The Viereck-Chesterton Debate on "Whether the Cause of Germany or That of the Allied Powers is Just." Pamphlet. 10 cents.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn:

Holy Week Manual for the Catholic Laity. 10 cents.

- SHERMAN, FRENCH & Co., Boston:
The Springtime of Love, and Other Poems. By A. E. Trombly. \$1.25 net.
The Rediscovered Universe. By D. C. Philips.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
The Early Church: from Ignatius to Augustine. By G. Hodges. \$1.75 net.
Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Edited by T. H. Dickinson. \$2.75 net.
Angela's Business. By H. S. Harrison. \$1.35 net.
- GINN & Co., Boston:
Methods of Teaching in High Schools. By S. C. Parker. \$1.50.
- BABSON'S STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION, Boston:
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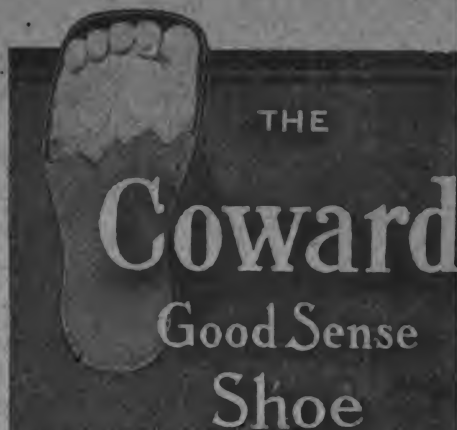
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CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CI.

MAY, 1915.

No. 602.

EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

I.



EVOLUTION and progress, we may as well say it at the outset, are far from meaning one and the same thing. The mistake of supposing these two terms identical is responsible for much of the roseate optimism and false sense of security with which the literature of the day is filled. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and in times of new discovery it is likely to run away with judgment. The past appears a transcended period, and the future a vast field of possibility which we shall yet explore to its farthestmost reach. How often have we heard it confidently proclaimed of late, that the fates did not have another great war in their urn for a humanity grown sober-minded and reflective; it was impossible in this age of enlightenment to revert to barbarism; man's advancing spirit would never turn back to beat ploughshares into swords; these are economic times, and capital would disdain to lend itself to the service of waste and destruction. Such things we have heard and others of like import. Yet behold the stupendous tragedy in Europe, a war well-nigh universal, now giving the lie direct to expectation. We have laid the flattering unction to our souls that evolution and progress are identical movements; scarcely a book

has come steaming from the press in recent years that did not bid us take heart and comfort from this smiling fallacy. But we have had a rude awakening. The wide-flung doors of the temple of Janus have shocked us back into the realization that the primitive is still much nearer than the millennium.

It seems strange, when we inquire into the matter, that we should have grown so over-confident. Nothing in the recent discoveries of science or in the improved ways of dealing with social problems, encourages the belief that the world is whirling on to universal betterment. The fact that evolution is the passing of things from a simple to a more complex state of existence does not necessarily imply that the passage is always one of perfection, and yet this is the unsupported assumption on which we have raised the unsubstantial fabric of a dream. It never seems to occur to us rhapsodical folk, drunk with the new wine of speculation, that decline is as clearly indicated in man's history as advance, and that evolution may go on for centuries, as in the case of polytheism, without so much as a beggarly inch of real progress to crown its course.

Not even on the Darwinian supposition of the survival of the fittest would it be true that the *best* survived. When the battle is to the strong and the race to the swift, bulk of body and fleetness of limb—no other qualities—need be the appanage of the victors. It may be true that in every normal social group a spirit of reform is brewing, but this fact does not justify a headlong leap to the conclusion that the desire for reform is universal. The presence of indifferent or actually resisting members in every group is an equally patent fact which must be taken into account. Wherever we look, we find our over-optimistic conclusions challenged and tempered by evidence to the contrary. The identity of evolution and progress must not, therefore, be too hastily assumed. All progress is indeed evolution, but not all evolution is progress. The terms are so far from being convertible that they may indicate directions as opposite and asunder as the poles.

Indifference and resistance, error and wrong, delusion and prejudice, war and waste, narrowness of mind and hollowness of soul, all these have their evolutions as well as truth and right, thrift and peace, fair-mindedness and justice. He would be a prejudiced observer indeed who failed to see that prejudice itself evolves, like all things else. Neither in the parliaments of nations nor in the council chamber of the individual mind do the ayes

always have it, and truth and right come forth triumphant from the conflict of wits, all-panoplied to run an upward course. Decadence has been known to enjoy its heyday of bloom quite as glowingly as civilization, though its tenure of life be shorter and the glitter of it all soon pales. There is no virtue or vice that cannot be put through a new set of paces. Murder may develop into a fine art, as De Quincey says, and thievery become so simple a means of transferring title to property as to do away with the embarrassing necessity of having the transfer legally recorded.

Evolution along the wrong road—what is to prevent it? Eliminate from progress the essential feature of a right sense of direction, and a man may take any path, mistaking it for the roadway to perfection, even turning aside into the moorlands of sense where will o' the wisps are flashing their messages of lure. Then, too, without a proper sense of direction, it is possible to have complete stagnation along the main line of advance, while all the side-lines are a-hum with activity and light—the phosphorescence of decay. Devious paths it is our privilege to follow, if we be so minded, and nothing brought to light thus far would indicate that we stand in any immediate danger of having the privilege withdrawn.

It is all very well, then, to define evolution as the passing of things from relatively simple stages to more complex conditions, but it is all very wrong to assume, in consequence, that this always means improvement, as if progress were bound to follow a straight ascending line. History shows no sign that man has traveled steadily upwards, and it cannot be rewritten to fit so overdrawn an idealization as this. History simply refuses to be read in the light of any such optimistic concept—more temperamental than scientific, it would seem, in its origin and inspiring power. That laws of progress exist, in the plural, none will be so foolhardy to deny. But a law of progress, in the singular—one that takes all men and things alike into its ameliorating sweep—such a sole and solitary law as this is not known to philosophy or to history, for the very good reason that there neither is nor can be one science of man and nature.¹

The current idea that progress is an automatic principle, working to improve us all in our own despite, could find credence only with those who see no difference in quality between man and

¹*Hibbert Journal*, April, 1913. "Is there one Science of Nature?" By Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

metals. Such an attitude is born of theory, not of observation. Nature and human nature have not yet been reduced to a single formula, nor is there any reason for believing that they ever will be. Neither the view that matter is "mind-stuff," nor that other view which declares mind matter and the world a huge machine, can by any stretch of logic be set down as self-commending. Panpsychism and pan-mechanism are each built upon the other's leavings. One takes matter and leaves spirit, the other takes spirit and leaves matter, so that the unity at which each arrives is forced and unnatural. The mechanist's way of thinking enjoys a wider vogue just at present than the psychist's. The hour-glass of speculation has been inverted, and the sands are running down from the spiritual to the physical. There is altogether too much overlooking, in recent literature and legislation, of the inner spiritual energies that *qualify* the physical, and make man a real shaper of his destiny—a cause, not a mechanical effect. When shall we recover from the fallacy of considering man an upheaval of nature, like the mountains and the hills? It is hard to say. At any rate, we are so much given nowadays to polishing the outside of the human cup that the interior, whence most of the social danger springs, does not receive the scouring it should. What boots it if we save man from all but that from which we most should try to save him—himself? For man is no machine, what though many of his actions and habits be mechanical. He is a free being, and daily giving evidence of the fact. The cause of truth and good is not served by painting him in profile as a creature of heredity, the product of environment, the resultant of preëxisting forces and conditions. All these may be limitations of the *exercise* of liberty—restrictions of the area of free choice—but they are far from amounting to an extinction of the faculty itself. Man still makes or unmakes himself fully as often as circumstances make or mar him. We live under "a reign of law," exclaims the social philosophers. We live under "a *rain* of law," says a gentle, not unsympathetic critic in rejoinder. One almost feels tempted to adopt the new spelling.

Progress has its rising and falling tides like the sea—its troughs and crests, its backing and filling waters. One who has lived for long by the ocean's edge knows how baffling a thing it is at times to distinguish the outgoing from the incoming tide. The same race of the undertow, apparently—the same lambency of wave, nay, the same lace-like showers of spray mounting and tumbling upon the cliffs, trouble the calculator's vision. His eye has to drop to the

shore line where the wet or drying sands determine truth. The student of the tides of history experiences a similar baffling of judgment. It is easy to mistake man in his downward courings for a creature slowly but surely climbing to the stars. Especially is this the case if one should start out with the assumption—created not by the fact of evolution, but by theories concerning its nature—that progress is a steadily rising tide that never ebbs. The demand of proof is sure to create the supply in this instance as in others, and the proof-hunter is likely to return from his search, as suspecting folk invariably do, with a bagful of false discoveries. He will see progress where it is not, and declare man facing forwards when his back is really to the sun. Instances apparently to the contrary will be turned into proof of his main assumption, everything marching onwards and nothing turning back. A mind filled with the prejudgment that progress is continuous and unbroken will find itself humming with the poet:

And I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

But poetry is not always history. If there be anything clearly incapable of scientific establishment, it is this *quantitative* theory of progress to which Tennyson gave classic expression in *Locksley Hall*. No such *steady* increase either of purpose or perfection is discernible in the history of human thought, or anywhere else, for that matter. Progress does indeed, nay, must, by its very nature, add to the past and perfect it: we are not questioning the fact of growth by addition, we are simply denying the theory that this growth is a thing unfailing. Whatever progress be, therefore, it is not a continuous rise. We do but cheat ourselves with words when we portray progress as a stream increasing in volume from the accession of new freshets, the further away it flows from the original springs.

History is more full of curves and tangents than of straight, unswerving lines. *Errando discimus*. Like the Charles which spells the last letter of its name in its meandering course, history nowhere runs true to preconception. There is lapse as well as rise, retreat no less than advance. Humanity no more walks towards perfection than it runs or crawls. We exegete metaphors and mistake the exegesis for historical description. The yardstick and the tape will not do for measure, because progress is not a matter of

inches, feet, or miles, but of improvement in outlook and in the qualities of mind, heart, and will, which an expanded vision, wholeheartedly accepted and translated into conduct, alone can bring.

Were progress really the constant mechanical law it is so often said to be, there would be no law like it in the calendar for ineffectiveness. It would have more defeats to its credit than victories, more failures than fulfillings, and its only title to admission would be the rather dubious one that it had all along been more honored in the breach than in the observance. Even if we granted, for the sake of argument, that man is a grain of star dust to which life and reason, organization and will, came by chance—picked up, as it were, along the way—his failure to remain true to type and obey the laws of mechanics, as befits a dutiful child of atomic origin, would constitute the scandal of the universe. Such disobedience, such waywardness, was never known before.

But we are inclined to suspect that the advocates of mechanism have mistaken uniformity for necessity, in their appeal to law as against freedom. Science indeed tells us that nature is uniform, and human nature, also, to a certain extent, but science does not say that either is an iron-bound necessity; only philosophers of a certain type would dare go the length of making that assertion. We would do well, therefore, to notice once for all that the absolute necessity of the world of men and things is not a fact proclaimed by science, but a theory proposed by certain philosophers who convert the scientific statement, Nature is uniform, into the philosophical thesis, Nature is necessary. Jevons has expressed this false conversion of propositions in so telling a simile that we cannot forbear reproducing it.

Let us imagine a game of chess in course of being played by invisible players in presence of a scientific philosopher who knows nothing about the game—or who assumes that he knows nothing—except what his senses tell him.

What he sees will be simply material chess-men moving in space. He may either consider them to be merely sense-phenomena, merely affections or modifications of his sense of sight and touch, or he may consider them to be real, material things. In either case he makes an assumption. The latter assumption leaves it quite an open question whether the reality is something insentient or is the expression of conscious will. The former precludes the question, *i. e.*, assumes that there is neither conscious will nor insentient matter behind them.

But in neither assumption is there anything to prevent the philosopher in question from studying the movements of the chess-men and the way in which at every move or moment they are redistributed. At first their movements would probably be rather bewildering; but in course of time he would note, we may assume, that Black never moved unless White had previously moved, and that any movement of White was followed by one on the part of Black. He might therefore be tempted to lay it down as a rule that Black never moved unless White moved first—that an effect never occurred without a cause; and that a movement of White was always followed by a move on the part of Black—that a cause was always followed by its effect. But if he yielded to this temptation he would be making an assumption, for—inasmuch as he professes to know nothing to begin with—he does not *know* that the pieces always will move in this way; he only knows (assuming that memory is not a mere delusion, as it may be, for anything he knows) that they have moved thus, not that they always will move thus. He may, however, assume that they will continue to move in this way. But with every fresh assumption he becomes less and less of an agnostic. He may, indeed, if he likes, further assume, not only that the pieces will move in this way, but that they must. This assumption does not, indeed, seem necessary; for if we know (or assume that we know) that they will follow this course, it seems superfluous to say that they must.

A closer study of the game would reveal—in addition to the invariable sequence of Black, White, Black—the fact that the various pieces had various properties and moved in various ways, some only one square at a time, some the whole length of the board; some diagonally, some parallel to the sides of the board. Further, our philosopher would observe that each piece when it moved tended to move according to its own laws: in the absence of counteracting causes, *e. g.*, unless some other piece blocked the way, a bishop tended to move diagonally the whole length of the board. As a man of science, he would state these observed uniformities in the hypothetical form rightly adopted by science: if a castle moves it tends to move in such and such a way. Thus eventually he would be able to foretell, whenever any piece began to move, what direction it tended, in the absence of counteracting causes, to take. He might not, indeed, be able to say beforehand which of White's pieces would move in reply to Black, but his knowledge of the game would eventually become so scientific that he would be prepared for most contingencies, *i. e.*, be able to say approximately where any

piece would move if it did move. That knowledge could be attained without making any assumption as to whether free-will or necessity was the motive force expressed in the game; and it would be equally valid whichever of the two assumptions he chose to make. His science would have nothing to hope or fear from either assumption.²

All of which goes clearly to show—be it noted, for this is the point—that laws and regularities, so far from being incompatible with *purpose* in nature, are actually the very channels, means, and instruments through which purpose finds expression and is carried out. The emergence of the world from the original fire-mist into the distinct order, beauty, and arrangement which it has to-day would, if true, be as cogent an argument for finality as that drawn from special instances. The dire consequences apprehended from the theory of natural selection all dissolve as if by magic in this larger view. Purpose is seen to be purpose still, whether it work its ends out slowly through mechanical agencies, as in the case of natural selection, or at once and in a flash. All purely physical explanations are, therefore, superficial and incomplete. It is indefensible to claim that human variability is reducible to absolute and mechanical necessity. The history of man should not be treated as if it were a problem in pure mechanics—a part of the field of higher mathematics. It has its automatic side, undoubtedly, this problem of man, but not such by any means as to shake one's faith in human freedom. Psychology is not physics, nor men machines. It is time we were done so speaking as if everything that was or ever will be were resolvable into matter and motion.

From floating elements in chaos hurl'd,
Self-formed of atoms, sprang the infant world:
No great *First Cause* inspired the happy plot,
But all was matter—and no matter what.
Atoms, attracted by some law occult,
Settling in spheres, the globe was the result:
Pure child of *Chance*, which still directs the ball,
As rotatory atoms rise or fall.
In ether launched, the peopled bubble floats,
A mass of particles, and confluent motes,
So nicely poised, that if one atom flings
Its weight away, aloft the planet springs,

²*Evolution*. By F. R. Jevons, pp. 175, 176, 179, 180.

And wings its course through realms of boundless space,
Outstripping comets in eccentric race.
Add but one atom more, it sinks outright,
Down to the realms of Tartarus and night.

Or this, in more serious vein, from Arbuthnot:

What am I? How produced, and for what end?
Wherefore drew I being? To what period tend?
Am I the abandon'd orphan of blind chance?
Dropped by wild atoms in disordered dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of *unthinking* substance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a Cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws.

It is only within recent years, comparatively speaking, that attempts have been made to discover a formula for progress, and with indifferent success. The formulas vary from the circle, the vertical line, and the spiral, to the wave, the curve, and the germ. Vico revived the ancient circular theory—so distasteful to St. Augustine—that progress is nothing more than the doubling-back of men and things, in perpetual round, upon their original tracks. There is nothing new under the sun. All things return whence they came, to go forth again upon the same unending journey. Sisyphus rolling his huge stone up the hill, only to see it roll back again to the valley every time he reached the top, typified this conception in the nether world of the ancients. Of a piece with this was the excuse a bright lad gave for his absence from school on a stormy day. It was slippery; and with every step taken forward he slipped back three, the result being that he found himself home again, notwithstanding all his efforts to advance. Goethe did not like the circularity theory of progress, and said so plainly; but he did not wholly escape from its pessimistic clutch; he merely retouched the notion, made it more elastic, so to speak, when he compared man's course in history to the ever-widening circle of ripples which one sometimes sees ruffling the bosom of a pool, as if some mysterious kind of spider were there at work, weaving a watery web of vast dimensions.

Then came the champions of the vertical theory, with their conception of progress as regular and continuous—ever up and on. But a man had to forget that history is full of ruin, failure, lapse,

and thwarted achievement, before he could accept so iridescent a dream of human perfectibility as this; and the consequence was that the coil theory soon displaced the vertical—progress is a road that winds in spirals like a screw-thread. But Tylor who proposed this view was evidently not satisfied with the analogy chosen. He saw fit later to change the comparison from a spiral to that of a column of smoke slowly curling in a thin ribbon heavenwards, after hovering for a while, as if undecided, about the parent fire. The wave theory had its adherents, too, and, truth to say, it fits the facts of history more closely than either of the last two mentioned, being less stiff and geometrical than they, and more in accord with man's varying moods and tenses. For there is something of the sea and its restlessness unquestionably about him, something of its mounting and tumbling waters in his periodic rise and fall.

Last, but not least, came the germ theory: progress is organic—the unfolding of a germ. There is much to be said in favor of this formula, much also to be said against it. Acceptable when its sense is defined, determined, and limited, it becomes the veriest of inventions when made to stand for unlimited possibility. A definite germ, say, of man or beast, of flower or plant, the dullest of us may understand. But a germ of such indefinite nature, such unlimited possibility that, though in itself next to nothing, it is none the less capable of becoming everything, all the way up from *amœba* to man, and beyond even him to a superior grade of being yet to be—a germ of this plenipotentiary kind would be a more stupendous miracle than any of those which religion asks us to accept. It is inconceivable to the understanding, however much it may fill the imagination with insidious deceit and false suggestion. Indefinite progress—the idea, namely, that we shall eventually come to know all truth and to compass every good—is gnosticism and optimism run wild. As thus proposed, the germ theory is the old vertical theory in disguise—translated from the terms of geometry into those of biology, and no better in the translation than in the original. We must not imagine that we are entirely out of the woods of analogy and metaphor when we speak of progress as a “germ.” The comparison may lead us into the supposition, already shown to be groundless, that human progress is a long lane that knows no turning.

Theories apart, the fact unmistakably revealed in history is that man has two tendencies in his constitution—a downward and

an upward. These form a duality which, try as we may, we cannot reduce to unity. Organic as man's nature is, his powers are not organized for harmonious interaction. His reason is subject to the invasion of the senses, and his will may prove a reed in the winds of passion. And whether or not you admit that this disorganization is the result of original sin, as the Christian doctrine of man proclaims, you must acknowledge the fact, whatever explanation be adopted, and take it into account in your theory of progress.

One might even go further, without fear of successful contradiction, and say that the philosophical methods of the last three centuries have increased this disorganization a hundredfold, by forbidding all intercourse between faith and knowledge, intellect and sense, science and religion, ethics and economics. Has it been a help or a hindrance to progress, this turning of man's mind into a house still more divided? The question will be answered in due course. But before quitting this part of our theme which has to do with the formulas of progress, let us add to those already mentioned one that appealed to St. Augustine as a true and just description. He says that man's gait appears "lame and halting" all through history, in consequence of the wound inflicted upon him by original sin.³ One might easily go further and fare worse than by adopting this analogy.

From what we know of man's disorganized constitution and halting course in history, it is plainly apparent that his progress has been by fits and starts, not by layer on layer and tier on tier of steady achievement the ages through. So far from being ordinary and regular, progress is a rare and exceptional fact, thus standing out in marked contrast to the universal process of evolution. Humanity has clung to dead levels, it has fallen to rise, and risen to fall again, repeatedly. This fact of intermittency is acknowledged by men of all schools of thought in their more disciplined moods. But, strange to say, the admission does not seem to have any practical influence on their thought or writings. These still proceed on the supposition that the newest is the truest, the latest unflinchingly the best. The progressiveness of an idea, principle, or institution is determined by the date of its appearance, the time of its emergence in human consciousness. In other words, progress is still regarded as a constant law of improvement. Kant's philosophy is thus made to appear as a marked advance over all others, and the principle

³*Contra Iulianum*, Lib. V. *Illo vulnere factum est ut totum genus claudicaret humanum.*

of religious indifference as a higher level of thought than that of positive religion!

So many instances of this complacent self-assurance are current, that this study was undertaken to point some of them out, and to stir up a spirit of criticism against the things we take for granted and regard as "critically established." Fixed notions control us to a greater extent than we imagine or care to avow, and good may come from a realization of the fact. We have associated with progress many notions and principles which, so far from being stepping-stones to higher things, and landmarks of man's journey upwards, are cases, rather, of failure to develop. The remainder of this study will accordingly be devoted to a consideration of special instances. The idea of progress will define itself through concrete example and illustration as the subject unfolds, and this, we hope, will prove a more effective way of handling the theme than if we started out with a definition and hewed down all dissenters. After all, it is not so much results that count as the processes of reaching them. The best method of teaching is indubitably that which makes the listener see and recognize the truth, before the teacher has actually stated it for him in formal propositions. It was the Master's way.

COÖPERATION A PARTIAL SOLVENT OF CAPITALISM.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



INTEREST is not a reward for labor. The majority of interest receivers do, indeed, expend productive energy, as wage earners, salaried employees, directors of industry, or members of the professions; but for these social services they obtain specific and distinct compensation. They get interest solely in their capacity as owners of capital, independently of any personal activity. From the viewpoint of economic distribution, therefore, interest is a "workless income." As such, it seems to challenge that ethical conception which relates reward to effort, and looks upon income derived from any other source either as not perfectly normal, or as requiring explanation. Moreover, the modern practice of interest taking enlarges and tends to perpetuate serious economic inequalities, and absorbs a very large part of the national income. And yet, interest cannot be wholly abolished. As long as capital remains in private hands, the owners thereof will demand and obtain interest. The only alternative is Socialism, and Socialism would bring in more evils than it would eliminate. May not the burdens and disadvantages of interest be mitigated or minimized? Conceivably this could occur in two ways: the sum total of interest payments might be reduced, and the incomes derived from interest might be more widely distributed.

No considerable diminution of the amount of interest can be expected through a lowering of its rate. As far back as the middle of the eighteenth century, Holland and England were able to borrow money at three per cent. During the period that has since intervened, the rate has varied from three to six. Between 1870 and 1900, it declined by almost two per cent, but has risen about one per cent since the latter date. The European war now in progress is destroying an enormous amount of capital, and will undoubtedly be followed by a marked rise in the rate of interest. Such has been the invariable result of great military conflicts. On the other hand, the only definite grounds upon which a decline in the rate can be expected are either uncertain or unimportant. They are: the rapid

increase of capital, and the extension of government ownership and operation of natural monopolies.

The first is uncertain in its effects upon the rate of interest, because the increased supply of capital is often neutralized by the process of substitution. That is, a large part of the new capital does not compete with and bring down the price of the old capital. Instead, it is absorbed in new inventions, new types of machinery, and new processes of production, all of which take the place of labor, thus tending to increase rather than diminish the demand for capital and the rate of interest. To be sure, the demand for capital thus arising has not always been sufficient to offset the enlarged supply. Since the industrial revolution, capital has, at certain periods and in certain regions, increased so rapidly that it could not all find employment in new forms and in old forms at the old rate. In some instances a decline in the rate of interest can be clearly traced to the disproportionately quick growth of capital. But this phenomenon has been far from uniform, and there is no indication that it will become so in the future. The possibilities of the process of substitution have been by no means exhausted.

The effects of government ownership are even more problematical. States and cities are, indeed, able to obtain capital more cheaply than private corporations for such public utilities as railways, telegraphs, tramways, and street lighting; and public ownership of all such concerns will probably become general in the not remote future. Nevertheless, the social gain is not likely to be proportionate to the reduction of interest on this section of capital. A part, possibly a considerable part, of the saving in interest will be neutralized by the lower efficiency and greater cost of operation; for, in this respect, publicly managed are inferior to privately managed enterprises. Consequently, the charges to the public for the services rendered by these utilities cannot be reduced to the same degree as the rate of interest on the capital. On the other hand, the exclusion of private operating capital from this very large field of public utilities should increase competition among the various units of capital, and thus bring down its rewards. To what extent this would happen cannot be estimated, even approximately. The only safe statement is that the decline in the general rate of interest would probably be slight.

The main hope of lightening the social burden of interest lies in the possible reduction in the necessary volume of capital, and especially in a wider distribution of interest-incomes. In many parts

of the industrial field there is a considerable waste of capital through unnecessary duplication. This means that a large amount of unnecessary interest is paid by the consumer in the form of unnecessarily high prices. Again, the owners of capital and receivers of interest constitute only a minority of the population in all countries, with the possible exception of the United States. The great majority of the wage earners in all lands possess no capital, and obtain no interest. Not only are their incomes small, often pitifully small, but their lack of capital deprives them of the security, confidence, and independence which are required for comfortable existence and efficient citizenship. They have no income from productive property to protect them against the cessation of wages. During periods of unemployment they are frequently compelled to have recourse to charity, and to forego many of the necessary comforts of life. So long as the bulk of the means of production remains in the hands of a distinct capitalist class, this demoralizing insecurity of the workers must continue as an essential part of our industrial system. While it might conceivably be eliminated through a comprehensive scheme of state insurance, this arrangement would substitute dependence upon the state for dependence upon the capitalist, and be much less desirable than ownership of income-bearing property.

The workers who possess no capital do not enjoy a normal and reasonable degree of independence, self-respect, or self-confidence. They have not sufficient control over the wage contract and the other conditions of employment, and they have nothing at all to say concerning the goods that they shall produce or the persons to whom their product shall be sold. They lack the incentive to put forth their best efforts in production. They cannot satisfy adequately the instinct of property, the desire to control some of the determining forms of material possession. They are deprived of that consciousness of power which is generated exclusively by property, and which contributes so powerfully toward the making of a contented and efficient life. They do not possess a normal amount of freedom in politics, nor in those civic and social relations which lie outside the economic and political spheres of industry and politics. In a word, the worker without capital has not sufficient power over the ordering of his own life.

The most effective means of lessening the volume of interest, and bringing about a wider distribution of capital is to be found in coöperative enterprise. Coöperation in general denotes the unified action of a group of persons for a common end. A church, a

debating club, a joint stock company, exemplifies coöperation in this sense. In the strict and technical sense, it has received various definitions. Professor Taussig declares that it "consists essentially in getting rid of the managing employer;" but this description is applicable only to coöperatives of production. "A combination of individuals to economize by buying in common, or increase their profits by selling in common,"¹ is likewise too narrow, since it fits only distributive and agricultural coöperation. According to C. R. Fay, a coöperative society is "an association for the purpose of joint trading, originating among the weak, and conducted always in an unselfish spirit." If the word "trading" be stretched to comprehend manufacturing as well as commercial activities, Fay's definition is fairly satisfactory. The distinguishing circumstance, "originating among the weak," is also emphasized by Father Pesch in his statement that the essence, aim, and meaning of coöperation are to be found in "a combination of the economically weak in common efforts for the security and betterment of their condition."² In order to give proper connotation for our purpose, we shall define coöperation as that joint economic action which seeks to obtain for a relatively weak group all or part of the profits and interest which in the ordinary capitalist enterprise are taken by a smaller and different group of persons. This formula puts in the foreground the important fact that in every form of coöperative effort, some interest or profits, or both, are diverted from those who would have received them under purely capitalistic arrangements, and distributed among a larger number of persons. Thus it indicates the bearing of coöperation upon the problem of lightening the social burden of interest.

From the viewpoint of economic function, coöperation may be divided into two general kinds, producers' and consumers'. The best example of the former is a wage earners' productive society; of the latter, a coöperative store. Credit coöperatives and agricultural coöperatives fall mainly under the former head, inasmuch as their principal object is to assist production, and to benefit men as producers rather than as consumers. Hence from the viewpoint of type, coöperation may be classified as credit, agricultural, distributive, and productive.

A coöperative credit society is a bank controlled by the persons who patronize it, and lending on personal rather than material security. Such banks are intended almost exclusively for the rela-

¹ *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

² *Lehrbuch der Nationalökonomie*, III., 517.

tively helpless borrower, as the small farmer, artisan, shopkeeper, and the small man generally. Fundamentally they are associations of neighbors who combine their resources and their credit in order to enable their members to obtain loans on better terms than are accorded by the ordinary commercial banks. The capital is derived partly from the sale of shares of stock, partly from deposits, and partly from borrowed money. In Germany, where credit associations have been more widely extended and more highly developed than in any other country, they are of two kinds, named after their respective founders, Schulze-Delitzsch and Raiffeisen. The former operates chiefly in the cities, serves the middle classes rather than the very poor, requires all its members to subscribe for capital stock, commits them to a long course of saving, and thus develops their interest as lenders. The Raiffeisen societies have, as a rule, very little share capital, exist chiefly in the country districts, especially among the poorest of the peasantry, are based mostly on personal credit, and do not profess to encourage greatly the saving and lending activities of their members. Both forms of association loan money to their members at lower rates of interest than these persons could obtain elsewhere. Hence credit coöperation directly reduces the burden of interest.

The Schulze-Delitzsch societies have more than half a million members in the cities and towns of Germany, sixty per cent of whom take advantage of the borrowing facilities. The Raiffeisen banks comprise about one-half of all the independent German agriculturists. Some form of coöperative banking is well established in every important country of Europe, except Denmark and Great Britain. In the former country its place seems to be satisfactorily filled by the ordinary commercial banks. Its absence from Great Britain is apparently due to the credit system provided by the large landholders, to the scarcity of peasant proprietors, and to general lack of initiative. It is especially strong in Italy, Belgium, and Austria, and it has made a promising beginning in Ireland. In every country in which it has obtained a foothold, it gives indication of steady and continuous progress. Nevertheless it is subject to definite limits. It can never make much headway among that class of persons whose material resources are sufficiently large and palpable to command loans on the usual terms offered by the commercial banks. As a rule, these terms are quite as favorable as those available through the coöperative credit associations. It is only because the poorer men cannot obtain loans from the commercial banks on the prevail-

ing conditions that they are impelled to have recourse to the coöperative associations.

The chief operations of agricultural coöperative societies are manufacturing, marketing, and purchasing. In the first-named field the most important example is the coöperative dairy. The owners of cows hold the stock or shares of the concern, and in addition to dividends receive profits in proportion to the amount of milk that they supply. In Ireland and some other countries, a portion of the profits goes to the employees of the dairy as a dividend on wages. Other productive coöperatives of agriculture are found in cheese making, bacon curing, distilling and wine making. All are conducted on the same general principles as the coöperative dairy.

Through the marketing societies and purchasing societies, the farmers are enabled to sell their products to better advantage, and to obtain materials needed for carrying on agricultural operations more cheaply than would be possible by isolated individual action. Some of the products marketed by the selling societies are eggs, milk, poultry, fruit, vegetables, live stock, and various kinds of grain. The purchasing societies supply for the most part manures, seeds, and machinery. Occasionally they buy the most costly machinery in such a way that the association becomes the corporate owner of the implements. In these cases the individual members have only the use of the machines, but they would be unable to enjoy even that advantage were it not for the intervention of the coöperative society. Where such arrangements exist, the society exemplifies not only coöperative buying, but coöperative ownership.

Agricultural coöperation has become most widely extended in Denmark, and has displayed its most striking possibilities in Ireland. Relatively to its population, the former country has more farmers in coöperative societies, and has derived more profit therefrom than any other nation. The rapid growth and achievements of agricultural coöperation in the peculiarly unfavorable circumstances of Ireland constitute the most convincing proof to be found anywhere of the essential soundness and efficacy of the movement. Various forms of rural coöperative societies are solidly established in Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland. In recent years the movement has made some progress in the United States, especially in relation to dairies, grain elevators, the marketing of live stock and fruit, and various forms of rural insurance. The coöperative insurance companies effect a saving to the Minnesota

farmers of seven hundred thousand dollars annually, and the coöperative elevators handle about thirty per cent of the grain marketed in that State.

The transformation in the rural life of more than one European community through coöperation, has amounted to little less than a revolution. Higher standards of agricultural products and production have been set up and maintained, better methods of farming have been inculcated and enforced, and the whole social, moral, and civic life of the people has been raised to a higher level. From the viewpoint of material gain, the chief benefits of agricultural coöperation have been the elimination of unnecessary middlemen, and the economics of buying in large quantities, and selling in the best markets, and employing the most efficient implements. As compared with farming conducted on a large scale, the small farm possesses certain advantages, and is subject to certain disadvantages. It is less wasteful, permits greater attention to details, and makes a greater appeal to the self-interest of the cultivator; but the small farmer cannot afford to buy the best machinery, nor is he in a position to carry on to the best advantage the commercial features of his occupation, such as, borrowing, buying, and marketing. Coöperation frees him from all these handicaps. "The coöperative community is one in which groups of humble men combine their efforts, and to some extent their resources, in order to secure for themselves those advantages in industry which the masters of capital derive from the organization of labor, from the use of costly machinery, and from the economics of business when done on a large scale. They apply in their industry the methods by which the fortunes of the magnates in commerce and manufacture are made." These words, uttered by a prominent member of the Irish coöperative movement, summarize the aims and achievements of agricultural coöperation in every country of Europe in which it has obtained a strong foothold. In every such community the small farm has gained at the expense of the large farm system. Finally, agricultural coöperation reduces the burden of interest by eliminating some unnecessary capital, stimulates saving among the tillers of the soil by providing a ready and safe means of investment, and in manifold ways contributes materially toward a better distribution of wealth.

Coöperative stores are organized by and for consumers. In every country they follow rather closely the Rochdale system, so-called from the English town in which the first store of this kind

was established in 1844. The members of the coöperative society furnish the capital, and receive thereon interest at the prevailing rate, usually five per cent. The stores sell goods at about the same prices as their privately owned competitors, but return a dividend on the purchases of all those customers who are members of the society. The dividends are provided from the surplus which remains after wages, interest on the capital stock, and all other expenses have been paid. In some coöperative stores non-members receive a dividend on their purchases at half the rate accorded to members of the society, but only on condition that these payments shall be invested in the capital stock of the enterprise. And the members themselves are strongly urged to make this disposition of their purchase-dividends. Since the latter are paid only quarterly, the coöperative store exercises a considerable influence toward inducing its patrons to save and to become small capitalists.

In Great Britain the vast majority of the retail stores have been federated into two great wholesale societies, one in England and the other in Scotland. The retail stores provide the capital, and participate in the profits according to the amounts purchased, just as the individual consumers furnish the capital and share the profits of the retail establishments. The Scottish Wholesale Society divides a part of the profits among its employees. Besides their operations as jobbers, the wholesale societies are bankers for the retail stores, and own and operate factories, farms, warehouses, and steamships. Many of the retail coöperatives likewise carry on productive enterprises, such as milling, tailoring bread making, and the manufacture of boots, shoes, and other commodities; and some of them build, sell, and rent cottages, and lend money to members who desire to obtain homes.

The coöperative store movement has made greatest progress in its original home, Great Britain. In 1910 about one person in every four was to some degree interested in or a beneficiary of these institutions. The profits of the stores amounted to about sixty million dollars, which was some thirty-five or forty per cent on the capital. Their employees numbered more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand. The English Wholesale Society was the largest flour miller and shoe manufacturer in Great Britain, and its total business amounted to one hundred and thirty million dollars. Outside of Great Britain, coöperative distribution has been most successful in Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland. It has had a fair measure of development in Italy, but has failed to assume any

importance in France. "There is every sign that within the near future—except in France—the stores will come to include the great majority of the wage-earning class, which is a constantly growing percentage of the total population."⁸ Within recent years a respectable number of stores have been established on a sound basis in Canada and the United States. Owing, however, to the marked individualism and the better economic conditions of these two countries, the coöperative movement will continue for some time to be relatively slow.

As in the case of agricultural coöperation, the money benefits accruing to the members of the coöperative stores consist mainly of profits rather than interest. In the absence of the store societies, these profits would have gone for the most part to middlemen as payments for the risks and labor of conducting privately owned establishments. Forty-seven of the sixty million dollars profits of the British coöperative stores in 1910 were divided among more than two and one-half million members of these institutions, instead of going to a comparatively small number of private merchants. The other thirteen million dollars were interest on the capital stock. Had the members invested an equal amount in other enterprises they could, indeed, have obtained about the same rate and amount of interest; but in the absence of the coöperative stores their inducements and opportunities to save would have been much smaller. For it must be kept in mind that a very large part of the capital stock in the coöperative stores is derived from the members' dividends on their purchases at such stores, and would not have come into existence at all without these establishments. The gains of the coöperative stores, whether classified as profits or as interest, are evidently a not inconsiderable indication of a better distribution of wealth.

⁸Fay, *Coöperation at Home and Abroad*, p. 340.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

VALENCIA, AND MAY.

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN.

I.



THE *Huerta*, warm and content in the sun—Valencia's luxuriant garden-plain, with everywhere the fresh, cool water of life coursing through the canals, arteries to the ruddy soil! Among tiny fields of growing green plants and plots of bearded grain already turning to gold, the orange and lemon rise opaque, and the pomegranate, bright with flame-like flowers. The little *barracas*, with gleaming whitewashed walls and gray thatched roofs and crosses on steep gables, sit brooding peacefully among olives and figs.

Valencia, with blue-tiled domes, and ruddy roofs and towers, and cheerful white and tinted walls, rising in a bower of planes from the bosom of the *Huerta*! Valencia, and May—with leafy plazas and shady gardens, and graceful white kiosks where cooling drinks are dispensed by pleasant-faced women with flowers in their hair, and quiet people, soft-stepping and sandal-shod, moving through genial streets in a fragrant atmosphere.

Valencia, and May, and the moon—the moon of Valencia! “And Greece, poor little Greece,” so runs a line in the Barcelona press, “*la Grecia se quedò con la luna de Valencia*—Greece came off with the moon of Valencia!”—with much of brightness and glory, but little of substance. But who would not think Valencia's moon a prize worth warring for?—hanging high and cool, throwing thick, black shadows under the orange trees, setting the sea a-sparkle with dancing light, turning the harbor and the Lake of the Albufera to sheets of silver, and dropping balmy benediction on the sleeping town.

Valencia, and May, and the *sereno*! In some of the more old-fashioned cities of Spain—so you are warned—your rest may be disturbed by the *sereno*, calling the hours of night. You *have* been thus disturbed—in quaint old many-towered Avila—and to your deep delight; and here again, in Valencia, you are waked at two by the measured and long-drawn chant:

Son las dos: se-re-no!

A minute more, and the light fall of the hempen-sandalled foot is lost, and the next cry comes faint from beyond the nearest corner, like a disembodied voice. And again, at half-past three:

Son las tres y treim-ta: se-re-no!

Ah, blest disturbance! You turn in bed, half-conscious, and with a smile fall asleep once more in the arms of poesy.

Valencia, and May, and the eve of Corpus Christi! To-day at noon will peal the bells of all Valencia's sanctuaries, the innumerable explosions of the long *traca* will come careering up the street, and the cavalcade will follow; and to-morrow, at six of the evening, the Sacred Host will be borne along in the greatest of Valencia's processions. The huge Giants and the *Roques* are already under the awnings in the Cathedral Plaza, the cynosure of thousands of pairs of Valencian eyes. And to-day, too, is the *Fiesta del Rosal*, the Festival of the Rose-tree—a Valencian Arbor Day.

Valencianos! the proclamation runs, in language native to none but Mediterranean shores:

Valencians! The Circle of the Fine Arts bids you forth to the *Fiesta del Rosal*, to take place on Wednesday, the twenty-first of May, at four of the afternoon.

'Twill be a feast of the open heart, and for it you must clothe with white your souls, unrobing them of every manner of hardness.

A number of little maids, hundreds of little maids, like a cortège of white lilies, will pass beneath your balconies. It is May, it is Valencia: in their hands they will carry rose-trees, which they will plant at the foot of the statue of the greatest of our geniuses. With them will pass poesy.

Make gay with flowers your abodes, and let the Festival of the Rose-tree be like the song of a city that smiles at the kisses of the sun, flowering out with pride each year in a springtime of women and roses.

II.

Valencia, and May, and Corpus Christi! "We find ourselves in the classic day of Valencia," says the morning press. The rising of the golden sun, over sea and harbor and *Huerta*, is greeted by the pealing of all the bells in all Valencia's temples. In the cool of the early forenoon is the *Fiesta del Clavel*—the Feast of the Carnation, at home in Valencia as nowhere else in all the world. Charming

señoritas in mantillas fill the streets with the color and fragrance of their floral burdens, in charity's name selling their wares to a population that could not resist if it would, and would not if it could.

And then to the great cathedral and to all the parishes, where the solemn rite is performed in dim, religious light made still more dim and mystic by clouds of rising incense, and where shafts of warm color from storied windows penetrate the cool obscurity, and touch with purple and red the gold-embroidered robe of the ministrant. The rich and the poor kneel together—to-day not on the marble pavement, but on a carpet of holy verdure that softens all the floor and charges the air with fragrance.

Again, at noon, the clamor of every bell as that in the lofty *Miguelite* signals the hour of twelve; again, the countless explosions along the fuse that marks the route of the coming cavalcade—an uproarious career of noise that leaves a train of smoke and excitement, and little Valencians trying in vain to equal its pace; later, the cavalcade itself once more, between long masses of upturned faces that have patiently scanned the length of the street for an hour past. There are banners and bands, and mummers and maskers bringing back the Middle Age; and there is the venerable Chaplain, bravely bestride his horse despite the white hair of eighty years, pronouncing the sacred invitation to all the city. There is the Mystery of the Flight into Egypt, with Joseph in halo, and little Mary in blue and white and lace, with stars on her robe and the Child in her arms, and the Three Magi with all their brilliant retinue, and more bands and banners, and the city's great men in carriages, preceded by ushers with mighty wigs and ponderous maces, and the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor, and knights-at-arms, and the Car of Valencia, full of rosy-cheeked Valencian girls who shower confetti on delighted crowds as they pass.

And then home to lunch—or, at least, to a short siesta; for eating matters little to-day—and out again to Vespers; and then to the plaza at half-past four to see the *Roques* begin their solemn progress through the city after the two days' waiting under the awnings that screen them from the sun—the *Roques*, that have figured in this same wise on this same day for hundreds of years: the *Purísima*, life-size in blue on a giant car with Mary Magdalen, and the Trinity on another car; and Faith, and Valencia, and Fame; and St. Vincent, the great Valencian priest, and St. Michael; and Pluto, a hideous monster with trident, committing Envy, and Avarice, and all their like, to everlasting fires.

When the *Roques* have passed—slowly, as becomes their hoary age and immensity, and their dignity as teachers of the Truth—an interval elapses before the greatest procession of all. The crowd melts partially away, and promenaders fill the streets. But it is not long before the throngs along the well-known route begin to thicken again, and window and balcony begin to blossom out in faces. Soldiers pass, and commence to form a lane. A monster two-wheeled cart rolls by at snail-like pace, men strewing the pavement from it with the holy herb like that on the great cathedral floor, and files of soldiers keep free from promenaders the space it clears in passing.

At six, the lane is complete, and the lines of blue and red that are topped with bayonets face each other across the fragrant empty space, with dense expectant throngs pressing close at their backs. Above, the windows frame clusters of faces, and the flowering out of balconies is finished now—in women and girls with roses and carnations in their hair, and lilies in their bosoms, and dancing eyes, and teeth that gleam through the curving lines of smiling red lips. There is little noise, and no impatience, and little restlessness. There are no explosions of gaiety. You could not call it even merriment. It is only Valencian joy.

And now, suddenly, from the near-by corner comes the call of bugles. There is a lull in the soft laughter of the crowd, and a murmur of expectation takes its place. With soldiers leading the way, the first banners emerge from the dimness of the narrow street, and are seen advancing, as if unaided, above the heads of the populace. Behind them come dwarfs with monstrous grotesque masks, and following these, in wondrous contrast, the giants that stood in the plaza with the *Roques*—huge figures fifteen feet high, portraying different races, all in proper attitude and garb. Mirth ripples along the lane: the mincing step is so strange in the mighty forms. Yet the mirth is no more than a ripple, for the figures are symbols, and their purpose to edify.

And then, for an hour and thirty minutes, with solemn step and solemn mien, in perfect decorum in spite of the hour of distance already traversed, the really serious part of the great procession passes—a multitude of Christs and Saints and Virgins, in statue and picture, on platforms and in tabernacles, embowered in lilies and lighted by soft lamps, festooned with roses yellow and white and red, or jingling with little bells as they are borne along on the shoulders of men and boys; con-

fraternities of youths and men and boys in regalia of every color; associations of monks and laymen and priests; boy bands and men bands, almost in scores; crosses and candles and banners; symbolic figures of giant golden eagles with live doves in their mouths, and lions in halos, and venerable Hebrew prophets, priests, and kings, and rugged Roman soldiers, and the two explorers from the Land of Promise with the wondrous clusters of grapes; and Christ and Thomas, and John the Baptist, and St. Martin giving away his cloak, and Mary, six feet high, with a sword, and the charming little Infant Jesus, two feet high, sitting on a throne and extending two fingers in benediction, while confetti and blessings descend in showers from the balconies above; and civic dignitaries in gala dress; and military dignitaries in gorgeous uniforms, with brilliant orders covering their breasts; and finely mounted Spanish cavaliers; and twenty-six men in wigs of gray, and beards, and crowns, with giant candles half a foot thick and eight feet high; and never-ending crucifixes, candles, and banners, borne by stately priests; and the bishop with his retinue, and his throne carried along behind; and priests and acolytes swinging quaint old mediæval censers that cloud the now twilit street from house to house with mystic smoke—and, finally, most solemn of all, the most holy Body of Christ Himself, heralded by shrill trumpets, in majesty advancing through the clouds as a wave of motion travels the lines of the multitude at the bending of every knee.

When the populace has risen again, and the final squadron of *caballeros*, in tall bearskin caps and plumes and gorgeous uniforms, on finely caparisoned horses that understand the spirit of the hour and step as solemnly and measuredly as the priests themselves, has passed by into the dim lane of incense, the lines of military red and blue are seen to break; the multitude dissolves with quiet geniality, and goes to its homes through streets now lighted for the night.

Later, there will be promenading under the bright lamps of street and garden, and throngs in the plaza to hear the band play, and to feast the eye on the Holy Chalice, symbol of the day, made of a thousand colored lights. It will be twelve when the last note is heard, and it will be one before the streets are clear. At three, the moon of Valencia will have climbed to the zenith, and all that she will see of life in the city of roses and women will be the *sereno*, treading the pavement in hempen sandals, and crying the hour:

Son las tres: se-re-no!

A MOTHER OF JUDAS.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.



THESE lay under the blaze of unclouded sunlight. Streets of dazzling whiteness, sky of intensest blue, air of keen, vitalizing crispness radiated energy and cheer. Yet the human figures hurrying by were, more often than not, swathed in black and bowed beneath the insignia of grief. Their footsteps were leading them towards the Metropolitan Church, where a solemn liturgy was being sung in commemoration of the recently concluded peace. The Liberator-King, the Queen of the Greeks, the Diádochos, and the chief dignitaries of the court and government were present, together with people of all ranks and conditions.

Among the black-robed figures passing through the portals of the basilica walked the widow of Christóforos Frankoudis, who, in the disastrous war with Turkey of 1897, had died the death of a hero, and been buried with highest military honors. His widow, therefore, had the right to hold her head high in the assembly of patriotic men and women of Greece, and she did so. Nevertheless, as she passed with proud bearing and grave, steady eyes, those about her fell back a little and glanced pityingly towards her. Many murmured, "Poor woman!" Others turned awkwardly away, as if fearing to encounter those grave, proud eyes. For Anna Frankoudis, widow of a hero of 1897, was the mother of an only son, that Pavlos Frankoudis who, in 1913, had been tried by court-martial, condemned and hanged before Salonika as a traitor!

Proudly and gravely, the widow took her place on that side of the church reserved for women. She had unflinchingly given all she had to Greece, doing her duty as a Greek woman should do. She had a right to rejoice with her country when it rejoiced, and to mourn with it when it mourned. The God of Greece was her God, the Greek Orthodox Church was her Church, and her place was among those women of Athens who had assembled to mourn their dead, to glory in their victory, and to give thanks for the return of peace. Standing not far from her was the family of her sister Eirene. But how different was the lot of the two sisters!

Eirene, wife of Andreas Sofio, was likewise in black, for she

mourned the loss of her youngest son, also named Pavlos. But this son had fallen gloriously on the field of battle, leading a charge against the Bulgarians at the outbreak of the Second Balkan War. Her husband and three surviving sons stood by her side, and the young widow of Pavlos Sofio nursed a blooming boy of the same name at home.

Anna Frankoudis stood alone. No husband, no son supported her, no grandchild in whom to centre rosy hopes of the future lay in its cradle at home. Her only boy slept in a dishonored grave, his name execrated of all true Greeks!

The divine liturgy had commenced, the ancient liturgy of the Eastern Churches—the Mass of St. John Chrysostom. The Metropolitan of Athens, in dalmatic and pallium, standing before the three-doored *Eikonostasis*, uplifted the book of the Gospels, and blessed the people. The deacon, in alb and stole, intoned the litanies with their solemn petitions for peace from on high, for peace in all the world, for the salvation of the souls of men, for deliverance from all evils. And after each petition the people's cry went up to heaven, "*Kyrie, eleison!* Lord, have mercy!"

"Remember also, O Lord, those who have fallen asleep in the hope of the resurrection unto eternal life!"

Sobs broke from black-robed figures as they thought of their beloved heroes lying in their martial graves, and they murmured: "Give them rest, O Lord, that they may see the light of Thy countenance shine upon them!"

No organ, no instrument of music lent its aid to waft the prayers and chants of the faithful to the throne of the Most High. The trained choir of male voices sang, in the haunting barbaric scale, the chants and harmonies of the East; while the people, familiar from infancy with the liturgy, sang the responses fervently in unison.

The *Eikonostasis*, the high rood-screen, with its three doors and its sacred pictures, divided the main body of the church from the sanctuary, the "holy of holies." On the right side of the church, facing the icon of the Saviour, stood the men. On the left, before the icon of the Mother of Sorrows, stood the women.

The icon of the Madonna, painted in the flat Byzantine style against a gold background, represented the Mater Dolorosa, gazing in anguish at the thorn-crowned head of the dead Christ lying against her knees. A sword pierced her heart, her hands were raised in supplication to heaven. Round about the painting was the inscription, "*Oh, all ye who pass by, look and see if there be*

any sorrow like unto my sorrow!" Many were the sorrowing mothers standing before this icon mourning the loss of sons. But they mourned not without consolation. Rather was their grief crowned with a sacred, patriotic joy, that they had been found worthy to sacrifice to God and country their dearest treasures. But among them was one who, alas! could not know this high and holy consolation, who could have no share in the triumph that softened grief! "Mother of Christ!" moaned the proud and bitter heart of Anna Frankoudis, "my sorrow is greater than your sorrow! Your Son was the Holy One of Israel! How can you understand such grief as mine? How sorrow as I, whose son was an outcast and a traitor, never to be forgiven or redeemed?"

"Come! let us adore and bow down to Christ!" chanted the clergy. "When Thou didst condescend to death, O Life Immortal! then didst Thou stay hell with the lightning flash of Thy Divinity; and when Thou didst raise the dead from the world below, all the powers of the heaven cried out: 'O Christ, our God, the Lifegiver! glory be to Thee!'"

And the choir, in jubilant response, sang three times the Trisagion hymn: "*Agios O Theós! Agios Ischyrós! Agios Athánatos! eleison emas!* Holy God! Holy Strong One! Holy Immortal One! Have mercy on us!"

A bitter smile curled the lip of Anna Frankoudis.

"For the Son of Mary, death was but the gateway to immortal glory! What have I in common with you, O Mother of the divine Christ? You are called blessed among women from one age to another, while I, though gladly offering my son's life for his people, am an object of scorn and shame, a very leper among women!"

Never had she asked for wealth or glory or long life for her only son. She had solely prayed that he might be strong and God-fearing, serving his country in all honor. To this end she had directed his ideals, formed his principles, and strengthened his will. And yet he lay in a traitor's grave! He had not even died courageously, as many criminals and traitors die, but had wept and cursed, crawling abjectly before his judges. Only spare his wretched life, and he would go into perpetual exile, ridding Greece of his miserable presence forever!

The unhappy woman's eyes turned to where her sister Eirene stood—Eirene with her living husband, her three stalwart boys, her little grandchild in his cradle at home, and her hero son lying in his honored, flower-decked grave. Again a wave of bitterness flooded the heart of Anna Frankoudis. By what evolution of justice,

human or divine, had her son become a traitor, and Pavlos, son of Eirene, a hero? For this nephew, Pavlos Sofio, had been a thorn in her side from his infancy. Two years older than her Pavlos, he was the spoiled darling of a large family. In all the boyish rivalries and disputes between the two cousins and playmates, Pavlos Sofio had ever been upheld by his elders. His word had been accepted before his cousin's in every question of veracity arising between them, till he had grown up a bully and a liar, always ready to justify himself at the expense of his younger, fatherless, and brotherless cousin. And on coming to manhood he had, by his misrepresentations and calumnies, alienated from his cousin the young girl whom Frankoudis had loved from childhood, and won her for himself!

Yet, it was this Pavlos Sofio who, by a signal act of heroism at the outbreak of the Second Balkan War, had saved the day for the Greeks before Salonika, leading a gallant charge, and falling at the head of his troop. His body, mangled almost beyond recognition, had been rescued by his men, and borne home in triumph for honorable, public burial. And on the very day of his glorious death, wept and praised by his countrymen, his cousin, Pavlos Frankoudis—"the only son of his mother, and she a widow"—had been tried for his life, found guilty of bartering with Bulgarian plotters to betray Salonika into their hands, and had been hanged before the walls of that city. His dishonored body had been flung into a ditch. His grave was unmarked, shunned, accursed of men!

Amid the jubilant alleluias of the cherubic hymn, the "great entrance" was now made. Surrounded by bearers of incense and lights, the Metropolitan and the deacon, carrying the paten with the bread and the chalice with the wine, entered the holy of holies through the royal door of the *Eikonostasis*, and laid the gifts upon the altar, as Joseph of Arimathea had laid the body of Christ in the new-made tomb, amid costly spices and linens and ointments.

The bishop then blessed the people, crying out to them: "Lift up your hearts on high and give thanks to the Lord! Sing, cry aloud, and proclaim the song of victory!" and choir and people responded, singing thrice the "Hosanna in the Highest" to the thrice-holy God.

The prayer of consecration was pronounced in Christ's own words over the bread and wine, and the Sacred Host, called in Eastern Churches "The Lamb," was lifted on high. The people prostrated themselves to the ground in adoration of "the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world," striking their breast thrice,

and repeating together their solemn profession of faith in the sacred mystery:

"I believe, O Lord, and I confess that Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God, Who didst come into the world to save sinners. O Son of God! give me to-day a share in Thy mystic Supper, for I will not betray Thee with a kiss, as did Judas, but like the repentant thief I will confess to Thee: 'O Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!'"

In the tortured ears of Anna Frankoudis, one word alone rang out above all the rest—"Judas!" She stood as one turned to stone.

Judas! Judas! Judas! Had she given birth to a Judas? Had she nursed a Judas at her breast? Had she lulled a Judas to sleep in her arms, loved him, prayed over him, endured much for him, only that he might in the end betray his Master, perish on a gibbet, and lie in an outcast's grave? *Judas!* Had Judas a mother? Had the mother of Judas lived to know of his black deed? Had she loved her son even as Anna Frankoudis had loved her boy? God pity the mother of Judas! She heard nothing more. The holy, comforting words of the communion, the humble joy of the thanksgiving, fell upon deaf, insensible ears.

The divine liturgy drew to its close. The clergy came out from the holy of holies, standing before the royal door.

"Now let us depart in peace! in the name of the Lord!" chanted the bishop.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord, now and unto the ages of ages!"

"And may Christ, our true God, have mercy on us! May He preserve us and all the faithful of this church for many years!"

"*Eis polla eti, Déspota!* For many years, O Master!" the people replied. And thus they were dismissed.

Slowly the immense congregation filed out of the basilica. But Anna Frankoudis still stood before the icon of Mary the Mother of Jesus, with tightly-compressed lips and hard, defiant eyes.

"What do you know of my anguish, O sinless Mother of an all-holy Son?" she muttered sullenly. "You mourn the Holy One of Israel; I mourn *Judas!*"

The patient eyes of the sorrowful Mother gazed down at the thorn-crowned head of her reviled and murdered Son. Her mild lips seemed to say as of old: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word!"

Was this silent, submissive, mournful handmaid of the Lord the woman who had cried out in ecstasy: "My soul doth magnify

the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour! For He that is mighty hath done great things unto me!" What were those "great things" which the Lord had done unto Mary, His chosen Mother on earth?

Wandering far from home in poverty and distress, without where to lay her head, she had been driven from the doors of men to seek refuge among the beasts of the field. She had brought forth her first-born Son in the squalid poverty of a stable, and had laid Him in a lowly manger amid the cattle. She had risen and fled with Him into distant Egypt before the terrors of the massacre of the Innocents. Seven weary years of exile and homelessness followed, then the return to Nazareth with its years of poverty, obscurity and humble toil—the prophecy of the "sword of sorrow" ever in her ears. Later had come separation from the beloved Son. She had seen Him misunderstood, persecuted, followed only by the poor, the ignorant, and the sinful; had seen Him condemned as a malefactor, and put to torture and shameful death! She had stood at the foot of His Cross and had heard Him reviled by the mob. She had received His dead, broken Body in her arms. She had laid Him in the tomb amid the terrors of earthquake and darkness. Mother of Sorrows! Were *these* the "great things" which the mighty God had prepared for the birth-giver of "His Beloved Son in Whom He was well pleased?" Truly, this woman had known every mortal anguish, save that of *sin*! Ah! that was the supreme difference! The Crucified Son of Mary was the innocent "Lamb of God!"

Anna Frankoudis' hands gripped each other convulsively.

"Sorrowful Mother!" she protested. "If I might only know, as you knew, that my son was innocent, then I could bear my grief! The world might still hold him guilty, but I would no longer complain. Make my sorrow like unto your sorrow, and I will ask for no greater joy!"

She turned slowly away, slowly walked forth from the sacred portal. There was but one refuge for her in these cruel days. In the cemetery, without the city, slept the body of Christóforos Frankoudis, her heroic husband. Thither she now wandered, and through the long hours of the afternoon until evening closed in, she sat by his grave praying for her dead—one the hero, and one the traitor; one blessed and one accursed of men!

"God is all merciful! He alone knows what passed in the heart of my unhappy son," she thought. "He does not judge as men judge!"

Here in the peaceful city of the dead, the world and its judgments seemed very far away. A great calm came upon her soul. In this atmosphere of another life, it seemed as if she might even forget those who condemned and scorned her beloved.

She lifted her eyes and glanced at the nearby grave, laden with flowers and tokens of love and honor, where Pavlos Sofio slept his hero's sleep. Rising, she came and stood beside it, moved by some unconscious instinct. She even stooped to arrange some fallen flowers with tender touch, as a mother might do—as she might have done to her own boy's grave! And the vision of her son in the days of his brave, bright, young innocence floated before her eyes. All else was forgotten!

"Pavlos! my little boy!" she murmured, "thy mother loves thee still! loves thee still! Her breast is still thy shelter!"

At dusk she rose and came slowly back into the noise and movement of the city of the living. She had eaten nothing since early morning: it was now evening and she felt faint and chilled. At the door of her house her maid met her.

"An officer is waiting your return, Lady," she said.

Anna Frankoudis entered the lighted sitting-room. A tall, heavy figure in uniform advanced to meet her. She recognized General Konstantinos Perdikáris, a former friend of her husband, aide-de-camp to the King, and one of those who had been in command at Salonika at the time of her son's arrest. He stood before her and bowed gravely.

"I have come to right a great wrong!" he announced, without preliminaries of greeting or speech.

"My son?" she asked, hoarsely.

"Pavlos was the true son of his father and mother," he declared. "You gave to your country a hero!"

"And you hanged him?" she gasped, with flashing eyes.

"No!" he replied sternly. "We hanged a traitor who deserved his fate!"

For a moment she was conscious of nothing but confusion in her ideas. "I do not understand," she stammered faintly.

"Your son perished at the head of his cousin's troop, in the glorious charge that turned the Bulgarian flank and saved Salonika! He lies yonder, near by his father, in an honored grave!"

She groped for a chair and sat down. Her head swam. She could not seem to understand. General Perdikáris seated himself by her side, talking simply and plainly as to a child.

"The Colonel of Sofio's regiment was wounded in the battle that night and lay unconscious for weeks; he is now recovering and has been brought to Athens for treatment," he explained. "To-day he suddenly asked for your son. I was sent for, and broke to him what I supposed to be the truth. He exclaimed, 'Impossible! Physically impossible! The night you arrested your man in Salonika, Frankoudis arrived at camp, and reported to me the Bulgarians' plan of attack. We at once marched to intercept their column, and I placed Frankoudis at the head of his absent cousin's company in the van of our attacking column.'" The General paused. "You know the glorious end," he added gently.

The widow passed her hand confusedly across her brow. "It is not quite clear," she hesitated. "Where was Pavlos Sofio?"

"In Salonika, on leave of absence, consummating his treachery!" he replied, bitterly; then, seeing her still speechless and confused, continued:

"There was a strong family resemblance between the two young men. When Frankoudis presented himself before Sofio's Colonel, the latter took him momentarily for his cousin come to report for duty. He soon saw his mistake, acting at once on your son's information. But, in the confusion of the sudden night march, Frankoudis was everywhere taken for his cousin, even by Sofio's own men. Undoubtedly he let them remain under this impression to save his cousin's honor. The Colonel, who alone knew the truth, was too ill to correct the error till now."

"And how," she asked, hoarsely, "how had my son learned of the planned attack?"

"We know from two Bulgarian officers who are our prisoners. They came into Salonika that evening to seek the Greek officer with whom they were making their treacherous bargain, and whom they knew simply under the name of 'Lieutenant Pavlos.' They met, as they supposed, their man, and informed him of the completed arrangements. When the interview was over and he had left, each expressed surprise at the changed demeanor of the young officer. They had attributed it to seeing him for the first time in uniform, he having been more or less disguised at their former interviews. But they now grew uneasy, suspecting that they had betrayed their plans to the wrong man. It was their subsequent inquiries about the identity of 'Lieutenant Pavlos' that led to the arrest and court-martial of the man we now know to have been Pavlos Sofio."

"But," she cried, intent and eager, "Sofio might have saved

himself by giving his right name and throwing the blame on my dead son!"

"It was impossible to save himself! He was identified as their accomplice by the Bulgarians whom we had taken in custody, and incriminating papers were found on his person. Whatever name he might go under, there could be no manner of doubt as to his identity with the traitor. He tried to shelter himself under the excellent record of Frankoudis as his best chance for mercy, but they made short shrift of him."

"And you have learned all this to-day, for the first time?" she asked, in low, awe-struck tones.

"Since noon to-day," he replied. "As soon as it was made clear, I came straight to you. It was the King's wish that you should learn the truth without loss of time. To-morrow it will be publicly proclaimed. Your son's memory will be cleared, and his name will go down to posterity as that of a hero, and the son of a hero!"

Anna Frankoudis sprang to her feet, she flung out her arms and clasped her hands in exultation.

"Oh, my boy! my noble, glorious boy!" she cried, almost hysterically. "Oh, Pavlos, my little son! my good brave lad! O God, I thank Thee that his honor is unstained! Let me cry aloud to all the world, 'You did not know him whom you condemned! My son was innocent! He was dead in shame, but is now alive in glory! He was lost in dishonor, but is now found in honor!'"

She fell on her knees, sobbing wildly. She, who had not shed a tear since she first had heard the tale of dishonor, was now weeping with joy. The cross of ignominy had been lifted from her heart. Through her tears she glanced joyfully, thankfully to heaven.

"Mother of Sorrows, you heard my complaint!" she murmured. "With all my grateful heart and soul I bless you and give you thanks that my prayer is answered!"

Her prayer! What, then, had been her prayer?

The heart of Anna Frankoudis stood still in consternation! Had she not challenged the sorrowful Mother? Had she not bargained with her? Had she not declared: "*If I might only know my son was innocent the world might still hold him guilty, and I would not complain! Make my grief like unto your grief, and I ask for no greater joy.*"

This, then, had been her compact with heaven! Her sincerity

was being put to the test that she herself had appointed! She had the knowledge of her son's innocence, nay more, his King knew it! his commanding officers knew it! She had received over and above what she had asked. Could she, then, in honor refuse her part; refuse to bear in uncomplaining silence the lesser grief that she had bargained for? She gasped for breath; a band seemed to tighten round her heart. Oh, God! How could this be asked of her? Was it not her last, holiest duty to her dead son to clear his name, to establish his honor before men? She staggered to her feet and looked wildly, appealingly about her.

General Perdikáris, who had withdrawn to the window in silent respect for her emotion, now came forward.

"I can understand the flood of relief, of joy," he said kindly. "I know what you must have suffered. It has been happiness for me to lift this burden from your noble heart. And now," he added with a sigh, "I must take your cross and lay it upon the heart of another mother in Greece."

"No!" came the sharp cry. "*She must not be told!*"

The General looked at her in silent astonishment.

"She must not be told!" reiterated Anna Frankoudis. "Let things remain as they are! I would not wish even a mother of our enemies to suffer what I have suffered."

The General hesitated. "I do not know if the King will permit," he began. "He will wish justice done—"

"Listen!" she cried. "My son left none to bear his name. There is none to share his shame but his mother alone. For the sake of Pavlos Sofio's young widow and little son, let matters stay as they are! Did not my boy die to save his cousin's honor? For all their sakes who bear his name, let nothing be said! It is better one should suffer than many! As for me, the Mother of Sorrows and her crucified Christ will be my aid. Let all remain as it is!"

General Perdikáris looked into the luminous eyes, the proudly smiling lips of the woman before him, her glorified countenance bathed in the peace which passeth understanding—the peace of those whom God consoleth!

"Heaven bless you, Anna Frankoudis, valiant woman of Greece!" he cried, bowing low before her. "The God of armies sustain you! You have chosen an heroic part, and great will be your reward in heaven!"

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO ON THE CAUSES, EFFECTS, AND PRECISE NATURE OF SCHISM.

BY HUGH POPE, O.P.

Securus Judicat Orbis Terrarum!

"He shall judge those, too, who give rise to schisms,.....who look to their own special advantage rather than to the Unity of the Church; and who for trifling reasons, or for any kind of reason which occurs to them, cut in pieces and divide the great and glorious Body of Christ.....For no reformation of so great importance can be effected by them as shall compensate for the mischief arising from their schism." St. Irenæus, *Adv. Hær.*, IV., xxxiii. 7.



THE Kikuyu controversy which was treated at length in the pages of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, is now almost forgotten. But it must be remembered that this controversy and consequent discussions arising from it served to bring into prominence certain views which have been gaining ground in the Anglican Church. Ideas which were in a more or less fluid state are now hardening into crystals. One of these ideas is that of the "catholicity" of a certain section of the Church of England—a sentence which, as we are well aware, will not bear logical analysis, but which will serve our purpose. By a curious turn of the wheel the very phrase which stands at the head of these pages, and which was used many years ago¹ as a lever against the High Church party, has now become their watchword;² *Securus judicat Orbis terrarum!* The phrase has a certain imperial ring, and "empire" seems—in a sense—to spell "catholicity."

It will be worth while, then, to inquire under what circumstances the phrase was used by St. Augustine, and what part it played in the great Donatist controversy.

This controversy covered some thirty years of Augustine's life, and we have no less than twelve treatises from his pen on the subject. These consist of a hymn, sermons, disputations, and formal treatises, so that we have a wealth of material at our disposal.³ It goes without saying, that in so protracted a contro-

¹Cardinal Wiseman, *The High-Church Claims*, No. 5, being Tract 19 published by the Catholic Institute of Great Britain.

²*Church Times*, January 2, 1914, p. 24.

³It may be as well to set down here the titles of these various treatises in chronological order as far as can be ascertained.

versy the same points come up again and again. The true issue is often obscured, for the Donatists were adepts at drawing the proverbial red herring across the path—as Augustine has occasion to remind them more than once. But as the ground is cleared certain points stand out, and while some arguments are allowed to drop, others are insisted on with ever renewed force.

The first point, then, was the definition of schism.

What precisely is schism? Is schism a question of locality? Or is it a question of doctrine? And if a question of doctrine, is it a question of fundamental doctrine or merely a question of minor importance—like the Sarum rite as against the Roman, for instance?

It is curious that Faustus the Manichæan should give us quite a correct definition of schism: "You have dubbed us a schism of the heathen," he complains to Augustine, "and not a sect. Now a schism, if I mistake not, means that a man thinks the same as others do, and worships in the same fashion as they do, but it pleases him to split up the congregation. Whereas a sect means that a man thinks very differently from others, and institutes a form of divine worship which is very unlike theirs."⁴ Augustine, as usual, puts the matter far more pithily: "You are a schismatic," he says to Gaudentius, "by your sacrilegious separation; you are a heretic by your sacrilegious doctrines."⁵ Again he asks: "How do schismatics differ from heretics?" And he answers: "It is not different faith that makes the schismatic, but the broken bond of union."⁶

(a) *Psalmus contra Partem Donati*, written about the close of the year 393, *cp. Retract.*, I., xx.

(b) *Contra Epistolam Parmeniani*, three books, c. 400, *cp. Retract.*, II., xvii.

(c) *De Baptismo contra Donatistas*, c. 400; *cp. Retract.*, II., xviii.

(d) *Contra Literas Petilianæ Donatistæ Cirtensis Episcopi*, c. 400, *cp. Retract.*, II., xxvi.

(e) *De Unitate Ecclesiæ, seu Epistola ad Catholicos contra Donatistas*, c. 402.

(f) *Contra Cresconium Grammaticum partis Donati*, c. 406, *cp. Retract.*, II., xxvi.

(g) *De Unico Baptismo contra Petilianum*, c. 410, *cp. Retract.*, II., xxxiv. (This is not the work referred to in the subsequent pages under the title *Contra Petilianum*; for which see under (d) *supra*.)

(h) *Breviculus Collationis cum Donatistis*, c. 411, *cp. Retract.*, II., xxxix.

(i) *Ad Donatistas post Collationem*, c. 412, *cp. Retract.*, II., xl.

(j) *De Gestis cum Emerito Casarensi Donatistarum Episcopo*, c. 418, *cp. Retract.*, II., xl. We should add to this the *Sermo ad Casarensis Ecclesiæ Plebem, præsentem ipso Emerito*.

(k) *Contra Gaudentium Donatistarum Episcopum*, c. 420, *cp. Retract.*, II., lix.

(l) *Sermo de Rusticano Subdiacono, re-baptisato a Donatistis et nunc Diacono*, date uncertain.

⁴*Contra Faustum*, xx., iii. Schism and sect are, of course, etymologically the same, but *secta* is here used of heresy as distinct from *schism*.

⁵*Contra Gaudentium Donat. Episc.*, II., x.

⁶*Quæst. XVII.*, Qu. I. 1-2.

He is careful, too, to distinguish bad Catholics from heretics and schismatics.⁷

Schismatics are not wholly bad: "In so far as they agree with us, they are one with us; but they have departed from us just so far as they disagree with us."⁸

So much for the meaning of schism; it is *separation*. What are its causes? In estimating Augustine's words we must remember that he had seen the Donatist schism spring up; for years he had witnessed with aching heart the ravages it was working in the African Church.

They could never have done this (*viz.*, separate off from the *Orbis terrarum*) unless they were mad with swelling pride, or poisoned with jealousy, or corrupted by worldly ease, or rendered perverse by carnal fears. From all these causes it has come to pass that good people are falsely charged with crimes, or false accusations are rashly accepted against good people, or even that bad folk—who have been tolerated for the sake of the bond of unity, and who do no harm to the good folk—have been most perversely compelled to flee. For flee they must when the peace subsisting amongst good folk has been broken up by men who hesitate not to disturb the wheat—arrogating to themselves before the harvest the office which the Angels are only to perform at the harvest.⁹

In these last words Augustine puts his finger on the true cause of all schism. "For they say that with them alone is justice to be found!"¹⁰ And again: "What have the tares to do with the wheat?" is your most arrogant motto, not ours." "All those who have split off from Christ's Unity boast that they alone are Christians and damn all the rest—not merely those who know their quarrel, but those too who have never even heard their names!"¹¹

How often we hear similar pleas alleged in justification of what took place at the Reformation!

Yet Augustine insists that there never can be any legitimate cause for such separation. He takes his stand on the Parable of the Tares; they were not to be rooted up, *lest perhaps you root up the wheat together with it the harvest is the end of the*

⁷ *Sermo*. V., i.

⁸ *De Baptismo. contra Donatistas*, I., ii.; *cp.* I., x.

⁹ *Contra Epistolam Parmeniani*, III., xviii.

¹⁰ *Contra Parmen.*, I., xix.

¹¹ *Contra Cresconium*, IV., lxxi., *cp. Ep. XCIII.*, xxxvi.; *Contra Parmen.*, I., xix.; *Sermo*. IV., xiv., xvi.; St. Matthew xiii. 24-42.

world. *And the reapers are the Angels.*¹² Hence his noble declaration:

I am in that Church the members of which are all those Churches which, as we know from the Canonical Writings, were founded and established together by the labors of the Apostles. Their communion, whether they be in Africa or wheresoever they be, I—with the help of the Lord—will never desert. If in this communion there ever were *Traditores*¹³ I will, when you shew them to me, execrate them, for they are dead, body and soul. But not for the sake of them that are dead will I ever separate myself from the living who abide in the holy Unity of that same Church. For these dead ones did not found the Church; if they were good, then were they wheat in her; if bad, then were they straw in her. But as for you, whom neither the tares nor yet the straw that is in this Church—which is so manifest to all—could ever defile, what is the cause of your separation save a hankering after sacrilegious schism? But you retort, “If these things displease you, then denounce them! Then fly away, leave the Church of the *Traditores*. Decline to follow in the footsteps of your erring ancestors!” But I answer: “If those men were not *Traditores* then were they my ancestors; if they were *Traditores*, then were they not my ancestors. For I hold that the Church is full of wheat and straw. . . . I fly from the straw lest I, too, become straw; I fly not the threshing-floor lest I become naught!”¹⁴

Similarly, after quoting many passages from Scripture against the sin of schism, he says to Parmenias:

We have brought forward these arguments from Holy Scripture so that it may be clear that there can be naught graver than the sacrilege of schism. For there is no necessity which justifies a man in rending the bond of unity. The good tolerate the bad—who can never work them any spiritual harm—lest these bad folk should be spiritually separated from the good; anxiety to preserve peace moderates or postpones severe discipline; though this same severity manifests itself in times of security when it is clear that, without fear of causing schism, things can be healthfully corrected by the Church’s judgments.¹⁵

¹² Matt. xiii. 29, 39.

¹³ *Traditores* was the name given to those who, under stress of persecution, delivered up (*tradiderunt*) copies of the Scriptures. The Donatists alleged as the ground of their separation that the African Church tolerated these *Traditores*.

¹⁴ *Contra Cresconium*, III., xxxix.

¹⁵ *Contra Parmeniam*, II., xxv.

The Church, he insists, is quite able to purify herself if need be;¹⁶ a fact which schismatics never grasp. They always seem to imagine that the Church needs them. As though the Church needed anybody!

If St. Augustine is severe when speaking of the causes of schism, he is terrible when portraying its effects. It is worse than idolatry;¹⁷ worse than the sin of the *Traditores*;¹⁸ worse than murder;¹⁹ worse than sacrilege²⁰—indeed he generally speaks of schism as *the* sacrilege;²¹ to cause schism is a worse act than that of those who crucified Christ;²² it merits eternal punishment;²³ it may well be termed “the sin against the Holy Spirit;²⁴ it is hateful to God;²⁵ even though baptized, schismatics cannot have the Holy Spirit.²⁶ But it is for the stupendous folly of schism that Augustine reserves his irony. He dwells on the contempt into which schismatics fall: “It is manifest that all who separate themselves from unity become but few. They are many—yes, but only in Unity, when not separated from Unity! They are reprobates from God’s Church, and all the more contemptible in that they were desirous of being princes; they are become salt without savor, cast out of doors and, therefore, trodden under foot.”²⁷ Schismatic churches become sterile, and so while Augustine speaks of the “philtres” of heretics, the “confusion” of paganism, the “blindness” of Judaism, he insists on the “languor” of schism.²⁸ Schism is absurd. If you alone claim to be spotless, he urges against the Donatists, then you will have to say that “the Christian name has perished from the *Orbis terrarum* and is to be found in Africa alone!”²⁹ “Save for the Donatist faction, the wheat has perished throughout the *Orbis terrarum*!”³⁰

In his controversies with the Donatists this expression, *Orbis terrarum*, recurs again and again. Indeed it serves as the keynote to the whole controversy, or rather we should say to St. Augustine’s share in it, for the Donatists themselves never attempted to face the difficulty. For Augustine this phrase supplied the lever, on the

¹⁶ *De Vera Religione*, VI., i.

¹⁷ *De Baptismo contra Donat.*, I., x.

¹⁸ *Contra Petil.*, III., iv.

¹⁹ *Contra Cresconium*, IV., lxii. *Contra Petil.*, II., xlv.

²⁰ *De Baptismo contra Donat.*, II., ix. *Contra Parm.*, I., vii., viii., xiv.; III., i. *Contra Petil.*, II., cxlvi.

²¹ *Contra Petil.*, II., cxlvi. *Contra Parm.*, III., i., etc.

²² *Enarr. in Ps. XXXIII.*, Sermo. II., vii.

²³ *Ep.* CLXXXIII., vi.

²⁴ *Contra Cresconium*, IV., x.

²⁵ *Ep.* XLIII., xxiv.; LXXXVII., iv.

²⁶ *Sermo.* LXXI., xxxii.; *Sermo.* CCLXIX., ii., iii.

²⁷ *Enarr. in Ps. CVI.*, xiv.

²⁸ *De Vera Religione*, V.

²⁹ *Contra Parmen.*, II., 2.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, II., xxxviii.

application of which the whole Donatist position crumbled away. The Donatists had separated themselves off from the main body of the Church, chiefly on the ground that the Church was corrupted by the presence in her midst of the *Traditores*. They thus claimed to be a purer body than that which they had left; in their own words they were the wheat, the rest were the tares; or they were the wheat, the rest were but the straw.

In refuting their pretensions St. Augustine first of all lays down that the Church must needs be synonymous with the *Orbis terrarum*, and this he proves from the Old Testament as well as from the New.⁸¹ Petilian, he says, does not reflect "that there is no more doubt that that is the Church of Christ which is spread abroad throughout the whole world—since this very feature was so long ago truly prophesied of her—than there is any doubt that Christ was to be betrayed by one of His disciples—since that, too, was equally prophesied."⁸² And not only in prophecy but in actual fact the Church is synonymous with the *Orbis terrarum*; thus, commenting on the words: *I have declared Thy justice in the Great Church*,⁸³ he asks: "How great?" and he answers: "*Toto Orbe terrarum!*" And again he asks: "How great?" and he answers: "*In omnibus gentibus!*"⁸⁴

The consequence is inevitable: All who separate themselves from the Church separate themselves from the *Orbis terrarum*. The only alternative will be to maintain that they themselves were that *Orbis terrarum*. The Donatists dared not do this, "You were afraid when the multitude of the *Orbis terrarum* was compared with your multitude."⁸⁵ "The odor of the Church is fragrant among all nations, but they who oppose us would fain confine that fragrance to a corner of Africa!"⁸⁶ Thus were the Donatists shut up to the conclusion that they had separated themselves off from the Church of the *Orbis terrarum*. It was an odious conclusion, and they struggled hard to avoid it. They even ventured to dub the Catholics "Macarians," because Macarius had fought so strenuously against them. This roused St. Augustine's ire.

The Donatists, then, could not say that they were the Church of the *Orbis terrarum*; they were compelled to allow that they had left it. But what an appalling conclusion to arrive at—or rather to be driven to! It meant the denial of Scripture and tra-

⁸¹ See *Contra Petil.*, III., lxii., and *Contra Parmen.*, III., xxiv.

⁸² *Contra Petil.*, III., xli.

⁸³ Ps. xxxix. 10.

⁸⁴ *Enarr. in Ps. XXXIX.*, xv.; cp. *Contra Petil.*, II., ccxlvii., and *Ep.* CCVIII., vi.

⁸⁵ *Contra Petil.*, II., cvi.

⁸⁶ *Ibid.*, III., vii.

dition. "You are uncertain where the Church is! But we are certain that no one can justly separate himself from the communion of all the nations, for the simple reason that none of us seeks to find the Church in his own righteousness but in the Divine Scriptures, and, as was promised, she can easily be seen."³⁷ Again: "If when you leave this world you are still separated from the Unity of the Body of Christ, bodily virginity will avail you nothing!"³⁸ "The testimonies of the Divine Scriptures—so crowded and so clear in favor of the Catholic Church—are, to your grief, dumb for your claims!"³⁹ And this conclusion to which the Donatists were driven meant that the Church must have perished from the *Orbis terrarum* as we have seen; but it meant even more than this. For, to be logical, the Donatists should have claimed the right to summon the *Orbis terrarum* before their tribunal. "Shew us, then, your tribunal where you sit, so that the *Orbis terrarum* may stand before you!" says Augustine to Petilian.⁴⁰ Moreover their position involved the rejection of the Baptism of the *Orbis terrarum*; why else did they re-baptize those who came to them?⁴¹ Again, theirs was the position of the unknown condemning the known, and condemning it on grounds which they could not possibly verify. In separating themselves from the *Orbis terrarum* on the ground that they themselves alone were just, they put themselves in an awkward predicament. The passage where St. Augustine most forcibly urges this must be given as a whole:

Woe to the blind guides and blind followers! Do not people who say such things as these men say, fear lest perchance somewhere in all the length and breadth of the *Orbis terrarum* where Christ's faith and Name is spread abroad, just men, in some region far removed from Africa, may have done just what these (Donatists) do, only long before these latter separated themselves off; with the result that these Donatists themselves are living in that very contagion of defilement from which those aforementioned had already fled? For who guar-

³⁷ *Ep.* XCIII., xxvii., xxviii.

³⁸ *Ep.* CCVIII., vii.

³⁹ *Contra Petil.*, III., xii., and *cp.* St. Irenæus, *Adv. Har.*, III., ii., 2, "When confuted from the Scriptures they turn round and accuse these same Scriptures..... when we refer them to that tradition which originates from the Apostles, and which is preserved by means of the succession of presbyters in the Churches, they object to tradition, saying that they are wiser, not merely than the presbyters, but even than the Apostles, because they have discovered unadulterated truth..... It comes to this, therefore, that these men do now consent neither to Scripture nor to tradition!"

⁴⁰ *Contra Petil.*, II., cxii.; *cp.* especially *Contra Parmen.*, III., xxi.

⁴¹ *Contra Parmen.*, III., xxi. and xxiv.

antees, who makes them secure that—on the supposition that such a separation ought to be made—it has not already been made, and this so far away as to be unknown in Africa; just as in those remote regions the Donatist faction is unknown? Perchance they will say that this can be no prejudice to them since they were ignorant of it? But then it could be no prejudice to those distant lands not to know what was done in Africa—even supposing that the crimes which they lyingly attribute to the Africans were really committed. But if they maintain that such a separation could not be unknown to themselves had it taken place, then let them say that throughout the *Orbis terrarum* there has been schism! But my question is perhaps too wide: let then the Carthaginian Donatists, those Donatists, that is, who live in Carthage, let them say into how many parties the Donatist faction itself has been split in Numidia and Mauritania, of all which splits they must know the causes. Lest perchance in those same regions some just people may have avoided the congregation and society of their own wicked folk and may have gone out thence lest they should touch the unclean thing, lest they should converse with criminals. And this they must do lest perchance some years back the wheat may have already separated itself off in some corner of Numidia or Mauritania, and they themselves (the Donatists) may have remained “straw” and not known it!

Now how can they be secure on this point save on the supposition that they are certain that they who separate themselves off from the unity of the Donatist communion, which is spread throughout the whole of Africa, could not have been good people! For, if they tolerated the existence of certain wicked folk in their neighborhood because they could not point them out to others, they ought rather to have tolerated them than separate themselves off from so many innocent folk whom they could not persuade of other people's sins—even though they themselves knew them well. Why, then, was not a similar innocence attributed to the *Orbis terrarum* of so great a multitude of nations wheresoever Christ's heritage is clear; so that Christ's heritage might be certain and secure that those who say they are good and separate themselves off from the Unity of the whole earth thereby shew what they really are? For they seem to be just—and they despise others! Therefore they sing not the *New Song*, for they are uplifted by the pride of “the old man.” They are separated off from that Communion to which it was said: “*Sing to the Lord a New Song; let all the earth sing to the Lord!*” If they were truly just they would

also be humble. But if humble, then, even though truly bad folk were shewn to be in their neighborhood, they would love to tolerate for the charity of Christ those whom they cannot expel from the Unity of Christ.

But how can they justly judge about those wicked folk near by whom they denounce, when with such rash blindness they incriminate people unknown to them and living far away from them? For whether they really know the guilt of their fellow-citizens and neighbors whom they denounce—is a thing quite uncertain to the *Orbis terrarum*. But, that by a rash blindness they have separated themselves off from those whose lives—since they dwell at a great distance from them—they could not possibly know, this is a thing quite certain to the *Orbis terrarum*. Again, that with praiseworthy patience the wicked are to be tolerated lest hidden good folk should be condemned—this too is a thing quite certain to the *Orbis terrarum*. Wherefore with security does the *Orbis terrarum* judge that they are not good who separate themselves off from the *Orbis terrarum* in whatsoever part of the *Orbis terrarum*.⁴²

This was the classic passage which so disturbed Cardinal Newman when Wiseman drew his attention to it. The doctrine is clear: if you separate from unity, then all security and certainty disappear for you; whereas the unity from which you have separated remains perfectly certain that you are in the wrong! Which is precisely the case at this present day with all the separated Churches. They dare not claim certainty or security, hence they demand a universal tolerance. But Rome claims absolute certainty and security; and she demands absolute and unconditional submission because—*Securus judicat Orbis terrarum*! Who shall prove that Rome is not *Orbis terrarum*? No one. What separated Church will claim to be *Orbis terrarum*? None!

Hence St. Augustine repeatedly says to the Donatists: "Explain your separation,"⁴³ or "Why have you, by so rash and sacrilegious an act, cut yourselves off from communion with the innumerable Churches of the East which have never detected, nor do now detect, what you pretend to say has been done in Africa?"⁴⁴ He reminds them again and again that it is not the Catholic Church

⁴² *Contra Parmen.*, III., xxiv. Note Clement of Alexandria: "There are three states of the soul—ignorance, opinion, knowledge. Those in ignorance are the Gentiles, those in knowledge are the True Church, and those in opinion are the heretics." *Strom.* VII., 16.

⁴³ *Contra Petil.*, II., xliii.

⁴⁴ *Ep.* LXXXVII., i.

that has cut herself off, but the Donatists who have "gone out from us;" and who, therefore, should not say: "*We* have made no schism."⁴⁵

And again he insists: "Shew me your Church!"⁴⁶ This, as he rightly urges, is the whole question: "It is no question of any individual man's merits, but of the truth of Holy Church."⁴⁷ What are its credentials? What is its antiquity? "The Unity of Christ is older than the faction of Donatus!"⁴⁸ Is your Church received by every one? Is it the Church foretold in the Prophecies? Is it the Church of the New Testament? He tells them that they cannot answer his arguments from Holy Scripture: "they dare not say they are false, for they are overwhelmed with the weight of proof!"⁴⁹

"I, on the other hand, can shew you my Church," says Augustine. It is the Church of the *Orbis terrarum*, Catholic in deed as well as in name; it is that *Orbis terrarum* concerning which "Christ gave a true testimony; but you, in opposition to Christ, give a false testimony to that *Orbis terrarum*."⁵⁰ That is true which of old was preached and believed by truth-speaking Catholic faith throughout the whole Church."⁵¹ That the Church was Catholic in name no one could question. Petilian was unwise enough to say: "If you say that you hold to the Catholic faith, remember that *catholic* in Greek means what is *unique* or *whole*. But you are not in the *whole* since you have become a sect." To which Augustine answered:

I have, it is true, made little progress in Greek, practically none; still I think it no impertinence on my part to say that I know that *ὅλον* does not mean *one* but *whole*, and that *καθόλον* means *according to the whole*. Hence has the Church received the name of *Catholic*; for the Lord Himself said: *You shall be witnesses unto Me. . . . even to the uttermost parts of the earth.*⁵² Repudiating therefore [he says in his Treatise, *De Vera Religione*], all those who. . . have departed from the Rule

⁴⁵ *Contra Petil.*, II., xlv. It is worth while noting how completely this argument is neglected by the editor of the *Church Times*, who in a paper expressly intended as an examination of the famous passage: *Securus judicat Orbis terrarum*, says that the Tractarians could have answered Wiseman by pointing out that it was not they but the Roman Church that was schismatical. In other words, that it was Rome that had separated off from the parent body! *Church Times*, January 2, 1914, p. 24.

⁴⁶ *Contra Petil.*, II., xxxvii.

⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, III., xi. and xli.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, II., ccxiv.

⁴⁹ *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, XXIII.

⁵⁰ *Contra Petil.*, II., cli.

⁵¹ *Contra Julianum Pelagianum*, VI., xi.; *cp. Enarr. in Ps. XXXIX.*, xv., quoted above.

⁵² *Contra Petil.*, II., xc., xci.

and Communion of the Catholic Church, we have to hold to the Christian religion and to communion with that Church which is Catholic, and which is called Catholic not only by its own members but by its enemies as well. For whether they like it or not, heretics and the children of schismatics, when they are talking, not with their own folk but with strangers, call the Catholic Church nothing else but the Catholic Church. For they would not be understood unless they distinguished her by that name whereby she is known throughout the whole world.⁵⁵

Moreover, Augustine insisted that in his Church alone, as being alone the True Church, were to be found the essentials of Christian religion: "Christian charity cannot be kept save in the unity of the Church."⁵⁴ "Peace and unity make Catholics."⁵⁵ And the Catholic Church is essentially One: "No one who preaches the Name of Christ, no one who bears and ministers the Sacrament of Christ, is to be followed (when acting) contrary to the Unity of Christ."⁵⁶ Thus note his words when commenting on the words: *Blessed is he whom Thou hast chosen and taken to Thee* (Ps. lxiv. 5), "He took to Himself but One, for He took to Himself unity. Schisms He took not to Himself; heresies He took not to Himself, for they had made of themselves a multitude, there was no 'one' who could be taken to Himself."⁵⁷

Again, in his first sermon *On the Creed*: We believe "in Holy Church. . . . She is Holy Church, the One Church, the true Church, the Catholic Church that strives against all heresies. She can strive: she can never be taken by storm. All heresies have gone out of her; like useless twigs they are lopped off the vine. But she remains in her Root, in her Vine, in her Charity. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her!"⁵⁸ He paints in startling terms the fundamental difference between the true Church and all heretical assemblies:

Follow the path of Catholic teaching which has flowed to us from Christ Himself through the Apostles; and which is to flow from us to our posterity. But that, you will perhaps say, is absurd, for all profess that they hold and teach Catholic Truth! That all heretics profess it, I cannot deny; but they profess it in such fashion as to promise to those whom they

⁵⁴ *De Vera Religione*, VII. (12).

⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, cccix.

⁵⁶ *Enarr.* in Ps. LXIV., vii.

⁵⁷ *Contra Petil.*, II., clxxii.

⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, III., vi.

⁵⁹ *De Symbolo*, I., xiv.

lead astray a reason for the most obscure truths. And, therefore, especially do they grumble at the Catholic Church because she bids those who come to her *believe*; whereas they boast that they impose no yoke of faith upon men but open to them the very sources of Truth.⁵⁹

It is with this Church that the ultimate appeal must always lie:

Supposing the Holy and True Church of Christ were to convince you and overcome you, what would remain for you to do—even on the supposition that you had possession of some true teachings of tradition, and we had none at all, or only false ones—what would remain for you to do—save seek for peace if you were willing to do so, or, if you were unwilling to do so, at least to hold your tongues? For whatever statements you might bring forward now, I should simply and truly reply that you must prove them to the plenary and Catholic Unity that is now spread abroad and established throughout so many nations.⁶⁰

He is speaking here of the accusations made by the Donatists touching the existence of wicked folk amongst the Catholics, and he continues:

Either both our statements, yours and ours, are true, or both are false; or ours are true and yours false; or ours are false and yours true, there is no further alternative. But in all these four positions the truth rests with the Catholic Communion. For if both statements are true, yours and ours, then you ought never to have left the communion of the *Orbis terrarum* on the ground that men are such as you have painted them. And if both are false, then you should have taken pains to avoid such an atrocious crime as schism when no crime such as surrendering the Sacred Books existed. Similarly, if our statements are true and yours false, you have naught to say. And if your statements are true and ours false, then we—with the *Orbis terrarum*—have merely been deceived about some men's wickedness, not about the truths of faith. For the seed of Abraham, spread throughout the world, had not to attend to what you *said* you knew, but had to ask by what judges you *proved* it.⁶¹

But in their dismay they might perhaps ask: Where is this

⁵⁹ *De Utilitate Credendi*, XX., XXI.

⁶⁰ *Contra Petil.*, III., lxx.

⁶¹ *Ibid.*, III., lxxi.

Church of the *Orbis terrarum* to which you so constantly refer as being spread throughout the world? "Truly, if all throughout the *Orbis terrarum* were as wicked as you most impudently declare them to be, what would you make of the See of the Roman Church where Peter sat, and where to-day Anastasius sits? What would you make of the Church at Jerusalem where James sat and where to-day John sits? With these Sees we are knit in Catholic Unity. From these Sees you, in your madness, have separated yourselves off."⁶² And again: "What right have you got to blaspheme against the Apostolic See?"⁶³ "That Church is founded upon a rock, as the Lord said: *Upon this rock I will found My Church*. Think not that the Church which is founded upon the rock is in one corner of the earth and is not spread abroad even to the uttermost bounds of the earth. . . . It is not in Africa alone, nor simply for the Africans; it is not a few Montesians⁶⁴ sending from Africa a bishop to Rome or into Spain to the house of one woman!"⁶⁵

Augustine has no doubts whatever as regards the position assigned to St. Peter. Thus in nearly every place where he speaks of his Confession of the Divinity of Christ he speaks of Peter as "the type of the One Church," as "signifying the Church." "Among the Apostles almost everywhere Peter alone merited to personify the whole Church."⁶⁶ Further, Peter is always the "Primate;" "The first of the Apostles;" "Among the Apostles Peter is the first;" "he holds the principality among the Apostles;"⁶⁷ he "stands for them all" as "personifying Unity;" "of this Church, Peter the Apostle, by reason of the Primacy of his Apostolate, was the personification, representing them all."⁶⁸ But Augustine goes much further than this. Writing in A. D. 416, with a vivid recollection of the Donatist controversies, he says: "*Petrus a petra, petra vero Ecclesia; ergo in Petri nomine figurata est Ecclesia. Et quis securus, nisi qui ædificat super Petram? Ergo una est securitas, et ædificare, et super petram ædificare.*"⁶⁹ The words *securus* and *securitas* are but a reminiscence of the *Securus judicat Orbis terrarum*. For Augustine, then, security lay in union with Peter,

⁶² *Contra Petil.*, II., cxviii.

⁶³ *Ibid.*, clxii.

⁶⁴ A name given to the Donatist community which endeavored to establish itself in Rome.

⁶⁵ *Contra Petil.*, II., ccxlvii.

⁶⁶ *Sermo.* XLVI., xxx.; LXXV., x.; LXXVI., i.-iii.; CXLVIII., vi.; CCLXX., ii.; CCXC., ii.; *De Agone Christiana*, XXXII.

⁶⁷ *Sermo.* CCXCV., i., iv.; LXXVI., iii.; *Enarr.* in Ps. CVIII., i.

⁶⁸ *Tract. in Joan.*, CXVIII., iv.; CXXIV., v.

⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, VII., xiv.

"*Petro, in quo uno format Ecclesiam.*"⁷⁰ It would be hard to find a more forcible expression of Catholic Truth than in the comparison which he institutes between St. Cyprian and St. Peter: "If Peter could, contrary to the Rule of Truth which the Church afterwards held, compel the Gentiles to Judaize, why could not Cyprian, contrary to the Rule of Truth which the Church afterwards held, compel heretics or schismatics to be re-baptized? I think that without any unbecomingness Cyprian the Bishop can be compared to Peter the Apostle—as far as the crown of martyrdom is concerned. Still I must be cautious, lest I should be thought to speak unbecomingly of Peter. For who does not know that his primacy of Apostolate is to be preferred to any Episcopate?"⁷¹

The Donatists, as we have seen, did not dare claim to be the *Orbis terrarum*. Neither does the present-day Church of England make the claim. But she goes perilously near it. A writer in the *Church Times* maintains that the Donatists might justly have urged against St. Augustine: "You and your friends are inclined to resent a suggestion that you need any reform," and he proceeds to contrast the behaviour of the Donatist faction and that of the *Orbis terrarum* in a manner hardly flattering to the latter.⁷² Yet Augustine defied the Donatists to summon the *Orbis terrarum* before their tribunal!

But though not claiming to be the Church of the *Orbis terrarum*—for that would be too absurd—modern Anglicans and Episcopalians do call themselves "Catholics." Many, of so-called High Church tendencies, claim to be "members of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church." Statements like this bewilder the modern controversialist. How would they explain the fact that the Church to which they belong is in schism? Why does not that Church—as for example the Church of England, from which American Episcopalians claim their descent—hold certain Catholic doctrines, *e. g.*, the Infallibility of the Pope? The answer given is: "She is simply part of the Catholic Church of Christ." Yet even this statement does not help us much. "Simply a part?" Does "part" mean a diocese or a province? Does it mean a species of patriarchate? And, above all, what is the relation of this "part" to the Apostolic See? Now the *Church Times*⁷³ says that "this position is not an

⁷⁰*Sermo*. CXXXVII., iii.

⁷¹*De Baptismo contra Donatistas*, II., ii.

⁷²*Church Times*, January 2, 1914, p. 24.

⁷³*Ibid.*, January 30th.

easy one to defend controversially; it forces one, for instance, to enter upon the Roman controversy with one's hands tied, because while Roman Catholics deny any Catholic character to the Church of England, it is not open to us to retaliate in the same way. The truth is, of course, that the Church of England has just as definite a position as the Church of Rome or the Protestants, but it requires a little more trouble to understand it." This last clause we can easily believe. Certainly the writer in question makes no attempt to explain this "definite position." This same writer goes on to say that "the Church of England is not Protestant in any sense of the term unless the word Protestant is merely used in its original historical sense of a simple protest against the claims of the See of Rome, a sense which it has lost long ago." In this sense, then, the Church of England is Protestant—and, therefore, in schism. From this conclusion there is no escape if the Church of England desires to be thought a part of the Catholic Church. As long as she consented to be a merely Protestant Church, holding doctrines of her own and independent of other bodies, no one could insist on the term "schismatic"—for the simple reason that another and more opprobrious term had to be used: "heretic." Not that schism is not *ipso facto* heresy. Deliberately to cut oneself off from the trunk is to deny the very idea connected by "trunk," viz., that it is the trunk, and that from it the branches derive all their life. This is the very thing that Anglicans reprobate in the crisis through which they are passing. Lord Halifax prays "that controversy may not be the occasion of a schism which will rend the Church of England in two."⁷⁴ And an editorial writer in the same issue warns the bishops who may have to judge the Kikuyu case against so acting as to cause a revolt! One might apply to them St. Optatus' words to the Donatists: "You declare that schismatics are to be cut off from the vine like twigs that are useless, and that they are reserved for the fire of hell. But I see that you are ignorant of the fact that your own leaders caused a schism at Carthage!"⁷⁵ Put London or Canterbury for Carthage and you have the modern Anglican position. Anglicans are well aware of this. The article just referred to says: "The *Cathedra Petri*, which in a certain peculiar sense must be sought at Rome, stands in a wider sense for the general authority of the Episcopate. the bishops sit in Peter's seat. Neither the Pope of Rome and the bishops in communion

⁷⁴ *Church Times*, January 9th, p. 38.

⁷⁵ St. Optatus, *Contra Parmenianum*, Lib. I., p. 11, in Paris edition of 1679.

with him, nor the Archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops in communion with him, has a right so to innovate on the tradition of the Church."⁷⁶ In what sense all the bishops can be said to "sit in Peter's seat" we are not told. Nor are we told in what "peculiar sense" the *Cathedra Petri* is to be "sought at Rome."

The key to these claims of the Church of England lies in Apostolic Succession. The advocates of these claims feel they have not that: then they have no claim to form part of the Catholic Church. It is this that gives such peculiar sting to the Kikuyu controversy. For here are bishops of the Church of England coquetting—there is no other word which so well expresses their attitude—with non-Episcopal Churches as though Episcopacy counted for nothing. Hence the laments in the Church papers; hence the Dean of Durham's equivocal remarks on the need of Episcopacy;⁷⁷ hence the assertions of the Dean of Manchester: "If Rome has Apostolic Succession, we have it too. If it fails with us, it fails, too, with Rome."⁷⁸ This is one of those delightful assertions which, couched in paradoxical form, seem to say so much, and yet really say—just nothing!

And Apostolic Succession means what modern Anglicans term—with refreshing vagueness—"the historic Episcopate." What does that mean? You never find it explained. It is asserted—and we have only to assert a thing often enough to come to believe it. Now the "historic Episcopate" should mean only one thing: the historic succession of the Anglican bishops from pre-Reformation days. But granting that it could be proved that there was no gap, and that the Elizabethan bishops were validly ordained by the Marian bishops, what would follow? Material succession and no more. A validly ordained Grandal would occupy the See once occupied by the validly ordained Bonner and his long line of predecessors. But of what avail material succession? For it is not succession to your predecessor's chair—and income—that makes for Apostolic Succession. You are not his successor merely because you sit where he sat, but because you think what he thought. You must succeed him as another living link carrying on that tradition for the sake of which alone he sat in that See, and by means of which alone he was a legitimate successor of the Apostles. What is needed is not merely an "historic Episcopate," but an historic jurisdiction. The power is one thing, the use of it—or the right

⁷⁶ *Church Times*, January 9th.

⁷⁷ *Ibid.*, January 2d, and January 9th, p. 36.

⁷⁸ *Ibid.*, January 16th.

to its use—is another. To be validly ordained does not confer the valid use of the power to absolve from sins. The power is there, the right to use it is not there. This latter is only conferred by an act of Apostolic authority through the medium of an Apostolically consecrated bishop who is in communion with the Apostolic See. How, then, do the Anglican bishops fare when put to this test? Grant that they have been validly ordained and consecrated, whence comes their right to the use of their power? Valid Orders are not necessarily licit Orders. The liceity of Orders depends upon union with the Apostolic See—not upon some union in the remote past, but on present living union. The opposite of this—with its corollary of invalid use of Orders—is expressed by the term schism.

Schism! It is an ugly word. No thinking man but shrinks from the idea of “being in schism.” There are three ways of escape from the difficulty: (a) Give up your schism and come back to Mother Church. (b) Concede that you are in schism, but maintain that all the other “Churches” are in the same case. (c) Deny that you are in schism and maintain—if you can—that you are the *Orbis terrarum*—as the Church of Rome does unflinchingly. Or if you cannot face that, then deny the visibility of the Church upon earth and deny—as a necessary consequence—the whole Sacramental system. Whichever path is taken will involve sacrifice. And perhaps that sacrifice which, when it looms afar, seems the most terrible of all, will be found to be the sweetest of all when embraced. Of nothing is the adage *omne ignotum pro magnifico* more true than of the Holy, Roman, Catholic, Apostolic Church! That is the first and really the simplest way out. What of the second? It is the escape favored by many Anglicans to-day. They cannot deny their schismatical state. But their too frequent effort is to put the blame on the Mother they have left—or rather that their parents left. Yet she must ever retort: You left Me, not I you. That Anglicans to-day feel their schismatical position is clear from their frantic efforts to obtain recognition from some of the other *Separated Brethren*, as also from the eagerness with which they endeavor nowadays to throw the Reformation overboard. Their profession of faith might me: “I renounce the devil with all his works, the world with all its pomps, the Reformation with all its mistakes!” Yet they are the Reformation’s children. How is it possible to deny it? We may learn with sorrow that our mother was a bad character; but we are still her children, whether we like it or not.

But the answer is made: It is not our fault that we are thus separated! It is the fault of the imperious Church of Rome!⁷⁹ We may have been in fault in some things, but she forced us into this uncomfortable position. If we are to be re-united there must be "give and take" on both sides. Thus the Bishop of Bath and Wells declares⁸⁰ that "every Christian body must be willing to reconsider, and possibly to restate, for the good of the whole, the proportion and emphasis of some of the, so to speak, minor things which had seemed of value to themselves." The corollary of this must be that the Church has failed and that our Lord's prayer (John xvii.) has failed too. Thus Canon Scott Holland writes: "The Bishop of Zanzibar asks how the *Ecclesia Anglicana* stands." And the Canon answers: "But the *Ecclesia Anglicana* never stands. It moves, and pushes, and slides, and staggers, and falls and gets up again, and falls over into the right direction again after all. That is her way of going along. That is her tradition. And the book *Foundations* belongs to this habit of hers. . . . It all happens in this rough and tumble way just because the Church is a living organism, and in spite of perils, survives, continues and makes way."⁸¹ And this is supposed to be "a part of the Church" that was builded on a Rock! That Christ's prayer for the Unity of His Church has failed is naïvely acknowledged by the *Church Times* leader-writer who says: "The Protestant does not believe in the visible Catholic Church, *intended* to be one by its Divine Founder."⁸² No wonder that another writer says: "The awe and love-inspiring idea of the Church of Christ in the New Testament has simply gone."⁸³

We have heard much these days of "the unity of the Church of England." We have to take the expression seriously. Lord Halifax, as quoted above, prays "that controversy may not be the occasion of a schism which will rend the Church of England in two." But what conceivable "unity" is there which is not based upon unity of doctrine? That there is no unity of doctrine in the Church of England is a commonplace. But we can test the presence or absence of this fundamental unity of doctrine by an example. When Elizabeth laid sacrilegious hands upon the Church, Sanders relates, in his *Report* to Cardinal Morone, that the aged Archbishop Heath, the consecrator of Pole as Archbishop of Canterbury, "cast himself upon his knees, and with many tears conjured the

⁷⁹ *Church Times*, January 2d, the leader.

⁸⁰ *Ibid.*, December 24, 1913.

⁸¹ *Ibid.*, January 9, 1914, p. 36.

⁸² *Ibid.*, January 30th.

⁸³ *Ibid.*, January 30, 1914.

Queen not to lay her woman's hand upon the sacred mysteries." Elizabeth, it should be mentioned, had forbidden the elevation of the Sacred Host at Mass. Heath ended by saying that "if—which God forbid—anything so disastrous should take place as the overthrow of religion in the kingdom, not even in the smallest matter would he himself depart from the decrees of the Catholic Church a finger's breadth; and that, in that case, he would to his dying day, and with all his strength and energy, resist every attempt, whether of others, or of the Queen herself."

Now would any Archbishop of Canterbury dare do the same to-day? We are not throwing doubt upon the moral courage of the members of the English hierarchy. But we are assured that no Anglican archbishop would so act. And this for the simple reason that he would have no basis for such action, since there exists no definite body of doctrine to which he could make appeal in support of his action. And if he ventured to make any such appeal, there would not be wanting many who would undertake to show that they could hold the points which he reprobated—and yet remain equally with himself true members of the Church of England. And this, again, because the Church of England does not form part of the Church of the *Orbis terrarum*, and therefore can never say: *Securus judicat Orbis terrarum!*

THE EMPIRE OF ENIGMAS.

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT.



OF the nations at war in Europe to-day, the youngest is Russia. True, almost a thousand years have passed since the henchmen of the Veriagians—Swedes, Norwegians, Goths, and Angles—came down from beyond the Baltic and established themselves as princes of the old Slav trading cities, thereby laying the foundation of the Muscovite State, yet Russia stands among the nations the adolescent. She is at the point of unwieldiness. Her physical limits have been extended in obverse ratio to the development of her natural resources. The wisdom of intensive growth has only begun to dawn upon her. Her education is sporadic, her defence on land but recently attained a scientific basis, her navy is still a nonentity, her miners have only scratched the surface, her farmers only begun to make the earth give its increase, and representative government has scarcely passed the stage of being a misnomer. Like many an adolescent, she is misunderstood often, and underestimated always, because her failures have been lamentable and her defeats many. Time and again has she been deliberately misrepresented, misinterpreted and maligned. Her weaknesses have proven fat carrion for ghoulish pens to batten on. Some, unfortunately, believe all the evil told of her; some question. For most of us she remains an empire of enigmas.

One day we read lurid tales of revolution, anarchy, and exile; the next, the rollicking pages of Gogol and the peaceful scenes of Turgenief. Our souls are agonized to-day at the appeal of three million people famine-stricken; to-morrow, raised to supreme heights by the art of Pavlowa and Nijinsky, of Tchaikovsky, Mousorgsky and Rimiski-Korsakov. We read of a hundred million being added yearly to the nation's coffers from a state vodka monopoly, then hear that the sale of vodka has been prohibited throughout the entire eight million six hundred and sixty thousand square miles of the empire—a nation gone dry by the stroke of a pen! Exiles who once fought against the government are hastening home to fight for the government. Men who six months back

were preaching dissension, are dying to-day on the banks of the Warthe.

No less paradoxical than are the Russian people themselves, is the fact that while Russia is the youngest nation according to her per capita exercise of what we reckon civilization, she is at once among the oldest. She has a past. Some of it were wiser to forget, some well to remember. Fiendish bloodshed, unbelievable cruelty, insane hatred, lust for life and lust for land—all have stained her past. One fact cannot be gainsaid, however: that Europe may thank Russia she has outgrown these things—if outgrown them she has. Russia it was who gave the rest of Europe the chance to grasp and make the most of her opportunities for civilization. While the other peoples were toiling along painfully in “the slow pageant of the race,” feeling their way through the economic, philosophic and religious mazes of mediævalism up to modernity, Russia stood as the watcher at the gate, repelling the invasion of Asiatic hordes, often suffering her own land to be laid waste and her cities leveled.

For that reason she is, in many respects, backward to-day, given over to what seem half-primitive ideals, an unskilled diplomacy, and an unenlightened faith. That these things are not wholly such, is the stumbling block. On the other hand, that they are not wholly Eastern, is to many a moot point. Russia is neither the most eastern of Western nations, as some would believe, nor the most western of Eastern nations. She is neither entirely Eastern nor entirely Western. She is a mingling of the two. She is a gigantic maelstrom.

The Slavs that formed the bulk of the original Russ population came from the Carpathians, from the very snow-locked mountain fastnesses where the soldiers of Nicholas and Franz Joseph are battling for supremacy. By the seventh century, rumors of the richness of the Dnieper Valley had lured eastward a plausible majority, and the Eastern Slavs, who formed the original strain of the present-day Russian, became a distinct people. The earliest record finds them traders—dealers in fur, honey, and wax—although the bulk of their articles of commerce, was, as elsewhere in the ancient world, the slave.¹ Hence the word “slave”—not that the Slavs were slaves, but because they dealt in them. Upon the ownership of slaves rested the foundation of Russian society in the tenth and eleventh centuries. By the eleventh century had begun the cultivation of the soil. Side by side with commerce grew up this agri-

¹*Vide, An Economic History of Russia, Mavor, vol. i., p. 44.*

culture, and developed those political changes that an agricultural populace demands.

Then came the Tartars. From 1229-1240, the Asiatics swept over southern Russia, driving the Slavs to the north, to the upper Volga. For five centuries they held that territory. Kiev was a wilderness until three hundred years after the occupation. Tribute was paid the Crimean Tartars as late as the end of the seventeenth century. Driven north, their political and economic life destroyed, the Slavs centred about the trading cities that had sprung up in the north—Novgorod and Moscow, which were later united into the federation of trading towns. It was to them that the Veriagians had been called. These "efficiency experts"—the modern term applies, for they were summoned to help govern the cities—became lords, and for a time they and theirs held that position. Eventually, in the rise of a trading and agricultural class, their identity was swallowed up in that of the Slav.

This glimpse of history is given not so much to recount the facts as to point out a Slav characteristic manifested thus early and still manifest to-day—the power of assimilating others unto themselves and still retaining some traits of the original people. This absorption was evident after the Tartar invasion—Tartar elements were assimilated. Then came to the Slav an influx of Eastern ideals and Eastern temperament. Russian expansion having been mainly in an eastward direction, the predominating characteristics are of that source, which accounts for the fact that one can scratch a Russian and find a Tartar. But beside the Tartar he also finds more than forty other nationalities, making of the Russian soul, even as is the nation itself, a maelstrom. The complexity of the Russian soul, the tangled mass of race roots that embed the Slav in the soil of humankind, necessitates patient unraveling.

The first and perhaps most important distinctions that have to be made are between Russia and the Russian Government; between the class that governs and the classes that are governed; between the faith that is taught and the faith that is believed: corresponding to the three great components of any nation that has an oligarchical form of government and a state religion.

Many of us, when we think of Russia, think of it in the light of the repute its government bears. Because its people have suffered lamentably, we have a subconscious feeling that the land also must be shrouded in darkness. Quite the reverse is the case. No nation, save that of the United States, is so self-contained or

possesses such wealth of diversified scenery and untold natural resources. From arctic Archangel to the sunny Crimea, from Teutonic Poland to the orientalized Pacific maritime provinces, endless beauty and evidence of incalculable natural wealth greet the eye. You may go among men who have been exiled and fled to this country, you may talk with the humble folk who have come to seek wealth in our cities, and with one accord they will tell you that though they hold bitter grievance against the Russian Government, they still love the Russland, and hope some day to go back. Nor have I ever found the traveler who has visited Russia, and has not promised himself to return. There is a haunting quality about its scenery, there is an enlivening stimulus to be caught from the singular life of the people, from the admixture of nationalities and tongues, from the varied customs and faiths that the frontiers of empire hold.

In European Russia the difference between social grades is strikingly marked. While the average man might think of them as being only two classes, the nobility and the peasantry, such classification is indeed crude. At the head of the official ladder, below the royalty who govern, stand the nobility. Since the latter number some six hundred thousand, they form quite a little nucleus, albeit many of them are of the common stock, merely possessors of inherited titles that, in many instances, mean little or nothing to-day. You will find noblemen doing the most menial tasks—men and women who have scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, many of them, for all their poverty, cherishing their honors and accepting with fine *éclat* the petty respect shown by their fellows.

Below the nobility come the higher *intelligentia*, the truly noble body of Russians. They are not always people of material wealth, yet they are usually possessed of a wealth of learning and appreciation. Often they are traveled folk, well-read, cultured, firm believers in the Orthodox Faith, and generally staunch supporters of the existing order. Among them, of course, are vigorous recalcitrants, but the majority of the higher *intelligentia* view the present sociological and governmental evils in a more calm and philosophic frame of mind, hopeful of improvement, and strong in the belief that when the time is ripe they will be remedied. Without question they are the finest type of Russian people, patriotic, faithful, believing, living in the light of modern thought—not in the darkness, as does the peasant—and still sincere upholders of Russian ideals.

There is, in addition, a bourgeoisie *intelligentia*, and they are as bourgeoisie the world over—people of many words, of rococo culture and wavering or blind faith.

The revolutionist might also fall into a class by himself, were it not that the recalcitrant is confined to no one class; in whatever walk of life you meet him, the Slav is at heart a revolutionist. His is that singular nature which is never content unless it is *against* something, although he may know not why or what he is against. "An unconscious socialist," one authority has termed him; he is also an unconscious revolutionist. Even here in America we meet the type, for a plausible number of our most ardent socialistic and revolutionary propagandists are either Slav by birth or of Slavic descent.

The grievances of the Russian people are often exaggerated by the American journalist. The sensational stories we frequently read in our daily and monthly press are known to fewer people in Russia than here. As a matter of fact, there has not yet been raised up a man or a woman of sufficient calibre to lead the Russian people out of their wilderness. When that man is created of God—as all leaders are—then will they be led, but not until then. Moreover, there is much more talk about dissension in Russia than actual dissension, a fact that the American reader does not comprehend. For it must be understood that not alone has the lack of a leader robbed Russia's revolutions of victory, but the fact that the Slav's hatred is of short duration. If you understand the singular convolutions of the wrath of the proverbial patient man, you can comprehend the wrath of the Russian people. It is long in accumulating and short of endurance. No sooner is the blow struck than the wrath has fled. The life of many a Russian revolutionist is a silent witness to this fact. There is always the gradual gathering of the storm, the feeling that something violent must be done, the sharp quick blow; then a complete finality of anger. The rest of life is spent in self-pity, or theatrical pose or sincere repentance. More than one dead soul has found its resurrection in a Siberian *étape*.

But those classes that have been discussed above form only the fringe of the Russian people. The peasant is by far the most interesting object of study. Composing eighty per cent of the population, his problems, peculiarities and potentialities are the real facts of Russian life. Having lived and traveled with him from one end of his empire to another, I have the advantage of a first-hand view,

and my conclusions, albeit they differ from that of the average journalist, may be of interest.

I sincerely believe that there has been too much sympathy wasted on the woes of the moujik. Compared with the lot of peasants in other lands, his has much that is to be regretted—and also much to be admired. His home is generally clean, and he himself, that is, his body, is dutifully washed; the bath has always been part of the peasant religion. Moreover, his women are healthy folk, and it is a fact for which the peasant need not blush that the mothers in Russia add yearly to the population some three million souls. In general, the peasant is a rugged, laughter-loving fellow, hospitable, kindly—save in his cups—capable of much endurance and great faith. Ecclesiastically speaking, he is the most pious peasant in the world. Travelers have not yet turned his picturesque religious fervor into a Cook's attraction, as they have in Brittany. Nor can it be said of him that he ever lacks in patriotism, for the average peasant, although he may detest the Tsar's agents, speaks of the Tsar in the same breath with God. "Our souls are God's, our bodies the Tsar's," runs one native proverb; another observes, "The Tsar is generous—but his generosity passes through the ministerial sieve."

Four hundred years of serfdom made the peasant a race apart, and much of that same isolation exists to-day. Read down the list of Duma members where each man's rank is given, and name on name you find it written that this representative and that is a peasant. He may be a possessor of much land and a power in his province, but still he remains in the eyes of the state a peasant. Such social isolation has bred in the moujik a sterling capacity for coöperation. There is no peasantry under the sun whose power of coöperation is greater. And that accounts, if the fact would be known, for the characterization given above: that the average Russian is an unconscious socialist. The Mir, which although abolished by law still obtains in many parts of the Empire, is sheer socialism in the working. This in the heart of an autocratic government! The artel—that communistic leaguings of workmen who share equally their expenses and profits—is another example of effective coöperation. The Kustarnui, the cottage industries for which Russia has become famous, are based wholly on the law of coöperation, each artel of workers contributing to the manufacture of a spoon, a piece of jewelry or a cart wheel, for even so diversified are the products of the Kustarnui. Thus it will be seen that the

peasant, in a certain sense, has been working "on his own," apart from the development of the factory which is an innovation of as recent date as the régime of Count Witte. Indeed, the Russian peasant is a singularly independent fellow. He is quite a different person from what the statues would make him, and his faith differs radically from that which the Church teaches.

The infusion of Oriental blood in his veins, and his having always lived close to nature, make him in essence a pagan. In numberless homes where the icon corner is kept bright and spotless, the family pays due reverence to the domovi, the house fairies; and in many sections the fishermen make sacrifices to the river gods and goddesses. Farmers sow and reap not so much according to season as according to lucky dates. The icon is rarely held a symbol, but rather a living thing, and to offend the icon is to offend the God that the moujik believes resides in that slab of painted tin and wood. These and numberless other superstitions still hold a spell over the peasant mind despite the vigorous teaching of the Church, and the fact that the government has forbidden folk tales being printed in popular form lest they corrupt the moujik mind.

In these days when the faithful peasants are falling by the tens of thousands on the field of battle, one often wonders if there is not some little strain of Oriental fatalism in their beliefs. Doggedly they go to their deaths; wave on wave of men rolls up against the foes, crashes, breaks, recedes, then back again to the flood. The Tsar has said that he will fight this war until his last moujik is down. Meantime what does the moujik think of it and of his chances for escaping fearful death?

The answer is found in a peculiar element of the moujik's faith, a point wherein he differs from every other peasant. Death has an attraction for him, and dying prepared is his ultimate desire. To quote a previous article on *The Faith of the Moujik*.²

"This peculiar attraction of death is the foundation and superstructure and capstone of his faith. Speak to him of the pre-Crucifixion life of the Lord, and he is not interested. The teachings, the parables, the miracles, the daily life of the Master, as He moved among men, as He journeyed from place to place with His disciples—these things the peasant cares little for. But once you begin to talk of those few days following the Resurrection, those appearances and disappearances, those words whispered here and there upon the road by the Stranger—then the Russian peasant begins to

²*The Ecclesiastical Review*, March, 1914.

take interest. He cannot understand the radiant human face of Christ, but he can understand the pale face of the dead Christ in Mary's lap. Should you judge the faith of the moujik in terms of the West, you find yourself utterly at sea. We view life through the eyes of life, the Russian peasant views life through the eyes of death. To him, 'Life is the night, death the rising of the sun.'"

THE GREAT MERCY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

*Betwixt the saddle and the ground
Was Mercy sought and Mercy found.*

Yea, in the twinkling of an eye
He cried, and Thou hast heard his cry.

Between the bullet and its mark
Thy Face made morning in his dark ;

And while the shell sang on its path,
Thou hast run, Thou hast run, preventing death.

Thou hast run before and reached the goal
Gathered to Thee the unhoused soul.

Thou art not bound by time or space :
So fast Death runs : Thou hast won the race.

Thou hast said to beaten Death : Go tell
Of victories thou once hadst. All's well !

Death, here none die but thee and sin ;
Now the great days of Life begin.

And to the Soul : This day I rise
And thee with Me to Paradise.

*Betwixt the saddle and the ground
Was Mercy sought and Mercy found.*

A SERIOUS PROBLEM.

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE, A.M.



On the Catholic, education is a subject of vital importance. Since the earliest times the Catholic Church has realized the dynamic influence exerted by education for good or evil, and has insisted that the fullest consideration be given all educational questions. Not merely has the Church counseled in this matter. With age-long iteration she has taught the absolute necessity of true education. She herself has taken a most active part in determining intellectual training, and has been the greatest educational force the world has ever known. There has been no greater factor in the intellectual development of the human race than that mighty power which built the famous universities of the Middle Ages, established popular schools, and produced by its training such scholars as St. Thomas and St. Augustine in philosophy, Copernicus, Verrier, and Lecchi in astronomy, Lavoisier, Pasteur, and Chevreul in chemistry, and Raphael, da Vinci, and Michelangelo in art.

From these teachings of his Church, the Catholic realizes the need of education. But he has received a greater heritage than this. He has received the knowledge that education, to be true and worthy, must be based upon the acknowledgment of the existence of God, and have for its end the closer union of man with his Creator. He has grasped also the immediate corollary of this truism, and comprehends that if ever religion, which is the only real support of law and order, is to be destroyed, the work will be done, not by physical controversy or loud, sword-thwacking dissension, but by the quiet and all-permeating influence of perverted education.

This danger arising from false education has threatened and is threatening to-day. Under the influence of the pagan pedagogy of Rousseau, Locke, and Spencer modern educators have fashioned their courses on principles and methods which exclude from the child's education all knowledge of a higher life or of a Supreme Being. The need of teaching the relationship of man towards his Creator has been deemed of no moment. The aim of education has become merely the training of the child to use material means for the attainment of material adjustment and material advance-

ment. The idea of God or of a higher moral code does not enter the conception of so-called modern education.

The seriousness of this danger has not passed unnoticed. When the Catholic people recognized the utter failure of the public school system, and realized that the methods of these educators were turning out into the world a new generation of unreligious and unmoral children, they courageously faced the issue and endeavored to work a solution. Having no endowments, and receiving no financial assistance, they began the building of their own schools, where their offspring might be trained not only in intellect but, what was more important, also in soul. The cost of this work has been enormous, yet the Catholic people, although for the most part possessed of no great wealth, cheerfully assumed this burden, and, while still contributing their equal share in taxes toward the support of the public schools, have provided for their offspring an education that is comprehensive, progressive, and efficient. To-day there are in the United States five thousand four hundred and eighty-eight parochial schools, providing education for one million four hundred and fifty-six thousand two hundred and six children. This is a wonderful monument to the self-sacrifice, the perseverance and the heroic ideals of our Catholic people.

But outside of this problem of elementary education, the handling of which has brought so much credit upon the Catholic, there has arisen a state of affairs that is so serious and yet so little comprehended that our attention should be drawn to it at once. While we have focused our eyes upon one problem, another has escaped our vision, and has grown to great proportions. The facts are startlingly clear and must be stated. There can be no solution of the problem until they are known, and the causes and extent of the evil realized.

We are in an age of concentration and specialization. Because of our complex existence and its manifold demands for efficiency, greater equipment and finer training are needed for success. As a consequence, it is an almost absolute necessity that education be carried beyond the elementary stage. This fact seems self-evident. Yet when we look into our secondary education, we find a condition that gives rise to many disturbing questions. The most important of these is the attitude of our Catholic people. What are they doing for their children in regard to secondary education? Are they failing to look beyond the elementary stage of training? Do they rest satisfied when they see their children graduated from the

parochial school? These are thought-provoking questions; their answers can be found only through a candid examination of our secondary education.

The City of New York spends over forty million dollars annually for educational purposes. Of this enormous sum, towards the payment of which every Catholic contributes a share, almost fifteen million dollars is spent yearly for secondary education. It would be logical to suppose that we derive a proportionate return from this vast expenditure; that our children are profiting by opportunities thus provided. But such is far from being the case. Our city is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, with inhabitants of every race and creed. Of the five million people, about seventy-five per cent are Christians, of whom Catholics constitute seventy-six and five-tenths per cent. The Jewish race constitutes a little over one million, or about twenty-five per cent. This is a ratio of three Christians to one Jew. Yet when we examine the enrollment of our city high schools, we find that less than twenty-five per cent are Christians—that more than seventy-five per cent are of Jewish stock. Although the Jewish people are in such a minority, their children possess an overwhelming majority in our high schools. This means that where we might expect to find the ratio of the population sustained in the schools, we actually find that for every Christian child who is accepting the advantages of our secondary education, there are three non-Christian children. In other words, the non-Christian pupils aggregate nine times the number their place in the city's population would lead us to expect.

Where are the Christian boys? Where are the Catholic boys? Does not secondary education mean as much to them as it seems to mean to the non-Christian boy? Why should our public high schools fail to attract the boy of Catholic parents?

The answer is given that Catholic parents send their boys to Catholic schools. But such a reply cannot be borne out by facts. Fordham University opened in September with a high school enrollment of only four hundred and twenty-nine, and with a college consisting of only one hundred and seventy-four students. St. Francis' High School has three hundred and eighty-five students, St. Peter's, three hundred and seventy-six, and Brooklyn College, two hundred and eighty-six. When we consider these schools we must keep in mind the fact that they are fee-charging institutions, and are, therefore, not open to the poor Catholic boy except under special conditions. Besides, they have on their lists the names of many who live outside of our city. St. Regis' High School, which

has no tuition charge, opened with two hundred and fifty boys on record. These are representative schools, and their smallness is emphasized when we realize that there are in New York State two million eight hundred and eighty-five thousand eight hundred and twenty-four Catholics. The more we examine the present conditions, the more do we realize the small percentage of Catholic boys who are receiving the benefits of a Catholic education.

We cannot get away from the seriousness of the problem. The character of our public high schools has become so marked as to excite wonder and surprise even in the casual observer. A visit to any of the schools brings out many startling facts. Here is a school containing about five thousand boys. It has one hundred and seventy-nine instructors receiving two hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually in salaries. It contains everything that is requisite for the physical and intellectual development of the boys, and is ideal in construction and equipment. Yet of these five thousand boys hardly ten per cent are Christians, and it is a rare thing even to hear an Irish Catholic name! Surely such a condition warrants immediate attention. These boys, so few of whom belong to us, will be the lawyers, the doctors, the educators, the professional men of the coming generation. This follows as a logical consequence. Besides, it cannot be denied them, for they know no denial. These boys will be the shapers of thought, the instigators of public feeling. From them will come strong, prevailing influences for good or evil. We cannot minimize the power which education gives a person, and when we sit back and refuse to accept for ourselves and our children the training and education these boys do accept, we must be prepared for the consequences.

The result of an education is either positive for good or positive for evil; education cannot be negative; for a man after receiving an education has greater capacities for good or greater capacities for evil. Now, can we expect much from these boys who are so eager to receive knowledge? After the election last November a composition, entitled "Why I Like the Election," was given to five classes totaling about one hundred and fifty boys. On examining the papers, the writer found that over ninety per cent of these students rejoiced particularly in one thing—the election to Congress of the Socialist, Meyer London. These were pupils drawn from many classes of the school, and were representative of the whole student body. The fact stated is merely an indication of their attitude on one of the vital economic questions of the day. In overwhelming numbers these students are Socialists, or Socialists

in the making, whose gospel is contained in the New York *Call*, and whose ambition is the furtherance of Socialistic dogma.

Whatever hold the teachings of Zionism had upon these people is lost when the children learn English. The obligations of the orthodox Judaism of their fathers and mothers, prove irksome in the competition for material advancement, and are soon laid aside. The influence of religion, consequently, is a negligible factor in shaping their thoughts and actions. In oral discussions on such topics as "Is Lying Justifiable?" or "Is It Wrong to Cheat?" their words constantly show that they recognize no code of morals, and are governed by no motives higher than those originating from fear of detection and consequent loss in money. Surely we cannot look for ideal results from such material.

It is to such as these, that our children, who are without the benefits of education, must bow in later years. It would be denying that result follows cause to gainsay this, for training and education do give to the possessor advantages over his more poorly-equipped fellow. We are giving them the sharper tools, the better instruments, and then are expecting our children to cope successfully with them. It must follow that in the years to come our handicapped boys will be forced to give way in competition for better positions and higher advancement in law, medicine, education, and business. It was only recently that a prominent authority on education remarked that "within twenty years these people will be in control of our public education."

And their energy and perseverance must be commended. In their endeavors to better their condition, they know no sacrifice too great, and recognize no obstacle too difficult to surmount. A large majority work after school hours, and the writer knows of one who runs an elevator from twelve midnight until eight in the morning in order to provide means for support, and thus remain at school. Despite many serious disadvantages of foreign birth and foreign language, they quickly overcome these difficulties and soon progress. Although their lives are worked out in poverty and in environment that is most unpropitious, they are excellent students and often profound scholars.

The facts and circumstances of the present situation are not difficult of comprehension. They lie patently before us. Far more difficult is the problem of discovering the causes which have led to this condition in our city high schools. It would be untruthful and unjust to say that Catholic boys are less capable than their fellows. We have too many examples of Catholic men in public

life to allow the utterance of such an assertion. The defect lies not in the fact that the Catholic boys cannot accomplish great things, but that they do not seem, in proportion to their numbers, to be grasping the opportunities for advancement which are offered them.

This may be due to many reasons: First, to circumstances at home which do not permit the boy to continue his studies; second, to the short-sighted vision of parents who prefer their boy to begin work immediately after completing his elementary studies; third, to the boys themselves, who falter and fall by the wayside because of misconceived vocations, or through lack of proper guidance, help, and encouragement.

As to the first, the boy who is called upon to be the bread winner of the family deserves our sympathy and admiration. There is no higher nobility than this—to sacrifice one's ambition for love and duty. But even in the most extreme case, the boy who is truly ambitious will find a way to study and advance. There are many opportunities in our city for such a boy; all he needs is encouragement and words of cheer. Are we taking the means to encourage our boys who labor under such circumstances?

The second cause, however, is more reprehensible, because it rises from selfishness and mistaken ideas. Many parents discourage their sons in their desire to attend high school. They see only the wage which is forthcoming, and lose sight of the fact that, in most cases, they are handicapping their children and closing to them many avenues that lead to future advancement. According to the report of the United States Labor Bureau, the average wage of the elementary school graduate is ten dollars a week. At the age of forty it is ten dollars and twenty cents. Surely parents, for the sake of an immediate return, should not thus condemn their sons to lives of circumscribed drudgery.

The third reason, given above, is one which offers the greatest opportunity for splendid work. Our Catholic American boy is ideal; he is ambitious, intelligent, and well-mannered. His only need for a future of great good and wide influence is proper guidance. In each parochial school there should be established the special office of vocation-director. This work of directing boys to their proper life-work has been taken up long before this. But even greater efforts should be made along these lines. We cannot over-emphasize the importance of this. The boys should be studied as individuals with different powers and different possibilities. They should be encouraged early in life to shape their thoughts and energies along particular lines for the furtherance of their vocations.

Then should follow the selective work. The boy should be told of the advantages of one high school over another, and helped in his selection there of proper courses of study. Records of his work in high school might be kept, and help and encouragement given him at times when needed. We cannot carry this directive work too far; it should be continued even while the boy is at college. By this means, too, we will be guarding our boys from many of the pitfalls which beset them during the most susceptible periods of their lives.

If this work should be emphasized in the parochial school (and who will deny the urgency?), how much more is it needed by those boys who attend public elementary schools? Here it becomes the work of the local parish priest to organize his boys, to give monthly talks on vocations, and to follow up the boys in their studies. The work is arduous, but surely the return is great. If our public schools are not what they should be, we, to whom education is so dear, should assume the responsibility and courageously endeavor to change the prevailing conditions. The evil cannot be cured by aloofness.

These changes can be accomplished in two ways. First, let us urge the graduates of our Catholic colleges to take up in greater numbers the work of teaching in our public schools. True teaching—the moulding of boys' characters—is a noble mission. There is a sad lack of true Catholic lay teachers. Is it not foolish to try to combat Socialism and other attendant evils, when we sit back and allow the positions which carry the greatest influence for good or evil to be filled by men who do not scruple at the dissemination of false doctrines? Why allow the flames to be kindled for the sake of extinguishing them?

We should, therefore, make greater efforts to send our boys to Catholic high schools whenever possible, or at least to the public secondary schools. The Catholic teachers already in the field would be only too glad to instruct boys after school hours in the principles of their religion, and by lectures and talks to counteract the flamboyant attractions of pernicious modern philosophy. The presence alone of Catholic boys would be a deterrent to many dangerous forces now at work.

“The child is father of the man.” Are we giving him his proper heritage? The problem is apparent and serious; the solution urgent and necessary.

SOME OF IRELAND'S MARTYRS.

BY THE EDITOR.



STILL more of the glorious pages of Irish history, which tell how well she deserves the title of the greatest of Catholic nations, have been illumined with letters of heavenly gold by our Holy Father, Benedict XV. The necessary brevity of this article makes it impossible, and indeed it is not necessary, to dwell upon the heroic fidelity of our forefathers who kept the Faith at home, preserved the saving principles of that Faith to European civilization, and, in their zeal and devotion, carried it to every part of the globe. The beatification of two hundred and fifty-one Irishmen and six Irishwomen presents again to the world the heroism of those who, in the most ruthless of religious persecutions, laid down their lives that God might be glorified before men, and that Ireland might live a Catholic nation.

We give first the text in English of the opening and the closing of the Papal Decree on the Beatification or Declaration of Martyrdom of these servants of God. We then add the full list of those Beatified, summarizing in a very brief way the career and martyrdom of some of them.

In Ireland, the nursery of heroes, of the innumerable champions of Christ who fell in the unbridled and furious persecution waged against Catholics in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and whose names are written in the Book of Life, the greater number are unknown, but many are known by name and fame and still live in the memory of men. Among these are numbered fourteen Bishops of the Church, many priests of the secular clergy, and others belonging to the religious families, or Orders, namely, the Premonstratensians, Cistercians, Friar Preachers, Franciscans, Augustinians, Carmelites, the Order of the Blessed Trinity, and the Society of Jesus, as well as laymen and men of noble rank, to whom are to be added six devout women. Since the proofs of their martyrdom forthcoming seemed to be of sufficient weight, an investigatory process on the reputation for martyrdom and the signs and miracles of the aforesaid servants of God was undertaken and brought

to a successful issue in the ecclesiastical court of Dublin. This investigatory process was forwarded to the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome and was followed by many petitions from Archbishops and Bishops, especially of Ireland, and from others eminent in Church and State. When all was in readiness, on the presentation of Monsignor O'Riordan, Protonotary Apostolic, Rector of the Irish College, and Postulator of the Cause, who put forward the wishes of the whole Catholic nation of Ireland, the Most Eminent Lord Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, Bishop of Palestrina, and Ponente or Relator of the Cause, at an ordinary meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, held at the Vatican on the date given below, proposed a discussion of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the following doubt: "Is a Commission for the introduction of the Cause to be instituted in the case and for the purpose of which there is question?" And the Most Eminent and Reverend Fathers of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, on the motion of his Eminence the Cardinal Ponente, and after obtaining the opinion of Monsignor Verde, Promoter of the Faith, having maturely examined, discussed, and weighed all circumstances, decided to reply: The commission is to be instituted in the Cause of two hundred and fifty-seven Servants of God, if it is pleasing to His Holiness.

* * * *

On a report of this being referred to our Most Holy Lord Pope Benedict XV. through the under-mentioned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, his Holiness confirmed the Rescript of the Sacred Congregation, and deigned to approve with his own hand the Commission for the Introduction of the Cause of the two hundred and fifty-seven aforesaid Servants of God on the twelfth day of the same month and year.

ANTONY CARDINAL VICO,

Pro-Prefect of the S. Congregation of Rites.

PETER LA FONTAINE,

Bishop of Caristo, Secretary.

February 12, 1915.

Archbishops.

DERMOT O'HURLEY, Archbishop of Cashel, was born in the diocese of Limerick; educated at Louvain, and appointed Archbishop of Cashel by Gregory XIII. in 1580 or 1581. On his arrival at Drogheda he was suspected by the same Walter Baal who was afterwards Mayor of Dublin, and who imprisoned his

own mother. At Slane, the learning of the Archbishop, manifested in his conversation, led him to be suspected by Robert Dillon, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. The Archbishop escaped, but was pursued later by the Baron of Slane and overtaken. He went to Dublin to prove his innocence. There he was burned in oil, and two days later hanged in a public field not far from Dublin Castle, June 20, 1584.

RICHARD CREAGH, Archbishop of Armagh, was a native of Limerick; educated and ordained priest at Louvain; appointed and consecrated Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland by Pope Pius V., April, 1564. On his return to Ireland, he was seized and imprisoned in Dublin Castle, and later in the Tower of London, whence he escaped, after the manner of St. Peter, and fled to the Continent. On returning to Ireland, he was a second time arrested and imprisoned. Again he escaped to the Continent, and a third time returned to Ireland. He was treacherously seized, sent from Dublin to London, where he was again imprisoned in the Tower, and, after much suffering, died October 14, 1585.

EDMUND MAGAURAN, Archbishop of Armagh, was transferred from the see of Ardagh in 1857 to the primatial see of Armagh, in which he succeeded Archbishop Creagh. He was pursued by the Lord Deputy, Sir William Russell. The Archbishop was defended by Hugh McGuire, Hugh O'Donnell, and their followers. It was during an attack upon his defenders, and while he was administering the Sacrament of Penance to one of the soldiers, that the Archbishop was murdered, June 28, 1593.

The four Primates of Armagh—Creagh, Magauran, Redmond, and O'Devany—reigning within a period of thirty years, were all martyrs for the Faith.

MALACHY O'QUEELY, Archbishop of Tuam, was born in Thomond; appointed Archbishop by Pope Urban VIII.; captured and killed by the Puritans, October 25, 1645.

Bishops.

MAURICE O'BRIEN: Appointed Bishop of Emly, 1567; imprisoned in Dublin Castle, 1584; died there March 17, 1586.

REDMOND O'GALLAGHER, Bishop of Derry. Born in Ulster. One of the three Irish bishops present at the Council of Trent. Attacked in his own house, and there with three other priests cruelly put to death, March 15, 1601.

EUGENE MACEGAN, Bishop-elect of the diocese of Ross. Attacked by soldiers who left him mortally wounded. Rescued by Catholics, but died that same evening, 1607.

WILLIAM WALSH, Cistercian Monk of the Abbey of Holy Cross, and Bishop of Meath. Born probably at Dunboyne. Appointed Bishop of Meath in 1554. Refused to take the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth. Imprisoned in Dublin Castle, where he endured a prolonged martyrdom for thirteen years. He escaped in 1572; went to Spain and died at Alcalá in 1577.

PATRICK O'HEALY, Bishop of Elphin, was born at Connaught; entered the Order of St. Francis, and was educated at the University of Alcalá. Appointed in 1576 by Gregory XIII. to the see of Mayo. Traveled to Ireland with Cornelius O'Rourke, the Franciscan, who also has just been beatified. Both were arrested immediately on their arrival in Ireland, imprisoned, and put to the torture. Drury, President of Munster, who had condemned them, used every enticement, the offer of rich benefices and positions of honor, if they would conform. They refused, and both were hanged on August 22, 1578.

CORNELIUS O'DEVANY, Bishop of Down and Connor, was born in 1533 in Ulster. Before his twentieth year he entered the Order of St. Francis. While in Rome he was appointed by Gregory XIII. Bishop of the united sees of Down and Connor, and immediately returned to his native country. He was one of the prelates who in 1587 met in the diocese of Clogher and promulgated the decrees of Trent. In 1592, he was imprisoned in the Castle of Dublin, where for three years he suffered incredible hardships. He was arrested again in 1611, tried by jury, and condemned to death; but was offered his life if he would abandon the Catholic Faith. When he saw the hurdle which was to bear him to the place of execution, he said: "My Lord Jesus, for my sake, went on foot, bearing His Cross, to the mountain where He suffered; and must I be borne in a cart, as though unwilling to die for Him, when I would hasten with willing feet to that glory? Would that I might bear my cross and hasten on my feet to meet my Lord!"

In his report to the Propaganda, February 4, 1623, the Archbishop of Dublin says: "Cornelius O'Devany, the Bishop of Down and Connor, being almost eighty years of age, was crowned with martyrdom about ten years ago in Dublin, thus giving a noble example to the whole nation."

BOETIUS EGAN, Bishop of Ross, was born in Duhallow, Cork;

entered the Order of St. Francis; was appointed by Innocent X. Bishop of Ross. He was seized by the tyrant Lord Broghill, the son of the Earl of Cork, who was assisting Cromwell in the siege of Clonmel. Lord Broghill offered to release Bishop Egan if he would induce the garrison at Clonmel to surrender. On approaching the walls, Bishop Egan exhorted the garrison to stand resolutely against the enemy of their religion and country. By Broghill's orders the Bishop was then abandoned to the fury of the soldiers. He was horribly tortured, and finally hanged with the reins of his own horse, November, 1650.

TERENCE ALBERT O'BRIEN, Bishop of Emly, was educated in Spain; twice Prior in his native city of Limerick; and appointed Bishop of Emly by Urban VIII. When Limerick was besieged by Cromwell's son-in-law, the sum of fifty thousand dollars was offered to Bishop O'Brien if he would leave the city and urge its citizens to yield. When the city was taken, the Bishop was seized and put to death. Turning to his flock at the last moment, he said: "Hold fast to the Faith and keep its commandments. Murmur not against what the providence of God allows, and by so doing you will save your souls. Do not shed tears on my account, but rather pray that in this last trial, I may, by firmness and constancy, obtain heaven as my reward." October 31, 1651.

Other Bishops included in this Decree of Beatification are: Edmund Dungan, Tertiary of the Order of St. Francis, Bishop of Down and Connor; and Heber McMahon, Bishop of Clogher.

Priests.

MAURICE KINRECHTIN, chaplain and confessor to Gerald, Earl of Desmond, was born at Kilmallock, Limerick. Imprisoned at Clonmel, and bound there in chains. A Catholic citizen bribed the jailer to release Maurice in order that he might celebrate Mass and administer Easter Communion to the faithful. The jailer gave information concerning the Mass to the government, and the soldiers rushed in and seized the people. Although Father Kinrechtin, himself, escaped, he later gave himself up in order to save the life of the master of the house in which he was about to celebrate Mass. He was sentenced to death and hanged, April 30, 1585.

LAURENCE O'MOORE: Remarkable for holiness of life. Captured in Western Kerry, together with two Irishmen, Oliver Plunkett and William Walsh. After an almost incredible torture of twenty-four hours, he expired August 5, 1580.

RICHARD FRINCH: Died in prison, May 5, 1581.

JOHN STEPHENS: Hanged and quartered by order of Marshal Burroughs, September 4, 1597.

WALTER TERNAN: A priest of Leinster. Flogged and tortured, and eventually died on the rack, March 12, 1597.

NICHOLAS YOUNG: A venerable priest of the village of Newtown, near Trim. Imprisoned in Dublin Castle where, worn out by suffering, he died.

DONAGH O'CRONIN: Hanged in Cork, 1601.

JOHN O'KELLY: Priest of Connaught. Died in prison at Dublin, May 15, 1601.

BERNARD O'KEAROLAN: Accused of administering the Sacraments; sentenced to death and hanged, January 20, 1606.

PATRICK O'DYRY: A native of Ulster; hanged January 16, 1618.

JOHN LUNE: Native of Wexford; hanged in Dublin, November 12, 1610.

HENRY WHITE: Native of Leinster. In the eightieth year of his age, he was imprisoned and hanged at Rathconnell.

ROGER ORMILIUS: When over sixty years of age was taken prisoner by the Cromwellians. Immediately on confessing that he was a priest, he was hanged October 12, 1652.

At the same time and place and in the same manner, HUGH CARRIGHI, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, earned the crown of martyrdom.

DANIEL DELANY: Parish priest, Arklow. He saw his servant, a man named Walsh, murdered before his eyes. Seeking to defend himself, his assailants promised him his life, if he would surrender. As soon as the priest had done this, they proved faithless to their word. The priest was tied to a horse's tail, who in turn was goaded to his full speed along many miles of the country road. During the night the priest was tortured by his guards, and even when hanged the next day his last agony was prolonged in a diabolical manner.

DANIEL O'BRIEN: Dean of Ferns. As a priest he was remarkable for his great charity and zeal for souls. Many times arrested and imprisoned; hanged April 14, 1655, with his two companions, Luke Bergin and James Murchu, who were tried with him. The jury acquitted Bergin on the ground that he was not guilty of crime. The judge, however, urged that there was no more grievous crime than that of being a priest. Bergin was at once found guilty and hanged.

Other priests included in the Decree of Beatification are: Æneas Power, John O'Grady, Andrew Stritch, Bernard Moriarty, George Power, Vicar-General; John Walsh, V. G., Daniel O'Moloney, Brien Murchertagh, Donogh O'Falvey, Donatus MacCried, Patrick O'Loughran, Louis O'Laverty, Philip Cleary, Theobald Stapelton, Edward Stapelton, Thomas Morrissey, Bernard Fitzpatrick, James O'Haggerty, and Eugene Cronin.

Order of Cistercians.

GELASIOUS O'CULLENAN: Abbot of the Cistercian Monastery of Boyle. He was arrested in 1580, and the Protestant Bishopric of Connaught was offered to him if he would renounce his Catholic Faith. With him was tried Hugh Mulkeeran, Abbot of the Monastery of the Holy Trinity. Both were condemned to death. Abbot O'Cullenan unselfishly asked that his companion be allowed to suffer death first.

JAMES EUSTACE, NICHOLAS FITZGERALD: Two priests of the Cistercian Order, who suffered martyrdom on the 8th of September, 1620.

Also, the Prior of Holy Saviour, and his companions; Patrick O'Connor, Malachy O'Connor the Abbot and monks of the monastery of Magia. Eugene O'Gallagher, Bernard O'Treivir, Malachy Shiel, and Edmund Mulligan.

Order of Preachers.

PETER O'HIGGIN: Imprisoned in Dublin, and condemned to death. On the scaffold he said: "The sole reason why I am condemned to death to-day is that I profess the Catholic religion. Here is an authentic proof of my innocence: the autograph letter of the Viceroy offering me very rich rewards and my life if I abandon the Catholic religion. I call God and man to witness that I firmly and unhesitatingly reject these offers and willingly and gladly I enter into this conflict, professing that Faith." He died March 4, 1642.

RICHARD BARRY: A native of Cork and Prior of the Cashel Community. He was tortured by fire and finally put to death by the sword, September 15, 1647.

Others of the Order of Preachers who have been beatified are: P. MacFerge, with his companions, thirty-two religious of the monastery of Londonderry; John O'Luin, William MacGollen,

Cormac MacEgan, Raymond Keogh, John O'Flaverty, Gerald Fitzgerald, David Fox, Donald O'Neaghten, James O'Reilly, Dominick Dillon, Richard Oveton, Stephen Petit, Peter Costello, William Lynch, Myler McGrath, Laurence O'Ferral, Bernard O'Ferral, Ambrose Æneas O'Cahill, Edmund O'Beirne, James Woulf, Vincent G. Dillon, James Moran, Donatus Niger, William O'Connor, Thomas O'Higgins, John O'Cullen, David Roche, Bernard O'Kelly, Thaddeus Moriarty, Hugh MacGoill, Raymond O'Moore, Felix O'Connor, John Keating, Clemens O'Callaghan, Daniel MacDonnel, Felix MacDonnel, and Dominick MacEgan.

Order of St. Francis.

FERGALL WARD: Was a Franciscan and also a skilled physician. While working among the plague-stricken, was seized and cruelly tortured. He was hanged by his own girdle, and while dying exhorted his executioners to return to a better life. April 28, 1575.

JOHN O'LOCHRAN, EDWARD FITZSIMON, and DONAGH O'ROURKE: All priests of the Franciscan Order; were tortured and hanged in the convent of Down, January 21, 1575.

JOHN O'DOWD: Franciscan priest. A certain layman who had been arrested as a Catholic, begged permission to make his confession to a priest before he was hanged. This Catholic was supposed to have had information concerning certain plots against the Queen of England. The permission was granted, his enemies believing that the priest to whom the man would make his confession, could be forced afterwards to reveal the plots, under torture. The priest was Father O'Dowd. Of course, he would reveal nothing of what had been told to him. They killed him by knotting the cord around his head, and twisting it with a piece of wood until his neck was broken.

DANIEL O'NEILAN: Born in Thomond of a noble family; joined the Order of St. Francis, and lived in Spain many years. On his return was seized, scourged, hanged head downward like St. Peter, and his body pierced through with shot, March 28, 1580.

DANIEL HINRECHAN, PHILIP O'SHEA, and MAURICE O'SCANLON: All Franciscans, were so old and infirm that when the heretics came to burn their convent they were unable to flee. The youngest of them was over seventy years of age. They were seized at once and killed by the sword in front of the high altar, April 6, 1580.

DERMOT O'MULRONY, BROTHER THOMAS and ANOTHER—all Franciscans—were seized at Clonmel and were decapitated by the soldiers.

PHELM O'HARA and HENRY DELAHOYDE: Franciscans. Hanged and quartered, May 1, 1582.

Also, Conor Macuarta, Roger Congaill, Thaddeus O'Daly, Charles MacGoran, Roger O'Donnellan, Peter O'Quillan, Patrick O'Kenna, James Pillanus, Roger O'Hanlan, Thaddeus O'Meran, John O'Daly, Donatus O'Hurley, John Cornelius, John O'Molloy, Cornelius O'Dougherty, Galfridius O'Farrel, Thaddeus O'Boyle, Patrick O'Brady, Matthew O'Leyn, Terence Magennis, Lochlonin Mac O'Cadha, Magnus O'Fodhry, Thomas Fitzgerald, John Honan, John Cathan, Francis O'Mahoney, Hilary Conroy, Christopher Dunleavy, Richard Butler, James Saul, Bernard O'Horumley, Richard Synott, John Esmond, Paulinus Synott, Raymund Stafford, Peter Stafford, Didacus Cheevers, Joseph Rochford, Eugene O'Leman, Francis Fitzgerald, Anthony Musaeus, Walter de Wallis, Nicholas Wogan, Denis O'Neilan, Philip Flasberry, Francis O'Sullivan, Jeremiah de Nerihiny, Thaddeus O'Caraghy, William Hickey, Roger de Mara, Hugh MacKeon, Daniel Clanchy, Neilan Loughran, Anthony O'Farrel, Antony Broder, Eugene O'Cahan, John Ferall, Bonaventure de Burgo, John Kearney, and Bernard Connaeus.

Order of Premonstratensians.

JOHN KIERNAN or MULCHERAN.

Order of St. Augustine.

DONATUS O'KENNEDY: Filled many important offices in his Order. Was hanged.

WILLIAM TIRREY: Entered the Order of St. Augustine and studied in France and Spain. On his return to Ireland he was imprisoned and beheaded, 1654.

DONOUGH SCRENAN: Suffered a very cruel death. Fulgentius Jordan was dragged from his pulpit and put to death. Father Redmond O'Malley was scourged, and died under the torture. Father James Tully died in like manner; and Brother Thomas Deir was shot.

Also, Thaddeus O'Connel, Austin Higgins, and Peter Taffe.

Carmelite Order.

FATHER THOMAS AQUINAS: A distinguished preacher and zealous missionary. He was taken captive in the house of a noble family, whom he had recently converted, and was condemned to death, 1642.

BROTHER ANGELUS OF ST. JOSEPH, whose family name was Halley, was born in England, and joined the Carmelite Order in Ireland in 1640. He was arrested and condemned to death, and begged that his execution should take place that very day, since it was the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. He was killed by the sword, 1642.

PETER OF THE MOTHER OF GOD: A Carmelite, known for his singular piety. While on his sick bed in prison, he was informed that he had been condemned to be hanged. Expressing great joy, he arose from his bed, saying: "From the cross, not from the bed, I must go to heaven." He was hanged in the thirty-third year of his age, 1643.

Order of the Blessed Trinity.

BROTHERS CORNELIUS O'CONNOR and EUGENE DALY: Both of the Order of the Blessed Trinity. They were returning to Ireland, when the vessel on which they were journeying was captured by an English heretical pirate, named John Plunkett. One of the passengers, thinking to save his own life, gave the information that Brothers Cornelius and Eugene were Catholic priests going to Ireland to preach the Faith. Plunkett immediately hanged both and threw their bodies into the sea, January 11, 1644.

Society of Jesus.

DOMINIC COLLINS, S.J.: Like his illustrious founder, St. Ignatius, he first took up the profession of arms. He was a soldier for over fifteen years. Entered the Society of Jesus in 1598. In 1602 he was sent to Ireland, and shortly after his arrival was arrested and imprisoned at Cork. He was hanged in that city, October 31, 1602.

WILLIAM BOYTON, S.J.: Was slain in St. Patrick's Church, Cashel, while administering the Sacraments.

JOHN BATHE, S.J., and THOMAS BATHE, his brother, a secular priest, were seized in Drogheda; tortured and shot, August 16, 1649.

Also, Edmund MacDaniell and Robert Netterville.

Laymen and Noblemen.

SIR JOHN BURKE: Born in the county of Limerick. Prominent for many years because of his public devotion and zeal. He gave up all his worldly interests in order to devote himself to works of charity, and to accompany the persecuted priests. Arrested as the leader of the Catholics, he was imprisoned in Dublin, but during the plague was released. Later he was assailed in his castle because he had erected an altar therein for the celebration of Mass. He escaped, but was eventually betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Life and restitution of his lands were offered, if he would renounce the Faith. He was hanged in the year 1610—about December 20th.

MAURICE EUSTACE: Was denounced by his own brother, as a Catholic and a Jesuit. He was imprisoned, and Adam Loftus, then Protestant Archbishop of London, offered to set him free and give him his daughter in marriage, if he would renounce his Faith. He refused and was hanged November, 1581.

CHRISTOPHER ROCHE: Had almost completed his studies at Louvain for the priesthood when he was obliged through ill-health to return home. He was at once arrested and imprisoned; then sent to London. There he endured the hardships of Newgate prison for four months, and under the torture known as the "scavenger's daughter," died 1520.

DANIEL O'HANAN: A native of Ulster. Died in prison.

THADDEUS CLANCY: Born in Limerick. Beheaded, September 15, 1584.

PATRICK HAYES: Was a merchant of Wexford. He died after a long imprisonment in Dublin in 1581.

FRANCIS TAILLER: Had filled many public offices with great credit. Was in turn Mayor, Treasurer, and Senator in the city of Dublin. He was much honored by all good men. After an imprisonment of seven years, he died in Dublin Castle, January 30, 1621.

THOMAS STRITCH, Mayor of Limerick. Hanged in 1651.

SIR PATRICK PURCELL: In his eightieth year was hanged at Fethard, 1612.

ELEONORA BIRMINGHAM: Resident of Dublin, and widow of Bartholomew Baal, was a faithful mother, a generous patron of the poor, and a devoted protector of priests. She was arrested because she allowed the Sacrifice of the Mass to be offered in her home, and imprisoned. By bribing the jailer, her escape was se-

cured. Her elder son, Walter Baal, became a pervert. He was elected Mayor of Dublin, and, as the old chronicle says, "was so hardhearted and truly venomous towards his own mother that, old and weak as she was, he had her put into prison." He even endeavored to have her deny the Faith. In prison she died, 1584.

HONORIA BURKE: Born in Connaught. When fourteen years of age she took the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Erected a house in Burishoole, where, during the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First, she devoted herself unceasingly to works of charity. In the last persecution, under Cromwell, this holy virgin was compelled to flee with two companions to Saint's Island. There they were cruelly tortured, stripped naked, and left in a boat to die. Honoria, however, was rescued by a servant, brought to the convent at Burishoole, and in a short while expired. Honoria Magaen was a companion of Honoria Burke. She escaped from the hands of her mad persecutors and fled to a wood where she concealed herself in the hollow trunk of a tree. She was found next day frozen to death.

Also, Daniel Sutton, John Sutton, Robert Sherlock, Matthew Lamport, Robert Myler, Edward Cheevers, John O'Lahy, Patrick Canavan, Robert Fitzgerald, Walter Eustace, Thomas Eustace, Christopher Eustace, William Wogan, Walter Aylmer, Peter Meyler, Michael Fitzsimon, Patrick Browne, Thomas MacCreith, Elizabeth Kearney, Marguerite de Cashel, Brigid Darcey, Brian O'Neil, Arthur O'Neil, Roderick O'Kane, Alexander MacSorley, Hugh MacMahon, Cornelius Maguire, Donatus O'Brien, James O'Brien, Bernard O'Brien, Daniel O'Brien, Dominick Fanning, Daniel O'Higgin, Louis O'Ferral, Galfridius Galway, Theobald de Burgo, Galfridius Baronius, Thaddeus O'Connor, John O'Connor, Bernard MacBriody, Felix O'Neil, and Edward Butler.

WHITE EAGLE.

BY L. P. DECONDUN.

I.

CHELSEA, Wednesday, February 16, 1913.



ES, dear, I am at home again and every tick of the clock tells me that you are going further and further away. And I am sitting here before the dainty desk you gave me a short year ago; but whether I shall be able to write is another matter. It is not so much that I am intensely lonely and miserable, as, so far, I feel nothing more than a peculiar numbness across my temples and a heavy weight on my heart which tires and oppresses me, but the pain is so strangely a physical one that I cannot yet estimate its value. Only I know that I shall realize it fully by and by, and it is this expectation which is the worst.

I dread it in a cowardly way; unable to decide whether I should wish the whole misery of it to fall at once in its crushing bitterness, or to loom still like a motionless threat of agony. And it seems so unreal to write about it quietly here, as if it was somebody else's business and not mine; or as if I had watched some uninteresting figure "resembling me," following a tall masculine figure "resembling you," crossing a broad station, and stopping before the open compartment of a train. It is just as I say.

I look back a few hours, and I see this man speaking to a guard, showing his ticket, putting his small luggage on the rack; and then standing patiently near, the woman exchanging but a few words with him. As neither he nor the woman cared to speak; they only occasionally looked at each other. Then the man had to take his place, and the door was slammed to, and there was just a last pressure of two extended hands before the train slowly gathered speed.

After that the woman remained motionless for a little while, because something about her throat did its best to choke her, and something in her was torn in two with a wrench, and her eyes burned and felt stiff and dry. But that was all; she knew she had to turn away and walk out of the station and she did it. She even deliberately called a taxi and gave her address calmly and clearly.

Of course, I was conscious all through that this mechanical "being" was myself, though that did not interest me in the least. One thought alone absorbed my attention, and is recurring again and again:

surely, oh! surely, this agonizing pain must soon become easier to bear! Why does it not? Have I not read somewhere that "as soon as sorrow reaches us, we practically begin to leave it behind?" Yet, I have neither power nor will to shake it off; what energy I have is centred on one single purpose: to write. I wish you to find a word from me as soon as you leave your ship in that far away land, so these lines must be posted to-night. But why am I unable to think, or why have words almost lost their meaning? There must be many things I want to say, though all I seem to understand at present is that you are gone.

No it is hopeless, hopeless! but perhaps there is something wrong with me. Very likely a sensible woman would look on this parting for a year as quite an ordinary occurrence; she would tell herself that Sydney was not in the moon, but in a country quite easy to reach. She would not really mind, I suppose, so long as nothing would happen to your luggage; or so long as you would keep strong and well. She might consent to consider your health. Health, I daresay, is a sensible thing; but oh! Rex, dear! I am *not* a sensible woman! I mind, I *mind*, above all and everything! My darling, you took my very soul from me; how shall I live even a year without you?

Reginald, dearest, I am truly sorry! In spite of my set determination, I broke down this afternoon, when I began my scribble to you, but perhaps it is as well. Perhaps it has taken a part of this unnatural weight which was crushing me since your last look went through my heart, with your eyes so steady, and your mouth set hard. I *know* how hard! I even think it is my perception of your strength of will which kept me so calm, not only then but all through the journey back.

It was Madame Dubois herself who opened the door for me. I fancy that she, good little soul, had been watching for my return. I don't know what I looked like, but I was quite composed, though the skin of my face seemed so stretched and tight. Her kindly brown eyes fastened on me, and, being French, she could not possibly remain silent.

"If madame will just give me her coat. That's it—and madame will find a good fire in her little morning-room; I thought it would be cosier there to—to take her tea."

Of course, I could only nod (my lips were so dry); but she was pleased with my submission, as, when she went downstairs, I heard her saying to the maids:

"Poor dear, it breaks one's heart to find her so gentle and quiet. And, mind you, I know what it is, *moi* to part from one's husband."

Perhaps she knows, good creature (though I fancy she has little enough to regret, if what we heard was true); but even if her husband had been a pearl among men, it would not, and could not, have been

the same, since you are *you*, my Reginald, could it? It was hard to go upstairs, though I set my teeth and went to your room first. There was nothing there to speak of your going; all was in its own place, as if you were to come back in an hour's time; and though my throat felt horribly uncomfortable again, the outward appearance of things was a distinct relief. Besides, in a vague way, it spoke of hope. This I knew was the work of little Dubois, and at that moment I felt ashamed of my usual impatience with her, when she goes on and on chattering to me. In the meantime, I caught sight of the blind which you had pulled up crooked, of my bent safety pin you had thrown against the fender. I walked in, settled the blind and picked up the pin so as not to meet these too eloquent witnesses again. After that I closed your door and went to the morning-room.

There, I drew an armchair near the fire, sat far back in it and closed my eyes. How tired I felt! Every particle of my brain seemed to ache as the thoughts moved on; yet it was more painful to try and stop them than to let them follow their course. Image after image stabbed as they passed by; every sound was an echo of your voice or of your footsteps. I could feel the very rocking of your train steaming away; I could catch your glance, a fraction of a second, as in a flash of light. The slightest motion of my own fingers on the arms of my chair would tear at my heart, and, with the sensation of a burning wire, bring me more vividly to the cruel reality.

How long I remained thus, I cannot tell; time meant nothing to me; and though vaguely conscious, at last, of my wish to rouse myself, I had not the courage to move a muscle. It was only when one of the maids brought in tea that the spell broke.

You know the big soft round eyes of Mary; they look like those of a kind dog.

"Please, ma'am," she said timidly, "will you try and eat something. Master said—," and as I involuntarily looked up at her, she flushed hotly, coughed, and took heart again. "Leastwise," she went on, "he said to Madame Dubois that we were all to take good care of you, ma'am."

I tried to smile and thanked her, but oh! Rex dear, you could not have expected me to eat then!

Same evening, 9:30.

MY OWN DEAR REX:

I was interrupted while writing to you by a ring at the telephone. It was your mother inquiring if you had caught your train without a rush, and telling me that you had dropped a pocketbook in her house when we called. I know which it is; it is the old brown leather one, and you won't want it. I copied all the addresses from it in your

new address book, and put the letters in your attaché box. I expect it is all right; but I will make sure to-morrow. She also asked me to go and dine with her, but I could not have done that. She is not alone, she has Max; and I should have seen you before me the whole time; just as I saw you there this afternoon on our way to the station. I daresay it was selfish of me, but it was more than I could have faced to-day.

Nancy called in the evening. I did not object to seeing *her*; you know what a dear she is, and how tactful she can be. She always manages to be a comfort one way or another. Besides, after a few cheering, sensible remarks, she talked without effort about other things and other people, even about herself and Max and Joan. She was quite worried about these two she said.

Rex, dear, my big kingly Rex, you have often refused to believe in my selfishness; yet, this evening while listening to Nancy, I knew thoroughly that nothing in the world touched me but your sorrow and mine, and that others' troubles refused to take a clear significance. At least it was like that for some time, until a trivial incident took place. Nancy had brought her Skye terrier, but had left him in charge of the maids, as he is a regular little nuisance in a strange room. He is fully as inquisitive as a cat, but much more awkward, and, as a rule, half of his mistress' attention goes in watching him and preventing mischief. To-day the little creature must have found the kitchen door open, as it had run up, and was now whimpering piteously outside, giving now and then a sharp bark of impatience. At first I paid no heed to him, as Nancy seemed determined to leave him where he was; then suddenly it struck me that I was inflicting on the poor little wretch the very pain which I found so hard to bear. I was keeping him away from the being in which was centered all his power of love, merely to save a few flower-vases, or the paper basket from being knocked over. I stood up and opened the door.

"What did you do that for?" asked Nancy surprised.

"Oh! never mind," I said, with attempted carelessness, "he cannot do much harm, and it is impossible to speak when he is barking."

She gave me a quick glance out of those keen eyes of hers, and I saw that she remained puzzled. But this insignificant little act of pity had softened my blood. It began to dawn on me that Max and Nancy's sister were also wretched and discouraged, and that they also could be helped. I cannot tell how it was, but an intense wish to save others from sorrow and parting came over me; and, so to speak, I deliberately put your dear self behind me (near enough to lean against, though), and I gave my whole attention to Nancy's words. What she said made me think that things were getting rather strained between your mother and the two young people; and she spoke with a

scrap of irritated contempt of your mother's attitude. She declares her to be so wrapped up in her younger son, that she practically refuses to face the possibility of his marrying, sooner or later, and, though praising Max for being such a dutiful son, Nancy by no means admires his meek patience and perpetual hesitation. She thinks it is time for him to assert himself.

"Besides," she added, "my father is beginning to show signs of annoyance. Joan has steadily refused several most eligible young men, and had not a proper excuse to give for doing so."

On the whole Joan is unhappy, and Max worried. He seems more than ever unable to face your mother, because she has not been well lately, as you know. As for Nancy, she is not far from being convinced that half of your mother's nervous trouble is put on for Max's benefit, and she is decided to bring things to a climax at the shortest possible notice.

"You know," she concluded, "it is the only way. It would be an act of pure charity towards them all to bring this uncomfortable state of affairs to an end, and Nemo, dear, you could help a great deal, if you would take Mrs. Camberwell in hand. She has always got on very well with you."

"Ye—es," I said vaguely.

"At any rate she would listen to you."

"She always listens," I remarked.

"Yes, I know; and that is why most people, and particularly Max, can't say three words to her. Her expectant silence knocks down all their arguments before they can formulate them; but, surely, she does not disconcert you like this."

"My dear Nancy, I have never argued with her about anything."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, she is very fond of Reginald, in a way, but not as she is of Max. Therefore, we never clashed. She did not mind his marrying me, or somebody like me. Do you understand?"

"But I can't see what is so superior in Max that she should make such an idol of him. He is a dear boy, but I would just as soon have Reginald." And as I smiled a little, her dear face beamed. She leaned forward and took my hands.

"Since we seem to agree about Reginald," she said brightly, "you are bound to help me. I know you are fond of poor Joan, and, after all, Max is Reginald's brother."

"I am fond of Max also," I said.

"Well, that is just it; we must both put our shoulders to the wheel for their sake, since they are such silly children."

When she stood up, she put her two hands on my shoulders, and looked keenly into my eyes.

"Did you think me a heartless intruder for coming to disturb you to-night?" she asked abruptly.

"Nancy!"

She shook me gently. "The truth," she said, "nothing but the truth."

"Well," I began, compelled by her frank honest face, "a little bit, but only at first. After that—"

"Go on."

"After that I—I thought it would help me to do something to make others happy, if I could."

"I thought it too," she said quietly. And beginning to refasten her coat, she added, "That is why I mentioned this to you now, and those young people will get a double chance if you join me in helping them."

"You did not tell me any of your plans," I remarked. "How are we to set about it?"

But she only shook her head.

"All in good time," she answered, "I will let you know. In the meantime, go to bed early."

"I will; I feel wretchedly tired."

"And Nemo—"

"Yes?"

"You must try to sleep in real earnest."

"Of course."

"It is not 'of course,' I know you. There is not to be any thinking about all sorts of things; and getting into a panic about trains going wrong; and people catching cold and all such nonsense."

I think I smiled again, but it was a very tremulous little smile; and I daresay she saw it because she only gave me a good hug, and called her dog and was away before I could even open my lips. Yes, she is a dear; but she cannot do much for me so soon. Oh! Reginald, how I want you! The world seems so empty while you are away! I cannot even pray to-night, I can only accept God's will; but *that* He knows we both do; and perhaps He does not ask more, just at first. He knows the human heart so well, and He is so full of pity. Oh! my darling, what an intense comfort to feel that we have between us not only one heart, but one Faith. May God be eternally thanked for it!

II.

CHELSEA, Saturday, February, 1913.

I wonder where and when my numerous epistles will reach you, dearest, as they have been posted as soon as written, without the least inquiry about mails. I only know that they must come to you in quick

succession (some of them together), with the hope of comforting you a little in the lonely evenings. I say "evenings" because I know how busy your days will be; still, I perhaps should say "mornings," as with me the beginning of each day is far the cruelest moment of it all. One wakes up generally with such an easy sense of rest and comfort; then one becomes aware of a "something" invisible, silent, threatening, eagerly waiting to seize its prey. And the poor little "cowed prey" happens to be one's own very sore heart, which no amount of shrinking will save; then pang after pang shoots through one until full consciousness has come, and with it utter misery. You see, I know it well; it is an experience we all get in time; but I do not want to give it undue weight now. Besides, even if we cannot help suffering, we can certainly fight against depression, as you said, and I love to think that you will be aware in each of my letters that at least I have been trying to do that. One can do so much for love; and love is such a strange incomprehensible thing, after all.

Do you know what makes me say this? Well, I hardly think you remember catching my wrist when, at the station, I jumped out of the taxi and tried to lift your valise. The fact is that your fingers unconsciously closed on mine as if they were made of steel, though at the time I scarcely noticed it; but a day or two later my hand felt as if bruised when I was writing or opening a door—not really, you know, only it had a funny little twinge in it. At first I thought I had strained my wrist, then it suddenly dawned on me that my "tyrant" was the sole author of the trouble. And what do you fancy happened? Well, the realization of this small incident shot a keen sweet thrill through my being. No gift could have brought me more pleasure: pain is truly the highest expression of love and the gift which stays, be it mental or physical. But how contradictory is human nature: we can cling to pain and yet instinctively attempt to avoid it. I shrink from the persistent sorrow caused by your absence, yet I would not shake it from me and feel happy in my loneliness. I revel in any unexpected twinge at my wrist, yet I do not cause it voluntarily at any time. What a wonderful mystery it is; but how clearly it points out that pain can and does indeed come in some inscrutable way from God's own love.

But it was not of any of these things that I wanted to talk to you; rather was it of what happened here at the beginning of last week. I told you all about Nancy having decided on a plan of campaign, and how I had failed her in the first instance.

I had gone to spend the afternoon with your mother, to try and find out what she would be likely to do if Max made up his mind to speak out; but as soon as I opened fire—which is a mere figure of speech, as they could have been nothing less fiery than my first words—

she turned the conversation on *you*, and most decidedly kept it there. Naturally, under these conditions, I became as limp as the little lace handkerchief which is her habitual toy. It was no use; something else would have to be tried, and I retired a good deal crest-fallen. My pride in the idea of helping others with wonderful heroism and a detached attitude had received a blow. I daresay it is for the best, but I felt very small at the prospect of meeting Nancy again. I need not have troubled, she was perfectly nice about it: "My dear girl," she said simply, "if what I have asked you to attempt had been an easy thing, it would have been done long ago. It will take our united wits to deal with Mrs. Camberwell; you may take my word for it. We must persevere, that is all," and she laughed quite pleasantly.

But the wonderful thing is that we shall not have to try again. The "unexpected" has happened. We were all astonished and delighted, at least I was, until Nancy's troubled expression, as well as various other odd symptoms, awoke new suspicions. But let me explain.

Two or three days ago I met Max at tea at the Stevenson's. From the moment I arrived I saw that something was wrong, and that he wanted to speak to me. He had been handing round some cake, but he soon made a bee line in my direction, and as he became rooted before my chair he must have appeared to press this particular cake on me with a curious insistence. The fact was that he had accepted an invitation for Friday evening at the Marchmont's because Joan was to be there, and that your mother had afterwards announced to him her intention of going also; "counting on him to escort her." He could not get out of it; but how he would contrive to please both Joan and his mother he could not imagine, and neither could I. Poor old boy, he just stood there so pathetic and so forgetful of the people about us!

Do you know, dear, that though his eyes cannot compare with yours, he is extremely good-looking; besides he is a picture of honesty and strength. How your mother manages to twist him round her finger is beyond my comprehension. Well, let that pass. What he wanted was that I should promise to come to the Marchmont's at any cost.

"You see, Nemo," he went on in that nice brotherly way of his, "I know that you don't care much to go anywhere just at present while you are so cut up about Reginald, and all that; but if you don't come to help me through it will be the end of everything. Millicent Marchmont has something up her sleeve, she says. She means well, but her ideas are not always to be relied upon. They belong a little too much to the 'sink or swim system,' and Joan won't stand things as they are any longer. As for the mater, each time I have attempted

to make a move, it has made matters worse. Then I am told that her heart is very weak."

"Who told you that?"

"Old Pemberton. He told me not to upset or worry her."

"And you don't think Pemberton is making a mistake?"

"I cannot tell. She won't consult anyone else, but if something happened to her through me—"

I nodded.

"I'd rather put up with anything than that, but the whole affair must be decided one way or another. If only she would consent to be moderately reasonable, it would be easy to arrange. Joan is so gentle and generous and unselfish."

I nodded again.

"I wish to goodness I could find out what is the right thing for me to do."

He looked so distressed that I thought it time to limit his confidences.

"Suppose, to begin with, that you put away this cake," I said dryly, "I refuse to look at it any longer."

His face fell.

"And you may bring me another cup of tea," I went on, "but (and I retained my cup a second) you will have my support tomorrow if you want it. Nancy and I will do our best."

His eyes brightened and his whole countenance changed.

"Nemo," he said very low, "I knew you were a brick, but I scarcely expected your turning up trumps like this at a minute's notice."

"Here," said I, "one lump of sugar and very little cream, and Max—"

"Yes?"

"Don't make a mistake. I want neither the teapot nor the urn."

He turned away with a boyish grin, and seemed so suddenly elated that I began to fear I had promised more than I could really do; but it was useless to return to the subject, and besides I had no opportunity of doing so.

Yesterday, however, Nancy came to dine *en tête-à-tête* with me before going to the Marchmont's, and once more we planned and discussed, but I may add with no tangible result. All we could decide was to study how the land lay, and to snatch at any possible chance of presenting to your mother our view on the question of Max's marriage, while preventing anybody from getting at daggers drawn. As you see, this was vague, to say the least of it.

When we arrived at the Marchmont's we found a greater number of people than we had expected. Mrs. Marchmont had, it appeared,

discovered one of her periodical "unappreciated geniuses," and she certainly was doing her best for him. What a pity this woman attempts to spread herself over such a large area. She could do so much if she would concentrate her faculties on something worth doing! As soon as she saw us, however, she came forward and seized Nancy by the arm.

"My dear," she said quickly in her usual impulsive manner, "Joan is in the far-off room with—you will see; and your father and Max are talking together near the window here. Now, please don't upset my arrangement; it is all going admirably. I had another long talk with Max this afternoon; I know everything, and I will see him through. So, please, Nancy, and you Nemo, you will not interfere; promise me that."

She stood there looking at us alternately with those gray mesmeric eyes of hers. She has, as you know, no real claim for beauty, yet at that moment, with her jet-black hair and eyebrows, her long curling lashes and very eager face, and with a clinging dress of soft blue material, she looked impressively handsome. Nancy hesitated.

"I don't think we wish to interfere," she said slowly, "that is if things are going on all right."

"Well, they are! I have seen to that, and it was much easier to manage than you all thought. If you would only sometimes take the bull by the horns as I do."

Nancy smiled, a little ironically I thought.

"As *you* do, my dear," she answered; "nobody else could do that."

Mrs. Marchmont gave her a quick glance, but appeared to think that whatever was under Nancy's words, was not of sufficient importance to trouble about just then. She turned towards me.

"If you go quietly and unconcernedly to the furthest corner of the next room, Nemo, you will see what I allude to. But you must not look surprised or excited or even unduly interested; take it both of you as if it meant nothing."

The deliberate way in which Nancy lifted her eyebrows expressed that, so far as she was concerned, it might indeed "mean nothing." Happily Mrs. Marchmont's sharp restless eyes were turned away. I suppose that you guess, as we did, that Millicent has succeeded in bringing together once more, in spite of past coolness, Joan and your mother, but what you could not have foreseen any more than we, was the manner in which she had set about it.

While stopping here and there to exchange a few words with people we knew, Nancy and I had steadily manœuvred in the same direction to find out for ourselves what sort of wires our friend had elected to pull. Clearly some of them had already done their work;

one glance made us aware of that; but not only was the result unexpected, it seemed too good to be true. Your mother was now five or six yards from us and Joan was sitting near her, a rather shy look in her eyes and a smile on her lips. She looked wonderfully slight and dainty against the imposing figure bending towards her with a most unusual friendliness; and, considering the discouraging condescension with which the girl had been treated for so long by Mrs. Camberwell, she must have found there a very sudden change; but what puzzled me most was that she took it with so little resentment. It seemed as if the keen, affectionate, humorous glance fixed on her now had dispelled the memory of the recent past. Besides, there is no denying it, the charm of your mother was at work. She has fully, when she chooses, the power of "coaxing the birds from the bushes," and she is still very beautiful. Last night she looked every inch an empress: her gray hair was almost a crown, her dress fell in perfect lines; she was wearing her wonderful topazes, and you could not have said whether the golden light in her eyes came from them, or whether the stones merely reflected it in a thousand rays. I think that for an instant even I fell under the spell.

Major Burke had found me a cozy corner sufficiently far from the piano. (Did I tell you that Mrs. Marchmont's latest "lion" was a sort of overlooked Paderewski?) This Major was giving me a few interesting details about him, but I found it difficult to listen, and it was with a smothered sigh of relief that I heard somebody striking a few introductory chords. I so much wanted to think coherently.

It was as if I had suddenly landed in an unknown world where situations had been curiously reversed, as not only Joan and your mother appeared on the best of terms, but half-way across the room was Max, his whole attention centred on a girl who, so far as I knew, was an utter stranger. But, Reginald, dear, what a girl! She would have called forth the rhapsodies of a seventeenth century writer. Tall, queenly, with dark hair, luminous blue eyes, well-cut red lips, flashing teeth, a complexion as if tinted by the southern sun; a girl demanding admiration from all, and whose charm no born man and very few women could resist. And, there was no doubt about it, at that moment, Max had scarcely eyes large enough to gaze at her to his satisfaction. What did it really mean? What *had* Millicent Marchmont at the back of her head?

I glanced around for Nancy, but she had been cornered by two or three people. Still, by dint of persevering I succeeded in meeting her eyes. She, also, had noticed how the land lay, and I fancied that she was not only puzzled but troubled. Did she know something more, I wondered. However, you know what sort of a kaleidoscope a very

full drawing-room can be. When a little later on, I would have had a chance to speak to her she had vanished; Joan was no longer there and the whole scene had shifted. It made me hesitate. By this time music was again exercising some of its spell on me; several of your favorite pieces had been played, and had gripped my heart as with a vise; by degrees I was dropping into my inner selfish self, and ceasing gradually to trouble about others. Of course, I answered some remarks of my immediate neighbors now and then, but they found me particularly dull. As for Joan and Max, I attempted to salve my conscience by telling myself that until I understood more, I could do nothing to help them. It was better to wait.

A little gem of Mozart had just been played. We had heard it once in Paris, you and I, on a soft, clear ideal night. How I remembered it all! It was whilst the last notes of it were dying off that Joan appeared close to me. She laid her hand on my shoulder, casually yet I felt, by the gentle pressure of her fingers, that she wanted me to slip away. This was an easy matter enough, and presently we found a refuge in Millicent's private sanctum at the foot of the broad staircase. It is rather a gloomy room with its oak panelling and its upholstering of "cuir de Cordoue." Even the gold touches here and there are insufficient to relieve it, but at night, with a good fire, red shaded lights and deep cushioned chairs, it is very pleasant and snug. Indeed I sank into my armchair as if into a bed. Joan pushed a footstool near the fender and sat at my feet.

"Tell me, Nemo," she asked, "do you think me awfully selfish to break up your evening and drag you here for my special benefit?"

"You silly child," I answered, still a little scrap ashamed of myself, "is it not for yours and Max's sake that I am in this house to-night? Not that I did anything useful so far, I confess."

She glanced up, then down again at the fire. She was very quiet, her arms encircling her knees.

"I know," she said, "not many people here have been given a chance to call their soul their own. Millicent has such a sweeping way of turning the tide."

"Never mind; she seems to have turned it in the right direction at last."

The girl did not answer at once; then her soft brown eyes were raised to mine:

"Do you quite believe that?" she asked.

I cannot tell you why, Reginald, but this question made me think of the uneasy look I had noticed a while ago on Nancy's face.

"Why, my dear child," I nevertheless answered, "has not everything been getting on splendidly? I could not believe my eyes when I saw you chatting quite intimately with Mrs. Camberwell."

"She did all the chatting, Nemo; I listened."

"And smiled?"

"O yes, I smiled. But it is not Mrs. Camberwell who worries me, it is Max."

"How? I don't quite understand."

Joan was looking down again, following absently the flickering of the flame.

"Did you see Max to-night?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"And what did you think of the girl?" (Her voice sounded natural; rather too much so.)

"*The girl?* By the way who is she?"

"I heard that she belonged to an old Polish family. She is in London with her father; her name is Maryña Lowinska."

"Is it? Oh, well! I thought that she was strikingly beautiful, and if she is also rich and of good blood, and bewitching, I begin to understand Millicent's plan. She is the very young woman to frighten Mrs. Camberwell into reasonable behavior."

"Mrs. Camberwell? Yes, perhaps."

I bent forward and put my hand on Joan's shoulder.

"Joan," I said, "speak out; what is at the bottom of this? What are you driving at?"

She smiled, a cutting little smile.

"Oh," she said with a shrug, "I cannot explain, but if it is really this girl who has succeeded in bringing such a change in Mrs. Camberwell towards me, there must be good grounds to dread her. Mrs. Camberwell does not get disturbed by shadows."

"My dear, I don't follow you."

"Don't you? Well, if this girl is a menace to Mrs. Camberwell's views or projects, she is a worse one to me."

The white-robed girlish figure had not made a movement, the half-shaded eyes were still watching the fire, but the words had come like brittle fragments of ice.

"Joan," I observed reprovingly, "is not such a statement rather a reflection on Max? Has he given you any reason to think such a thing of him?"

The dainty shoulders were shrugged impatiently, shaking off my hand:

"Oh," she said bitterly, "Max has no backbone."

"My dear," I replied warmly, "Max has a big generous heart, every inch as true as yours, and perhaps a little broader!"

Rex, dearest, the sarcasm which came on that young face gave me a positive shock. She leisurely looked up at me and laughed cynically.

"Oh, yes," she said, "you are quite right there: he has the broadest heart I ever met. Everybody can fit in it, and there is still dancing room."

For a second I felt ready for a rather sharp answer, but I recalled all the petty miseries which Joan had endured through Max's apparent wavering, also that I had come to help her and not to make matters worse. I bent forward again, unfastened the hands still tightly clasped and took them in mine.

"Listen, young lady," I said as quietly as I could, "there is no sense in arguing about Max's faults or virtues between us, since in spite of everything you are fonder of him than I ever could be. But don't you think that you are making a mountain of a molehill? Surely it is not the first time (nor will it be the last) that he either chats or laughs with a handsome girl other than yourself."

"She is not merely a handsome girl," said Joan doggedly.

"Well, she is neither an angel nor a demon, and besides what influence could she acquire over Max in *one* evening?"

The long-lashed eyelids flickered slightly, but were not lifted.

"He has met her several times before," she said, "did you not know it?"

(I did not, but I pooh-poohed that.)

"What if he did?" I asked. "I suppose it all entered into Millicent's plans, and after all 'who wills the end wills also the means.' Don't be a little goose, Joan."

She shook her head and tried to answer, but her lips trembled, and in a second her head was buried on my knees, while silent sobs were shaking her.

Reginald, dear, I never loved the child as much as I did then. I knew too well what it would have meant if anyone, at any time, had had the power to step between you and me. So it was the deepest of fellow feelings which made me lift up the tear-stained face, kiss the tremulous lips, and try my utmost to comfort the sore little heart. I was a long time in bringing poor Joan to a more cheerful view of the future, so much so that I wondered what sort of explanation we should have given if somebody had unexpectedly come upon us. She looked such a child with her soft bare arm around my neck, and her ruffled hair and wet silken lashes. Eventually, however, her tears were dried, and we stole upstairs to Millicent's dressing-room to remove all traces of them. When we went back to the drawing-room somebody was singing Siegfried's Love Song, and the voice was rich and full. But Joan slipped her arm through mine:

"Let me stay with you, Nemo, until all this horrid music is over, and don't let anyone steal you from me. I could not stand any small talk at present. Could we not sit where we shan't be noticed?"

Which we did. Once or twice we saw Max, who was standing, search the whole room with a glance. But when I opened my lips to make a remark about it, the girl who held one of my hands pressed it hard.

"Please don't," she begged.

Still, she gradually became herself again, and when she left me later on there was nothing strained about her gentle face. I went home fairly early. In his eagerness Max insisted on seeing me into my motor.

"Well," he asked, "what do you think of this evening, Nemo? I saw you with Joan, and it went all right with her. It is a step forward, isn't it?"

"Yes, I daresay it is; but the race is not run, my dear boy."

"Oh, I know that. Practically we are only starting."

"And also, Max, you will have to be careful about this Polish girl."

"Miss Lowinska?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know, I must insure her making a pretty deep impression on the mater."

"Quite so; but there is no need of doing the same on Joan."

"Oh, I say, Nemo, Joan should not be so silly."

"Very good; I can't say any more, but a word to the wise is sufficient. Good-night and let me know how things progress."

"I will, of course. Safe home!"

I heard him making some observation to Barkers, and I leaned back with a curious kind of fatigue. It was not that I was absolutely tired, but a number of conflicting emotions had been aroused during the last hours, and the result was an ardent longing for your presence, Rex. I wanted *you* near, and *you* alone. I wanted rest and silence with *you*. I wanted to feel that we could leave the world behind and not miss it!

That night everything had been so hollow! I had found it hard to speak with those of our friends who thought it kind to mention your name. You had been so near and yet so hopelessly far. My darling, I have a very small provision of courage; when you won me, you drew, I fear, a very worthless prize!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

LONELINESS? By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.35 net.

In Monsignor Benson's posthumous novel, the last legacy of a fertile and industrious mind, he has given us a study of modern life, and of one of its most vexing and insistent problems—the problem of mixed marriages.

His heroine, Marion Tenterden, a girl without wealth or social prominence, or distinctive charm or brilliance, finds herself, through the possession of her "one gift," a marvelous voice, the star of the operatic season, and the idol of the London public. Almost simultaneously, the son of a wealthy nobleman falls in love with her, or rather—as events later prove conclusively—with her personality, as revealed in the glamour of the footlights. His affection is reciprocated, and the engagement is sealed, though, for reasons politic, it is kept a profound secret.

Little by little, Marion allows the strong, romantic faith and tender piety of her youth to ebb out of her life. The one unsevered link with her former devout life, is her friend, Maggie Brent. When Marion comes to her for advice, she is, at least, swift in discerning the cause of the girl's tepidity and indifference. "It isn't desolation or dryness or anything like that at all, my dearest," she observes, "and you mustn't flatter yourself into thinking so. I expect it's somebody you've met who's turned your head a little. . . . Or else it's all this excitement about the opera."

Events drift along, and, though the girl is troubled by their course, she offers no very active resistance. The crisis comes when Marion, facing the choice between her lover and her Faith, resolves to abandon the latter. "Religion," she tries to persuade herself, "whatever else it was for, was certainly never meant to trouble and upset people."

But she has not reckoned with divine grace. If Benson has taught one lesson with luminous insistence, it is that "whom the Lord loveth, He chastiseth," and that the soul stripped of its every earthly solace and ambition, breathes, in the rarified air of suffering, the need and desire of the Supreme Stay, and flies in its nakedness to God. With startling swiftness that process is enacted in the

soul of Marion Tenterden. The loss of her glorious voice, which means eclipse in the world both social and artistic; the death of her friend, Maggie Brent, and her crushing sense of isolation, bring her to a sense of her own self-deception, and the preëminent claim of God upon her soul.

The solution does not come without pain, but in the reassertion of her old faith, the element of struggle disappears, and a calm assurance takes possession of her will. We leave her in a loneliness that, in a human sense, is baffling and complete, but a loneliness instinct with a Presence more divinely intimate than all the attachments of the flesh and the world.

Trenchant, as always, in his analysis of character and mental process, sensitive in recording spiritual experience as a live wire in transmitting messages, Monsignor Benson has given us in this, as in his other works, a novel solidly constructive, purposeful, and persuasive, bold in its treatment and definite in its issues.

THE FEAR OF LIVING. By Henry Bordeaux. \$1.35 net.

THE AWAKENING. By Henry Bordeaux. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.

Henry Bordeaux, in all his novels, sets before the present generation of Frenchmen the true ideals of the Christian family. An ardent Catholic, he denounces sternly the evils of divorce, marital infidelity, and race suicide, and upholds strongly the virtues of sacrifice, courage, fidelity, self-forgetfulness, and love of home and country. He himself has called novel-writing the first of all the literary arts, because "it comprises autobiography, metaphysics, realism, and poetry."

The Fear of Living frowns down upon that modern spirit by which people shun responsibilities, avoid risks, flee from danger, and strive to procure for themselves the greatest amount of pleasure with the least amount of sacrifice, renunciation and labor. The heroine of the story is Madame Guibert, a perfect type of Christian mother, who rejoices unselfishly in the happiness of her children. We know of no stronger or more courageous soul in fiction than this lovable and devout mother.

Henry Bordeaux shows himself a consummate artist in the exquisite farewell scene between the whole-souled hero, Marcel, and the weak Alice, who rejects his suit at her worldly mother's command. A companion picture is the parting of Marcel with his

sister Paula before his departure for service in Africa. The book is filled with excellent character sketches, such as the perfect servant, Fanchette, the absent-minded but kindly botanist, M. Loigny, the sensuous worldling, Isabel Orlandi, the heartless and calculating Madame Dulaurens and her hen-pecked husband.

The Awakening is advertised as a solution of the divorce problem and a formula for married happiness, but we question the value of the solution and its formula. The story, in brief, is this: A good but unintellectual woman, Elizabeth Derize, is married to a littérateur, who at first loves her ardently and sincerely. As she fails, however, to understand his literary ambitions, his artistic emotions, and his mode of thought, he begins to dislike her intensely. While they are drifting apart, he meets a young girl, Anne de Sézery, who possesses all the qualities, intellectual and artistic, that his wife lacks. When his wife rightly questions him about this woman, he avows his passion, and soon after deserts his home for his paramour. His wife at once sues for a divorce, and he angrily enters a counter-suit. In the interim, his lawyer-friend, Philippe Lagier, acting on the advice of Albert's mother, gives the deserted wife a copy of Albert's diary. She reads this in great excitement and curiosity, and her eyes are at once opened, and her soul awakened to her many faults. Anne de Sézery heroically disappears from the scene, once she recognizes that there is a possibility of her lover's being reconciled to his wife. The reported facts do not ring true.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Rev. James MacCaffrey. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. \$4.50.

About five years ago Dr. MacCaffrey published a history of the Church covering the period from the beginning of the French Revolution to the rupture of the Concordat of 1801, and the success of the book was such as to justify a second edition in two years. This has encouraged him to complete the treatment of the whole period generally denominated "modern" by putting forth the present work, which in character and external appearance resembles its predecessor.

Those who have read and admired the earlier book will not be disappointed in this one; and one who has himself been engaged in the task of lecturing in history will not be slow to recognize in Dr.

MacCaffrey's manner of presenting his subject, precisely those methods that would be developed by practical experience of the needs of intelligent students. In works of this kind one does not look for novel views or strikingly original theories, but for completeness and clearness of presentation, which qualities are well to the front here. Even in such portions of the book as deal with subjects other than purely narrative, as, *e. g.*, the chapter on the causes of the Reformation, or the general state of Ireland in the early sixteenth century, there is an almost mathematical precision and arrangement, which, however it may detract from literary value, will be welcome to those who wish to use the book as a basis for further study or as a text for lecturing. For either purpose it is admirably adapted. And we would add a special word of praise for the eminently sensible bibliographies prefixed to each chapter. They contain just the names one would reasonably expect to find there, and nothing that ought not to be available in any good library.

THE WAR IN EUROPE. By Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00 net.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD WAR. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

The list of war books includes many that are useful and many more that are not. We do not hesitate to assign these two to the former category. Professor Hart gives what people wish to know, Mr. Roosevelt, what they need to know. The political, racial and commercial conditions of each nation, its military strength, its aims and resources—these are points that must be known before one can understand the War. *The War in Europe* gives them concisely. In the five chapters that form the first part, there is found a careful and clear statement of what Europe is in its races and nations, each country being considered separately and with an adequate array of statistics. Then come seven chapters on the War, dealing with its causes (remote and proximate), the diplomatic moves immediately preceding it, the sovereigns, ministers and other important personages, the state of public sentiment, the question of neutrality, the methods of warfare, etc.

In a book entirely interesting, one might single out the author's insistence on the fact that the key to the situation is the absence of identity of race units with national units, and his analysis of the relations of the Balkans to the rest of Europe, as these portions are the most necessary for the general reader. The book is quite free

from partisanship, is genuinely informing, and of moderate price. Unfortunately it lacks a good map.

The contents of Mr. Roosevelt's book do not call for extended comment, as they have already been made public in speech and writing many times, and his advocacy of improvement in our military resources has already begun to bear fruit. He declaims against the pacifists, the all-inclusive arbitration treaties, the indifference to the Hague Convention, and the folly of sitting with our arms folded when we are unprepared to protect ourselves. Mr. Roosevelt's attitude strikes us as sane and patriotic. Those who are ever crying "jingo!" and "militant!" must remember that peace is not an end in itself, but may be an ignoble substitute for national honor and right, and is best loved by those who are willing to fight for it. The United States has never yet entered a war in anything like a prepared condition, and cannot afford to forget the lessons of 1812 and 1898. And if Mr. Roosevelt has his way we shall not forget them. Of course we would all like universal peace, with a system of international arbitration, but in the meantime our duty is to protect ourselves, and thus to ensure our own domestic peace; and lack of preparation only invites attack, for, "when a strong man armed keepeth his court those things that he possesseth are in peace." A good sample of the kind of argument on the other side, is that which points to China as a country unprepared for war, and therefore in peace. It would be nearer the truth to say that China is unprepared for war, and therefore in pieces. We are grateful to Mr. Roosevelt for pulverizing this sort of nonsense, and for emitting a virile note when other trumpets are giving an uncertain sound.

PATRIOTISM. By Rev. P. F. Kavanagh, O.F.M. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 15 cents.

This little brochure is an appeal to Irishmen on behalf of the virtue of patriotism. The four chapters are an analysis of what patriotism is in itself, of national rights and of sham patriots. In this last portion is a tribute to John Mitchell, the author's ideal of a patriot.

THE GRAVES AT KILMORNA. By the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35 net.

The late Canon Sheehan in his last book has sounded for his native land a note of warning so solemn as to be almost a dirge.

His theme is the rising of '67 and the swift retrogression that followed it. The outlines of the story, and of the characters, are broad and simple. No page is lacking in interest.

The hero, Myles Cogan, is a Fenian leader, a youth fired with patriotic zeal, clear-sighted and courageous, who sees the utter impracticability of the revolution, but determines to sacrifice all in the cause of Irish regeneration, if not Irish freedom. The nation, though apathetic, has not sunk into actual stupor, and the conviction of Myles Cogan and the tragically patriotic death of his comrade, Halpin, in his all but single-handed stand against the British soldiery, arouse the population to a pitch of momentary enthusiasm. From the dock Myles Cogan, in a daring and impassioned speech, vindicates the cause of Irish independence, condemns English domination, and defends the principle of his own action, "that as the blood of the martyrs was the seed of saints, so the blood of the patriot is the sacred seed from which alone can spring new force, and fresh life into a nation that is drifting into the putrescence of decay." After ten years of penal servitude in an English prison, broken in body, and all but shattered in mind, Cogan returns to his own land.

In the interim of his exile, he finds Ireland has forgotten her ancient loyalties and principles, and sunk herself in the materialistic degeneracy and gold-greed of the world at large. The embers on the hearth have been stamped out, and patriotic Ireland is a thing of the past.

Father James, trusted and life-long friend of Myles, does what he can to dispel his friend's depression, and directs him to a position of intellectual leadership in the nation; for he says it is no longer with "the pike and the gun, but with the voice and the pen that Ireland's salvation can be worked out."

His estimate of the situation, which we feel to be the author's own, is comprehensive and illuminating. The problem confronting Ireland, he believes to be more than political, nor does he think it justifiable to lay the full blame of the nation's degradation at England's door. Referring to the calamitous conditions of '98 and '48, "we brought forth," he says, "strong men in storms and darkness." The dearth of intellectual and national life he attributes to "political unrest, destructive of every attempt of civilizing the people; and, added to that, the most absurd systems of education in the world!" Superficiality and a disdain of things Irish has become the fashion, and a hollow optimism, that looks on the past, not as a glorious heritage, but as a night that is over and gone.

The author seems to indicate that the time is not ripe for Ireland's complete emancipation; that the loosening of the bonds must come gradually, and from within, from the reanimation and development of her religious and intellectual life.

If his criticisms are unsparing, they are not animated by a spirit of carping or bitterness, but by a deep concern in the welfare of his own land. It is this intense loyalty that lends power and conviction to his every utterance, and the fact that he has spoken his final word of warning and entreaty to his people, will add emphasis to this last patriotic appeal.

ST. CLARE OF ASSISI. By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

The field of Franciscan history, literature and art, has a strange fascination for the modern mind. That there is no point of contact between that century of spiritual renaissance and mysticism and the commercial materialism of the present day, is a fact easily assumed, but not so easily justified. The hands on the clock are again pointing upwards; in modern guise the idealism and vision of the twelfth century is laying hold on the twentieth. This explains, in some measure, the revival of interest in the informing power of that century, the Franciscan spirit.

But it is regrettable that in the field of primitive Franciscan history, the initiative should come from those who, though they may sympathize with, cannot be expected to grasp thoroughly the animating principle of that spirit. We are glad to note that Mr. Gilliat-Smith is a Catholic, and is qualified by his researches to take his place among Franciscan chroniclers.

The life of St. Clare, and the early history of her Order, is a no less fertile bone of contention than that of the Friars Minor and their gentle Founder. Into this field of bristling controversy, Mr. Gilliat-Smith has entered, basing his observations on an examination of the original sources, and frequently taking issue in his conclusions with contemporary Franciscan critics.

Part I. deals with the life of the Foundress, but her personality is somewhat obscured by the controversial method adopted, and by many unnecessary digressions.

Part II. treats of the rules observed by the Poor Clares in the first years of their foundation, and the appendix gives in full the Latin-English text of the Rule drawn up by St. Clare and officially sanctioned during her lifetime.

There is room for minor improvement in the writer's use of the word "religion" for "order," and his somewhat indiscriminate use of the expression "albeit." The value of the book would also be increased for purposes of reference by the addition of an index.

LANDMARKS. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Lucas' latest book is advertised as a moving-picture novel, because he takes the swift, selective methods of the cinematograph and adapts them to fiction. Our author picks out a number of notable episodes or "landmarks" in the life of his hero, Rudd Sergison, and describes them with that kindly humor and good-natured satire of which he is a master. His hero is an insufferable cad, who does nothing worthy of recording from the day of his birth until the day of his marriage with his golf-loving, cricket-loving sweetheart, Helen Brooke.

We catch brief glimpses of English school life, the amenities of a political election, the inner workings of a newspaper office, the point of view of a medical student, the ambitions of an author, the wiles of designing young women in search of husbands, the lavishness of an American millionaire, and the nothingness of Bohemian life.

BY THE WATERS OF GERMANY. By Norma Lorimer. New York: James Pott & Co. \$3.00 net.

This record of a summer holiday pilgrimage from London to Rothenburg and back, made by two women, at a cost of seventy dollars apiece, has considerable charm, enhanced by a love story that meanders pleasantly through it. The bits of description are graphic and unhackneyed and the author's comments and reflections, set forth informally and with a casualness that is attractive, show observation, with freshness and originality of thought. Altogether, Miss Lorimer has provided a very readable volume, and she has made such careful note of each item of expense that it should prove a useful guidebook to those who may wish to undertake a similar excursion in the desired future, when peaceful saunterings about Europe shall have become possible again.

THE ORCHARD PAVILION. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00 net.

The scheme of this latest book from the gifted pen of the

Cambridge essayist, is both original and pleasing. *The Orchard Pavilion*, in its rustic, Gloucestershire setting, is the holiday *rendez-vous* for three Oxford lads, who compare, in charmingly candid fashion, their philosophical creeds, and who, after an interval of many years, meet again under similar circumstances to discuss the practical application of their respective views of life.

These three characters are typical of three very distinct phases of present-day thought: the agnostic, pseudo-scientific, materialistic attitude; the dualistic, religious interpretation; and, midway between the two, the compromise of an exaggerated æstheticism that seeks to explain all by the principle of Beauty.

Harry Knollys, the advocate of the religious view, supplies, we are made to feel, the key to the situation. But he does so by shortcuts so surprising, and by the help of a theology so inadequate, that we cannot wonder that his hearers, if impressed, are not convinced by his arguments.

"I can't hold on to things with my mind, only with my heart," he confesses, after a long life spent as a Church of England clergyman. And again: "I can't prove these things; I just seem to know them. . . . You want proofs, you think perhaps that I make assumptions. But so do you! We each of us assume that the other exists. We can't prove it; and yet nothing which you call proof can begin at all till we have both of us made that assumption. It is true that I go further and assume God. God and the soul—I am not sure of anything else; but I can't show you what I think I see. . . ."

The outgrowth of such an attitude is, of course, the distrust of reason, the destruction of the intellectual character of Christianity, and the relegation of all religion to the sphere of subjective, human experience.

Such an issue is borne out in the present example. Harry Knollys is of that type who, as the author's brother observes in *By What Authority?* cannot reconcile charity and dogma, and so relinquishes the latter.

The book has good qualities, and cannot fail to arouse interest. The style is refreshing and direct, the characters appealingly human, and the solution proposed, if not satisfactory, is at least an earnest attempt to probe the meaning of life and test its values.

THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

The lustre of M. France's name fails to disguise the degrada-

tion of his talents in writing this book, nor do they display themselves sufficiently to condone it, even, one would think, in the eyes of those who are wont to plead the excuse of art for art's sake. It is a gross and sacrilegious phantasmagoria, of which the meaning and intention are as hard to discern as if it were a delirium, while the motive for its existence is equally obscure. One hesitates to accept the obvious inference that the same perverseness that impels boys to scrawl obscenities on church doors has animated a French Academician. Healthy-minded people will gain no pleasure from reading the book, and to all who retain even a vestige of veneration for Christian belief, it will be extremely offensive.

THE HAUNTED HEART. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35 net.

Despite its distressingly lurid title, the authors have produced a cleverly-written novel, and one far beyond the average of the usual "light fiction."

The outlook is sane, discriminating, and well balanced; and from first to last it supplies an interest that is essentially human. But if the preliminary drafting of characters is incisively keen, these characters can hardly be said to be convincingly or consistently developed. In more than one instance, they meet the "shafts and arrows of outrageous fortune" in a manner so unwarranted, that we feel their personality has been sacrificed to the exigencies of the plot.

If these defects can be overlooked—and they are not of such material importance as seriously to affect the interest of the story—the variety of types, from the *nouveau riche* Mrs. Duvenant, with her idolatry of rank and her pretty doll-like daughter, to the ascetic, large-hearted awkwardness of Father James, the diversity of ideals portrayed with a discerning sureness of touch, and the very earnest underlying problem, will not fail to absorb and hold the reader throughout.

The changes of scene are swift: the Scottish moors, the drawing-rooms of London, the slum-quarters of the same metropolis, the Italian Riviera, with its orange groves basking in the sunlight.

The central theme, the love of Ian MacIvor and Morna, with its beautiful prelude, tragic climax and final solution, teaches convincingly, but without didacticism, the utter ineffectiveness of a love built merely upon the quicksands of human emotion to weather the greater storms of life, and emerge from them integral and unscathed.

The spiritualization of this love is shown to be the only foundation, bulwark, and sure warrant of its permanence.

It is refreshing to meet with such a narrative, in the heterogeneous medley of novels, deriding the dignity of marriage and the reality of the supernatural that flood the literary market. Such an example as this is at least an indication that the perception of moral values, the spiritual spark, is not quite extinguished in the fictional writing of the day.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE, FROM CÆSAR TO KAISER. By Ruth Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

This is not exactly a "war book," but of course it is pretty closely connected with the War, as it gives an account of the two provinces that are possessed by Germany and desired by France, and will therefore probably loom large in the discussion of peace terms if France is victorious. As the title suggests, the narrative begins with Cæsar's entrance into the region during his Gallic campaign, and ends with the Treaty of Frankfort. Anyone who has attempted the study of this history, knows how difficult it is to master, not to say write about, for from the Treaty of Verdun (to go no further back) these lands have been debatable ground, and the difficulty has certainly not been lessened by their changing frontiers and the maze of their feudal relations. Even after their acquisition by France in the Thirty Years' War, their connection with the empire was not completely severed, and thus their political status is pretty hard to make clear to a reader accustomed to the sharp national divisions of our day. But all the world knows how, once they had been brought fully within the circle of the French Monarchy, they became so thoroughly Gallic that forty years of German rule have not sufficed to make them give up their French sympathies. So they are still debatable land, and will probably remain so until the differences of French and German, or Teuton and Latin, if you prefer, are swallowed up by some greater problem that affects the destinies of Europe as a whole.

To tell this story clearly and briefly is, then, no small achievement, and the author deserves praise for the extent to which she has succeeded. A Catholic would naturally like to know more of the religious side than she has given, but still the book is sufficiently complete, and is admirably adapted to the needs of that class of readers for whom it is evidently intended. A special word of commendation is due the maps, which are numerous and excellent.

KITCHENER, ORGANIZER OF VICTORY. By Harold Begbie.

Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

This is a short biographical sketch of the man who took up the duties of the War Office last August and has been mainly responsible for the conduct of the British campaign since. Far from being a blind admirer of Lord Kitchener, the writer of the present little book is of the opinion that he has been over-rated. But of his genuine, if limited, ability in his own field there can be no doubt, and his prominence just now is ample reason for the book, which is of a familiar conversational character, enlivened with interesting anecdotes, and containing portraits of the War Secretary at different periods of his life.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE MYSTERY. By Rev. John N.

Figgis. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60 net.

The six lectures of this volume were delivered at the General Theological Seminary of New York during the Lent of 1913. The writer treats of the essential character of the Anglican Church, her promise of the future, her stand for personality and asceticism, her universality as an historic, sacramental, and democratic Church, and her idea of authority.

We found many things to agree with in these interesting pages. Calvinism is indeed hideous, unjust, and oligarchic; Quakerism is fundamentally not even Christian; the new Protestant theology is Pantheistic; the cult of pseudo-mysticism is incompatible with the Christian faith; the Protestant doctrine of conversion is un-Catholic and unchristian; a man that repudiates the foundations of the creed ought not to remain an Anglican; the Bible as sole teacher of the Gospel gives us either an anarchy of conflicting interpretations, or else a dead system, a mere book religion; the self-denial of the Gospel is not cruel, unnatural and inhuman, but the true method of advance on every side of human life, and the *sine qua non* of all spiritual development.

On the other hand, there is a great deal of vagueness and incoherence in the author's vain attempt to defend the idea of authority without admitting the infallible authority of either the Church or the Pope. The fallible authority that Mr. Figgis defers to, whenever his conscience permits, is not an authority worthy of the name—it is the subjective individualism with which, under another name, he is continually finding fault. We can hardly blame him as an Anglican for rejecting an authority which expects to be obeyed as

the infallible mouthpiece of Jesus Christ, for once he gets that far, he will be ready to make his submission as many another High Churchman before him.

We tire a bit of hearing, on page after page, of the "coldness, the over-lucidity, and the legality of scholasticism, the incubus of the Papacy with its superstitious accretions, the Roman Curia ignorant of true religion, the absolutism of Catholicism, the unchristian spirit of the Jesuits, and the like." It will be news to many that the Modernists condemned in the Encyclical *Pascendi* were "nearer to a true conception of authority than their adversaries." A man who can make such a statement may be well read, but he is ignorant of the very elements of logic and theology.

MAKERS OF AMERICA: FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, LINCOLN. By Emma Lilian Dana, Model School, Hunter College. New York: Immigration Publication Society. 50 cents.

In a practical and simple way, the volume before us undertakes to convey to the immigrant especially, and to some of the less favored native-born as well America's message of universal liberty and opportunity. It is one of a series of volumes prepared for the use of foreigners by the Immigration Publication Society, whose work is to be warmly commended both for its praiseworthy, patriotic aim, and for its sincere endeavor to keep absolutely aloof from anything like religious injustice. Mr. John Foster Carr, the Director of the Society, has exercised scrupulous care to "play fair" with the immigrant; and we are certain his cause will suffer nothing by reason of his respect for truth.

The volume before us will possess particular interest for the fairly educated and intelligent foreigner who, in studying our language, feels the need of something else to read besides the grammar and the children's books which so often are regarded as sufficient for his wants. It will help to foster that intelligent appreciation of American institutions which is the best foundation of real patriotism.

THE VATICAN: ITS HISTORY, ITS TREASURES. New York: Letters and Arts Publishing Co. \$10.00 net.

Very little needs to be said about the sumptuous volume bearing the above title, except that it achieves quite thoroughly the purpose of the editors, and puts before the English reading public a work of standard authority on the greatest museum of art in

the world. It is safe to predict that the careful reader will acquire from it an intimate and accurate knowledge of the Vatican, incomparably superior to that of the average traveler who visits the wonderful collections in the home of the Popes. Indeed, unless one reads Italian, and owns Erasmo Pistolessi's immortal folio volumes on *Il Vaticano*, there is perhaps no better guide available than the book before us.

Messrs. Begni, Grey, and Kennedy undertook the editorial preparation of *The Vatican* over two years ago. They adopted the wise plan of securing thirteen contributing authors, including men like Marucchi, Baumgarten, and Reichenfeld, whose special qualifications to treat of the subjects assigned them are beyond all question. Among the thirteen are professional archaeologists, historians, and museum-directors, of international fame, many of them officially connected with the Vatican itself; and the sum of their knowledge represents pretty much all that the human race knows about the topics discussed in the book.

The volume is very beautifully made. The photographs were prepared under the supervision of the contributing authors, and in some instances represent details never before photographed. For the establishing of a satisfactory acquaintance with the art treasures of the Vatican, the present book is easily without a rival among English publications.

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH COMEDIES. By Various Writers. Under the General Editorship of Charles Mills Gayley, Litt.D., LL.D. Three volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$6.00 net.

The aim of these three volumes is to indicate the development of English comedy by a selection of its representative specimens, arranged in the order of their production and accompanied by critical and historical studies. It is not a history of the drama properly so called, nor a mere editing of individual plays and dramatists. It is more restricted in scope than the former, and it differs from the latter by giving a commentary upon the characteristics of the various species of comedies in their order of production.

Most of the studies in these volumes deal with authors and their plays. Volume I. discusses Heywood, Udall, Stevenson, Lyly, Peele, Greene, and Porter; Volume II. treats of Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston, and Edmonton; Volume III. deals with Dekker, Middleton, Rowley, Fletcher, Massinger, Brome, and Shirley. Some

of the studies are more general, as the editor's three introductory essays on the beginnings of English comedy and the comparative view of the fellows and followers of Shakespeare.

The critical essays that precede the plays in these volumes include an outline of the dramatist's life, his contribution to comedy, his relationship to writers in England and abroad, and an exposition and criticism of the play itself.

The text of the comedies are faithful reprints of the best originals. The spelling and language have been preserved as they were, although the punctuation and the style of certain letters have been conformed to the modern custom.

THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. A. B. Sharpe.

THE GOD OF PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. F. Aveling, D.D. St.

Louis: B. Herder. 45 cents each.

These two volumes are new editions of the excellent treatises of Father Sharpe and Father Aveling, which were reviewed in the pages of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* when they first appeared. They are invaluable books to put in the hands of an agnostic seeker after the truth. Dr. Aveling has added a few pages to his treatment of evolution, and Father Sharpe has added some words to his chapters on Mysticism, and on Space and Time.

HALF HOURS. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

This volume contains four plays: "Pantaloone," "The Twelve-Pound Look," "Rosalind," and "The Will." The best known and the best of the four is "The Twelve-Pound Look." It satirizes the man of to-day—hard, coarse, and lacking ideals—whose only religion is the religion of success. "The Will" brings out clearly the utter folly of fighting all one's life for gold. The moral tone of these plays is not very high, for divorce is commended and the idea of sacrifice ignored. There are too many stage directions given by the author. He seems determined that there will be no controversy about the meaning of any particular line.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE. By Mabel A. Farnum. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00.

The Fruit of the Tree is a novel which aims to show the inability of Socialism to remedy the evils of the modern industrial

state. An impossible heroine, Valerie, leaves her wealthy home in order to teach Socialism to her fellow-workers in a New England cotton mill. She preaches infidelity, free love, violence and murder, until she falls in love with Eugene, the kind-hearted manager. She begins to realize her love for him when the strikers are on the way to his house with arson and murder in their hearts.

We found the story unconvincing, and on many of its pages sinning against the probabilities.

THE GREAT MIRAGE. By James L. Ford. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.

Those who remember *The Literary Shop* will find much to remind them of it in this latest work by Mr. Ford; for, as in the earlier book he turned the searchlight of his satirical humor upon the management of popular periodicals, so in this novel he lays bare the machinery of the sensational newspapers; likewise, as in the former he drew attention to the untouched wealth of vital material to be found in New York life, he now defends the city against the misrepresentations of it by journals of the type he assails.

"The New York created by the Sunday supplements of the sensational press," is the great mirage which the author demolishes very entertainingly, using as a medium the vicissitudes and gradual enlightenment of Kate Craven, who comes from her village home to make her living at newspaper work in New York, which is to her what the said supplements have represented it. Mr. Ford ruthlessly exposes the tricks and artifices by which public interest is stimulated and sustained in order to increase circulation; the false impressions, deliberately manufactured, of sharp contrasts of luxury and starvation; of philanthropic activities of fashionable women; of the life of the stage, the restaurants, and the pavements; and he also depicts the intensity of the struggle to maintain a foothold within the office of the paper: the jealousies and intrigues of the members of the staff. It is caustic reading, but instructive, and it has the ring of truth, a quality which predominates throughout the varied incidents of the book.

The real city disclosed to us is what the author, speaking through one of the characters, Telford, calls "a paradise for a poor man of talent or agreeable manners, or any other good qualities;" where it is still possible to live within one's means in quiet dignity and comfort and with an assured social position. His designation of this as "the real New York of the cross-streets,"

supplies a want in the phraseology of definition, and may readily pass into popular usage.

In both matter and manner the book is journalistic, with the correlated merits and defects; the presentment of character is photography rather than analysis. The novel is a document that stands alone, and is of importance. Mr. Ford has produced nothing approaching it in value during the twenty years that have elapsed since the appearance of *The Literary Shop*, and there should be a large circle of readers for this authoritative study of the city he knows and loves so well.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The United States Bureau of Education sends us the following pamphlets: *City Training Schools for Teachers*, by Frank A. Manny; *School Savings Banks in the United States and Abroad*, by Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer; *Curricula in Mathematics*, by J. C. Brown, and an *Educational Directory* which contains a list of the professors, principals, directors, and presidents of the various educational institutions in the United States.

The Catholic Educational Association in its February Bulletin reprints Rev. Thomas Crumley's article on *Christian Doctrine in the Primary Grades*, which appeared in the September, 1914, issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The Committee of Fourteen of New York City have just issued their report of the work done the past year in their great fight against commercialized vice.

The Paris Chamber of Commerce has sent us the first of a series of bulletins called *Facts About the War*.

The Austro-Hungarian Consulate of New York has issued a booklet called *Austria-Hungary and the War*. Most of the writers in this presentation of Austria's side of the case in the Great War are well-known men in the diplomatic service.

The America Press sends us an excellent little pamphlet on the *Ethics of War*, by E. Masterson, S.J. It is a reprint from the December number of the Irish quarterly review, *Studies*.

The Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburgh publishes an excellent little brochure by Rev. T. F. Coakley, entitled *The Roman Catholic Church; For What Does She Stand?* His answer is: For the Bible, for authority and certainty in religion, for the entire Gospel, for the Christian family, and for religious education.

The Advocate Press of Melbourne, Australia, sends us a pamphlet on *The Labor Party and Secular Education*.

The Loyola University Press of Chicago, Ill., has reprinted in a five-cent pamphlet Father Poland's well known tract, *Find the Church*.

We have received from the office of *The Irish Messenger* (Dublin) the following pamphlets (5 cents each):

The "Little Flower" of Jesus. A brief record of the life of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus.

St. Joseph. A novena of meditations, by Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. A series of practical meditations on the life, office, and sanctity of St. Joseph.

Easter With Christ and His Friends, by S. M. M., is intended for young readers, and gives them in picturesque form an account of the Resurrection morn and the risen life of Christ.

The Soldier Priests of France. The Comtesse de Courson relates in this pamphlet the heroic service rendered in the present conflict by French priests at the front. These individual records of the bravery and self-sacrifice of French ecclesiastics, and the effect it has inevitably produced, are both inspiring and consoling.

Scenes From the Passion, by Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. Eight scenes from the history of the Passion based on the Gospel narrative, with details amplified by the testimony of St. Bridget and Catharine Emmerich, are here presented in realistic and moving form.

The Holy Hour, by Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. describes the origin and spread of this devotion, and supplies two methods for making it.

Life of St. Patrick. A succinct and readable record of the Saint's life and miracles, in which the writer supplies delightful quotations from the *Tripartite Life*.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society of Melbourne publishes a pamphlet entitled: *Little Thérèse*, by "Miriam Agatha," an account, adapted for children, of the early life of the "Little Flower."

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Allocutions pour les Jeunes Gens, by Paul Lallemand. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 frs.) The Oratorian, Father Lallemand, has just published the third edition of his addresses to the boys of the École Massilon of Paris. The best sermons in the book are those dealing with the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, the Blessed Eucharist, and the knowledge of Jesus.

L'Ame de la France à Reims, by Monsignor Baudrillart. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne.) Monsignor Baudrillart, Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, delivered this discourse at the basilica of St. Clotilda in Paris, soon after the burning of the Cathedral at Rheims. He sketches briefly the history of this beautiful Cathedral, and, as a patriotic Frenchman, naturally, deplores its destruction.

Prudens Sexdecim Linguarum Confessarius, by Michael d'Herbigny, S.J. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 2 frs.) Frequently priests in this country are called upon to hear the confessions of penitents who speak a foreign tongue. This little book of Father d'Herbigny is so arranged that a priest can hear without difficulty confessions in sixteen different languages. Out of a dozen little manuals of this kind that have appeared in the last ten years, this is unquestionably the best.

Conversations Latines, by C. H. Dumaine. (Paris: A. Tralin. 1 fr. 60.) This Latin conversational guide is written chiefly for priests who travel about Europe either as tourists or as members of international congresses, pilgrimages and the like. Its excellent Latinity is due in great part to the Benedictines of Farnborough.

Figures de Pères et Mères Chrétiens, by Abbé H. Bels. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. Vol. 3. 2 frs.) We reviewed the first and second volumes of these devout and practical sermons in the October number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. In this third volume, the Abbé Bels gives us brief sketches of the fathers and mothers of men like Bishop Newmann of Philadelphia, Dom Bosco of Turin, Count Potocki of Galicia, and the Abbé de Ravignan of France. In a series of clear-cut pictures, the author teaches the children of the rising generation loyalty to the Church, fidelity to duty, respect for authority, horror of sin, charity for the poor, and love of Jesus Christ.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Rational and the Imaginative Elements in Religion. By Abbé Clodius Piat. There was a time when Fraser, Tylor, Lubbock were names to conjure with in the comparative study of religions. But a powerful reaction has set in since the publication of *The Making of Religion* by Andrew Lang in 1898; Portman's *History of Our Relations with the Andamanese* in 1899; Howit's *Native Tribes of Southeast Australia* in 1904; Monsignor Leroy's *Religion des Primitifs* in 1909; and Father Schmidt's numerous works issued since 1908. All these have revealed that savage tribes without exception believe in a Supreme Being, unborn and undying, Creator of the world, Source and Sanction of the moral law, the Incomprehensible and Ineffable One. Around this Being myths have naturally grown up. But the mythical element has not preceded the rational element; rather the contrary; it may have obscured, it has not destroyed, this latter. Often "primitive" men, like children, do not take seriously the stories they weave about the Divinity. The Greek philosophers tried to purify popular religion; Voltaire and his contemporaries to destroy it. In Christianity, as elsewhere, imagination has lent its aid to devotion. This is not wrong. But in presenting Christian teachings we must be careful not to offer anything as true that is not indubitably established. We are no longer of the generations which built the Gothic cathedrals. The point of view has changed; Christian apologists must adapt themselves to the new angle of vision.—*Revue du Clergé Français*, April 1.

The Tablet (March 6): Another liturgical tempest has arisen in the Anglican Church over a proposed revision of the Prayer Book. A resolution has been adopted by the two Houses of the Canterbury Convocation recommending that the changes and additions be "embodied in another volume, or schedule, to be sanctioned by Authority for optional use for such period as may be hereafter determined." Of the one hundred and sixty-two changes many are unimportant, but on others the conflict of opinion seems irreconcilable. These concern the legalizing of Mass vestments; the practical abolition of

the Athanasian Creed; the rearrangement of the Canon of the Communion Service, whereby the Prayer of Consecration is to be brought immediately after the "Sanctus," and followed by the Prayer of Oblation and the Lord's Prayer; and the permissive Reservation of the Sacrament.

The Bishops of Ely and Exeter attacked the measure, urging that the introduction of a new volume would merely accentuate the differences of use, and endanger the unity of the Church, while to allow people to settle their form of worship by a process of criticism, would strike at the reverence which should be at the heart of the spirit of worship. The Dean of Canterbury notes that the only authority that could sanction such proposals is Parliament and, although the Prayer Book itself is accepted on this authority, the Bishop of Oxford faintly, and Lord Halifax loudly, protest against bringing spiritual matters before civil authority. The Dean and Sir Edward Clarke further attack the amendments themselves as involving disastrous innovations in doctrine.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (April): Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, D.D., treats *The Historical Development of the Idea of Domicile* in Roman Law, the school of Bologna, and canon law.—Rev. J. Kelleher continues his discussion of *Market Prices*, with special reference to Dr. Cleary's recent treatise on usury. Father Kelleher says that the Church's "emphatic condemnation of usury, which it is useless to try to deny or explain away, is a clear application of the general principle of justice which she maintained, that in contracts of sale articles should exchange according to an objective equivalence of value. The introduction of the common estimation as a standard of value, simple and complete as it appears, can only serve to confuse the issue. . . . We may find some difficulty in understanding how any real objective standard of value could ever be generally observed in contracts of sale. . . . This difficulty arises from the nature of the economic organization of which alone we happen to have any actual experience. . . . If we once succeed in ridding our minds of the idea of the inevitability of competitive bargaining, and if we remember what we are so frequently reminded of, the prevalence of legal prices in the Middle Ages, we shall be able to understand how, with the prices of the most ordinary commodities and services fixed by law or custom, on that basis there was always available sufficient data for estimating value objectively."

Revue du Clergé Français (March 1): E. Vacandard points out in what danger French institutions in the Far East now are, and how short-sighted the policy of the French Government, which persecutes the religious Congregations which form the main support of national interests.—A. de Poulpiquet discusses the educational value of the study of St. Thomas. The form of the Saint's writing is rigidly plain, disconcertingly concise, and so simple that one is tempted to overlook its depth. His masterly treatment of the three principal intellectual acts, the formation of concepts, judgments, and reasoning, however, is incomparable. St. Thomas' philosophy should not, in spite of what some over-zealous admirers have said, be taken as the last word; he is a guide to further progress, not a barrier to thought.—J. Bricout quotes some of the late Paul Deroulède's war poems, dealing with the hoped-for return of Alsace-Lorraine to France.

Studies (March): *German and Slav in the Middle Ages* exposes the misstatements and errors of *The Making of Western Europe*, by C. R. L. Fletcher.—*Ideals at Stake*, by A. J. Rahilly, describes how the world has suffered from a catastrophe of the ideal as well as the actual. "The coming age will be definitely better or definitely worse than the preceding." Fidelity to Christian truth alone can make it better.—The Rev. T. Corcoran, S.J., writes on *State Monopoly in French Education*. He ends with the hopeful words: "But the leaven of good is undoubtedly working, and those who supported loyally the cause of sound education in that country in dark and evil days, may well take heart of grace when they note the anxieties and searchings of thought that have come on their privileged adversaries even in the midst of their seemingly victorious self-congratulations."—*The Latest Gospel of Science* is a criticism by Sir Bertram Windle of the annual address, or addresses (this year there were two, one in Melbourne, the other in Sydney), by the President of the British Association. "Let us eat and drink—and, it may be added, sin—for to-morrow we die. Such is the new gospel of science, an old enough gospel, tried and found wanting years before its latest prophet arose to proclaim it to the world."—*Le Pensée Sociale d'Albert de Mun*, by François Veuillot, is in French. "His generous and passionate love for the lowly crowned his name with an aureole of respect and sympathy. His strong and unsullied patriotism, enlightened by

Faith, enhanced this deserved popularity, and the present War, which with a remarkable insight he foresaw and predicted, carried that popularity to its *zenith*. He was for two months a most eloquent and expressive echo of the soul of France; and the whole of France, from President to the most obscure citizen, plunged in grief at his death, came to salute his coffin. In that coffin rests a great Catholic, and even the indifferent understand all that the patriotism and devotion of Albert de Mun owed to the intensity and integrity of his Faith. And now the Government, that but lately refused to cross the threshold of our churches, has come and bowed down at the foot of the altar in order to do him homage—symbol and prelude of that reconciliation for which the illustrious Catholic had labored upon earth, and which he will achieve from the heights of heaven.”——In the *Democracy of Dialect*, Arthur E. Clery writes: “It has been cause for perpetual remark that, for their size and population, the United States have contributed singularly little to the literature of the English language, which they speak. Various explanations have been offered, as that Americans are not educated or not interested in literature. Both statements are patently untrue. I suggest that the real explanation is that American writers, like Burns in his English writings, and Bacon in his Latin, are composing in a language that is not their own, and earning literary mediocrity for the reward. If they would throw the English language into Boston harbor and take courage to write in that vivid American, which is really their native tongue, they would find the same amazing results flowing from literary as from political freedom. As it is, the best and freshest things in American literature are those compositions in real American which, under the guise of dialogue or humor, have found their way into the literature of the United States. Humor has always been the first defence against tyranny. Who would not prefer *David Harum* to the vapidities of Washington Irving? Some day American literature will take courage to be itself.”——Chronicle and Book Reviews complete the issue.

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.

No decisive event has happened in any one
Progress of the War. of the many regions in which the War is being waged. Since the advance in the neighborhood of Soissons some months ago, the Germans have accomplished nothing more than the holding of the lines which they occupied last September, and even this has not been done in its entirety; for at Neuve Chapelle the British have made a considerable advance, while the French have made some little progress in one or two districts farther east. The great offensive movement on the part of the Germans has so far not been attempted, and that of the Allies, on the other hand, is being delayed for various reasons. Among these seems to be the lack of ammunition. Lord Kitchener, it is said, places his main confidence in the use of artillery in order to beat down the resistance of the enemy with the least cost of life. Twelve million shells a month is the demand of the British War Office—a demand which exceeds the present capacity of the manufacturers. Hence the war of attrition which has been carried on since last September may last for some little time longer. The French artillery—the "seventy-fives," as they are called—has established a complete domination over that of the Germans, the forty-two centimetre howitzer, in which the latter had placed so much confidence as the decisive factor of the war, having proved to be too immobile to be useful. The British artillery also, as was shown at Neuve Chapelle, has gained an ascendancy over that of the Germans—has outdone in "frightfulness" that of the Germans, as their prisoners complain. This superiority gives to the Allies great hopes of success when the time comes for their taking the offensive.

On the Eastern frontier the Austro-German Alliance has suffered a great loss by the fall of the fortress of Przemyśl, after a siege lasting nearly four months. It was so strong that the Ger-

mans expected that it would hold out indefinitely, especially as it was defended by the huge Austrian howitzers which have been so marked a feature of the present war. Although one of the strongest fortresses in Eastern Europe, the chief gain to the Russians resulting from its capture is the setting free of the large army which has for so long a time been occupied by the siege. This has now added to the strength of the forces which are attempting to enter Hungary through the passes of the Carpathians, where at the present time a fierce conflict is going on. The way to Cracow was also opened, but so far there seems to have been no attempt to advance upon that city.

The inroad into Russia over the frontier of East Prussia has been checked, although the Germans have not yet given up the attempt to advance into Russian territory. So far little success has attended these efforts. In fact the Russians were able to enter East Prussia yet once more, and to seize the town of Memel, but were driven out of it in a short time. No further direct attempt has been made to reach Warsaw; it seems, to all appearance, to be as safe as Paris.

German attempts to reach England have proved so far entirely futile. The Zeppelin visits have so far resulted only in destroying property, and in killing a few civilians, including women and children. The submarine "blockade" has indeed been irritating, but has done so much injury to Germany among neutral nations and so little to Great Britain, that, according to the latest reports, the German Chancellor is urging the necessity of its abandonment. As an example of the small success attendant upon this attempt at "frightfulness," the week ending March 17th may be taken—a week during which eight vessels were destroyed by submarines, the largest number up to that date. There were, however, one thousand five hundred and eighty-nine arrivals and sailings of overseas steamers of all nationalities to and from the United Kingdom ports during that week, from which it may be seen how infinitesimal is the proportion of losses that has taken place. No attempt has been made by the German navy to make even a raid on the English coast, since the action on the twenty-fourth of January, in which the *Blücher* was sunk. Without firing a gun, the mere dread of the British fleet is holding the German shut up in the Kiel Canal. Its commander has so far been as prudent as the captain of the *Eitel Friedrich*. In fact, there seems to be not a single war vessel of any kind to venture upon the open sea, although

a great degree of uncertainty exists about certain cruisers of which the fate has not been ascertained—the *Strassburg*, the *Bremen* and the *Karlsruhe*. When it is remembered that for ten years after the battle of Trafalgar, in which the hostile organized navies were destroyed, Great Britain lost, on an average, more than five hundred vessels a year for a period of ten years, it will be seen how pathetic is the failure in this war of the “sea power” of Germany. And if, as experts say, it would require twelve thousand submarines effectually to blockade the United Kingdom, the inability of the Germans, with the comparatively small resources at their command, to accomplish this, is manifest.

The main and principle object of the Allies is, of course, to drive the Germans from France and Belgium. This, however, has not prevented them from attempting as a secondary, although exceedingly important object—an attack upon Constantinople. This involves the forcing of the Dardanelles, an enterprise which is perhaps the most formidable operation ever undertaken in naval warfare. Although the Turks are very far from being a first-class power, yet, with the aid of German officers, they have been able to place considerable obstacles in the way of the Allies. The latter expect to have to pay a great price for any success they may secure. They know the operation is one of the most serious kind, and have made corresponding preparations in advance. They have already lost by mines three battleships, and have come to the conclusion that without the help of land forces the attempt must fail. These forces are said to be on the eve of landing. It will be a glorious day for the world when the Turk is at last turned out of Europe, although it cannot be said that he is much worse than some Christians. While the end of the Turkish empire in Europe will be the most permanent of the advantages of the taking of Constantinople, other more immediate results, bearing more directly on the present war, will follow. A short and easy line of communication will be opened between Russia and the rest of the world, by means of which its surplus wheat will be made available, and, on the other hand, the war *matériel* of which Russia stands in need, can be imported in order that armies may mobilize more rapidly. On the Balkan States its fall may have a decisive influence, and may lead to a permanent settlement of the eternal Balkan question.

Readers of the oldest of all histories, that of the Old Testament, must feel a special interest in some events that have taken place in this, the latest of all wars. Battles have been fought in the neigh-

borhood of the Crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites, at the foot of Mount Sinai, and in Chaldea in the neighborhood of Ur of the Chaldees, from which Abraham was called. The British easily repulsed the first attempt made by the Turks to cross the Suez Canal, and it is doubtful whether it will be repeated; in Chaldea they have taken possession of two places of considerable importance, and have successfully resisted an attempt of the Turks to drive them out; while sailors from a French warship dispersed a body of Turks at the foot of Mount Sinai. One of the most interesting of questions, not merely for students, but for all Christians, is the future of Jerusalem and the Holy Land. For centuries they have been under the domination of the Turks, who look upon Christians as dogs. Yet, even after the Crimean War, Jerusalem was allowed to remain under their yoke, instead of being internationalized. Palestine, a land "flowing with milk and honey," has under Turkish rule become comparatively barren, for the Turkish legislation imposes penalties upon every effort at development. It is to be hoped his doom has come not merely in Europe, but in Asia, so far as the Holy Land is concerned. But who is to take his place? This is the question which will have to be settled in the near future.

France.

By their stubborn insistence the French are gaining laurels of quite a different character from those of which history tells. The dash and élan which in old times so often carried everything before them, have had to give place to the grim monotony of trench warfare. Along a line of four hundred miles, and for nearly eight months, this mode of warfare has been carried on with but a small degree of success, if measured merely by the ground gained, but if measured by the feeling of confidence of victory which is felt by each and all, and which has been steadily growing, with results of great value. The resistance which has been offered to the enemy has not only increased the determination of soldiers and civilians alike to have done with Germany, as a menace, once and for all, but has given time to drill and organize the large force which will soon come into action.

The greatest, however, of all the changes which has taken place is in the attitude towards religion. The churches in the cities are thronged; the Sacraments are sought after by rich and poor alike; officers kneel in public to receive absolution; any insult offered to religion is resented. The military service rendered by

the priests under the law of conscription has had the effect of raising them in the esteem of all fellow-citizens, so that the clergy have become once again a power in the land.

In commerce and industry France has suffered greatly, many branches of business having been brought to a complete standstill. Yet the stability of the national finances is remarkable. The expenses of the war have been enormous, far greater than could have been foreseen. The monthly excess of expenses over receipts for the first five months of the war amounted to two hundred and twenty millions, and in the first two months of this year the amount went up to two hundred and fifty millions; the revenue, however, is now beginning to increase. The issue of treasury bonds has formed the chief means of raising the large sums required by the Government. The successful issue of these bonds is due to the confidence of the people, the small investors whose confidence in the Government has led them to draw upon their hoardings. France so far has shown herself able not only to raise money for her own expenses, but also to make advances to allied and friendly States, Belgium, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro. Temporary financial aid has also been given to Russia, which, owing to a standstill of exports, is experiencing difficulty in meeting orders given in France and England.

As time passes, more light is being thrown upon the events which took place in the beginning of the War. Among the publications is the Official Review of the War just issued by the French Government. It shows how unprepared for the War was the French army, while that of Germany was ready to the last button. The problem of General Joffre was to stem the first great rush of the German armies, and to hold them long enough to give France and England time to develop their full strength. The Report explains how this was done. It also shows that many failures took place, some of them culpable. Of the battle of Ypres a most graphic account has been given from the pen of the American correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, an account which shows how near breaking through to Calais were the Germans. The battle lasted ten days—the odds were one hundred and twenty thousand Britishers against six hundred thousand Germans.

Germany. So strict a control is kept by the German Government over the expression of opinion, that it is almost impossible to learn what is really going on in the minds of the people. Only those are allowed

to speak that are in favor of the Government. But even among these a difference in tone may be discerned. The redoubtable General von Bernhardi, in his work *Germany and the Next War*, expounded to an astonished world the ideas of the governing class in Prussia. In this work he glorified war not only as a good in itself, but as a necessity for Germany in the pursuit of world-power. War, he taught his fellow-countrymen in the clearest way, so far from being an evil, was of necessary value for "the political and moral development of mankind;" it was their "right" and their "duty" to make war; the peace movement he described as poisonous, dear only to theorists and fanatics. This country he sneered at for championing it, our motive being the desire to devote our undisturbed attention to money-making; attempts to abolish war were, in his opinion, immoral and unworthy of humanity; in particular, "France must be so completely crushed that she can never get in our way again;" the idea of Belgium being allowed to be permanently neutral he threw ridicule upon; while of Germany it was the duty deliberately to destroy the balance of power in Europe in order to set up a system of States under her leadership. Eight months of warfare have had a chastening effect upon the General. In flagrant contradiction of fully established facts known to the merest tyro in the study of recent history, he now maintains that the policy of Prussia—the country which three times already within living memory has made war in Europe—against Denmark in 1864; against Austria in 1866, and against France in 1870 (to say nothing of the present war)—has been always just, pacific, eminently fair to the weaker peoples. The General has learned to distinguish: the world-power which has been the avowed aim of Germany does not mean world-dominion. However, this is not the place to enter upon a refutation of the General's statements—of his discovery, for example, that the whole world is under the yoke of Great Britain. The thing worthy of note is that his tone now is one of apology for the war, not a glorification of it.

Nor is he a solitary example of this change. An Austrian writer has had the courage to do justice to Great Britain's efforts to prevent the present war. In leading German papers a cautious tone is being shown. "Not for a moment," says Paul Michaelis, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "must the German people deceive themselves as to the fact that great tasks and heavy labors lie before us, if the war on many fronts is to be brought to a victorious end." The only one of the leading Socialists who has been true to his ante-

bellum professions, Dr. Karl Liebknecht, has from the first denounced the war as one waged for the ideal of despotism, and against the ideal of freedom; as a war of annexation; as a war deliberately planned and forced on by the ruling classes; and as begun and carried on in the violation of international rights and the recognized laws of war. By his outspokenness he has earned the title of "the bravest man in Europe." This very title, however, shows how great is his isolation, how few of his fellow-countrymen are at present on his side; so few, indeed, that there is little hope for the immediate future. General von Bernhardt's description of the state of mind of the Germans still holds true: "The German nation is absolutely determined to carry through to a victorious conclusion the struggle into which it has been forced. . . . In this spirit we are all one; all strife, all partisanship, has disappeared before the common danger; only Germans remain who are of one will." And if in this matter the General really represents the German people, it will be seen how small is the hope of an early peace.

The drastic regulations by the Government of the food supplies of the country is to be regarded rather as a precaution against the danger of their being exhausted before the coming harvest than as an indication of actual exhaustion. The danger of starvation is but little, and the outcry about it was only raised to excite in this country odium against Great Britain, and sympathy with the German people. The second war loan has been eminently successful, and this is taken as a proof of the unbreakable financial strength of Germany. The vast sum of one thousand eight hundred and fifty millions was subscribed for in a very short time. Germany thus holds the record in national loans, and German financial strength, it is maintained, has proved itself greater than that of the Allies. Experts, however, declare that this is a superficial view. They point to the fact that Great Britain raised her loan at rates ranging from two to four per cent, whereas the new loan of Germany was at the rate of five per cent and more. Moreover, certain institutions are authorized by the State to issue loans on the deposit of securities, the funds thus supplied being applied by way of subscription to the loan, so that the State receives with one hand only what it has given out or guaranteed with the other. What seems to be an even clearer indication of the relative financial position of the two countries, is the fact that the note circulation of Germany has increased since the war by over three hundred per cent. For every

five dollars in notes, Germany can only show gold for two dollars and twenty-five cents, whereas for every five dollars in notes England can show six dollars in gold. For this reason German notes are at a large discount in every foreign country. Hence, in the opinion of impartial outsiders, England's financial standing is vastly superior to that of Germany. Reference to these details may seem somewhat sordid, were it not probable that this is going to be a war of exhaustion as much of financial as of human resources, and that it is the country which has the longest purse that will win.

Italy.

The attitude of Italy appears, in every respect, contemptible. There is no question of her taking the side of Germany, but she seems anxious to get all the advantages of a successful war without paying anything more than a promise to maintain neutrality. So low, however, is the level of political morality fallen that no promise made by Austria to hand over the provinces demanded by Italy gives to Italy any assurance that it will be kept. On the other hand, Austria is not sure that even in case the provinces were handed over before the war is finished, Italy would be faithful in maintaining the promised neutrality. Honor is said to exist even among thieves; it seems, however, no longer to exist in the present stage of "civilization" in Europe. The attitude of Italy, however, may be due to the want of a directing mind. There is no statesman who commands respect; there are only politicians waiting upon events. Her conduct may, therefore, rather be attributed to weakness than to malice. The present position, so far as can be learned, seems to be that Italy's sole concern is the keeping of a free hand for the purpose of safeguarding what she looks upon as her vital interests, without binding herself to the policy of neutrality.

Russia.

The death of Count Witte has removed the statesman who held office during the period in which the most sweeping changes took place in the whole political, financial, and economic policy of the Empire. He was its first Prime Minister. To him is to be attributed, as the Tsar's adviser, the authorship of the famous Peterhof Manifesto of October, 1905, the Magna Charta of Russian Constitutional liberties. It was he who introduced the gold currency, and

in ten years nearly doubled the Russian railway system. To him also was due the State monopoly of vodka, which led to so great an increase of drinking—an evil which he himself lived to see, and of which he was the first to advocate the abolition, thereby showing his willingness to admit his own mistakes. The peace with Japan forms another of his achievements. He had, however, many enemies, who brought about his downfall, and led to the last years of his life being spent in disgrace. A contributory cause may have been the fact that he advocated the policy of Russia's throwing herself into the arms of Germany, as he was permeated with German ideas and German sympathies, and was a member of the diminishing pro-German clique. In foreign policy he was a strenuous supporter of the League of the Three Emperors.

Russia's treatment of the Socialists is causing some misgiving in the minds of those who sympathize most warmly with her in the war against Germany. A leading member of this party who returned voluntarily to fight on her side, has been sent to Siberia, and Socialist members of the Duma have also been prosecuted. It has been widely asserted that the Jews are being harshly treated, but this seems to lack corroboration. On the other hand, the Tsar has been warmly welcomed by the Finns, on his visit to Helsingfors—a change beyond all possible expectation.

There is of course no lack of decision in the attitude of Servia and Montenegro towards the War. The almost miraculous way in which the former State defeated Austria-Hungary was achieved only at the mighty cost of almost complete exhaustion, followed by the ravages of typhus fever. So wholesome a dread of her prowess has, however, been infused into the ranks of her foes that no attempt has as yet been made to make the threatened third invasion. The rest of the Balkan States seem to be paralyzed by indecision. The strongest of them, at the present time, Rumania, appears to be waiting for Russia's triumph before proceeding to the rescue of her compatriots from Hungary's yoke. She stands, moreover, in dread of Bulgaria whom she injured in the second of the Balkan Wars, having failed to assist her in the first. Upon Bulgaria no reliance can be placed. While she was the victorious champion of the other Balkan States in the war against Turkey, she became a traitor to their best interests at the instigation of

Austria by bringing about the Second Balkan War. A severe, and perhaps an unjust, penalty was imposed upon her by the Treaty of Bukarest. This has left her in a state of chronic discontent, and of such deep resentment to her neighbors that she is as likely as not to fight against as for them. That Greece is upon the side of the Allies there is no reason to doubt, but the leading statesman of Greece—perhaps he may be called the leading statesman of Europe—has been forced to resign because the King would not consent to take actively that side.

The questions, however, which the various Balkan States have to face are so extremely complicated that little wonder can be felt at the hesitation which they show. In some things they have common interests, in other respects they are opposed. All in greater or less degree are against the Turks and their Allies, Austria-Hungary and Germany. On the other hand, the ground which these States occupy has in the more or less remote past been in the possession of the ancestors of the present Greeks, Bulgars, and Serbs. There have been Greek, Bulgarian, and Serb Empires; their children are desirous of reviving the glories of their fathers—a desire which cannot but bring them into conflict with each other. The attack which the three outsiders, Great Britain, France, and Russia, are now making upon Constantinople adds a further complication. Perhaps the desire to be on the winning side may enter into the question.

With Our Readers.

WHEN one is sending invitations to a celebration and is eager to make his list complete, it almost invariably happens that some who ought to have been included are forgotten. When we were compiling the list of noted contributors to THE CATHOLIC WORLD during its fifty years of publication, we had the uncomfortable feeling that, in spite of our best efforts, some very worthy ones would be omitted. We heard complaining voices and read indignant letters.

It must be remembered that for many years articles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD were unsigned, and nothing like a complete or reliable record exists of their authors. From innumerable sources we had to try to reconstruct the literary history of the magazine. To the authorship of many articles we could find no clue. Evidently they were of the heroic kind "who did their deed and scorned to blot it with a name."

We are grateful, therefore, to all who have aided us by sending data, and we request our readers to give us any information in their possession concerning early contributors. The omission of some names is entirely our own fault, due to forgetfulness and oversight.

Among those who should have been included in the original list, and were not, we wish to mention: Thomas W. Allies, eminent convert and author; Francis Thompson, the poet whose name needs no eulogy to-day; and with him we may rightly couple another illustrious poet, Rev. John B. Tabb; the Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P., one-time assistant-editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD; Rev. Hugh T. Henry, poet and scholar; Mrs. Elizabeth G. Martin, whose chief work was that of reviewer; Eleanor C. Donnelly; Joseph I. C. Clark; Caroline D. Swan; Charles Hanson Towne; Rev. Edward F. Garesché, at present editor of *The Queen's Work*; Dr. E. J. Dillon, the writer for many years past of "Foreign Affairs" in the *Contemporary Review*; and Mary P. Thompson, of whom a reader writes, "she was one of the most important and efficient aids of Father Hecker. She was convert, scholar, traveler, linguist and translator, and a constant contributor. The Mary P. Thompson Memorial Room at Durham, N. H., would prove my assertion."

We also omitted the name of Rev. Edward F. Curran, of whose critique on Joseph Conrad, the first lengthy one to appear in America, the novelist himself wrote: "It is certainly one that has touched me deeply, not only by the generosity of its expression, but by the evident comprehension of the writer, the insight and the sympathy of its judgment. The analysis of my style was a sort of revelation even to myself."

THE following contribution from Dr. Maurice Francis Egan was received too late for publication in our April issue:

AMERICAN LEGATION, COPENHAGEN, March 6, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

My first recollections of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are very pleasant ones. I was brought up on the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's* and Littel's *Living Age*, with an occasional dash into the old number of *Sartain's Magazine* and my mother's Godey's *Ladies' Book*. With the exception of some odd numbers of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, I do not remember in my very young days that we had any Catholic periodical at all.

On one Christmas morning my father gave me as a gift THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in which, I think, *Dion and the Sibyls* was running as a serial, and from that day I became a warm friend of Father Hecker's magazine. My first contribution was a sonnet, paraphrased from the Italian of St. Francis d'Assisi. I was, I think, at that time still at La Salle College or studying under the direction of the Christian Brothers, and when the sonnet appeared, improved by suggestions from the editor—the very learned and clever John MacCarthy—I was very much elated.

I first went, in 1881, I think, to see Father Hewit to thank him for a letter which he had sent me from Dr. Newman, in which that most eminent of Oratorians spoke well of a CATHOLIC WORLD story of mine called *Phyllista*. After that I saw Father Hecker very often for consultation. He was not always quite well, and I remember that when I sometimes went to his room to talk over possible essays, stories, etc., he brushed all these matters aside and talked of his favorite St. Catherine of Genoa. I recall with interest a comparison he made between the mysticism of St. Catherine of Genoa and the Quaker convert Frederick Lucas. I remember we both joined in admiration of the work of John Lafarge. What struck me about Father Hecker was his extreme cheerfulness. "When I want to go to Florida, I go over to the steam radiator," he said, "and if I want the bracing breezes of Norway, all I have to do is to sit near this window that opens on the street." His room, to him, was a kingdom, but one which confined within it wonderful unseen worlds of which he spoke freely.

Father Hewit had admirable taste in novels and liked to talk about them. I do not remember that I continued Mr. James Hassard's "Book Talks," but I think the suggestion of a series of articles on current books came to me through Mr. Lawrence Kehoe; and Father Hewit was desirous that my article should concern itself with the lighter forms of literature, then very much neglected by the Catholic press. I did not want to undertake the work, and I was very busy (I contributed book notes to the *North American Review*, and monthly bulletins of books (unsigned, to *Harper's*; with frequent reviews for the *New York Times* and other publications). However, Father Hewit persuaded me that I had a light touch, which he wanted, and Mr. Lawrence Kehoe was quite sure that I had the power to kill any book that offended pious ears. I very soon discovered that Mr. Kehoe regarded any book not published by the Catholic Publication Society as offensive to pious ears. We had our discussions on the subject; but a wittier, more honest, kind-hearted man never lived, and he forgave me many audacious pronouncements because I had always shown myself to be a firm friend of the Catholic Publication Society. I remember that at the age of sixteen years, when I received my first fee of five dollars for a page in one of Mr. Henry Petersen's publications, I invested it at once in a series of those remarkably well-written tracts of the Paulist Fathers to be distributed among my Protestant relatives. I do not think the

tracts were very well received; but I am quite sure that my good intentions were not wasted!

I could tell you many things, serious and amusing, of my connection with Fathers Hecker and Hewit and Mr. Lawrence Kehoe and *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*; but there is no time.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

OUR readers will be pleased to read the following appreciations of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. Our sincere thanks are extended to all those who have sent us their good wishes and congratulations, and we regret that it was impossible to publish all the comments and letters received.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*:

As one of the original subscribers to *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, allow me to congratulate you on the publication of your Golden Jubilee Number. During all these years, I have looked forward each month with pleasure to the coming of this magazine, and I can certainly say that not once have I found a dull number. I hope that *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* will continue its prosperous career, and increase its influence for good among the reading public.

Yours truly, W. P. O'CONNOR.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, March 26, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*:

.....I am taking this means of congratulating *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* on its fifty years in a work which is more necessary to-day than when the magazine was founded.

Yours cordially in Christ,
THOMAS V. TOBIN.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*:

It is a great pleasure to me to bring our youthful *America* into your venerable presence, to say a word of congratulation on the Golden Jubilee of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*.

I myself and all the other members of the staff rejoice with you on the completion of the fifty useful honorable years of your magazine. *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* is doing a splendid work for God; you have put upon it the clear, unmistakable impress of dignity and scholarship.

If the past is an earnest of the future, you can look forward to a diamond jubilee, sure of the homage of a host of readers who have profited by your apostolic labors.

With sentiments of esteem, I am,

Very sincerely, etc.,

R. H. TIERNEY, S.J.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, March 29, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*:

I have just received the Jubilee issue, and may I wish you another fifty years of success and prosperity.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

EUGENE S. BURKE, JR.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

I want to congratulate you on the excellent Jubilee Number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD which I read with great interest.

I wish you and your colleagues all success in your good work. With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

EDWARD J. MCGUIRE.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

My hearty congratulations on the Golden Jubilee of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. I do not know whether you realize that I am myself fifty years old this month. You can understand then how much interested I am in this Jubilee business.

May I say quite sincerely that I think you have made THE CATHOLIC WORLD our most serious and important Catholic mouthpiece in America. It has been finely done. THE CATHOLIC WORLD and *The Atlantic Monthly* represent the heaven still left, that I hope will sometime leaven the whole lump of thinking in America that so much lacks seriousness.

Once more my hearty congratulations, particularly on the Jubilee Number, which is just fine.

Yours very respectfully,

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

TRINITY COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

Among the thousands of congratulations that are pouring in upon you on the occasion of your Jubilee Number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, may the faint voice of a very humble follower reach you. *The Notre Dame Quarterly*, of San José, California, in which you have frequently shown a kindly interest, extends through me its sincere good wishes. We pray that God may continue to bless and prosper the noble work for Catholic literature that you are doing so zealously and in such a splendid manner; that you may always hold aloft your high standard and find a thronging following. We feel that THE CATHOLIC WORLD now, as at its inception, stands for what is best in Catholic thought; it deserves the support of every cultured Catholic in America. We pray that it may receive that support, and that it may round out its century in the same high and noble mission.....

Very sincerely,

SISTER ANTHONY, S.H.

KEW GARDENS, LONG ISLAND, April, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

Allow me to congratulate you on your Golden Anniversary. Truly, THE CATHOLIC WORLD is the best magazine I have read, and I am always anxious to get a new copy.

Wishing you continued success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

VICTORIA DE SILVA.

LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 5, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

It is one of my Easter joys to be the delegate of Sister Superior

and the community to congratulate you upon the Golden Jubilee of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and upon the beautiful number that marks the great anniversary.....

There is nothing in our library of which I am prouder than the complete file of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for Trinity is far from fifty years old, and some of the early volumes were hard to get. I begged and bought in so many places that now I have many duplicates. There is an assignment in Volume 96 on the bulletin board this week: *Was Satan the Hero of Paradise Lost?* The volumes are of great use to us in all the classes of literature and history. Sometime you will give us a continuation of the General Index, I hope.

Our good wishes and our prayers go with you for the future, that the work may be abundantly blessed and prospered, to uphold the Catholic cause in its unique way.

Very sincerely yours,

SISTER MARY PATRICIA, S.N.D.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, BROOKLAND, D. C., March 29, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

.....Let me make a personal contribution to the praises pouring in upon THE WORLD in these its golden days of recollection. In the fall of 1895, Father Hewit, of revered memory, called my attention to Father Bayma's articles on scholastic philosophy, published in THE WORLD when its days were still young. The impression these articles made I could not begin to describe; it has been too lasting and inspiring to be put in words. I wish humbly and truthfully to say, however, that I owe a profound debt, which I here most gratefully acknowledge, to these articles and the pages of the magazine now celebrating its first half-century of achievement. I shall never forget the feeling of wonder that came over me when I found that the schoolmen could speak English as fluently as Latin. Nor has the recollection of that conference with Father Hewit grown a whit dimmer with the years.

May God continue to bless you and your work more than ever.

Cordially yours,

E. T. SHANAHAN.

(From *The Catholic Sun*, Syracuse, N. Y., April 9.)

The Jubilee Number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is filled from cover to cover with very interesting articles.....The fifty-year-old magazine is something to be proud of, not only by those personally connected with the publication of it, but by every Catholic who appreciates the influence of good literature.

(From *The Catholic Transcript*, Hartford, Conn., April 8.)

THE CATHOLIC WORLD magazine has been in the field for a half century. Its Golden Jubilee Number, full of interesting information, is before us. During its fifty years it has done splendid work, with what pecuniary remuneration we are not called upon to guess. It has deserved success, and we hope that it has enjoyed success.

In the late eighties an admirer of the magazine said to the writer, "I have been reading some early volumes of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and it seems to me that the articles in those numbers were more profound and on graver topics than those of the present day. The writers who contributed to the magazine in its earliest days, seemed to be men of a more serious turn of mind, who were directly and tremendously interested in the great questions of the day."

All this was twenty-five years ago. If my informant was right, the

magazine did not end its first quarter of a century as gloriously as it had begun it. The reverse is true to-day. THE CATHOLIC WORLD is a more creditable publication now than it was in the ending eighties—fine as it was then. It is a bright, readable, edifying, and instructive periodical. The editor evidently knows his patrons, and gives them what appeals to their literary palate. He is the judge of that; and it would be presumptuous for an outsider to undertake to decide whether, or not, he is making the best possible use of his opportunities.

We fancy that his list of contributors is small—we had almost said, necessarily small—but since the publication of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, it would be ignoring visible facts to say that there is only a limited number of competent Catholic writers. The production of that monumental work has discovered us to ourselves, and, if we suffer the great host of capable literary workers to recede into the deep regions of oblivion, posterity, if we have a posterity, will not hold us guiltless.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has its proper field, and it cultivates it admirably. But it is not laboring with precisely the same tools nor with husbandmen identical with those of fifty years ago. Then great questions were clamoring for discussion. Faith was more in use. The supernatural held a broader and more secure sway. The Bible had not been dethroned. Neglect of the future was too common indeed, yet without threatening to be universal among the sects outside the Catholic Church. It was easier for a Hecker, a Wiseman, a Manning, a Hewit, a Hassard, or a Brownson to find a compelling theme than for a Shahan, a Ward, an Elliott, a Burke, or a Zahm. In those pregnant days subjects came up from the ground or down from the clear sky. They thrust themselves upon the minds of the thinking men of the day, and for them to take up their pen was as natural as for the pastor to expound the Gospel. Many of the old contributors were fine controversialists and triumphant apologists. They did a noble service, and they did it fearlessly and cordially. They were the honor as well as the safeguard of their generation.

The Catholic periodicalists of the present labor under comparatively serious disadvantages. There is less religious discussion and more and more varied distractions of mind. An editorial of a column's length appalls the average reader and spells the ruin of the journal that hazards it. Dr. Brownson envied Cardinal Wiseman his public. The magazine writer of the twentieth century may well envy his predecessors of fifty years ago. Everyone now reads the daily paper, and the daily paper touches upon every subject under the sun—it touches them indeed, frequently tears them to rags, and passes on till no one has the heart to take them up and subject them to new and serious treatment.

The public has had its effect upon the contributor. We have no Brownson. We have no Hecker. Could they command a hearing were they to come among us in their former prowess and power? Perhaps not. We are much inclined to say that they could not create a public for themselves, for the religious thought of the day is little short of bankrupt.

We need perhaps a publication or two differing in scope from any now before the public. We have the writers, but we have not the capital, nor the courage, nor, alas! the enterprise and zeal. What we need is the Catholic millionaire who is prepared to venture and, if needs be, lose a fortune, and a large one, in the cause of religious journalism. Someone who has Pauline zeal and Pauline courage must come forward, call out the talent and remunerate it decently. In the long run, such an undertaking would command respect. At any rate it would deserve success, and success is bound to come to those who deserve it and persevere in their meritorious course.

We are led to these reflections after going through the fine Jubilee Number

of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The story of its beginnings is absorbing. Both Father Elliott's *Personal Reminiscences* and Dr. Rooney's *Reminiscences of Early Days* are delightful and informing. THE CATHOLIC WORLD office of the sixties and the seventies must have been one of the most interesting Catholic centres in the United States. The men who gathered there were giants in their generation, and most of them did great things for the cause of Catholic truth. Father Hecker's services to the young writers of his day are still bearing fruit. It is to be hoped that the tradition which he inaugurated will continue in honor as long as the magazine lasts.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has done a noble work, and in many respects a pioneer work. May it prosper and discharge in ever-broadening measure the apostolic labors which it undertakes. May its courage never fail, and may it receive all 'round recognition in keeping with its unquestioned merits.

(From *The Catholic Record*, London, Ont., Can., April 10.)

To many Father Elliott's article in the Jubilee (April) issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will have something of the charm of a personal reminiscence, and may help all to realize the large part THE CATHOLIC WORLD has played in Catholic intellectual life for the past fifty years. But it is not alone, nor even chiefly intellectual activity, as such, that its spiritual-minded founder and first editor designed THE CATHOLIC WORLD to promote amongst Catholics. His intention and his spirit are well interpreted by the present editor.....

We should like to express our appreciation of the earnestness and ability which the present editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD brings to the work of realizing, with an ever-increasing measure of success, his high ideal of a Catholic magazine. The bare list of noted contributors would fill columns of our space. We cannot refrain, however, from noting one or two in the number before us. It may serve our purpose to quote from an article by the distinguished essayist, Agnes Repplier, whose first work, by the way, appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

"Mr. Hilaire Belloc says truthfully that Europe and its development are a Catholic thing. 'The Catholic Faith was the formative soul of European civilization. Wherever it was preserved, there the European tradition in art, law, marriage, property, everything, was preserved also.' Therefore it is that the Catholic reads history unconfusedly. He does not regard it from without, but from within. 'He feels in his own nature the nature of its progress.'..... A clue to the past! It is more than a clue—it is the key of the past which the Church holds in her sacred keeping, and only when she unlocks the door do we see the stately procession of the centuries, linked indissolubly one with another, comprehensible to the clear eyes of faith, beautiful to the serene understanding which comes of Christian charity."

Here we have a great truth which is already openly acknowledged by some recent Protestant historians, and beginning to be dimly felt by all.

Hilaire Belloc's appreciation of the War, its causes, the principles in issue, and its progress from week to week is read throughout the world. But Hilaire Belloc with the same masterly grasp of his subject, the same forceful lucidity of expression, and the same clarity of reasoning, has treated subjects more important than the War in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The very words cited by Miss Repplier appeared there a few years ago in a series of articles of exceptional value just at this time when history is being re-written. That series of articles the present writer has read and re-read, and intends again to read and re-read.

There is heard at times the complaint that despite increased facilities for

Catholic higher education and greatly increased numbers of those taking advantage of those facilities, the result is somewhat disappointing. May it not be that after graduation the Catholic student is left too often without the means to continue the studies which, at best, can only be begun in college or convent? We venture the suggestion that if *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* were found in every home where there is sufficient education to appreciate its worth, the ground for the complaint would largely disappear.

Stimulating and suggestive to young and old, it is almost a necessity to young Catholic graduates as an inspiration and stimulus to continue and complete the education into which they have been initiated by our higher institutions of learning.

(From *The Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee, Wis., April 10.*)

A delight to the eye and the mind is the Jubilee edition of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. Like everything else to which the Paulists put their hands, *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* is excellent and all-satisfying.

For fifty years this magazine has blazed a trail of Catholic sweetness and light through the Black Forest of American letters. It has introduced to American readers the best work of the foremost Catholic writers of the day at home and abroad; it has been a loving nursing-mother to young writers—at least three of whom, Agnes Repplier, Louise Guiney, and Katherine Brégy, now have an assured place among the leading *littérateurs* of the day.

.....*THE CATHOLIC WORLD* is second to no periodical published in this country. May it go from strength to strength is the heartfelt wish of the writer of these lines.

(From *The Catholic Historical Review, Washington, D. C., April.*)

Fifty years is a long life for a periodical; to a review just beginning its career, it seems patriarchal. So it is with feelings of veneration that the *Catholic Historical Review* salutes *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, which, with its March issue, completes its fiftieth year. During this half-century how many a Catholic magazine and review *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* has seen born and die! It remains to-day vigorous and flourishing, with every promise of longevity. What has been the secret of its vitality? We believe it has lain in two things, chiefly. First, in its strong living faith in the power and mission of the press, or, to use Father Hecker's term, in the Apostolate of the Press; and second, in its insight into the mind and temper of the American public, Catholic and non-Catholic. These gifts have inspired its editors with the enthusiasm and courage necessary for their work; and enabled them to know what was needed and to procure the writers capable of applying it. They have nobly won for *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* its widespread reputation as an enlightened, cultivated, entertaining and faithful champion of Catholic truth and Catholic interests.

Ad multos annos!

(From *The Catholic Monitor, Newark, N. J., April 10.*)

For fifty years *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* has continued its mission, and always with distinction and success.....

Its chief glory is that it created "a veritable galaxy in the Catholic literary history of the last half of the nineteenth century," for the best Catholic writers of the day published their work in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, and found it a choice medium for their literary efforts.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has been a mighty force in Catholic literature and scholarship in the United States.

We heartily congratulate it on this, its Golden Jubilee.

May the future be even more fruitful than the past—with a golden sun ripening the fields for the granary of God!

(From The Detroit Free Press, April 3.)

This month THE CATHOLIC WORLD celebrates its Golden Jubilee—fifty years of continuous publication and constantly increasing influence and prosperity. A very interesting review of contributors is given. This anniversary number is an excellent one.

(From The Indiana Catholic and Record, Indianapolis, Ind., April 2.)

April, 1915, comes as a time of rejoicing for the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, marking as it does the Golden Jubilee of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, a publication owned and operated by this zealous missionary society since 1865. This anniversary is also of tremendous interest to the entire body of the Catholic Church in America, for there is no power more potent for good than a sturdy Catholic press, and it may be said that THE CATHOLIC WORLD is the corner-stone upon which the great structure of the American Catholic press has been reared. During these fifty years, this monthly magazine has stood as a bulwark in defence of the Faith, and God alone knows the extent of the work it has done in overcoming prejudice and bringing the non-Catholics of this country to a realization of what the Church is, and what it stands for in the great scheme of things.

It was no small task to launch a Catholic magazine in this country fifty years ago, nor was it a small task to establish an American religious order, with the mission of carrying the light of the True Faith into the very strongholds of unreasonable bigotry. Father Isaac Hecker and his illustrious associates—all converts to the Church—did both, and in spite of the fact that the Catholic population of the country at that time was but 4,451,000, their work prospered, and both the order and the magazine founded by the order are to-day among the most flourishing institutions of which the Church in America is able to boast.

Although no textbook of American Catholic literary history has ever been compiled, the files of THE CATHOLIC WORLD offer a fair substitute, for almost every Catholic writer who has attained any degree of prominence in the American literary field has, at one time or another, contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and in its pages we may trace the evolution through which many an obscure writer has risen to the pinnacle of literary fame.

J. R. G. Hassard, John Gilmary Shea, Dr. S. A. Raborg, Agnes Repplier, Dr. William J. Kerby, Dr. Edward Pace, Canon Barry, Father George Searle, C.S.P., Dr. James J. Walsh, H. P. Russell, and others too numerous to mention, have been prolific contributors to this publication, and by their work they have definitely proved that it is possible not only to bring a religious periodical up to a worthy standard of excellence, but to put it on a plane with the very best secular productions. Broad in scope, far-reaching in endeavor, varied enough to please every taste, THE CATHOLIC WORLD has been able to make a strong bid for popularity without sacrificing for a moment its fundamental right to call itself Catholic in every sense of the word.....

The editor's article in the Jubilee issue gives the keynote of the entire situation. It is that apostolicity, the knowledge that the labor which went into the making of THE CATHOLIC WORLD was being expended in behalf of God and the truths of God, that sustained the publication and brought it from the obscurity of its humble beginning into the front rank of the great periodicals. Someone has said that the lack of an endowed

Catholic press has retarded the development of a strong coterie of Catholic writers. We are inclined to disagree with that statement, and to assert that this financial lack has developed a coterie of Catholic writers. It may have retarded numerical strength, but it has nourished literary excellence, for no writer is able to attain the same results when his principal incentive is monetary reward, as he can when he writes from principle and puts heart and soul into his work. As an example of the truth of this opinion we again point to the files of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, and ask whether the men and women represented there could have spoken with the force, the conviction, the sincerity they there display, had they been the mere hirelings of some secular publication?

Growth and prosperity have not dimmed the lustre of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. The spirit which animated its early editors continued to dwell with the incumbents of the editorial desk of later years. Commercialism has never entered the door, causing art to fly out of the window.

(From The San Francisco Monitor, April 3.)

Appropriately appearing in the blessed Easter season, the April number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* celebrates the Golden Jubilee of its highly successful career.

Founded fifty years ago by the illustrious convert who established the Paulist Order, Isaac Hecker, *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* has been the highest expression of the general apostolate of the press in the United States. There are other periodicals which are profounder, but they are exclusively for the clergy and for scholars. *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*'s appeal is to the public—to all intelligent men or women, Catholic, Protestant, or agnostic, who seek the expression of the Catholic point of view in life, letters, science, and art.

It has been, and now is, a magazine of which Catholics may well be proud. The support which has been given it during half a century should be continued and largely increased. Never has the need for such a review been more pressing and serious. The Apostolate of the Press becomes more and more a necessary, yes, an indispensable, factor of Catholic action.

It only requires a glance at the contents list of the Jubilee Number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* and at the list of past contributors, to recognize the high level of literary talent which it has maintained for all the years of its long life; but it requires a thorough reading of its contents to realize how well balanced and nutritious and wholesome and toothsome, so to speak, is its literary bill-of-fare.

Let Catholics place this number in the hands of their Protestant or agnostic friends who truthfully desire to know the Catholic point of view—conversions will follow. And that, after all, is the one thing worth while. Catholic authors, whether poets or professors of the prosiest prose, do not, cannot write merely, to dazzle, startle, please, amuse, or instruct for instruction's sake—no; always they seek to bring souls to Christ; always they know that vain as the crackling of thorns under the pot are all the airs and graces of literature, all the labor of learning, unless by these things and through these things the souls of men are attracted to God.

This is the lofty and necessary mission of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. *The Monitor* wishes it continued and increased success, and in quoting the words used by the editor, John J. Burke, C.S.P., in describing the object of his magazine, we feel we are using words which should be the motto not only of the *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, but of all Catholic journalism:

“To draw men by the capable, intelligent expression of Catholic truth; to make fairness and beauty of style an index of the fairness and beauty

within; to show that Catholic truth illumines, fulfills all, and leads man to the supernatural life of Jesus Christ, was the lofty purpose of Father Hecker when he founded *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. For fifty years his mission has endured. May God grant us and our successors many, many years to continue it for His glory and the glory of His Holy Church; for the welfare of souls and well-being of our beloved country—America.”

(From America, New York, April 3.)

To start a Catholic monthly just as the Civil War came to a close was a bold undertaking. Money was scarce, Catholics were only one-fourth as numerous as they are to-day; they were not a reading people, and half-a-dozen magazines begun by Catholics had failed. Nevertheless, Father Isaac T. Hecker, the founder of the Paulists, had the splendid courage to issue in April, 1865, the first number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, and now its fourth editor, Father John J. Burke, who came after Father Doyle, who was Father Hewit's successor, has brought out the six-hundredth issue of the famous periodical. From the sketches of the magazine's history that are published in this excellent Jubilee Number, some idea may be had of how much *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* has done during the past fifty years to promote the intellectual activity of American Catholics, and to present attractively to unbelievers the claims of the Church. Among the three hundred contributors of note whose names are mentioned, can be found such valiant champions of the truth as Brownson, Shea, Hassard, Clarke, and Miss Tincker, and it was in the pages of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* that the literary papers of Miss Repplier and Miss Guiney first appeared.

The Holy Father pays a well-merited tribute to our highly-valued contemporary, “which in fifty years of uninterrupted labor has accomplished a noble and holy apostolate in defence of the Church and of Christian civilization,” and Cardinal Farley sends his warm congratulations to “one of the most valiant and most efficient defenders of Holy Church.” *America* rejoices to echo these praises and sincerely hopes that *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* may continue to achieve the lofty object Father Hecker had in founding the magazine, viz.: “To draw men by the capable, intelligent expression of Catholic truth; to make fairness and beauty of style an index of the fairness and beauty within; to show that Catholic truth illumines, fulfills all, and leads man to the supernatural life of Jesus Christ.”

(From The Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, Pa., April 3.)

THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April of this year is its Golden Jubilee Number. Fifty years ago the magazine was founded by a convert, Father Isaac Hecker, who also founded the Paulist Order, or Congregation, to give it its proper religious designation. *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* became, ere many years old, a potent influence in Catholic defensive as well as expository literature, under the leadership of other distinguished converts, such as the late Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, the late Rev. Clarence D. Walworth, the late Rev. Alfred Young, and some others. Father Hewit's services were of the kind that is simply invaluable, for, as a Catholic theologian and philosophical writer, he had in his time no superior, if any equal, this wonderful son of a New England Congregational clergyman.

(From The Standard Union, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 29.)

Blessing by His Holiness, the Pope, and congratulations by His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, rare and memorable recognition, have been honestly earned by

THE CATHOLIC WORLD of the Paulist Fathers, which with its current number begins its second half century.....The half century covered by THE CATHOLIC WORLD is, it is but trite to say, the most momentous in the world's history. To revert to the end of the American Civil War is to go back to a time when steam and electricity were almost unknown, the mastery of the air and of the deep sea undreamed of, and when the advances in finer application of science and invention, industry, medicine, and social organization, were wholly beyond human grasp or ambition. That through all this sea of change THE WORLD has steadfastly held its position, and the monthly bravely and honorably defended the Faith, is an incident by itself notable, but when contrasted with what has happened in almost every other department of human activity, the fact is even more creditable and significant. THE CATHOLIC WORLD has served letters as well as the Church by the introduction to the public of many writers of high rank, and in secular as in religious matters invariably cast its influence and set its example for the real, the permanent, and the substantial, rather than for the passing dreams of a day or an hour, and in its fidelity and stability it finds reward for the past and promise for the future.

(From *The Catholic Advance*, Wichita, Kan., April 1.)

We extend our most sincere congratulations to THE CATHOLIC WORLD of New York, which has just published its Golden Jubilee Number. THE WORLD has worked nobly in the interests of Catholicism during the last fifty years. The present editor is keeping THE WORLD in the front rank of first-class publications.

(From *The Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Ind., April 10.)

The Golden Jubilee Number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD furnishes an occasion, for which we have been waiting, to extend to that periodical—to the editor and his staff and all connected with it—our warmest congratulations and heartiest good wishes upon its fiftieth anniversary. The number itself is a notable one. Naturally the history of the magazine is the leading feature. The record thus presented is one of which any periodical might justly feel proud. Particularly are the Fathers of the Congregation of St. Paul to be commended for the high regard they have had for the importance of Catholic literature, and the many valuable contributions they have made to it. To the present editor, whose highest praise is that he has faithfully kept the traditions of THE CATHOLIC WORLD's illustrious founder, Father Isaac Hecker, while further extending its appeal, most generous praise is due, from all ranks and avenues of Catholic life, but from none more especially than his fraternity of the Catholic press. *The Ave Maria* is proud of its fifty years friendship for THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and happy to be its fellow.

(From *The Catholic Sentinel*, Portland, Oregon, April 8.)

From its beginning to the present THE CATHOLIC WORLD has held a foremost place in American Catholic letters; and to the Paulist Fathers who have conducted it so ably are due the congratulations of the whole Catholic body. The Paulists, from their founder to the latest recruit, have felt a special vocation to the apostolate of the printed word, and their excellent monthly has been but one of many means they have developed for the spread of Christian truth.

(From *The Intermountain Catholic*, Salt Lake City, Utah, April 10.)

The April issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is its Golden Jubilee Number.

Surely the congratulations of the Catholic press are in order, for during the past fifty years this high-class magazine has been a champion of the truth and a defender of the rights of the Catholic Church. Since the days of Father Hecker, who founded it in connection with the congregation of Paulists, up to the present time, *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* has been the expression of lofty ideals in the defence of Catholic Faith, in the fearless exposition of the evils of the day, in the maintenance of a dignified spirit and scholarly style, which appealed to non-Catholics as well as to Catholics. It has set the pace for literary merit among Catholic publications. Its controversies were respected outside the pale of the Church, for they covered debatable ground with sound logic and argument. One of its missions, as is also the mission of the Paulist Congregation, is to win over non-Catholics into the True Fold. That mission has been gloriously carried out, and it is growing in importance and results.

The Intermountain Catholic unites with the other Catholic papers and magazines in extending to *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* its congratulations. *Ad multos annos!*

(From *The Catholic Bulletin*, St. Paul, Minn., April 17.)

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has been loyal to the lofty purpose which animated Father Hecker when he founded it.

We congratulate *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* on the well-earned position it occupies in the world of journalism as the leading Catholic magazine of the country. May the merited encomiums which are being showered upon it as it passes the fiftieth milestone in its career, be an incentive to those in charge of it to make still greater efforts to enhance its prestige during the years, so rich in budding promise, that now open before it. *Ad multos annos!*

(From *The Evening Sun*, New York, March 27.)

Many lamps have been lighted before the shrine of letters, but whenever the flame has not been worthy of the shrine the reading public in its own good time has quietly snuffed it out. Fifty years ago in the days of the Civil War the Rev. Isaac Hecker lighted the lamp of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, and the fact that its flame burns more brightly to-day is full proof of the high opinion in which it is held by its readers.

In extending our congratulations to its present editor on the appearance of his Jubilee Number, we congratulate at the same time American letters on the record his magazine has made.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD should not do things by halves; it has lived for fifty years; let it make up its mind to be one hundred.

IT is a joy to give as well as to receive. We have received much of late, and we are made the happier by having the opportunity at this time to extend our congratulations to our weekly contemporary, *America*. On April 17th *America* completed its sixth year, and received the well-deserved blessing of Pope Benedict XV. At the time of *America's* birth, *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* said that the need in our country of an able Catholic weekly was a most pressing one; and "its heartiest wishes were extended to *America* for a long, prosperous and successful life." Year after year gives length of life; and year after

year has shown that *America* is successfully fulfilling its mission of a strong Catholic weekly. Every question of Catholic interest is treated in its columns; it seeks always to stimulate intelligent interest and discussion on the part of Catholics, and, to employ a phrase popular in modern journalism, it is very much alive. The labor of editing such a weekly is enormous. All of its editors have been men of exceptional zeal and self-sacrifice, and both they and their entire staff have labored to issue a weekly that would meet with the country-wide support of Catholics. That support is well deserved; and the real worth of all the present discussion about the necessity of a Catholic daily may be accurately measured by the support given to such an up-to-date weekly as *America*.

THE words with which Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, heralds the first issue of *The Catholic Historical Review* will rouse the enthusiasm of every American Catholic: "The time has come in the development of Catholicity in the United States when it should be represented by a publication, national in scope and character, a publication devoted to the discussion of Catholic history on a scale corresponding to the importance which Catholicity has assumed in the life of the nation."

That importance is due to the work of our forefathers, and a knowledge of their labors will the better equip us to handle the problems of the present; and enable us to attain a still more important leadership in the life of our country. Therefore this new *Review* merits the active support not only of the clergy, but also of the educated Catholic laity.

The *Review* has set for itself a most important and difficult task. Official documents and records; unofficial accounts in periodicals of various kinds, in private letters, etc., etc., exist of the persons and events notable in the history of the Church in this country. No systematic attempt has ever been made to save them from threatening oblivion, to know where they are or what they contain, to state their true value, to put them at the disposal of the historian. It will be evident at once how pressing is the necessity of the work the editors have undertaken, and also how eagerly everyone who has any data in his charge should coöperate with them.

The names of the Board of Editors—all members of the Faculty of the Catholic University—are proof sufficient that, if they receive the necessary coöperation, their task will be carried out in a thorough and scholarly way.

We wish success to *The Catholic Historical Review*, and such life as will make it the permanent and well-informed guide to every source of Catholic American history.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough. Edited by S. O'Neill. 50 cents.
The Young Color Guard. By M. G. Bonesteel. *The Little Lady of the Hall.* By N. Ryeman. *The Haldeman Children.* By M. E. Mannix. *The Little Apostle on Crutches.* By H. E. Delamare. *The Madcap Set at St. Anne's.* By M. J. Brunowe. *Daddy Dan.* By M. T. Waggaman. *The Mad Knight.* By O. von Schaching. *Miralda.* By K. M. Johnston. 35 cents each. *A Garland for St. Joseph.* By a Member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo. 75 cents. *The Friar Preacher, Yesterday and To-day.* From the French by Father Hugh Pope, O.P. 75 cents net. "*Like Unto a Merchant.*" By M. A. Gray. \$1.35 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The Beginnings of the Church: The Christ the Son of God. Two volumes; *St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity*; *St. Paul and His Missions*; *The Last Years of St. Paul*; *St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age.* By Abbé C. Fouard. \$1.25 each net.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

The King, the Kaiser and Irish Freedom. By J. K. McQuire. \$1.35 net. *Just Stories.* By Gertrude M. O'Reilly.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Official Catholic Directory. Men, Not Angels, and Other Tales Told to Girls. By Katharine Tynan. \$1.10.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Ruysbroeck. By Evelyn Underhill. \$1.00.

SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York:

The Dream of Scipio. Edited by J. A. Kleist, S.J. 50 cents.

DUFFIELD & Co., New York:

The Curse of Castle Eagle. \$1.50 net. By Katharine Tynan. *The Will to Live.* By H. Bordeaux. 75 cents net.

WHITEHALL BUILDING, Room 334, New York:

The Mexican Revolution and the Nationalisation of the Land. By Dr. Atl.

THE EMMET PRESS, New York:

Memoir of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet. By T. A. Emmet, LL.D. 2 vols. \$10.00.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

Catholic Sociology. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

James Russell Lowell as a Critic. By J. J. Reilly.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

Criticisms of Life. By Horace J. Bridges. \$1.50 net. *The California Padres and their Missions.* By C. F. Saunders and J. S. Chase. \$2.50 net.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston:

A Vision of St. Bride, and Other Poems. By Mrs. E. G. Pember.

WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION, Boston:

America and the European War. By Norman Angel. Pamphlet.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME, Manchester, N. H.:

A Few Suggestions for the Practical Nurse. Pamphlet. 15 cents.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

The Educational Museum of the St. Louis Public Schools. By C. G. Rathman. *Education for the Home.* Parts 1 and 2. By B. R. Andrews. *Economic Needs of Farm Women.* *Domestic Needs of Farm Women.* *Educational Needs of Farm Women.* *A Study of the Colleges and High Schools in the North Central Association.* *The Health of School Children.* By W. H. Heck. *Efficiency and Preparation of Rural School Teachers.* By H. W. Foght. *Present Status of the Honor System in Colleges and Universities.* By B. T. Baldwin. *Organization of State Departments of Education.* By A. C. Monahan.

H. L. KILNER & Co., Philadelphia:

Her Heart's Desire. By H. E. Delamare. 75 cents.

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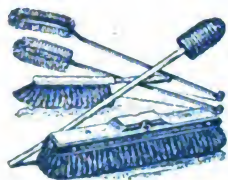
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CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CI.

JUNE, 1915.

No. 603.

EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

II.



THINKING it strange that Urania, the Muse of the arts and sciences, should be the only one among her sisters nine allowed to have a say concerning the nature and meaning of that elusive thing called human progress, I took it into my mind one day—a spirit of fairness having seized me—to call upon Clio, the Muse of history, with a view to having her tell me, at such length as might be found convenient, what opinion she held on this, the most vexing topic of the times.

Progress inevitable? Try as I might, I could not see this necessary feature in the idea; and yet in nearly every book that discoursed upon the matter, there it was in bold type before my very eyes—the supposition that progress is not the result of conscious effort, but a law and necessity of our very being. It was, men told me, a thing as sure to come as day to follow night or as seasons in their coursing. Winter might linger on in the lap of spring, but a glorious summer was destined to succeed it; science would see to that, did we but allow sufficient time for its wonder-working sun of promise to appear above the cold horizon. Frankly puzzled I was, and completely at a loss to account for this strange

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VOL. CI.—19

persuasion, not being familiar as yet with the stages by which it had been brought about; a story I was to learn much later and to no small degree of profit. The easiest way to quell the mind's misgivings in the meanwhile, it seemed to me, was to consult at once with somebody that knew, and this idea no sooner found firm lodgment in my spirit than off I set in quest of the information desired.

I was surprised when, in answer to my summons, the mistress of history appeared. There was nothing of the Sibyl in her appearance, nothing of the rhapsodist, either, though all the reaches of time were in her eyes. I could but think how those eyes differed from some I had seen, in which arrogance, pretense, and prejudice had flashed their crossing messages before ever word was spoken. The very calm of her features told me I had left the mad and noisy world of theory behind and entered a region more reposeful, where thought was master of emotion and a judicious spirit ruled. Motioning me to a chair, and falling back into the cushioned depths of another one herself—with no overdraw of things past, present, or to come, she favored me with a long and sprightly interview, some points of which must have escaped the net of later recollection, so intently interested was I and absorbed in the tale she had to tell. I had scrawled upon my card of presentation, that I came solely to hear her views on progress—whether she thought it true to say, as do most moderns, that every change is for the better, every variation a blessing in disguise, and novelty the soul of all improvement. I had a dim recollection of St. Paul¹ rebuking the Athenians for spending their time “in nothing else than to tell or hear some new thing”—too superstitious he called them, if I remember rightly, but I kept the matter to myself, not wishing to appear in the light of one who came with mind made up beforehand. My query bore on the supposed identity of progress and newness; I had taken pains to make the object of my visit clear; and to this point all the conversation was directed, after the usual exchange of formalities had been dispatched.

“I am pleased,” she began, and I thought her expression somewhat wistful, “that you should crave audience of the Muse of history in person, to learn dispassionately, and at first hand, what she thinks of the myriad changes the world is passing through; an old story to which a new chapter and a highly prophetic appendix have of late been added—the latter without my approval or consent.

¹ Acts xvii. 21, 22.

For some time past I have felt slighted—your visit is a pleasant experience to the contrary—that persons of distinction should come to consult me, not to ascertain my opinion—perish the thought!—but to win me over to a defence of theirs. I could not forbear remarking recently to a visitor of this arrogant type, that I thought he had the proper rôles inverted, his and mine; propriety demanding, if I mistook not, that our relations should be the other way about. Whereat he bowed himself out of my presence, apparently much affronted, and has since written a book about me, I suppose—such folk invariably do—in which the story of humanity will be made to appear as having had *his* private opinion in view from the very start, though unable to give it clear expression until such time as he, good soul! generously came forward and let history know what it had really been about all along. *L'histoire, c'est moi!*

Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

An all-absorbent individualism—it is a bane which many still persist in mistaking for a benison.

“And now to your question. You have come to inquire if progress is inevitable, and a changing world, of necessity, a world advancing. The subject is as the vasty deep, and one is embarrassed to know from just what coign of vantage to grapple with it. Suppose I recite instances haphazard as they come to mind, allowing the facts to speak for themselves and arouse such comment in me as seems more a part of their story than of mine. Following this method we shall be as lookers-on who have no stake in the results. The still waters of contemplation will enable us to see what otherwise we should surely miss, were we looking for our own image in the depths and saw naught else reflected.

“The Roman Empire came by way of evolution from the Roman Republic, yet no one can fail to see the moral degeneration represented by the later growth. Theory requires that the Empire should have climbed a notch or two higher in goodness than the Republic, but, as a matter of historic fact, it did not do so—thus dealing a blow of disappointment to the meliorists, the first article in whose creed is the superiority of the complex form over the simpler one which precedes it. History, you will find, lends itself to no

such facile canon of prejudgment; the turns it actually takes have to be studied, they cannot be presumed. There is no special merit in ideas that come late into being, no special demerit in ideas that managed to arrive early; and the same holds true of institutions; we cannot set a date for the appearance of genius; time writes no wrinkles on the brow of Aristotle, Phidias, Raphael, or Pericles; they belong to all the years.

"Take democracy, for instance, now that we have mentioned Pericles, son of Xanthippus, and leader of the democratic party at Athens some twenty-four hundred years before the present social era. Democracy did not have to wait for the nineteenth century to reach its high noon. It once saw a sun hang high in heaven that soon sloped slowly down the West, not to rise upon the immediate morrow but on one far distant—such are the uneven courses of the world! Were one to look for an example of democracy realized; for a civil government administered by the people and for the people, with favors to no class or rank of citizens, but equal justice to all, he would come nearer to finding it in this early period of Grecian statecraft than in later times.

"Shopmen, farmers, cobblers, traders, merchants, carpenters, and smiths touched elbows with the landed gentry in the assembly, and stood on equal footing in the discussion of national affairs. The right of franchise was enjoyed by all freemen without restriction, these forming one-fourth of a population that was three-fourths slave—a circumstance that paints much of the brightness out of a democracy that despised manual labor and was really aristocratic in spirit. Public baths, playgrounds, municipal halls, and many other improvements which you proudly look upon as modern, were commonplace to these old Athenians, who knew no higher title to earthly glory than that of 'perfect citizen;' a social ideal which St. Paul² turned to spiritual profit four centuries later when he called the attention of the Greeks to the higher citizenship of the blest and the more noble household of Christian faith. So controlling was the influence of the democratic, representative government which the men of that olden time established, that the few could not impoverish the many for their own enrichment, or manipulate the necessities of life for the fattening of a private purse. Does it not seem to you, from the two considerations thus far invoked, that progress has a past as well as a future, and that one should be wary of conceiving it under either aspect alone?

²Ephesians ii. 19.

"Shall we find things any different, think you, when we look into religion's story? Has progress been continuous there, ladder-like, with an additional rung for each succeeding age to mount? It is the easiest matter in the world to make the sequence and progress of religions *appear* continuous. All you have to do is to arrange the various cults on a rising scale, the crudest manifestations lowermost, the more complex forms higher up: fetishism, animism, polytheism, totemism, henotheism, monotheism, and the thing is done. You call in your friends—the gentle reader or the expectant public—proudly pointing out to them how history has been made upstairs in your study. But notice! If you turn your scale upside down, monotheism will then appear as the first form of religion, all the other forms as lapses from it, movements in a lower direction. What is to prevent you from inverting the scale? The supposition that the simplest is necessarily the first? This supposition is a speculator's venture, not an historian's discovery. You cannot prove that the assumption you employ is historically true, and, until you accomplish that task, you have no right to suppose that the growth of religion followed the order of simplicity and complexity in which you arrange your ideas.

"The continuity you discover is all *subjective*; it is in your mind and method, not in the facts themselves. You simply manufacture progress out of whole cloth, you do not establish the fact of its existence at all, when, beneath these various religions, manifestations or forms of belief, you profess to see a spirit of advance, a groping-after clearer utterance, a burrowing-towards the perfect light of day. Mankind, you say to yourself, was all the while rising towards the one and only God; the attempts merely fell short of success, and proved abortive. Fustian! You are confounding the evolution of error with the advance of truth. Your so-called progress is all on paper. Have what pleasure you will with your tables of religious progress. I need not tell you, though, that history did not ask philosophers to map out its course beforehand, nor consult with them as to what successive directions religious events were supposed to take; and from the furtive appearance of some of these recent scales of religion, I should judge that history is on no more intimate terms with philosophers now than formerly.

"All these scales reveal a supreme confusion—the confusion of evolution with progress, decay with growth, lapse with rise, backsliding with advancement. The supposition underlying their construction is that there are no two ways about man—a downward

and an upward—but only one, the latter. This singleness of tendency on man's part is complacently taken for granted as one of the points which science has put beyond the reach of successful contradiction. Darwin did not go such lengths of assertion. 'We are apt,' he says, 'to look at progress as normal, but history refutes this;'⁸ an admission which shows the master clearer-headed than his disciples as to the meaning and import of the principle for which he stood. Why, so far is this supposition of normal progress carried that the present-day savage is described as a type of 'arrested development'—a phrase designed to create the impression that he never fell, but merely failed to rise. The idea of his once having been simply and freshly human, neither savage nor civilized, as these words ring in modern ears; the thought that he may represent centuries of gradual degradation, is not deemed worthy of a moment's consideration. How could it be by men to whom history is an up-hill road to perfection, on which there is no traffic downwards? That is why the development of some folk is spoken of as 'arrested'—an admirable way of concealing the unwelcome fact that there is regress as well as progress in history.

"Men see events not as they are, but as theory would have them be. And finding evolution always going on—it is as incessantly at work when individuals, nations, and religions are decaying as when these are putting forth the blossomy tops of real advancement—they assume that all this feverish activity is part of a single forward movement, not realizing, apparently, that they have mistaken opposites for mates, and written the story of man's decline as if it were the introductory chapter to his development. What a thing to have confounded with progress: evolution! Destroyer as well as builder; maker of the unjust as well as the just; shaper of the mocking course which madmen take when reason is unseated, as of the glories of genius itself—madness having its laws of development no less than sanity; disintegrator, disimprover, and seemingly with as much zest these as consolidator and uplifter! All progress is evolution, but not all evolution is progress. Sometimes they work in double harness, and then all is well; sometimes in single, in which case evolution takes the bit in its teeth and runs away. The strange thing about what we are pleased to call the stream of history is that you may tap it close to its source or far away from its original springs and find evolution always present, progress very rarely; and you are as likely to discover the presence of the latter in ancient

⁸*Is Mankind Advancing?* By Mrs. John Martin, p. 53.

or mediæval history as in modern; more so, in fact, as considerations soon to follow will indubitably serve to show.

"Before leaving this topic of early religion and its history, to pass on to others patiently waiting their turn in the anteroom of memory, I wish to call attention to an idea which to my mind proves better than any other the dual tendency in mankind to rise and fall; I refer to the idea of causality. Early man was as familiar with the notion as his modern descendants, though he managed it quite badly, mistook its purport, and fell foul of its real meaning on more than one occasion and for years unnumbered. This notion, naturally speaking, may be said to have given rise to three things: religion, science, and magic. You are not a tabulator, I hope, and so you will not ask me to determine the exact order of seniority and precedence between these three. That would mean to abandon history and indulge in speculation as to which of them came first. All three seem to have come fast upon one another's heels; sometimes I feel inclined to think they ran abreast rather than tandem, my reason being Wolsey's: man did not throw away ambition, but courted it—that sin by which the angels fell and all self-contemplators have been falling ever since. The humility of religion, the pride of science, the ambition of magic—the latter a desire to become likest God, knowing good and evil—would you say that these three attitudes were slow in forming *then*, or that they are not companion choices even *now*? Do men not marvel still at their own excellence and powers, refusing to see in life aught more than comports with the development of these? Do they not still prefer their own ends and aims to God's, as did their forbears? Icarus, you know, flew so near the sun that his waxen wings of ambition melted, and he left nothing but his name and the memory of his folly to the sea into which he fell. I have lapsed into a moralizing mood, it seems, and must bestir myself to stricter ways of speech. The lapse is pardonable. History is so full of sameness in the midst of difference"—this she said, smiling—"that the present futurists betray a very ancient lineage, in their unwitting reversion to primitive types.

"Well, to continue my story, religion set its face sternly against magic from the very beginning. Towards that applied false science of lower persons and peoples who imagined themselves naturally possessed of a superhuman power over the course of Nature and the trend of human events—towards magic, in other words—religion was hostile from the dawn of history; and though worsted

more than once in the combat between true supernaturalism and false—between the worship of the divine, namely, and the worship of the human—its spirit of opposition was never really broken. The tiger growled when he was caged and could not spring. Religion resented the pretension of man to powers that were not his, and it strove might and main to choke the growth of this false science of magic in which it saw earth ambitioning heaven and attempting an impossible exchange of rôles. Independent of religion in origin—neither its cause nor its effect, as so often wrongly alleged, but due entirely to a perversion of the scientific instinct—magic was a foe to all advance; looking to human rather than divine power for help and guidance, yet indirectly acknowledging the superiority of religion by borrowing its ritual and travestying its rites. Primitive modes of thought are very vital and tenacious; they are in the back of many minds still, neither religion nor science having wholly succeeded in dislodging them from their ancient seat. I chanced upon a passage recently which pleased me very much, it seemed so eminently fair and just an utterance to encounter in times like the present when so many new magicians would have us believe that priests created religion, the effect produced the cause—obviously the only case on record where the cause, with a deference truly Gallic, stood aside and bade the effect precede. Let me read the passage, it will take but a moment: ‘Sympathetic magic, which is the germ of all magic, does not involve in itself the idea of the supernatural, but was simply the applied science of the savage. Yet out of the theory of causation and the methods of induction, which under certain rare, favoring conditions, and with the help of the religious sentiment, developed into modern science, elsewhere the process of evolution produced “one of the most persistent delusions that ever vexed mankind, the belief in magic.”’⁴

“What better proof would you, that evolution and progress are not one and the same movement? Where more clearly than here could you see that fitness to survive is not always the condition of survival? This shopworn expression rings and rattles with its own hollowness in many instances. On examination it will be found that the ‘fittest form,’ whether in art, architecture, painting, poetry, religion, or what not else, is generally the one which best suits the taste and temper of the age—as shifting a thing as fashion plates, betokening moods rather than perfection. Then, too, the age may have no taste, or one so wretched that conformity with it lowers

⁴*Introduction to the History of Religion.* By F. B. Jevons, p. 35.

all the levels of excellence previously attained; nay, the temper of the times may be such as to welcome a thin and tenuous philosophy—a spidery web spun out of the bosoms of the self-conceited for the world’s enmeshing—to follow which would mean, not to travel on, but round. There are more things, and better, in heaven and earth than the recent Horatios have made room for in their philosophy, where the fitness that forms the pillar and base of judgment is of the ephemeral, not of the eternal type.

“And tell me—this magical belief of man in his own unlimited powers and possibilities, this Archimedean confidence in his ability to tilt the world over with a lever, could he but find the right spot whereon to stand—is this a primitive world-picture, or a modern drawing? The magicians we still have with us, though their science now is burnished unto gold with optimism, and ions take the place of imps and elves. The ancient magic was black, exerted on a world with terrors peopled, terrors of the imagination which the waving of a wand or the setting of a charm dispelled. The modern magic is white, offering men a world all to themselves, capable of being refashioned to their suiting; with science for its only governor, and power—human power—for its uncrowned king! And where is religion? In the thick of the fray, and at its everlasting task of teaching proud humanity that the true supernatural is not human, but divine. The parallel is curious and instructive. But I must hasten on, or we shall never make an end of this rambling interview.

“A word or two next about fear, since we have just been discoursing upon its larger, bullying brother—terror. Fear, in the low and servile sense, has changed the current of man’s thoughts from the worship of a benign deity to the appeasement of gods malign—to mention only the bitter ancient fruit it bore when men saw the shadow of their own misdeeds overspread the heavens and mistook it for the nature of infinity. There is a fear, though, which is reverential and the beginning of wisdom. I have my doubts if men will ever prosper from its lack. It is a more potent factor in all true human progress than the present age, pride-blown and fancy-guided, is willing to acknowledge. But of this, later. My present concern is to point out another parallel, and in doing so I have no other thought in mind than to prove that, very often, men are but returning to the primitive when they think themselves engaged in breaking out new paths. The Reformers conceived of the Atonement as the reconciliation of God to man; the exact

reverse of the traditional Christian teaching which proclaimed it the reconciliation of man to God. Was it an advance, think you, this new variation of doctrine? Was it not, rather, a return to primitive types of thought, for which religion has since paid dear in the court of reason and conscience? There is a vast difference in sublimity between the earlier conception of Christ's work as a free and generous moral act of self-sacrifice in reparation for the sins of men, and the later idea of it as a necessary outcome of the demands of justice. A victim of love is a higher concept than a victim of law; and to think of mercy anticipating justice, discharging the debt of the latter from sheer prodigality, not from necessity, is to have a far nobler, truer, more inspiring idea of God than to think of Him as having become so estranged from humanity that satisfaction was absolutely required before relations could be resumed. No, the Atonement was not the cause of God's love of man, but its effect and consequence.

"The new puts men to shame quite as often, if not more so than the old. Is it indicative of progress, do you think, to fall so low in the power of analysis, to become so filled with the spirit of the age, as to declare morality custom, knowledge enlightened self-interest, conscience the tribal voice surviving, and consciousness the stuff that worlds and dreams are made of? All these are later notions, and wear the hall mark of their recency; but do they betoken improvement? Not unless you first assume that progress consists, not in explaining things, but in explaining them away; which seems to me the peculiar feature of modern wisdom and advance.

"Instances other than those mentioned come crowding in upon me in such abundance as veritably to create an embarrassment of choice. Let me see. Politics, religion, philosophy, theology—we have paid a flying visit, such as it was, to these four fields. Ah, yes, art—I have as yet not touched upon the story of the beautiful. The best wine has been reserved for the last. The history of art offers a rich field for study, and will afford occasion for the expression of some thoughts and principles which seem to me of paramount importance in this question of progress, the more so as the age has consigned them to the tomb and will suffer no trumpets blown for their reawakening. But first for a few concrete examples. It is well to fill the imagination with witnesses before asking the intellect to sit in judgment on the testimony offered.

"Florid art, as you know, came after simple, and there is something about it to which that inelegant word 'chromo' not inappropriately applies. Being a variation on the art that is simple it should, according to theory, be superior; but the facts all fail to respond—they point rather to decadence than perfection. You would not take the laurel wreaths of fame from the brows of Raphael and Buonarroti, would you, and offer them to Carlo Dolce as his by right? What a pack of remonstrant critics you would soon have barking at your heels, did you venture to rearrange art's roll of honor to suit the requirements of Darwinian biology! That utilitarian theory never showed to greater disadvantage than in the history of art, and you would soon be made to feel, not only that your all-settling 'fitness doctrine' was in flat contradiction with the facts, but that it rested, and depended for its entire support, on a confusion of the mere presence of evolution with that rare and unaccustomed thing, quite other, to which we give the name and fame of progress.

"Consider the vast themes painted on the walls of churches in the sixteenth century; their grandeur of design and simplicity of execution; the innocent and charming or strong and simple piety which the religious countenances all express; and then contrast these with the works of the seventeenth century; pictures painted in shops, afterwards framed, and hung in churches; affected, exaggerated, and involved compositions, conceived independently of the vast edifices, the monotony of the walls of which they were designed to relieve and break; no apparent bond of connection or link of harmony in them with 'cathedrals vast and dim,' the religious faces lacking spirit, life, and character; sensuality and devotion commingling and crossing currents in their features, until it seems as if worldlings had come to church with more of body than of soul about them. Here is the heterogeneous for you, and out of the homogeneous it has come, as Spencer would say ponderously, 'through continuous integrations and differentiations;' a definition on which Blackie countered with the remark that, done into English, it would read: 'a change from the somehowish talkaboutable all-alikeness to the nohowish, untalkaboutable un-all-alikeness, through continuous somethingelsifications and sticktogetherations.' Now let me ask you in all seriousness, biology or no biology, was the seventeenth century an improvement on the sixteenth? and, in writing a history of art, would you dare say so? Portrait painting, you claim, represents more trueness to life. It is a departure from

the mediæval attempt to portray power and grandeur in feudal castle, monastery, and cathedral. Quite so. But the one takes us out of ourselves, the other lets us stay at home. And I am not altogether sure that staying at home is the best way to make progress. The larger the vision, it seems to me, the prompter are our stirrings towards it. But I must not stop to preach. The sands in the glass are running down.

"I think you will agree with me when I say, to expedite matters with more dispatch, that the history of art reveals but two decidedly original periods—the Greek and the mediæval. Somehow all other attempts to push these twin peaks of progress higher have met with failure. Men still stand looking up to those on whom they would fain look down from loftier eminences. So true is this that none will say me nay or halt me in my musings to rebuke an overstatement. Let me read you something from Mr. Bryce, lest you think my views unshared, too much my own to win the minds of others. Naturally I have a preference for historians who see life as it is, and leave it such, without straining at the gnats of speculation in an effort to reduce the complex drama of history to a false simplicity.

The forms which intellectual activity takes, the lines of inquiry which it follows, the sorts of production it values and enjoys, do indeed differ from age to age and do bear a relation to the conditions of man's environment. Material progress has affected these forms and lines. But there is no evidence that it has done more to strengthen than to depress the intensity and originality and creative energy of intellect itself; nor have those qualities shown themselves more abundant as the population of the earth has increased. It does not seem possible, if we go back to the earliest literature which survives to us from Western Asia and Southeastern Europe, to say that the creative powers of the human mind in such subjects as poetry, philosophy, and historical narrative or portraiture, have either improved or deteriorated. The poetry of the early Hebrews and of the early Greeks has never been surpassed and hardly ever equalled. Neither has the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, nor the speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero. Geniuses like Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare appear without our being able to account for them, and for aught we know another may appear at any moment. It is just as difficult, if we look back five centuries, to assert either progress or decline in painting. Sculpture has never again risen to so high a level as it touched in

the fifth century B. C., nor within the last three centuries to so high a level as it reached at the end of the fifteenth. But we can found no generalizations upon that fact. Music is the most inscrutable of the arts, and whether there is any progress to be expected other than that which may come from a further improvement in instruments constituting an orchestra, I will not attempt to conjecture, any more than I should dare to raise controversy by inquiring whether Beethoven represents progress from Mozart, Wagner progress from Beethoven.⁵

“ Now why, I ask, if progress be inevitable, should it tarry so in its coming, and leave us in doubt as to whether it really intends paying us another visit? You will admit, I think, that twenty-five centuries—from the fifth before the coming of the Lord, to the twentieth after—is an unconscionably long time for the inevitable in sculpture to stand upon the order of its coming. Why have the myriad variations ensuing in the meanwhile shown neither the ambition nor the ability to reach more commanding summits than those the ancient and mediæval peoples climbed? Is it because the economic conditions which made such progress possible in the Middle Ages can no longer be reproduced?—the intense rivalry of cities, the wonderful organization of labor, and the common workshops in which an entire population sang joyously at its toil. Or must we probe deeper for the reason?—finding it, rather, in the larger religious spirit and vision of the times, which gave soul to the great communal movement, and made the economic aspect of life appear far less commanding than it does now, when men are for the most part immersed in the practical—pursuers of the things that pay, reckoners chiefly of the convertibility of endeavor into coin. By their fruits ye shall know them, and by their vision shall their measure of soul be taken.

“ The continuity theory of progress looks very suspect, does it not, in view of the facts considered, and there is no need of asking history to buffet it still further. Quantity has been mistaken for quality, the ‘more’ for the ‘better,’ by its propounders. Increase in the number of things known, appliances contrived, and creature-comforts manufactured seem to them an open portal to a larger life, yet it amounts to no more in reality than a burnishing of the door-knobs, a shellacking of the exterior. The additions to human knowledge and domestic ease have augmented distraction rather than promoted concentration. A world with novelty distraught has

⁵James Bryce, *What Is Progress?* *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1907, pp. 151, 152.

scattered man's thoughts instead of reassembling them; his advantages are but new temptations posing in the guise of blessings. More facts, more things, more appliances—do these mean improvement in *life*, or merely in the conditions of *living*? I leave you to your own experience and reflection for answer. And as to morality—where is the evidence that our new-found comforts have improved it? Would you dare say, either, that penetration of mind, with regard to the inner secrets of the universe, had grown greater?

“Take Aristotle, for instance. With none of the present advantages at command, he clearly saw, stated, and rejected the theory of the survival of the fittest. Native ability of mind enabled him to see what escaped Darwin's vision, namely—that no theory of the world's development could ever amount to an explanation of its origin. Consider, too, his reason for rejecting ‘natural selection;’ it is more than twenty-five hundred years old, this reason, but could you improve upon it, or render its freshness stale? ‘All the things of Nature originate either invariably or all but invariably,’ said the great Greek, ‘but of the things of accident and chance, not one so originates.’⁶ The Stagirite clearly perceived that all descriptions of the world's growth leave unexplained the origin of the world that grew—which is more than can be said of many moderns, and contains a moral that needs no drawing.

“So you see,” she said rising, “how ill founded is the notion that the past contains nothing of permanent value, and that progress consists in getting as far away from it as we can.” I took her action for a final dismissal, but my impression was premature. “If you will call again to-morrow,” she said, “we shall thresh this matter over afresh and find new kernels in the straw. I have yet to tell you what I think of the nature and conditions of progress—a problem, that arises out of the facts considered in the present interview.” And upon that promise of another meeting on the morrow I took my leave of the mistress of history, with ideas of all kinds racing at top speed through my mind's recesses. I had learned some things and unlearned others, feeling doubly glad in consequence—it is so hard a matter, in the literature of the times, to tell fact from fiction, history from speculation, wishing from thinking.

⁶*Philosophy and Theology.* By J. H. Sterling, pp. 131-134.

OUR LADY OF THE WOODS.

BY DORA OWEN.

[The following article is founded upon the 1873 edition of *Les Serviteurs de Dieu*. This book itself is a compilation of articles reprinted from *L'Univers*, which appeared in that journal between 1840-60. They are valuable contributions to the history of the Church in our country. The present paper gives a wonderful and edifying picture of the missionary spirit which inspired saintly pioneers of the Middle West.—ED. C. W.]



IN 1839, Monsignor de la Hailandière, then Bishop of Vincennes, was in France. He came to the little town of Ruillé-sur-Loire, where a congregation of nuns was established, known as the Sisters of Providence. It was the time of retreat for these Religious, whose twofold aim is to dedicate themselves to visiting the poor and the education of children. The Bishop of Vincennes in America had formed a plan for setting up this little order in his vast diocese, and he came to ask for Sisters to found the new convent.

The modest congregation of Ruillé had never dreamed of the glory of stretching out its branches as far as North America. It had existed, contrived to be self-supporting, marked by God's finger, but unknown to the world, and only able to exercise charity and good works within a very limited range. But the Sisters of Providence were not alarmed at this scheme, which called for courage. They accepted the proposal generously, with the joy of true servants of God, anxious to consecrate themselves to His service, and happy to sanctify themselves for His glory. They thanked our Lord with heartfelt gratitude for all the good He was pleased to give them to do, and did not dwell on the difficulties and dangers they would meet with in the undertaking. Six Sisters were chosen to follow the bishop the next year.

In a matter so important, one can well believe the community of Ruillé left no resource untried. They collected all their alms, they opened all their cupboards (it did not take very long), they sought in every direction; at last they were able to give twelve hundred francs to the six Sisters. They had to travel six thousand leagues from France, to form a new congregation in an unknown land, called thither by a bishop who had himself no helper but

Providence. He had certainly promised to give them some land, uncultivated as yet, but he had never concealed the fact that he could do nothing else for them.

The Sisters did not hesitate. With the trustfulness which is all-powerful with God, they thought only of the preparations for their departure. It is the common story: Divine Providence never sends away empty those who trust in His goodness and call upon Him for help. Before our Sisters had left Ruillé, a generous gift they had not asked for, and had never expected, doubled their tiny capital. With the blessing of their own bishop, on the sixteenth of July, 1840, the feast of Our Lady of Carmel, they left Le Mans to give themselves to mission work.

On board the ship, the Sisters were objects of veneration to the English Protestant crew. Every day they retired into their cabin to say their office, and to sing with all their hearts the praise of God, to Whose providence they abandoned themselves completely for the success of their mission. The voyage was long. On their arrival, after a forty days' passage, in sight of New York, everyone on board was delighted to see land again. Only the Superior, good Sister St. Théodore, seated on deck, and sadly looking towards the strange country, wondered uneasily what would become of the five Sisters entrusted to her tender care, in this unknown land, five hundred leagues or thereabouts from the bishop who had sent for them, and in the midst of people whose language was strange to them. She called upon God to help her, and put herself into the keeping of the Blessed Virgin.

The providential experiences of the Sisters in New York and Philadelphia, and the details of their journey across America, cannot be told here. After many fatigues, they reached Vincennes, and the bishop whose zeal had led them there. Twenty-five leagues more would take them to the place where their foundation was to be made. They set off. A priest went with them. They traveled on, plunged into complete solitude; at last the priest stopped the carriage, and announced that they had arrived. They got out, looked about them, and found themselves in the middle of the forest. They expected little, but they had not been prepared for this. They were shown some beginnings of a building: it was the house they were to occupy. A little farther on they saw a sort of wooden hut where a family was living. In spite of their faith, and although they had willingly offered themselves, a little fear awakened in their hearts when they were brought face to face with

such complete destitution. They asked where our Lord was, and were led to a hut made of tree trunks laid horizontally one above the other, in all about twelve feet long and nine across. The door, which had no lock or bolt, resisted every effort to open it, and when opened was equally hard to shut. On one side was a wide chimney, through which the light shone down. In a corner, on some boards, was a lair whose wretchedness passed imagination: it was the bed of the priest attached to this strange church. At the other end was a window blocked up with rags and brushwood, because of the cold, which was just beginning. A few poor and faded hangings, arranged like curtains, surrounded and sheltered a little board, fastened to the wall, and supported in front by two posts driven into the ground. The tattered curtains were drawn aside, and in the midst of this poverty they recognized the Master of heaven and King of earth in all His gentleness and benignity. He rested there beneath a little veil: no tabernacle, no lights, none of the usual surroundings of His majesty. As soon as they had seen and adored their Master in this utter deprivation of all things, a lifelike image of Bethlehem, the Sisters discovered that they were only too well treated, and were ashamed of their momentary weakness.

They were lodged with the neighboring family, who gave up to them a little room for the dwelling place of the community, and an attic for their dormitory. The very evening of their arrival four postulants joined them. God blessed their work. And if the house of the Lord is not built of stones shaped by the hand of man, but rather of hearts which grace squares and fashions according to its will, our Sisters had already founded the Convent of Our Lady of the Woods.

The diocese of Vincennes, where they were thus established, extended its jurisdiction over the State of Indiana and part of Illinois, in all about half the size of France, and in Indiana alone there were two million five hundred thousand souls. In 1843 about thirty priests, scattered over this enormous area, ministered to the spiritual needs of its population. A small number indeed; but God kindled their zeal, and His pity, which had given to every church in Europe saints as founders, granted equal graces to the infant churches of the new country.

The first Bishop of Vincennes, Monsignor Bruté, who died in 1839, left memories behind him throughout his diocese which cannot fail to touch the soul. He was a Breton, of admirable piety and simple trust. When he was at the Rennes seminary, his friend

M. de la Guéretterie (who was revered as a saint throughout Brittany, and died curé of Vitré, after having refused more than once the burden of the episcopate), was afflicted with a tumor in his side, for which every remedy seemed useless. M. Bruté, who had practised medicine, tried again and again to give him relief: the trouble grew worse, and the patient's sufferings became horrible. M. Bruté at last, seeing his friend could hardly drag himself about, told him that he would pray to God for him. Mass had hardly been celebrated before M. de la Guéretterie, feeling better, put his hand to his side and felt that he had no pain. He undressed; there was no tumor left, the whole trouble had disappeared. There was an outcry, M. Bruté was called, and was astonished at the general surprise.

"All human help was tried in vain," said he, "but was not there always Providence to call to our aid?"

This simple faith never left him. Consecrated bishop in 1834, he greeted his priests with incredible tenderness. They needed tender support in the midst of their labors. Everyone of them the head of a congregation, spread over a vast territory, passed his life in overseeing it; in giving the scattered Catholics the joy of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice; in consoling them and in teaching them. The routine of their journeys was often interrupted by the necessity of going to help the sick, perhaps twenty or thirty leagues from their temporary resting-place.

Whatever the distance, the weather, the difficulty, they must go, and they must get there. Often, during the winter nights of that severe climate, after crossing rivers in flood, half frozen, they lost their way, and were obliged to spend the whole night in the woods. A shelter such as that just described, a mat to sleep on, or, at best, a few feathers gathered into a bag, and a scanty covering; no warm clothing, no linen, sometimes no bread: these are the worldly advantages which the missionaries had as the price of their labor; but one must also reckon the blessing of God and the ineffable joys of devotion.

In the midst of this destitution, the bishop found means to be the most destitute of all. What he had was at his priests' disposal. When they came to his house, each of them took what he needed: shoes, clothes, linen. They left behind their cast off belongings, always quite sure that some other, in a still more pitiable state, would be pleased to find them. If no one wanted the things, the bishop used them himself. He was small, and altered them with

his own hands to fit himself. They still keep at Vincennes, as precious relics, some of his clothes sewn by his pontifical hands.

In his frequent visits to them, he never, even in his last days, when he was failing, allowed one of his priests to yield him his wretched bed. He would make them lie down, and with a mother's care would arrange them in bed, courteously wishing them good-night. In such places as that described above, where the priest's dwelling was not separated from the place of divine worship, in spite of fatigue, he would spend the whole night in prayer before his Divine Master. In any case, prayer was the habitual state of his soul. Prayer exhaled constantly from his heart, like perfume from the calyx of a flower. At every moment of the day and night he lifted up his soul to God with incredible fervor, never interrupting his devotional exercises, and only tearing himself away from his passionate outpourings of love to God for the work of his episcopal office, or for his chief care and interest, his one attachment to earthly things—the help and comfort of his priests.

Some months before his death, on a winter night, this bishop after God's heart was with one of his priests. The latter, seeing he was ill, offered him his bed: the bishop refused. At last both gave way, took the mattress from the bedstead, spread it before the hearth, and laid themselves down on it, declaring they were in royal comfort. According to custom, the bishop tucked in his companion first, covering and sheltering him to the best of his ability.

"But, monsignor," said the priest, "you have kept no bed-clothes for yourself; you have given them all to me."

"Oh, no," replied the holy man, with his usual sweet temper, "look, you have only half!"

During the night, the bishop fervently lifted up his heart to God, and the priest listened with edification, taking care not to interrupt, until he found the bishop was trying to cover him still more. Throwing out his arm as if he were asleep, he put back the coverlet on the prelate; the latter, as careful as a mother with her child, took great care not to awaken him. Again he put his bed-clothes over the priest, but another movement returned them to him!

"Ah, you are not asleep," cried the bishop. And the two friends of Jesus began to laugh with all their hearts. For in the midst of extreme poverty and destitution, such simple souls as these are full of joy, and the least touch is enough to make their joy overflow.

"I did it," said the bishop, "because I was afraid of waking you by getting up to stir the fire, and I was afraid you might catch cold."

"But what about yourself, monsignor?"

"Oh, an old fellow like myself doesn't feel the cold!" said he.

They made up the fire; it was about three o'clock. The bishop would not lie in bed any longer. His prayers were long, he said, and he meditated up to the moment of his departure.

But we must return to the Sisters whom we left in the little attic which served as dormitory. It was so tiny, and the beds filled it so completely that, to get at the last bed, one had to creep over all the others; it was beside so well built that they never succeeded in sheltering the beds from the rain and snow! Thus they passed the severe winter of 1840-1841. In July, 1841, they moved into their new house, and opened a boarding-school. The Sisters' aim was to inculcate religious ideas and habits among people who had lost them altogether. They took children of all religious persuasions, so long as they submitted to the rules of their house. The keenness of these children to learn the truths of the Faith, and the effects produced on them, were great, lively, and full of consolation.

In the new house, the dwelling of the good God had not been forgotten. An altar covered with painted paper, ornamented with two candlesticks brought from France, set off by two fine tapers of tallow, which they made themselves, seemed to these good Sisters so magnificent that they could not help admiring it with some satisfaction. They kept their little chapel in the exquisite cleanliness which is dear to all Religious, and which is the symbol of the purity of their souls. But the cares at home never prevented the second aim of their institution—visiting the poor. They visited families, not to relieve them but to teach them. Here again they found united the help of grace and the consolation of success. They were received by these poor blind souls with lively joy, and that complete confidence which is always inspired by those consecrated to God.

The little community had been increased by another Sister from Ruillé, France. Seventeen American girls had joined as postulants. The community yielding to the demands made on it, founded establishments at Jasper and St. Francisville. One Sister and one novice went to each of these towns to open a school. Their installation was a public festival, especially at Jasper.

In the midst of prosperity, a misfortune fell upon our Sisters. God was pleased to cast down their hopes, and to put their courage and faith to the proof. They had made a farm settlement at Our Lady of the Woods. After cutting down trees, they had cleared the land which the bishop had generously given them, and had sown it. After the harvest was over, in which more than once the Sisters, after the fatigue of the day in school, had taken their share of hard work, fires broke out in several parts of their farm buildings. They were timber-built; none of them could be saved. Everything was devoured by the flames—grain, sheds, and farming implements. They had incurred debts in the foundation of their houses; the creditors were alarmed, and demanded payment or security. The distress at the convent was extreme, but the Sisters never ceased to bless God, and never gave up their holy project. The whole disaster could be repaired at small cost; twenty-five or thirty thousand francs would have been enough to save them from ruin. Neither the Catholics of Indiana, nor their poor bishop and his unfortunate clergy, were able to get together such a sum. In their distress they turned to France. Sister St. Théodore crossed the sea again, accompanied by a young American novice. Everywhere they met with the sympathy which it is impossible to refuse to such devotion. After collecting a sum of money, they returned to America in the winter of 1845, taking with them two new postulants.

In a letter to her good friends, in France, Sister St. Théodore thus describes their arrival in "the portion of their inheritance:"

Even if I had not known I was in Indiana, and in the diocese of Vincennes, I should have guessed it by the extreme poverty that surrounded me. Coming out of the brick-built church, whose walls were absolutely bare, a Catholic lady showed me the way to the priest's house. He was away; we opened the door and went into a room (if one can call it a room) about eight or nine feet square. A deal board served as table; the good woman lifted it up, and showed me underneath it a box which was the bed of this servant of God. Truly he might deem his bed a grave, and his life a continual dying. Before the church was built, he offered the adorable Sacrifice on this same board.

The next day, I took the stage coach for Vincennes. Our Sisters there were worthy followers of the Evansville priest: they had not even a glass or a table napkin to offer me, and

their only delicacy was a piece of salt beef. Next day I had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion from the hands of my Bishop and Superior. Not long after, I knelt at his feet, receiving his fatherly blessing. Nothing would have been lacking to my happiness if I could have been with my dear hermit-sisters. I longed so much to see them that I took the next steamer, which brought me in twenty-four hours to Terre Haute; and by eight in the evening I reached Our Lady of the Woods at last.

What can I say? After a year of separation, fear, and suffering, I was with them again. Think what we felt! We were too much moved to speak; we went to kneel before Him to Whom we owed all our happiness—near to Jesus, Who had so lovingly watched over us, we could pour out our hearts.

The continual German and Irish emigration since 1844 had swelled the population of Vincennes diocese. The houses of the Sisters of Providence multiplied, and supported themselves in generous poverty.

Not a letter from Indiana but told of baptisms hoped for, or just taken place. They spoke also of Protestants they were busily instructing; always a great joy to the Sisters. They earned the happiness of teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to souls who knew Him not, at the cost of a life of self-immolation and poverty. Nothing is too hard for souls who have once tasted the joys of the apostolate and of self-sacrifice. The severest privations are only play to them; at Our Lady of the Woods they only speak with a smile of the hardships they endure daily. One of the nuns wrote to a friend:

Pray to the good God to inspire some devoted souls with the wish to come back with our bishop to America. It is true that our poor house is not attractive at first sight; our postulants try to conceal its poverty so as not to discourage those who present themselves. Last summer, three young girls came the same day; unluckily it was raining, and the house seemed to be afloat. The school-benches acted as a bridge to introduce the newcomers into the chapel, where they managed to find a dry spot. Beds are rarities with us. So when a postulant is received, the elders, in order to do her honor, hasten to give up their bed to her, and to sleep on the floor themselves.

"In a short time," they say, "she will be so happy that she will not mind sleeping on straw in the least: but she must get used to everything first."

In the midst of their poverty, the Sisters thought of building an asylum for orphans. They were no longer satisfied to teach in school, and to give help to the poor children who lived in the neighborhood; they were not content with the humble boarders whom they educated, and from whom the community received a modest remuneration: they desired to gather some orphans together, and keep them in the true Faith. The Bishop of Vincennes was a warm supporter of the plan, and told them that the means would be found. The bishop was not mistaken in his hope. They had reckoned on providing for the cost of fifteen children; when the asylum opened they had forty. A month later the number was doubled. How did they all live? Providence, whose business it was, knows how it was done. In order to supply their need of money, they resorted to different means: first, prayer, then a life of poverty, and, thirdly, the asking of alms. Innumerable were the graces granted through this new undertaking.

Many, indeed, were their joys, but of the culminating joy of death Divine Providence had been niggard towards the Sisters of Our Lady of the Woods. Up to 1856 only two of the Sisters had died, but that year was to ask of the community the greatest of sacrifices. Mother St. Théodore, the good Superior and Foundress of Our Lady of the Woods, had been professed for thirty-three years, sixteen of which had been spent in the Indiana mission. The material walls and the living members of Our Lady of the Woods had been alike gathered together, shaped and raised by her active and clever hands.

During her hard years as Superior, the most complicated and dreadful illnesses attacked her frail constitution. At every moment the Sisters of Our Lady of the Woods beheld the very existence of their congregation imperilled by the dangers that threatened their Mother's life. Other obstacles, too, arose in their path; but in the midst of cares, perplexities and failures, the Congregation of Our Lady of the Woods formed itself and developed day by day.

The religious life, with its renunciations, toils, joys and sweetnesses, is lifted above human weakness; but who can understand the life of a Superior? It is not only the burden of her own heart over which she has to triumph: she has also to bear the burden of others. They must be raised up and sustained in the paths of the supernatural life; they must be taught to relish and to practise mortification, humiliation and self-sacrifice; taught also to love and prefer things naturally repugnant; taught to preserve through-

out the light-heartedness, simplicity and liveliness of creatures dwelling in their true element. Thus the Superior is the life, soul, and strength of the community. Sister St. Théodore was all this at Our Lady of the Woods.

She was truly a mother through the tenderness of her heart, and the sublimity of her love: the sorrows, inconsistencies, and weaknesses of each of her Sisters went to her heart, and drew out her tenderness but never exhausted it. She was joy, comfort, guide and support to all: she kept all acute cares to herself, and the Divine Mercy was her only helper in difficulty.

Providence had procured a great grace for her in placing near her a soul exactly fitted to understand her and to second her efforts. Sister François-Xavier had also been professed at Ruillé-sur-Loire among the Sisters of Providence. If Sister St. Théodore had little health, Sister François-Xavier had no health at all. Her ardent desire to devote herself to mission work seemed to her Superiors for a long time a mere illusion.

"You will be thrown into the sea and made into food for fishes before the third day," they told the poor nun. She smiled, answering that it was as good to be thrown in the sea and eaten by fishes as to be buried in the earth and devoured by worms! Her ardor became so great that her Superiors thought they saw in it the will of God. She was allowed to go; she made the long voyage quite alone, reached the forests, and rejoined the Sisters who were expecting her.

No one ever loved a work of piety as Sister St. François-Xavier loved her poor Mission of Our Lady of the Woods. Did that spiritual joy increase the strength of the body? Or was it the special work of Providence? In either case the dear Sister gained in the forests of the New World a degree of vigor quite unknown to her before. No more ill-health, no more weakness: henceforward her health, if not robust, sufficed at least for all the work she had to do; and that work was considerable in quantity. She was the mainspring of every undertaking at Our Lady of the Woods. She was Mother St. Théodore's right hand, and helped in all her work. As she was of wide and varied education, she managed, all at once, or one after the other, the boarding-school for young girls, the school for little boys, and the orphanage; and she was novice-mistress as well.

Sister St. François-Xavier loved her pupils, her orphans, her boarders, and her novices, but she loved nothing on earth as well

as Mother St. Théodore. These two souls, so closely allied to each other, who had shared the same labors, loved, prayed, suffered together, were not to be long separated in their reward. Sister St. François-Xavier went first. She died on January 31, 1856. Her soul, singularly attracted by God and the things of God, moved by some mysterious power towards its Creator. New horizons opened before her: she saw heaven and the heavenly host, the Blessed Virgin, and the Eternal Father.

"How beautiful it is!" she exclaimed. "O my God, how beautiful! How great is the joy laid up for those that love You! So much joy, O my God! for so little, so little! O Mary, my Mother, how beautiful you are! I see you.....I see God..... I see God.....I am in God!"

About five weeks after the death of Sister St. François-Xavier, Mother St. Théodore fell ill. She saw at once that she was soon going to meet her well-beloved Sister, her dear daughter, whose death had broken her heart but not her courage. During the fifty-eight days of her last illness the good Mother's patience did not give way. She saw death coming and did not fear it. She was calm and smiling in its grip. Her sufferings were acute, and, unlike Sister St. François-Xavier, her last agony was terrible. But the peace in her soul was unshaken: as her daughters wept at her long sufferings, she said:

"Ah, my poor daughters, they are short enough beside eternity!"

It is easier to understand than to describe the grief of the community of Our Lady of the Woods, struck by one such blow after another. More than ever before, in the presence of these two new-filled graves and empty beds, did the Sisters understand that they were in the hand of God, and that their work stood on no human foundation. But the Blessed Mary, first Mother of their woods, still protected the children of her forests, and showed herself doubly their Mother in the state of privation in which Divine Providence had placed them. Nothing was to be feared, for the future of the work to which the two great souls now in heaven had devoted themselves: nothing could be felt but gentle confidence. Those who had worked so hard below would lose neither strength nor love when they entered the home of the blessed. Now, as in their time on earth, they would still be helpful, and would still sustain the courage of their Sisters.

THE SAME FOREVER.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.



FOR a time the two Englishmen rode in silence. The country was new to them and very beautiful, the morning cool and sunshiny, their horses in splendid condition. They had never before seen the world so lovely—the grass so green and the streams so clear, the sky of so tender a blue; never before had the songs of the birds sounded as melodious, the soft sighing of the wind as musical, nor had life ever seemed so entrancingly sweet. Ireland's poverty and her many sorrows were concealed by the playful sorcery of May; the trials of their own lives—and what life is without suffering—were all forgotten for the moment.

It was Mr. Floyd-Burton who broke the long silence. He was the elder of the two by fifteen or sixteen years, an aristocratic-looking man of forty, extremely well dressed, whose face in repose betrayed weariness of all things, perhaps even scorn of many, though when he talked—and he talked far more often than he listened—he appeared genial, light-hearted, quite content to take the world as he found it and make the most of its limitations. He broke the silence which had fallen between him and Roger Hungerford to say something jocose and commonplace about a game of billiards which they had watched the night before, wretchedly played by men, like themselves guests of Mr. O'Neill at the Great House.

Mr. Hungerford replied with a decent show of interest, but he would have preferred to remain where he was: in cloud lands where billiards are unknown. He did not pursue the conversation, but his mood had been shattered; he could not recover it; and after a few seconds Mr. Floyd-Burton spoke again, broaching the next subject that came to his mind.

"Miss O'Neill should always wear white," he said. "She was beautiful last night. Didn't you think so, Roger?"

Mr. Hungerford was no longer bored. "Very beautiful!" he agreed with such hearty emphasis that the elder man laughed, before he continued deprecatingly, "She is a lovely girl; charming in her way. But what a pity she was educated as she was—went to a convent, you know, for years and years!"

It was Mr. Hungerford's turn to laugh. "For years and years!" he mimicked, making the words as long as possible. "You talk as if she were at least a hundred years old!"

"One thing is certain," his friend retorted, "she should have lived four or five hundred years ago!"

"Heaven forbid!" Mr. Hungerford ejaculated fervently. He was smiling to himself.

Mr. Floyd-Burton looked at him, young, vigorous, happy, with all of life before him to make as beautiful as he would. For the moment his face became unutterably sad, and a sigh escaped his lips; an instant afterward he turned his horse so that they rode close together, and could converse more easily, as he did so, asking lightly, "Did you hear the story Miss O'Neill told last night? No, I remember; it was before you and Chester came into the drawing-room. I did not hear the beginning: I do not know what incident or argument called it forth. When I joined the group she was beginning to tell it, in a simple, matter-of-course way. You would have supposed, Roger, it was the weather or the latest fashion of which she was talking—and it was a most extraordinary tale! Unbelievable by any sane man!

"It seems that centuries ago—in the thirteenth or thereabouts—a certain St. Anthony of Padua created a great sensation by his preaching; he was the man of the hour, all the rage for a time. That isn't just the way she put it, you understand, but what it all amounted to. And, by the way, she acknowledged that his name was not Anthony and he was not born in Padua. Some of the men, Kilronan and those other Irish fellows, had often heard of him—seemed to know almost as much about him as she did. Saints were never one of my hobbies.

"Well, she told that one day he was preaching to a number of unbelievers on the Sacrament of the Eucharist and had convinced or hoodwinked most of them, when one man (born before his time, Roger) insisted on seeing some proof of such stupendous wonders before believing in them. The Saint was plucky, I admit; he agreed to give it. And three days later, by arrangement, the man took to Anthony his horse, which had not been fed in the meantime. The Saint held the Sacrament in his hands before the animal, and—so the story runs—the poor beast, famished though he was, turned from some food his master offered to kneel before the bit of Bread held by St. Anthony!"

Mr. Hungerford did not laugh as heartily as Mr. Floyd-Burton

had expected, and after a moment's thought asked what he considered an irrelevant question.

"And the man, Mr. Floyd-Burton, the heretic, did he join the Church?"

"Oh, yes!" and he shrugged his shoulders. "Miss O'Neill implied that he could not have done otherwise unless he was willing to be, and be accounted, a bigger fool than his horse. The idea, Roger, of telling a story like that in a gorgeous, too-modern drawing-room, to a dozen or more men—Oxford graduates, half of them! And in the twentieth century! It might do well enough in a nursey—if the children were unusually credulous."

Mr. Hungerford said nothing for quite a minute. When at last he spoke it was very thoughtfully, and his handsome, boyish face was serious and earnest. Until that moment Mr. Floyd-Burton had considered him a mere boy, merry, winsome, lovable, and as shallow as the shallowest of his age and class. Never afterwards could he bring himself to think that.

"One thing is certain," he said, "either we are right and there is nothing in it, in religion, I mean, or these Catholics are, and it is *everything!*"

"Hungerford, don't make a fool of yourself!" Mr. Floyd-Burton exclaimed sharply. "We all know you have lost your heart to the girl. I, for one, don't blame you. She is charming, in a quaint, sweet way that is unusual. But don't, *don't* send your head and all your common sense after your heart!"

Mr. Hungerford flushed scarlet. He had never been accounted meek. "I can take care of myself," he said haughtily.

Again they rode in silence for some minutes, far less contentedly than before, though none of the sweetness had escaped from the morning; but coming, after a time, to a place where their road was crossed by another, a narrower one, they drew rein simultaneously, not to debate which direction to take, but because the view which suddenly opened out before them was arrestingly beautiful. The ground on which they stood was higher than much of the surrounding country, and they could see for miles in every direction. To one side was a little woods, looking almost black in its densest places; here and there were small farms, dotted with buildings, always poor and often dilapidated, but picturesque when seen from afar; in the distance, just above the horizon, lay a village with the spire of its old church dimly outlined against the blue of the sky. Below them a tiny lake gleamed in the sunshine and sad-

dened in the shadow of the oaks about its rim. Trees were everywhere, gay in all shades of green the young spring knew, and to their left, not far away, a meadow was purple with violets. Nature-lovers, both, the men gazed, enraptured, until the unexpected tinkle of a bell, very near at hand, broke the stillness, making them start and their horses prance.

Quickly turning their heads they saw, coming up the narrow road, a big, muscular fellow, unmistakably a peasant, and poor. He carried a small bell and jangled it from time to time. Close behind him trudged an old, bent man with bowed head, placid face and downcast eyes, who held Something clasped to his breast. Twenty feet, or more, behind them a boy, probably originally of their party, was crouched in the dust of the road, tickling a toad with a straw and delighting in its discomfort. In an adjoining field two stalwart young peasants stood with bared heads. Their eyes were fastened on the old man; they seemed to be waiting until he had passed before resuming their work.

"They are walking very slowly; let us pass ahead," Mr. Floyd-Burton proposed, referring to the men coming towards them; and at once he and Mr. Hungerford pulled gently on their bridles.

Neither horse moved.

Amazed, Mr. Floyd-Burton touched his horse, not lightly, with his riding whip. She trembled and pawed the ground, but did not advance one step. Less roughly Mr. Hungerford urged his mare. She would not, it seemed as if she could not, stir.

The men exchanged a startled, questioning glance. Each saw that the other was frightened, afraid of he knew not what. Neither dared make any further effort to force his horse to pass before the humble little procession, but, uneasy and uncomprehending, sat motionless and watched it.

The big peasant reached them and passed, unhurried. His lips were moving as if he talked to himself, but he looked curiously at them. The old man passed, seeing no one.

The two English gentlemen watched the pair until a sharp turn in the road hid them from view, when Mr. Hungerford's horse, obedient to a slight touch, went on as quietly as usual. Mr. Floyd-Burton dug his heels into the flanks of his; she reared and dashed forward. He drew rein beside Mr. Hungerford, who had stopped and was waiting for the little Irish boy. The toad having escaped, he was coming at a leisurely pace. Mr. Floyd-Burton would rather

not have waited, but could think of no objection to offer, or any reason why they must hurry homeward.

The child looked at them, shy and half frightened, until he saw Mr. Hungerford's face; then he smiled. Somehow, all children loved and trusted him, and when he beckoned the little chap went fearlessly to his side and patted his horse while they talked together.

"Tell me, Pat," Mr. Hungerford said, "who are the two men who passed this way a minute ago—one was old, the other middle-aged? Who are they, and where are they going?"

"My name isn't Pat," the boy objected. "It's my big brother that's Pat. I'm Terry."

"Well, Terry, what did it mean? One was ringing a little bell."

The boy looked compassionately at him. He pitied such ignorance, until it suddenly occurred to him that Mr. Hungerford was joking, and then he grinned broadly. "Sure, you know," he laughed.

"Indeed, I do not," Mr. Hungerford assured him, so seriously that the boy understood that he spoke the truth.

"Why, you see, grandma's sick. She's going to die, maybe, and father and I, we came down for Father Delaney. He'll get her ready for heaven." Then, lifting the ragged cap from his ill-kempt, red hair he explained further (and his voice sank almost to a whisper, so reverent was he), "Father Delaney's taking our Lord to her. That's why father rings the bell—to let people know Who's passing."

"Thank you, Terry; I am glad to—to know," Mr. Hungerford said, and gave him a coin which made his eyes shine.

Not one word passed between him and Mr. Floyd-Burton on their way home. They rode fast, forgetful of the beauties about them over which they had loitered, entranced, but a half hour before. They reached Mr. O'Neill's grounds in a surprisingly short time, and had hardly passed through the gates when they saw a slender, white-clad figure alone under the trees.

"Miss O'Neill!" Mr. Floyd-Burton exclaimed in a tone which plainly implied that he would have preferred to slip unobserved into the house.

At that moment she saw them and called brightly, "Isn't this a lovely morning, the loveliest you ever saw? Did you have a pleasant—" By this time horses and riders were so near that she

saw them clearly, and instantly she cut short her conventional question to ask in quite another tone and in a manner grown suddenly anxious, "Why, what is the matter? Did anything happen? Was there an accident?" She had seen both men's faces were white, and their horses spent and flecked with foam.

They dismounted at once, and as they went toward her, leading their horses, Mr. Floyd-Burton replied quickly, "Oh, no, nothing happened; nothing at all!" But his ashy lips gave the lie to his words.

Miss O'Neill turned appealingly to Mr. Hungerford. "You will tell me?"

"Truly, there is nothing to be alarmed about, Miss O'Neill, though something—did happen. We shall explain presently," he answered reassuringly.

A boy had come for the horses, and no more was said until he was gone, when Mr. Floyd-Burton spoke fast and nervously.

"If you will excuse me, Miss O'Neill, I shall go at once to my room. I have important letters to write. Roger can tell you—but it was nothing at all, really nothing!"

It was palpable that his letters were but a pretext, and he wished to evade discussion of a subject for some reason distasteful to him. After a few words more, in lighter vein, he raised his hat and left them, but turned back to say with scorn but thinly veiled, "It is well for Roger to tell you. He will make a far better story than I could of such slight material. He has imagination."

As soon as he was out of hearing Miss O'Neill pleaded earnestly, "Tell me! Please! I knew the moment I saw you both that something had occurred, and had angered or—or troubled Mr. Floyd-Burton."

"Yes, something did happen," he admitted for the second time.

"It—was it painful, disagreeable?"

They were standing face to face, and as she put the question she looked up into his eyes. To her surprise she saw that they were shining with a joy greater than he would be able to put into words.

"Painful?" he repeated. "No, no, not painful—heavenly!"

And pacing back and forth under the elms he told her all: the conversation which had passed between Mr. Floyd-Burton and himself, modifying, of course, Mr. Floyd-Burton's comments on herself and his satirical version of the story about St. Anthony; he told

her how their horses had acted and every word of his conversation with the boy. When he had finished they walked the length of the avenue in silence. Miss O'Neill thought first of Mr. Floyd-Burton, sadly, she thought of him; more hopefully, then, of the silent man beside her. At last she looked questioningly into his face.

"And you?" she said; no more, but he understood.

He did not reply at once. Words never came easily to him when it was his inmost self that struggled for expression. "Surely," he began; paused, and tried again, speaking very softly, "Surely God has shown me Himself—and the way."

During half an hour longer they paced slowly up and down, while above them birds sang gleefully, about them light breezes played, and at their feet flowers shed their fragrance. They talked of what happened that morning, and of other, trifling things. All the world might have listened to every word without consciousness of intrusion; but both were happy in a way the deeper for its peace. They were taking their first sip of the joy of two hearts made one forever, one in love and one in faith.

DROUGHT.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

THERE is no clover, and the frustrate bees,
Abroad upon the fields and down the lane,
Through all the forests of unflowered trees,
Monotonously murmuring, complain.
Murmuring monotonous, with wilding wings
That bear no blossmy burden nightly home,
For all their laboring, but idle things,
But builders of a barren honeycomb.
Thus is it now the summer of my dreams,
When falls no drop of rain or quickening dew;
There are but sands where late were singing streams,
And dusty barrenness where sweet thyme grew:
The bees of all my thoughts are idle long,
There is no honey in the hive of song.

KEEPING UP THE PROTESTANT TRADITION.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., SC.D.



IN reviewing the life of Professor S. F. B. Morse in the February CATHOLIC WORLD, I called attention to the fact that his latest biographer has seen fit to omit all reference to Professor Morse's connection with the very serious outburst of bigotry against the Catholic Church, centring around the Maria Monk fables, which occurred about 1835. It seems scarcely worth while to revive the memory of this disgraceful incident, save that we are again suffering from a wave of bigotry, now much less bitter and intolerant, but still effective in places.

One would recall rather reluctantly the story of Morse's folly if his latest biographer did not defend him, and apparently attempt to produce the impression that Morse was perfectly justified in his activity against the Catholic Church. He confesses that Morse grew more tolerant as he grew older, but that he was still bitterly opposed to the Roman Catholic Church, and to the methods of the Jesuits in particular. He makes Morse's bigotry a patriotic virtue by saying that Morse, "in common with many other prominent men of his day, was fearful lest the Church of Rome, through her emissaries, the Jesuits, should gain political ascendancy in this country and overthrow the liberty of the people." Our non-Catholic brethren opposed Catholics first on the ground of religion, and then as more and more knowledge made it clear how absurd such a contention was, the ground of their opposition was shifted to politics. The blood of Catholics had been shed in the Revolution, and Washington had told his troops how much that ought to mean; it had been shed in the War of 1812; it has always been shed for a country that means as much to Catholic hearts as to non-Catholic. But politics offered them, as it does now, a ready excuse for bigotry.

After all it would not be too much to expect that a man of Morse's intellectual attainments and experience would not easily be led to make himself ridiculous by accepting unquestioningly the most utterly absurd notions with regard to Catholics and the Catholic Church. He was the son of a Congregationalist minister. He

was brought up in a society that prided itself on its education, that considered itself highly cultured. He was a graduate of Yale College. Surely it may be assumed that a college graduate would have sufficient breadth of mind, and historical training to prevent his acceptance of the most palpable absurdities. Besides, Morse had succeeded as a painter. He had made the *grand tour* in Europe—a journey then seldom made by an American; he had lived for a time in Catholic countries. It might reasonably be presumed that he would have shed some of the narrowness of his Puritan upbringing, his Congregationalist family traditions, and the bitter Protestantism that existed at Yale in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Jedediah Huntington (the brother of Daniel Huntington, one of our greatest American painters) himself a descendant of these same old Connecticut families, and the author of a series of rather well-known novels, including *Rosemary*, and a story of student life at Yale in the forties and fifties, relates what extraordinary notions with regard to the Catholic Church prevailed at Yale in the first half of the nineteenth century. These good Puritans were quite sure that the Church was the representative on earth of Antichrist, the great official organization created by the devil out of the original Christian Church, since Christ's promises had failed until Luther came to fulfill them. They knew literally nothing about Church history; they blindly accepted the Protestant tradition; they would doubtless have considered it a tempting of the Holy Ghost to give an opportunity to a Catholic to explain some of their objections; and as for reading a Catholic book, that was *anathema marantha*.

It is rather hard to understand this state of mind in educated men, or at least in men whose professors pronounced them *liberally* educated by giving them their university degree. It is not, however, so surprising that the young men should have entertained these opinions, seeing that they were held by their teachers. Professor Morse settled in New York, and, with the memory of his early family training, emphasized by the years at Yale, saw Catholicism gradually but surely strengthening itself in New York. Catholic immigrants were constantly arriving; Catholic churches were being built; there was a Catholic bishop and many Catholic priests; and, what was so past comprehension as to be almost incredible, there were even some Catholic Sisters teaching and caring for orphans and wayward girls. It was no wonder that Morse was ready to do anything to prevent this rapid increase of the organization of the

infernal powers. His very ardor in the cause made him a ready victim for any form of chicanery.

In 1836, a young woman named Maria Monk made her appearance in New York City, claiming that she was an ex-nun, who, at the peril of her life, had escaped from a convent in Montreal, and who was now ready to reveal the abominations committed in these convents. She told a circumstantial story.

It is surprising now to look back and see the thoroughly respectable, supposedly intellectual, and eminently well-meaning individuals, clergymen and laymen, who, in our modern expressive phrase, permitted themselves to be "taken in" by this lurid tale. The Protestant clergy were among the most numerous victims of the designing young woman, though this was not because of less knowledge, but because their greater interest in the question stimulated them to make public proclamation of their views. Among the believers were lawyers, and doctors, and editors, and prominent merchants, and politicians, besides many of the common people. Among them was Samuel F. B. Morse, then well known only as an American portrait painter.

Maria Monk and her male companion, realizing the gullibility of the extreme Protestants, tried their credulity to the utmost, and apparently convinced them of the truth of their statements. They were welcomed everywhere, were received into select Protestant circles and homes, in spite of the fact that they were strangers, and that the woman in the case was making open confession of familiarity with awful crimes. With hands upraised in holy horror the New York Protestants gathered round to hear of the criminal actions that took place only three hundred miles away, in Montreal. They made no inquiry of Montreal; they asked for no proof. They accepted all Maria Monk's statements without question.

They were confirmed in the teachings of their fathers and understood better their forefathers' bitterness. The utter impossibility of the events described never seems to have occurred to them. Their anti-Catholic training had led them to expect this sort of thing. Usually these crimes were concealed by the diabolical malignity, almost infinite hypocrisy, and unlimited power of the Church in Catholic countries. But now the bars of secrecy were down because the witness was beyond Church jurisdiction in a free Protestant land, and at last the whole story of the awful crimes, fostered even here on the American Continent by people who pretended to be religious, was to be revealed.

One would think that a sense of the ridiculous at least would have warned these well-meaning Protestants of the unguarded way that they were leaving themselves open to the arts of the impostor. Yet, apparently, the idea of trickery never occurred to them. Considering their narrow religious upbringing and creed, it is not, perhaps, incredible that no such suspicion should have crossed their minds. They were only securing confirmation of what they already knew in their hearts *must* be so. It was this previous impression—this prejudice, to use the familiar word—that was the real source of conviction for them. And so it is still for the great majority of non-Catholics the real basis of their opposition to the Church, though, as a rule, they completely fail to realize it.

Maria Monk calmly proceeded to tell the New York Protestants of two generations ago exactly what would suit their prejudices. Her story was a reflection from the mirror of their own minds. She was ready to state anything that she felt they wanted her to say, and anything that they could possibly be made to believe; and their credulity in these matters was almost unlimited. She declared that just as soon as she was admitted to the convent in Montreal and permitted to take the veil, she was initiated into all manner of crimes, which, she further stated, the nuns were in the habit of committing. Now the nuns of whom she spoke were the nursing Sisters of the great Hôtel Dieu, the general hospital in Montreal, which was at that moment probably the best organized hospital on the American Continent. Our general hospital—that of Bellevue—was at that time almost a disgrace, housed in dirty, inadequate quarters, and with its nursing done by what were called “ten-day women,” because they had been sent to Blackwell’s Island for ten days for some form of disorderly conduct, and after being released had been employed in the hospital.

It was against these nursing Sisters doing a work for the poor and sick that required all the devotion of mind and body and uprightness of character that women can possess—for the records show that these good Sisters nursed the immigrants through many an epidemic of typhus and cholera—that Maria Monk told her tale. Of course, New Yorkers knew nothing of the Sisters’ good work. On the contrary, their carefully prejudiced bigotry told them that any such work was merely a pretense, and that the chief reason for the existence of these convents was immorality. How they drank in Maria Monk’s expression when she said: “From that moment (when she received the veil, or religious habit) I was required

to act like the most abandoned of beings!" She learned that all her future associates were habitually guilty of the most heinous and detestable crimes. These crimes were of daily occurrence, and the chief purpose of the convent was to provide an opportunity for more and more of them.

All the crimes of sex were included in the list, and, of course, child murder, because that was more or less inevitably connected with the immorality which was practised. But Maria Monk did not hesitate to go farther than this, and tell the story of deliberate murder practised under the most revolting circumstances. The credulity of even such educated men as the Protestant ministers of New York City, an ex-mayor of Brooklyn, a series of prominent merchants, and S. F. B. Morse was quite equal to accepting these tales with the rest. Maria Monk told in circumstantial detail, so as to produce all possible thrills of horror, the story of the murder of a nun who, refusing to share in these vile crimes, was seized, hurried before five priests and bishops, who sat in awful parody of a Court of Justice, and after a mock trial was sentenced to death. The victim was then immediately bound and gagged, tied face upwards on a bed, mattresses being thrown over her. Then all the five priests jumped upon the bed until they literally crushed the poor victim to death. Her body was then unbound and buried in quicklime in a cellar, where in a very short time all vestiges of this alleged murder was destroyed.

Think of sensible, educated Christian men and women accepting all this without a question. Think of its being the topic of sermons in churches, commented on at religious meetings, published broadcast in religious papers, and think of how blind the people must have been—not, be it recalled, ignorant country villagers, but some of the best informed people in the metropolis of America, barely two generations ago—to accept such arrant nonsense. But we must not forget what blinded them. It was the Protestant tradition of calumny against the Catholic Church. That Protestant tradition still survives. It does not now, except in country districts and where the people are ignorant and backward, venture to ask people to accept such stories as those of Maria Monk, but practically all of the Protestant opposition to the Church is founded on this old Protestant tradition, and the ignorance and prejudice and misrepresentation that it fostered with regard to everything Catholic. Draper, when he wrote his *Conflict of Religion and Science*, was unconsciously following in the Protestant tradition. Even Presi-

dent White as late as 1890, when he wrote his *Warfare of Theology with Science in Christendom*, was following in that same tradition. These university men were so sure that the Church was thoroughly and benightedly wrong that it was easy for them to create reasons for their feeling of opposition.

All of Maria Monk's horrible revelations were published as quite serious evidence against the "Black Nuns" of Montreal in the *Protestant Vindicator*—a well-known and widely-circulated religious (?) paper of that time—on October 14, 1835. Three months later in January, 1835, the book bearing the title *Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures* was published in New York with the imprint of Howe and Bates. In the meantime, within a week after the publication of the story, a copy of the paper reached Montreal, and was met by immediate and unanimous contradiction from the whole of the Protestant press of the Province. The *Montreal Herald* said (October 20, 1835):

We will not disgrace our colleagues, nor disgust our readers by copying the false, the abominably false article. Though of a different religious persuasion from the priests and nuns, we have had too many opportunities of witnessing their unwearied assiduity and watchfulness and Christian charity during two seasons of pestilence, and can bear witness to the hitherto unimpeached and unimpeachable rectitude of their conduct, to be in the slightest degree swayed in our opinion by a newspaper slander. We are Protestants and glory in being so; but we will not so far forget the precepts of our Divine Master as to connive at traducing the character of individuals who are exemplary members of society, although they are of a different religious persuasion from ourselves.

The *Montreal Gazette* and the *Rucher Mercury* for October 21, 1835, testified in the same spirit, and with a like cordiality, to the respect, and even veneration, felt by citizens of all denominations for the character and labors of the clergy and nuns of Montreal, and particularly of the Hôtel Dieu, in which the infamous murder above described was said to have taken place. These were testimonies from people who knew. Of course they did not satisfy the New York Protestant clergymen and their following, including many educated Protestants, who had already taken up Maria Monk, and were quite sure that her testimony *must* be true.

A physician of Montreal, well known in the city, himself a Protestant and a Justice of the Peace, then swore that the Maria Monk

who was telling these stories in New York was a prostitute, a girl of low grade intelligence who, under the influence of a paramour who saw the chance to make money out of the gullibility of New York Protestants, had brought her down to the United States for that purpose. Dr. Robertson further testified under oath that having heard of these stories told by Maria Monk in New York, "I thought it incumbent on me to make some inquiries concerning them, and have ascertained where she (Maria Monk) has been residing a great part of the time she states that she was an inmate of the nunnery." He adds that "the accounts given of her conduct in the various places where she really was while claiming to be in the nunnery, corroborate the opinions I had before entertained of her character."

Even this testimony did not make any difference to Protestant New Yorkers. They were quite determined in the view that all these witnesses, even their own brother Protestants, were deceived by the witcheries of Rome and the Scarlet Woman of Babylon.

A rather interesting pamphlet appeared in New York, in 1836, with the legend on the title page: "Published by Maria Monk," and entitled "*Interview of Maria Monk With Her Opponents, the Authors of the Reply to Her Awful Disclosures*, now in press, held in this city on Wednesday, August 17th."¹ This interview was between the interesting Maria and a committee who had come down from Montreal with the avowed purpose of showing that the adventuress knew nothing about the places and buildings in which she said that she had lived for years. Flagrant discrepancies were pointed out, during the course of this interview, between her statements at various times and her inability to describe details of buildings with which, from her story of having lived in them for years, she ought to have been very familiar. Almost needless to say, however, this interview had no effect on the distinguished Protestant gentlemen who were present. They were convinced, beyond

¹The copy of this pamphlet that I have consulted is in the New York Library, and was presented by the library of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is bound in with a series of anti-Catholic pamphlets that give an excellent idea of the almost impossible and quite unreadable sort of thing that Protestants will believe when there is question of believing anything against the Catholic Church. There are stories of converts, most of whom only a little inquiry would have shown to have been very questionable characters, and many of whom, indeed, had subsequently, because of their utterly unchristian lives, to be formally disowned by the Protestant sects that had taken them up; and a series of pamphlets that indicate the need of the Scriptures in Catholic countries. One is reminded of the late Professor Briggs walking into his class-room at the General Theological Seminary in New York, and holding up a copy of the New Testament that he had bought for a penny in Rome, and impressing upon his students that anyone who said that the Bible was not printed and easy and cheap to obtain in Catholic countries was telling an untruth.

possibility of conversion, that Maria Monk's story was true, because they were firmly persuaded that convents and nunneries were just such hotbeds of vice as she had described. Attempts at denial were at once to be suspected, and this committee from Montreal was felt at once to be only a manifestation of an effort to browbeat the poor unfortunate who had suffered so many wrongs, or perhaps to tempt her to go back to Canada in order that her awful story might be suppressed.

The story of the interview as published was followed by a postscript, in which all the attempts of the priests and nuns of Montreal to clear themselves from the vile calumnies of this strumpet were set down as "highly characteristic of Jesuitism." The fact that Protestants had joined with Catholics in Montreal in denouncing the stories as meretricious slanders, utterly unworthy of credence, was only added proof to these Protestant gentlemen of New York, three hundred miles away, of the insidious deterioration of character which occurred even among Protestants whenever they came for any length of time in contact with Catholics, and particularly with priests and nuns.

The one thing that would satisfy these indignant seekers after truth, was that a committee of their number, accompanied by Maria Monk, should be conducted through all the institutions that she mentioned, in order to determine whether her story was true or not. The fact that the pretended escaped nun would thus secure information which she had showed that she sadly lacked before, but which she would be able to use to good advantage in supporting her story afterwards, never seems to have occurred to these gentlemen, nor did they think for a moment of their proposal to intrude on quiet convent life with a vile woman of this kind, seeking a confirmation of her story of unspeakable vileness. Every feeling of gentlemanliness and chivalry was extinguished by their all-consuming desire to secure evidence to satisfy their own prejudices. The names of the committee appointed or who had, at least, been suggested and had evidently expressed their willingness to accompany Maria Monk on this errand of inquisition through the Montreal convent, were as follows: George Hall, Esq. (sometime Mayor of Brooklyn), Samuel F. B. Morse, David Wesson, Esq., and Rev. J. J. Slocum. (Morse was probably the most active and bitterly intolerant of the group in connection with this case.)

In Montreal, because of the stain upon the good name of the city, special efforts were made to get at the whole truth, and, as a

consequence, poor Maria Monk's life story became public property. A little pamphlet was published by Jones & Co. of Montreal in 1836, entitled *An Awful Exposure of the Atrocious Plot Formed Through the Intervention of Maria Monk*. This traces step by step, and authenticates with eighteen affidavits from her successive employers, the places where Maria Monk was in fact residing during the years when, according to her story, she was in the Hôtel Dieu in Montreal.

Even before this was published a thorough investigation of the whole affair, and of all the basis for Maria Monk's story, was made by Colonel W. L. Stone, editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. Like all the other New York Protestants, Colonel Stone, in spite of the fact that he was well educated, an old newspaper man, and presumably well informed and not over-credulous, was as much deceived as others by Maria Monk's story. Indeed, believing ardently in its veracity, he went up to Montreal fully determined to get the truth of the matter, and publish it broadcast under such circumstances as would leave no possible doubt of it. Accompanied by the President of the Bank of Montreal and another Protestant gentleman of the same city, they obtained permission from the bishop, visited the convent, and, with Maria Monk's story in mind, searched every possible nook and corner of it, and every cellar and passage. They interviewed the nuns, and even cross-questioned them, but could get absolutely nothing to confirm in any way the story; on the contrary they secured abundant evidence against it.²

On his return Colonel Stone confronted Maria Monk, several public interviews took place between them, and in every case she made glaring blunders with regard to the convent and the community, and Colonel Stone was able to contradict her on the spot from even his brief and actual experience of the scenes in question. "In ten minutes," writes Colonel Stone, "in the presence of half a dozen other friends, clerical and lay, was the impostor unmasked."

Further investigations showed that the only acquaintance that poor Maria Monk had with the convent was that she had lived in a Magdalen Asylum, an institution for the reclaiming of prostitutes not far from the convent. Affidavits as to Maria's stay in this institution were secured, which served to show not only her habitation there for a time, but also the impossibility of bringing about any reformation of her character.

²See *The True History of Maria Monk*, by William L. Stone, Esq., lately republished in pamphlet form by The Paulist Press, New York.

We may skip some ten years to the time of the poor woman's death. In *Dolman's Register* for October 20, 1849, there is this item: "Two months ago or more the police book recorded the arrest of the notorious but unfortunate Maria Monk, whose book of *Awful Disclosures* created such excitement in the religious world some years since. She was charged with picking the pocket of a paramour in a den near the Five Points. She was tried, found guilty, and sent to prison, where she lived up to Friday last when death removed her from the scene of her sufferings and disgrace. What a moral is here indeed!"⁸

There is in the story much more than a moral for pitiful creatures like Maria Monk. The moral is for educated Protestants who were so blinded by prejudice that they were ready to accept this absurdly impossible story from a woman of vile character. I wonder if educated Protestants in the East realize that even now this story is being republished and scattered broadcast among the Protestants of the West and South who know nothing about Catholics, except what they have learned from the ever-enduring Protestant tradition? There are actually Protestant ministers who are still engaged in securing the diffusion of this story of Maria Monk. It has been published widely in England for years, because there are still a large number of Protestants who want to read this type of book, and many Protestant ministers, not in good faith, since they know better.

Maria Monk's story has a much more important lesson, which is still to be learned by some. It is that apostate Catholic priests and ex-nuns or those who claim to be such (for more often they are impostors and were never priests or nuns), are the worst possible type of witnesses to trust. If one wishes to know something about a man or an institution, one should seek to learn about it from his or its friends. Bitter enemies are not fair witnesses.

⁸Many New Yorkers remember that in the next generation Maria Monk's daughter wrote a book in which she tried to undo the harm that had been worked by her mother's so-called revelations. The daughter had become a Catholic, and her volume attracted a good deal of attention, though now it is rather difficult to secure copies of it. I must confess that I have never seen it.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.



THROUGHOUT the stormy career of the Abbé de Lamennais, it may be remembered that some measure of peace and serenity of soul lay within his reach at La Chênaie, the remote country house amid the woods round Dinan where he and his brother, the Abbé Jean, had made themselves a home. Thither, after the condemnation of the *Avenir* and his fruitless sojourn in Rome, Lamennais withdrew himself, bitter and dejected, gathering round him a few young men whom he planned to educate in the ideas to which his own life was vowed. With him, as we know, were, for a space, the Abbés Gerbet and Lacordaire, while Montalembert would visit him from time to time, and in the little group of keen intellectual young laymen who were captivated by the brilliant and unbalanced genius of him who was known affectionately to the little circle as M. Féli, were, among others, a young poet, François du Breil de Marzan, and Elie de Kertanguy, who was to become by marriage the nephew of his host. Prayer, study, and long tramps through the beech woods filled the days in this peaceful Breton retreat.

To this elect little band there came, in December, 1832, "an unknown youth of some twenty-two years of age, with a pale face, black hair that was already scant on his forehead, and keen southern eyes in which burned the light of thought, combined however with that particular expression of gentle melancholy which proclaims, together with some secret sorrow, the poetic spirit which accompanies and consoles it." The young man whose appearance made so marked an impression on one at least of M. Féli's disciples, was Maurice de Guérin du Cayla, the younger son of an ancient though impoverished family of Languedoc, the brother of Eugénie, and the author of a *Journal* destined to confer on him after death an imperishable reputation. That circumstances should have brought for a time the self-centred young poet within the radius of the stirring personality of Lamennais, has endowed the green notebook, filled day by day with his musings, with a religious as well as a literary value. For in its pages we find a more vivid

and intimate picture of the semi-monastic life that was led at La Chênaie than any other member of the little coterie has preserved for us. And we find, in addition, pages descriptive of scenery and of the wild forces of nature as they revealed themselves, on the rugged Breton coast, to the startled vision of the southerner, of a beauty rarely met with in French literature.

Maurice de Guérin's early years had been pathetically devoid of the ordinary joys of youth. A dreamy, sensitive, precocious child, he lost his mother in early boyhood, and was sent, at the age of twelve, to the Little Seminary of Toulouse (1822), apparently with some vague idea of preparing him for the priesthood. Thence he was entered at the Collège Stanislas, in Paris, where he remained five long years, without once returning to the company of his brothers and sisters at the Château du Cayla. If this long banishment from the home circle and from the healthy joys of country life, developed in the boy the passion for letter writing, to which we owe the frequent and intimate correspondence with his sister Eugénie, five years his senior, it was undoubtedly also the immediate cause of that habitual melancholy that overshadowed his life, and in all probability it sowed the seeds of the disease that was to cut short his career on the very threshold of literary success.

Before coming to La Chênaie, Maurice had spent a couple of years in Paris, living cheaply in a single room, supporting himself by giving lessons while reading law and trying his hand at journalism. It was a life of privation and much drudgery that, to a man of his temperament, gifted, hyper-sensitive to all beauty, and happy only in intimate communion with nature, must have been singularly irksome. Some of his contributions were inserted in the *Avenir* previous to its suppression, and his letters to Eugénie show how keenly he followed the religious and political movements of his day, and how completely he had been swept off his feet by Lamennais' eloquence. He pours out his enthusiasm to the elder sister in a fine flow of language, in which, in answer evidently to her anxious warnings, he defends the "prodigious beauty" of the Mennaisian doctrines, and upholds "the high and divine policy which elevates, even above the heads of kings, the law of justice visibly manifested in the Church, and which places the rights and liberty of nations under the providence of God" (May 20, 1831). A first sentimental attachment to one of his sister's girl friends, that developed during a long autumn holiday at Le Cayla, doubtless served to render the harassing struggle for a living in Paris still more dis-

tasteful. By this time the publication of the Encyclical *Mirari Vos* (August, 1852) had been followed by Lamennais' formal submission and his retirement to La Chênaie, and it is not surprising that Maurice, with some half-formed aspiration towards a religious vocation still in his mind, and with the instability of purpose that was so serious a handicap to his career, should have suddenly formed the resolution to offer himself as a student. The arrangements were made through a common friend, and it would seem that Lamennais did not know his disciple personally before his arrival at La Chênaie, neither—in the opinion of de Guérin's admirers—did he ever appreciate him at his true value.

Maurice himself, however, nowhere betrays any sense of disappointment in his relation with the man whom he was proud to claim as his master. His devotion to Lamennais was indeed one of the most genuine and permanent emotions of his life, and for a time at least brought out all that was noblest in his nature. "I am in his hands, body and soul," he writes to one correspondent, "and I trust so great an artist will bring forth a statue from the rough block." In the first letters home from La Chênaie everything is painted *couleur de rose*: the fatherly welcome of M. Féli, the sympathetic companionship, the charm of the white, gabled house, standing in a spacious garden, "an oasis in the Breton steppes," with a wide terrace planted with lime trees and a flower-bordered path leading to the little chapel where Mass is celebrated daily. On every side the house was hemmed in by "woods, woods and always woods," and, most entrancing of all, beech woods. After a three days' retreat Maurice feels his soul strengthened and purified, and he flings himself with ardor into the course of studies marked out for him. To his sister Eugénie, waiting anxiously at Le Cayla for news, he writes (December 18, 1832):

All this means that I have set to work, and that work here is serious and without distractions. M. Féli has launched me into foreign languages, beginning with Italian, and at the same time into Catholic philosophy and the history of philosophy. I am enchanted to learn modern languages; they are a powerful instrument of science, and then their study opens up literatures, knowledge of which doubles the power and the pleasure of thought. Of dead languages I am only learning Greek. So here I am with a great work before me. but we have so great a general at our head, that I feel full of confidence and am certain of victory.

Knowing as one does the tragedy that was impending, it is impossible to read without a pang this joyous intimate picture of what appeared to be a very ideal Christian school. Almost in his first letter home, Maurice notes, without in any way suspecting the ominousness of the event, that "M. Lacordaire left us two days after my arrival, recalled to Paris by urgent business." It was a rupture between friends that was never to be healed, and the first outward indication of troubles that for the moment lay beneath the surface. De Guérin is still able to dilate on the peaceful charm of the daily life, on the gaiety of the recreation hour, on the brilliancy of M. Féli's conversation—"he says charming things; the keenest, most piercing, most brilliant thrusts escape him at every moment"—on his interior virtues. The young man is indignant at the common opinion that his hero suffers from spiritual pride. The accusation is "inconceivably false." "There is no man more deeply penetrated with humility and the spirit of self-sacrifice." Beside him we have glimpses of M. Gerbet, the future Bishop of Perpignan, "gentlest and most long-suffering of men," whom readers of the *Récit d'une Sœur* will remember as the trusted advisor of the La Ferronnays family. Indeed through the *Letters* and *Journal* there flit many well-known names of visitors to La Chênaie—Montalembert, Sainte-Beuve and others—showing how prominent a place Lamennais still filled in the intellectual life of his day.

How sincere, at the same time, the religious life of the household was during these months, may be gathered from an event that occurred at the ensuing Easter, and that is recorded by Maurice in his *Journal*:

I have been witness of something very touching: François (du Breil de Marzan) brought to us one of his friends whom he has won over to the Faith. The neophyte followed the exercises of our retreat, and on Easter Sunday received Holy Communion with us. François is in the seventh heaven of joy, and must surely have earned much merit. He is still very young, barely twenty; M. de la Morvonnais is thirty and a married man. There is something very pleasing and almost naïve in the conduct of M. de la Morvonnais allowing himself to be led to God by a mere boy; and this youthful friendship, inspired on the side of François by so apostolic a spirit, is as beautiful as it is touching. The two men are neighbors in the country, and they often work together and write each other charming verses on domestic events.

These two friends, both poets, both enthusiasts for literature and sensitive lovers of nature—Hippolyte de la Morvonnais was even to make a pilgrimage to Rydal Mount to pay a tribute of veneration to Wordsworth—were to become the almost inseparable companions of de Guérin during the summer of 1833, and exercised the happiest influence over him.

Intellectually, these nine months at La Chênaie were a period of much profitable study. History, philosophy and science, Greek, German and English, filled the morning hours, and inspired reflections that find their way into the *Journal*, which, started in the previous year, is only kept with any regularity after the arrival in Brittany. If in his letters it is the religious interests of his life, side by side with the external events, that predominate, in the *Journal*, with its greater opportunities for candor, it is his intellectual life, and above all his communings with nature, and the emotions excited in his soul by the unfamiliar scenery amid which he found himself. After the years spent in Paris he flings himself with a passionate rapture into the study of nature, revealing herself in her northern aspects, sometimes austere and wild, sometimes inexpressibly tender and lovely. The sea, too, never before seen, stirs his soul to its depths. French writers, even French poets, so rarely possess that close understanding and detailed knowledge of nature that can only be acquired by an ardent and patient nature-lover, that de Guérin, by the mere fact that he was endowed with the gift in a very high degree, occupies a unique place in the literature of his day. Undoubtedly he may be classed as of the school of Chateaubriand, and of his own favorite author, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Yet with lesser gifts in other respects, and with an incomparably smaller literary output, he surpassed them both in his emotional capacity for identifying himself with the physical life around him. He felt, in a very real sense, the unity of man with eternal nature. It was a pantheism that is not necessarily either outside of, or in opposition to, Christian faith, that, as in the case of St. Francis, may be the outcome of an intense realization of all natural phenomena as the immediate handiwork of God. Without adopting the exaggerated estimate of his latest biographer, A. Lefranc, who speaks of his power as absolutely extraordinary and without any parallel in literature,¹ we can accept his verdict when he asserts that in none of de Guérin's contemporaries has this inti-

¹ See *Maurice de Guérin*. By Abel Lefranc (1910).

mate fusion which places the human being in perfect accord with the external world, been revealed so fully or so continuously.

We know from his sister Eugénie that Maurice's absorption in nature, which would keep him for hours in rapt meditation under a favorite tree, dated from his very childhood. With how precocious a literary gift the boy was endowed, is shown in the little prose poem of surprising beauty, describing the sounds of nature floating in the air, composed at the age of ten or eleven, before he was sent to school at Toulouse. In its simple flowing language, devoid of literary artifice, and in the tender sense of reverence for his theme, the composition has a strange affinity of feeling with St. Francis' *Canticle of the Sun*. Between each unrhymed verse of irregular length, there occurs the refrain: "*O! qu'ils sont beaux ces bruits de la nature, ces bruits répandus dans les airs!*"

It fills one with regret that an unkind fate—or may we not rather say undiscerning parents?—should have condemned the boy to long years of city life, and to the consequent stifling of an imaginative gift that never found full and free expression until a dozen years later when he found himself in Brittany—in Brittany that has given to France some of the greatest of her prose writers—amid surroundings singularly sympathetic to his poet soul. Hence the months at La Chênaie, and later at the Val de l'Arguenon, the beautiful Breton home of the de la Morvonnais family, show a sudden ripening of all his faculties. It is, as has been said, in the *Journal*, far more than in the letters, that this spontaneous expansion betrays itself. As the winter slowly gave way before the retarded spring, the study of Greek and of modern literature was interrupted by long country rambles, during which Maurice notes, with a reverent delight, how "all nature is absorbed in the cares of her measureless maternity." The capricious loveliness of a northern summer draws forth a corresponding fickleness in the young man's moods. On May day he writes, groaning in spirit: "How dismal it is! Wind, rain, and cold. This first of May is like a wedding day turned to a day of mourning." There follows a penetrating page on the sinister moaning of the wind as it lashes the great fir trees behind the house. Such days, he declares, render him sadder than in winter; desolation and darkness fill his soul, and it is as though God Himself had withdrawn His countenance. Happily two days later he is able to record: "An entrancing day, full of sunshine, gentle breezes, sweet scents in the air, and joy in my soul."

On the whole, however, it is the note of sadness that prevails in

the *Journal*. It is true that no Meridional can be transported to the north without suffering occasional homesickness, and Maurice, oppressed by a succession of gray cloud-laden days, pines for the skies of his native Languedoc, "so generous in light, so blue, so broadly arched!" La Chênaie, in all the glory of May time, appears to him indeed as an old woman, all wrinkled and hoary, transformed by the wand of a fairy into an exquisite maiden of sixteen, but he has learned how fugitive such beauty is in the north. And apart from all external causes there is the deep-lying melancholy of his soul that nothing can relieve for long, a melancholy born perhaps of ill health, and nourished by a baffling sense of his own incapacity that haunted him through life. In the very midst of the summer he writes:

These last three weeks have passed miserably, so miserably, indeed, that I have not had the courage to write a single word either here or elsewhere. The bad mood attacked me with extreme violence and reduced me to the last extremity. It was as bad as anything I have had to bear in the past. A letter from Eugénie that arrived in the middle of the attack did me much good, but the crisis had to run its course. My God and my Guardian Angel have pity on me! Shield me from such sufferings!

A few weeks later we find the following pathetic confession:

My interior life withers away day by day; I sink, as it were, into some abyss, and I must have already fallen to a great depth, for the light scarcely penetrates to me any more, and I feel the cold creeping upon me. Oh, I know very well what is dragging me down! I have always said it, and to-day, as I fall, I will repeat it more emphatically than ever: it is the desolating conviction of my own impotence; it is this fatal impotence, a conviction the germ of which I brought here with me, and that has so increased during these eight months that it has ended by crushing me, overthrowing me and flinging me headlong in a fall, the limits of which I cannot see. Yes, I am falling, that is quite certain, for I no longer see what I once saw, I no longer feel what I once felt.

As the autumn advanced, to his interior desolation was added the practical trouble of having to face once again an unknown and unprotected future. The *Journal* says nothing of the causes that compelled his departure from La Chênaie: two lines, short indeed,

but pregnant with feeling, are all that he vouchsafes to a subject that must have been uppermost in his thoughts.

"Here I am," he writes (September 3d), "face to face with the most awful situation—I, the weakest of characters, the most timid of wills." From his letters, however, to his two intimate friends we learn that four days later he bade farewell to M. Féli, and "the doors of the little paradise of La Chénaie" closed behind him. On the wider issues of the religious controversy as revealed in the letters of this time from Lamennais to the Pope and from Gregory XVI. to the Bishop of Rennes, nothing need be said here.² The immediate cause of the dispersal of the little community was the somewhat belated discovery by the bishop of the diocese that Lamennais was the actual head of the Society of St. Peter, of which the household at La Chénaie represented the lay element. The result was an intimation that he was to resign his position as Superior-General in favor of his brother, the Abbé Jean.

"It seems," wrote Maurice to M. de la Morvonnais (September 4th), "that we are to leave here early next week for St. Méen, where we make a week's retreat, and after that we are to shut ourselves up at Ploermel."

This was the home of the Brothers of Christian Instruction, the teaching order of which the Abbé Jean was the founder. The arrangement, however, would not seem to have worked satisfactorily, for a couple of months later (November 7th) Maurice writes again to his friend:

The outcry that has been raging for some time against M. Féli first necessitated our departure from La Chénaie. But a far worse trial awaited me. The Congregation has been placed in so critical a position, and has been compelled to humor such acute susceptibilities, that it has been deemed more prudent to admit no further laymen, and to send away those already received. This decision flings me back upon the world, and forces me to take up once more the difficult task of my own future. All this has happened so suddenly that I have scarcely had time to look round in search of a refuge. I wrote off in haste to the college at Juilly begging for admission, and am daily expecting a reply.....

No reply came, but the serious embarrassment in which the impecunious young man found himself, pending the choice of a

²See *The Abbé de Lamennais and the Liberal Catholic Movement in France*. By the Hon. William Gibson. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.)

career, was solved for the moment by Hippolyte de la Morvonnais, who invited him on a long visit to le Val de l'Arguenon, his ancestral home at a wild spot on the Breton coast. The weeks that followed would appear to have been among the happiest in de Guérin's life. The romantic site of the mansion within hearing of the ocean's roar, the intellectual companionship of de la Morvonnais and his friends, combined with the exquisite perfume of a very perfect family life—to which Maurice, after months of seclusion, was characteristically sensitive—rendered the visit in every way memorable. To it we owe some of the most beautiful and poetic pages of the *Journal*, touched with a sense of genuine gratitude to his hosts. Never, he declares, has he participated so intimately and so purely in the joys of family life. He breathes, as it were, a cloud of invisible incense. The personalities of the little circle he describes in a well-known passage:

A man, religious and a poet; a woman whose soul is so intimately united with his as to form but one; a child named Marie like her mother, the first rays of whose love and intelligence shine, like a star, through the white veil of childhood; a simple life in a venerable mansion; the ocean which, morning and evening, brings us its harmonies; finally, a pilgrim from Carmel on his way to Babylon, who has left his staff and sandals at the threshold to take his seat at the hospitable board: of such material a Biblical poem might well be composed were I as competent to describe things as to feel them.

There follow idyllic pictures of daily life at le Val, interspersed with fine passages—very difficult to translate at all adequately owing to the sonorous harmony of the language—describing with a sort of fierce joy the winter storms when the waves chased each other over the vast expanse of waters “like countless hordes of Tartar horsemen galloping ceaselessly across the steppes of Asia.” The old passion for “the sounds of nature” asserted itself once more amid the wild elements of a northern winter, as the young poet lay awake at night listening to the howling of the wind, or tramped the coast in all weathers with his host. Meanwhile the religious sense still remained, indeed, as when he notes: “The moon with a few stars was still shining when the bell summoned us to Mass. How I love this Mass at dawn, celebrated between the last glimmerings of the stars and the first rays of the sun.”

During the five short years of life which was all that remained

to Maurice de Guérin when, in the early spring of 1834, the diligence carried him back to Paris, he never again visited Brittany. The months there, so rich in new impressions and intellectual friendships, had done much to bring his mind to maturity. Back in Paris, aspiring to a journalistic career under the kindly auspices of his friend, Paul Quemper, he still frequented for a time the little coterie of clever young men whose acquaintance he had made at La Chênaie and le Val. On its material side the life he entered upon was a ceaseless struggle with poverty and ill health and the distasteful drudgery of teaching. Only his evenings and his rare leisure could be given to the study and the literary pursuits that he loved, with the result that his published writings during his lifetime were so occasional—a few articles in *La France Catholique* and other reviews—that his reputation scarcely penetrated beyond the circle of his personal friends. These, however, thanks to the charm of his personality, his talents, his melancholy and his good looks, rapidly increased in number. His latest biographer, A. Lefranc, has disinterred many interesting details concerning this period, hitherto wrapped somewhat in obscurity, owing to the comparative rarity of his letters home. Our first knowledge is due mainly to the numerous references to de Guérin discovered in the journal of Barbey d'Aurevilly, the inseparable friend of these later years. They show us Maurice flinging himself, as far as health and means would allow, into the dissipations of Paris life, and suffering both in soul and body. His temporary abandonment of the practices of religion at this time is well known; to his sister Eugénie, as may be gathered from her *Journal*, it was a source of the tenderest sorrow. No doubt the mental attitude of revolt against ecclesiastical authority which he had acquired as a disciple of Lamennais lay at the root of his later indifference, combined perhaps with his increasing absorption in classic art and literature. In any case, his attitude would seem to have been one of drifting away from Catholic influences, rather than any definite intellectual abandonment of the faith of his boyhood.

The last event to record is de Guérin's somewhat amazing marriage (November, 1838), due largely to the friendly offices of d'Aurevilly, to a charming and wealthy creole girl, the sister of one of his pupils. It brought him, if not much happiness, at least leisure to work as he would, and the comforts that his shattered health needed. Unhappily this material good fortune came to him too late. He must indeed have been in galloping consumption when

the marriage was celebrated; Eugénie's *Letters* and *Journal* of this period are full of the poignant terror with which she noted the increasing gravity of his symptoms. Seven months after the marriage she hurried back to Paris to take her place by the bedside of the invalid, and as a last desperate expedient it was resolved to carry him by easy stages back to his home in the South. The journey to Le Cayla lasted three weeks, and for ten brief days longer the dying man lingered, tended with the utmost devotion. Readers of Eugénie's *Journal* will remember the long and touching account, which six months later, she forced herself to commit to paper, of her brother's last days. From this source we learn that his return to faith was far more than a deathbed repentance. The previous Easter, thanks in great measure to his old friend, the Abbé Buquet, one of the masters of the Collège Stanislas, he had received the Sacraments, and through all the last weeks of his illness he submitted himself with an entire docility to the religious influences with which his sister surrounded him. It was the answer to the ardent prayers which daily, all his life long, she had offered on his behalf.

Maurice de Guérin's literary fame is wholly posthumous. An article by George Sand, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (May 15, 1840), first drew the attention of the critics to the rare literary quality of his unpublished remains, more especially of *Le Centaure*, a beautiful prose poem, rich in classical feeling. When, by the good offices of his friends, aided by the eager collaboration of Eugénie, the articles and poems left by him were gathered together and given to the world with the *Journal*, they evoked a burst of enthusiasm, and the brother and sister became the objects of a cult that endures to this day. Yet, when all is said, Maurice's achievement was little more than fragments, of an exquisite quality indeed, but lacking in any unity of thought or any constructive power. Poet as he was in spirit, his verse has never been accorded a high place by French critics. There was in him some fatal element of weakness, of which he was himself at times acutely conscious, due no doubt largely to ill health, which hindered his remarkable gifts from coming to a perfect fruition. Hence the *Letters* and the *Journal*—the unpremeditated outpourings of his idle moments—remain his most delightful and characteristic utterances. Gifted as he was, had he been the equal of his sister in moral qualities, in the power of self-control without which there can be little real achievement, the result would surely have been otherwise. In this instance it was the man who was emotional and unstable, the woman who

was strong and balanced, the prop and counsellor all through life of her brilliant younger brother.

It has been suggested that Lamennais never sufficiently appreciated the pupil whose pen was to preserve many vivid details of the life they led under a common roof—may it not have been because his keen eye detected from the first the irremediable weakness of his nature? Be that as it may, Maurice de Guérin owed much to his master, and his sojourn at La Chênaie gave an impulse both to his imaginative and his intellectual life of incalculable value. Without the pages written in Brittany the *Journal* would be shorn of half its beauty.

THE ROSE WINDOW.

BY ELEANOR TANNER.

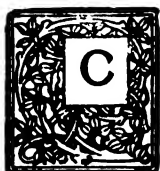
I HAVE four windows to my soul,
Facing the Light above:
Faith that is ever near to Hope,
And Fear, most close to Love.

A trembling flame is Faith; and Hope,
Heaven's quickly clouded blue;
Pale opal is surrendered Fear,
Wounded in every hue;
But Love is gold: O rose of gold,
Where only Light reigns true!

And in the centre of my soul
I'm fain at rest to be,
While from above that rose of Love
Alone shines down on me.

COÖPERATION A PARTIAL SOLVENT OF CAPITALISM.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



COÖPERATIVE production has occasionally been pronounced a failure. This judgment is too sweeping and too severe. "As a matter of fact," says a recent issue of a prominent London weekly, "the co-operators' success has been even more remarkable in production than in distribution. The coöperative movement runs five of the largest of our flour mills; it has, amongst others, the very largest of our boot factories; it makes cotton cloth and woollens, and all sorts of clothing; it has even a corset factory of its own; it turns out huge quantities of soap; it makes every article of household furniture; it produces cocoa and confectionery; it grows its own fruit and makes its own jams; it has one of the largest tobacco factories, and so on." Obviously this passage refers to that kind of productive coöperation which is carried on by the stores, not to productive concerns owned and managed by the workers therein employed. Nevertheless the enterprises in question are coöperatively managed, and hence exemplify coöperation rather than private and competitive industry. They ought not to be left out of any statement of the field occupied by coöperative production. The limitations and possibilities of coöperation in production can best be set forth by considering its three different forms separately.

The "perfect" form occurs when all the workers engaged in a concern own all the share capital, control the entire management, and receive the whole of the wages, profits, and interest. In this field the failures have been much more numerous and conspicuous than the successes. Godin's stove works at Guise, France, is the only important enterprise of this kind that is now in existence. Great Britain has several establishments in which the workers own a large part of the capital, but apparently none in which they are the sole proprietors and managers. The "labor societies" of Italy, consisting mostly of diggers, masons, and bricklayers, coöperatively enter into contracts for the performance of public works, and share in the profits of the undertaking in addition to their wages; but the only capital that they provide consists of comparatively simple and

inexpensive tools. The raw material and other capital is furnished by the public authority which gives the contract.

A second kind of productive coöperation is found in the arrangement known as co-partnership. This is "the system under which, in the first place, a substantial and known share of the profit of a business belongs to the workers in it, not by right of any shares they may hold, or any other title, but simply by right of the labor they have contributed to make the profit; and, in the second place, every worker is at liberty to invest his profit, or any other savings, in shares of the society or company, and so become a member entitled to vote on the affairs of the body which employs him."¹ So far as its first, or profit sharing, feature is concerned, co-partnership is not genuine coöperation, for it includes neither ownership of capital nor management of the business. Coöperative action begins only with the adoption of the second element. In most of the existing co-partnership concerns, all the employees are urged, and many of them required, to invest at least a part of their profits in the capital stock. The most notable and successful of these experiments is the South Metropolitan Gas Company of London. Practically all the company's six thousand employees are now among its stockholders. Although their combined holdings are only about one twenty-eighth of the total, they are empowered to select two of the ten members of the board of directors. Essentially the same co-partnership arrangements have been adopted by about one-half the privately-owned gas companies of Great Britain. In none of them, however, have the workers obtained as yet such a large percentage of either ownership or control as in the South Metropolitan. Co-partnership exists in several other enterprises in Great Britain, and is found in a considerable number of French concerns. There are a few instances in the United States, the most thoroughgoing being that of N. O. Nelson & Co. at St. Louis.

As already noted, the coöperative stores exemplify a third type of coöperative production. In some cases the productive concern is under the management of a local retail establishment, but the great majority of them are conducted by the English and Scottish Wholesale Societies. As regards the employees of these enterprises, the arrangement is not true coöperation, since they have no part in the ownership of the capital. The Scottish Wholesale Society, as we have seen, permits the employees of its productive works to share in the profits thereof; nevertheless, it does not admit them as stock-

¹Schloss, *Methods of Industrial Remuneration*, pp. 353, 354.

holders, nor give them any voice in the management. In all cases the workers may, indeed, become owners of stock in their local retail stores. Since the latter are stockholders in the wholesale societies, which in turn own the productive enterprises, the workers have a certain indirect and attenuated proprietorship in the productive concerns. But they derive therefrom no dividends. All the interest and most of the profits of the productive establishments are taken by the wholesale and retail stores. For it is the theory of the wholesale societies that the employees in the works of production should share in the gains thereof only as consumers. They are to profit only in the same way and to the same extent as other consumer-members of the local retail establishments.

The most effective and beneficial form of coöperative production is evidently that which has been described as the "perfect" type. Were all production organized on this plan, the social burden of interest would be insignificant, industrial despotism would be ended, and industrial democracy realized. As things are, however, the establishments exemplifying this type are of small importance. Their increase and expansion are impeded by lack of directive ability and of capital, and the risk to the workers' savings. Yet none of these obstacles is necessarily insuperable. Directive ability can be developed, in the course of time, just as it was in the coöperative stores. Capital can be obtained fast enough perhaps to keep pace with the supply of directive ability and the spirit of coöperation. The risk undertaken by workers who put their savings into productive concerns owned and managed by themselves, need not be greater than that now borne by investors in private enterprises of the same kind. There is no essential reason why the former should not provide the same profits and insurance against business risks as the latter. While the employees assume none of the risks of capitalistic industry, neither do they receive any of the profits. If the coöperative factory exhibits the same degree of business efficiency as the private enterprise, it will necessarily afford the workers adequate protection for their savings and capital. Indeed, if "perfect" coöperative production is to be successful at all, its profits will be larger than those of the capitalistic concern, owing to the greater interest taken by the workers in their tasks, and in the management of the business.

For a long time to come, however, it is probable that "perfect" coöperative production will be confined to relatively small and local industries. The difficulty of finding sufficient workers' capital and

ability to carry on, for example, a transcontinental railroad or a nation-wide steel business, is not likely to be overcome for one or two generations.²

The labor co-partnership form of coöperation is susceptible of much wider and more rapid extension. It can be adapted readily to the very large, as well as to the small and medium sized, concerns. Since it requires the workers to own but a part of the capital, it can be established in any enterprise in which the capitalists show themselves willing and sympathetic. In every industrial corporation there are some employees who possess savings, and these can be considerably increased through the profit sharing feature of co-partnership. A very long time must, indeed, elapse before the workers in any of the larger enterprises could get possession of all, or even of a controlling share, of the capital, but so much time would probably be needed to educate and fit them for successful management.

Production under the direction of the coöperative stores can be extended faster than either of the other two forms, and it has before it a very wide, even though definitely limited, field. The British wholesale societies have already shown themselves able to conduct with great success large manufacturing concerns, have trained and attracted an adequate number of competent leaders, and have accumulated so much capital that they have been obliged to invest several million pounds in other enterprises. The possible scope of the stores and their coöperative production has been well described by C. R. Fay: "Distribution of goods for personal consumption, first, among the working class population; second, among the salaried classes who feel a homogeneity of professional interest; production by working class organizations alone (with rare exceptions in Italy) of all the goods which they distribute to their members. But this is its limit. Distribution among the remaining sections of the industrial population; production for distribution to these members; production of the instruments of production, and production for international trade; the services of transport and exchange: all these industrial departments are, so far as can be seen, permanently outside the domain of a store movement."³

The theory by which the stores attempt to justify their exclusion of the employees of their productive concerns from a share of the profits thereof, is that all profits come ultimately from the pockets of the consumer, and should all return to that source. The

²Cf., however, Mr. A. R. Orage's work on *Guild Socialism*.

³*Op. cit.*, p. 341.

defect in this theory is that it ignores the question whether the consumers ought not to be required to pay a sufficiently high price for their goods to provide the producers with profits in addition to wages. While the wholesale stores are the owners and managers of the capital in the productive enterprises, and on the capitalistic principle should obtain the profits, the question remains whether this is necessarily a sound principle, and whether it is in harmony with the theory and ideals of coöperation. In those concerns which have adopted the labor co-partnership scheme, the workers, even when they own none of the capital, are accorded a part of the profits. It is assumed that this is a fairer and wiser method of distribution than that which gives the laborer only wages, leaving all the profits to the manager-capitalist. This feature of co-partnership rests on the theory that the workers can, if they will, increase their efficiency and reduce the friction between themselves and their employer to such an extent as to make the profit sharing arrangement a good thing for both parties. Consequently the profits obtained by the workers are a payment for this specific contribution to the prosperity of the business. Why should not this theory find recognition in productive enterprises conducted by the coöperative stores?

In the second place, the workers in these concerns ought to be permitted to participate in the capital ownership and management. They would thus be strongly encouraged to become better workers, to save more money, and to increase their capacity for initiative and self-government. Moreover, this arrangement would go farther than any other system toward reconciling the interests of producer and consumer. As producer, the worker would obtain, besides his wages, interest and profits up to the limit set by the competition of private productive concerns. As consumer, he would share in the profits and interest which would otherwise have gone to the private distributive enterprises. In this way the producer and consumer would each receive the gains that were due specifically and respectively to his activity and efficiency.

At this point it will perhaps be well to sum up the advantages and to estimate the prospects of the coöperative movement. In all its forms coöperation eliminates some waste of capital and energy, and therefore transfers some interest and profits from a special capitalist and undertaking class to a larger and economically weaker group of persons. For it must be borne in mind that all coöperative enterprises are conducted mainly by and for laborers or small farmers. Hence the system always makes directly for a better

distribution of wealth. To a considerable extent it transfers capital ownership from those who do not themselves work with or upon capital to those who are so engaged, namely, the laborers and the farmers; thus it diminishes the unhealthy separation now existing between the owners and the users of the instruments of production. Coöperation has, in the second place, a very great educational value. It enables and induces the weaker members of economic society to combine and utilize energies and resources that would otherwise remain unused and undeveloped; and it greatly stimulates and fosters initiative, self-confidence, self-restraint, self-government, and the capacity for democracy. In other words, it vastly increases the development and the efficiency of the individual. It likewise induces him to practise thrift, and frequently provides better fields for investment than would be open to him outside the coöperative movement. It diminishes selfishness and inculcates altruism; for no coöperative enterprise can succeed in which the individual members are not willing to make greater sacrifices for the common good than are ordinarily evoked by private enterprise. Precisely because coöperation makes such heavy demands upon the capacity for altruism, its progress always has been and must always continue to be relatively slow. Its fundamental and perhaps chief merit is that it does provide the mechanism and the atmosphere for a greater development of the altruistic spirit than is possible under any other economic system that has ever been tried or devised.

By putting productive property into the hands of those who now possess little or nothing, coöperation promotes social stability and social progress. This statement is true in some degree of all forms of coöperation, but it applies with particular force to those forms which are carried on by the working classes. A steadily growing number of keen-sighted social students are coming to realize that an industrial system which permits a comparatively small section of society to own the means of production and the instrumentalities of distribution, leaving to the great majority of the workers nothing but their labor power, is fundamentally unstable, and contains within itself the germs of inevitable dissolution. No mere adequacy of wages and other working conditions, and no mere security of the workers' livelihood, can permanently avert this danger, nor compensate the individual for the lack of power to determine those activities of life which depend upon the possession of property. Through coöperation this unnatural divorce of the users from the owners of capital can be to a considerable

degree minimized. The worker is converted from a mere wage earner to a wage earner plus a property owner, thus becoming a safer and more useful member of society. In a word, coöperation produces all the well-recognized individual and social benefits which have in all ages been evoked by the "magic of property."

Finally, coöperation is a golden mean between individualism and Socialism. It includes all the good features and excludes all the evil features of both. On the one hand, it demands and develops individual initiative and self-reliance, makes the rewards of the individual depend upon his own efforts and efficiency, and gives him full ownership of specific pieces of property. On the other hand, it compels him to submerge much of the selfishness and indifference to the welfare of his fellows which characterize our individual economy. It embraces all the good that is claimed for Socialism, because it induces men to consider and to work earnestly for the common good, eliminates much of the waste of competitive industry, reduces and redistributes the burdens of profits and interest, and puts the workers in control of capital and industry. At the same time, it avoids the evils of an industrial despotism, of bureaucratic inefficiency, of individual indifference, and of an all-pervading collective ownership. The resemblances that Socialists sometimes profess to see between their system and coöperation, are superficial and far less important than the differences. Under both arrangements the workers would, we are told, own and control the means of production; but the members of a coöperative society directly own and immediately control a *definite amount of specific capital*, which is essentially *private* property. In a Socialist régime the workers' ownership of capital would be collective not private, general not specific, while their control of the productive instruments with which they worked would be shared with other citizens. The latter would vastly outnumber the workers in any particular industry, and would be interested therein not as producers but as consumers. No less obvious and fundamental are the differences in favor of coöperation as regards the vital matters of freedom, opportunity, and efficiency.

In so far as the future of coöperation can be predicated from its past, the outlook is distinctly encouraging. The success attained in credit, agriculture, and distribution is a sufficient guarantee for these departments. While productive coöperation has experienced more failures than successes, it has finally shown itself to be sound in principle, and feasible in practise. Its extension will necessarily

be slow, but this is exactly what should be expected by anyone who is acquainted with the limitations of human nature, and the history of human progress. If a movement that is capable of modifying so profoundly the condition of the workers, as is coöperative production, gave indications of increasing rapidly, we should be inclined to question its soundness and permanence. Experience has given us abundant proof that no mere system or machinery can effect a revolutionary improvement in economic conditions. No social system can do more than provide a favorable environment for the development of those individual capacities and energies which are the true and the only causal forces of betterment.

Nor is it to be expected that any of the other three forms of coöperation will ever cover the entire field to which it might, absolutely speaking, be extended; or that coöperation as a whole will become the one industrial system of the future. Even if the latter contingency were possible it would not be desirable. The elements of our economic life, and the capacities of human nature, are too varied and too complex to be forced with advantage into any one system, whether Capitalism, Socialism, or Coöperation. Any single system or form of socio-economic organization would prove an intolerable obstacle to individual opportunity and social progress. Multiplicity and variety in social and industrial orders are required for an effective range of choices, and an adequate scope for human effort. In a general way, the limits of coöperation in relation to the other forms of economic organization have been satisfactorily stated by Mr. Aneurin Williams: "I suggest, therefore, that where there are great monopolies, either natural or created by the combination of businesses, there you have a presumption in favor of state and municipal ownership. In those forms of industry where individuality is everything; where there are new inventions to make, or to develop or put on the market, or merely to adopt in some rapidly transformed industry; where the eye of the master is everything; where reference to a committee, or appeals from one official to another would cause fatal delay: there is the natural sphere of individual enterprise pure and simple. Between these two extremes there is surely a great sphere for voluntary association to carry on commerce, manufacture, and retail trade, in circumstances where there is no natural monopoly, and where the routine of work is not rapidly changing, but on the whole fairly well established and constant."⁴

⁴*Copartnership and Profit-Sharing*, p. 235.

The province open to coöperation is, indeed, very large. If it were fully occupied the danger of a social revolution would be non-existent, and what remained of the socio-industrial problem would be relatively undisturbing and unimportant. The "specialization of function" in industrial organization, as outlined by Mr. Williams, would give a balanced economy in which the three great socio-economic systems and principles would have full play, and each would be required to do its best in fair competition with the other two. Economic life would exhibit a diversity making strongly for social satisfaction and stability, inasmuch as no very large section of the industrial population would desire to overthrow the existing order. Finally, the choice of three great systems of industry would offer the utmost opportunity and scope for the energies and the development of the individual. And this, when all is said, remains the supreme end of a just and efficient socio-industrial organization.

[THE END.]

THE SEA WINDS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O WINDS that sweep along the singing wires,
Great winds of God from His vast solemn seas,
They stir strange hopes, your eerie melodies
Like spirit echoes of seraphic choirs.
I listen with a soul that never tires!
"Speak, Lord! Thy servant heareth." Every breeze
Brings words of comfort or of strength to ease
The pain of loss and Life's poor burnt-out fires.

Ye blow across the blue—the tender blue
Of March, whose loving thought is of the bloom
In store and soon to come. I hope anew!
The misty ocean so enwrapped in gloom
Ye cross it, safe. "Eternity's deep sea
Waits soft and safe," ye say, "dear Heart, for thee."

OUR LADY'S ROSES.

BY N. H. WATTS.



ON a tree in a garden grew a little rosebud. For days she slept behind her green curtains, and all her world was dark. But one morning she turned and stretched herself, and moved her little green curtain aside, and looked out upon the garden.

"Why, what a beautiful place the world is!" she said, "and what a beautiful creature I am!" And for a long time she was quite speechless in admiration of the delicate pink flush in which her petals were dressed.

The next morning she awoke to find all her green curtains drawn, and the dew upon her turned to jewels by the bright warm sun, which was smiling at her over the tree tops. And again the little rosebud looked out upon the garden.

"Why, it is more beautiful than ever!" she cried. "And to think that all my life I shall hang upon this spray, and gaze upon the beautiful world! I shall be happy here forever."

So she heaved a great sigh of contentment, and as she drew in her breath, she inhaled her own wondrous fragrance, and laughed for joy, so that all her petals opened a wee bit wider.

"Oh, I am the most charming creature in the universe!" she said. And all that day her joy made her open her petals wider and wider, that she might drink in all the beauty and happiness that she saw around her.

The first thing she saw next day when she opened her eyes was a little lark, who sprang up from the grass at the foot of the tree whereon she grew, and soared straight up into the far blue sky.

"Little lark, little lark," said the rosebud, "why do you fly so high? Are you not content to stay in this beautiful garden always?"

"Rosebud, rosebud," said the lark, as she climbed up and up, "I can see far finer sights up here. Away over the plain I can see a great city, where men are toiling and sorrowing and rejoicing. I can see great ships sailing up a broad river, and bringing to the city rich freights from every land. And far beyond I can see the tumbling sea, whereon sail brave men bent on great adventure.

And I can hear the cries of all the world mounting up to God, and praising Him for its sorrow and its joy. And it is all so wonderful that I cannot help singing and singing forever."

The rosebud heaved another tiny sigh, a sigh of longing this time, and hung her little pink head. Somehow the garden did not look so beautiful as it had looked a minute ago.

Up and up soared the lark, straight into the sunlight, until he was lost to view. But his song still rang clear and loud, and the sound of it was like the song the angels sing when a little child is born.

In a few minutes a white butterfly came dancing along the garden path.

"Let me talk to you for a moment," said the butterfly to the rosebud. "I have just been talking to the lily over there. Out of mere politeness I had to stay a full half-minute, but she bored me to distraction. Goodness, it is so dull, is it not? But let me stay and talk to you, for I am sure you will not bore me."

The rosebud was so flattered that she positively blushed two shades darker, and said:

"Dear little butterfly, how very kind you are! But do tell me one thing. Why do you always flutter about? Are you not content always to sit in the same place, and gaze on this beautiful garden?"

"What!" cried the butterfly, with a little giggle of amusement. "Stay always in one place! Why, I should be bored to death. What is the use of life without constant change of scene? I have traveled to the very ends of the garden, and have exchanged views with all sorts and conditions of creatures. Society, my dear, society, that is the only thing worth living for. But, of course, you are very young as yet, very young indeed. And what a disgusting creature that sunflower is! Loud brazen thing! Some people are so distressingly vulgar. Well! Ta-ta! I must be getting on."

And off she flew, and dropped in for a chat with a huge gaudy peony a couple of yards away.

And the little rosebud became very pensive, and in her sadness she let her head droop so low that she almost brushed against her elder sister, who was growing on a spray just beneath her.

"Why are you so sad, little sister?" said the elder rose, looking up at her.

The little rosebud heaved a very deep sigh. "I was think-

ing," she said, "that it was rather unkind of God to put us poor flowers in one place all our lives. All our lives we must hang here upon this tree, and should anyone chance to pluck us, we should leave this tree only to die. Beautiful as is this garden, its beauty will pall after a while, and then our life will be but a dead thing. And, besides, there are far fairer sights and sounds in the great world beyond the hedge yonder. There are cities full of toil and sorrow and joy. There are great ships that sail from far countries over the sea. And then, moreover, one needs change and society, and what change and society can any flower get? Ah, life is a very sad and a very cruel thing!"

"Little sister," said the rose, "I have been full bloom for five days now, so you must not mind if I speak to you as one who knows more of the world than yourself. God has indeed bound us to live our whole lives out in one place until we die; but if you knew more of the world you would know that this is a privilege and not a punishment, a blessing and not a curse. For God has willed that we should see not alone the surface of things, but their heart, that our knowledge should be not broad, but deep as truth, and far-seeing as love. So he bids us live not for ourselves, but for others, not to spend, but to be spent, not to enjoy, but to be enjoyed. Ours is the highest duty to which any creature is called, the duty of self-sacrifice."

Again the little rosebud hung her head. "But," she said, "we are so poor and frail and helpless. A puff of wind could scatter all our lovely petals upon the path. A single hailstone might wreck us in a moment. How and why should *we* be called to this great duty?"

"Little sister," said the rose, "look at the deepening scarlet of your petals. Draw in your breath, and inhale the wondrous perfume that lurks about your heart. Was it for nothing, think you, that God gave you that perfume and that color? No! We flowers are born to keep joy alive in the world. We must die that joy may be born."

"But how can we bring joy to anyone?" said the rosebud. "Why, no one has even seen me yet except the gardener, and he passed by without giving me so much as a single glance."

"Little rosebud," said her sister, "before you were awake yesterday, the gardener came to gather a bouquet for the Princess. We had an elder sister then, who grew upon the spray to my right. She was the loveliest of us all, and, when the gardener saw her, he

picked her, and put her in the centre of the bouquet. For a few days she will stand in the Princess' bower, and all the courtiers and fine ladies will admire her. She will be the proudest and happiest flower in the world."

"And what will happen to her then?" said the rosebud.

"She will be thrown away upon a rubbish heap," said her sister. "She will lie there dying amid heaps of rotting refuse. But that will not matter. She will have given birth to joy, and joy can never die."

The little rosebud shuddered. She did not like the thought of dying on a rubbish heap.

"And is there no higher end to which we roses may aspire?" she asked with a sigh.

"Yes," said the elder rose, "there is a higher end, but I cannot tell you what it is, for I do not know. Only my heart tells me that it is so, and the heart of a rose was never known to tell a lie. I pray every day that this may be my end." And she too sighed in her turn.

The little rosebud lay awake until quite late that night, wondering what this great end could be, and she also prayed that it might be hers. Then, just as she was dozing off, she felt a gentle kiss on her forehead, and, opening her eyes with a start, found that a dear little dewdrop had settled upon her.

"Oh, you beautiful little thing," she said, "where did you come from, and why did you kiss me like that? It made me happier than I have ever been in my life."

"The good God sent me to you," replied the dewdrop, "to tell you that your prayer is answered, and that you are to die the noblest death that any rose can die. Sleep now, and rest in perfect peace, for God, Who loves and watches over all His creatures, has you in His special keeping. And let me stay with you through the night, for early in the morning I must fly home again to God."

The little rosebud was filled with a deep joy and thankfulness. "Sister, sister," she cried, "wake up for one minute, and hear what the little dewdrop has come to tell me. I am to die the noblest death that any rose can die."

"Praise be to Him for His great goodness!" said her sister. "And O my darling, pray to Him for me too, that I may not be forgotten when the hour of my death shall come. Good-night, little sister!"

Then they both fell into a calm sleep, and all night the dew-

drop lay upon the brow of the rosebud, and told her stories of heaven as she slumbered.

All night long a great peace lay upon the garden. There was no sound through all its lawns and beds and terraces, nor anything that moved, save when an owl cried from the dark woods that clothed the hills around, or when a little breeze awoke from time to time and rustled softly among the flowers. Then, while a pale star still gleamed here and there among the cloud rifts, and before the first shy bird broke into song, a sudden heavy storm came down, and passed away with as great suddenness as it had begun. Behind her green curtains the little rosebud slept soundly through it all; not a hailstone touched her. But when the sun rose in a clear sky, and all the birds were singing, she opened her eyes and looked out upon the garden, and saw a sight that filled her with sorrow and dismay. There on the path below her lay her sister, torn almost petal from petal by the pitiless storm, beaten and drowned and all but dead, among the hailstones that still lay gleaming harmlessly upon the gravel. The dewdrop had vanished, and for one moment the little rosebud knew all the anguish of utter loneliness, than which there is no more terrible affliction.

"Ah, dear sister!" she cried, "what has happened to you? How shall I be able to live without you?"

"Good-bye!" whispered the dying rose, "I die happy, for I know that God will use me as He thinks best. His will be done."

Then there was a sound of feet in the distance, and the gardener's boy came up with a wheelbarrow full of weeds. He put down his barrow, picked up the rose, threw her among the weeds, and went on his way down the path.

The day that followed was the loveliest of all the lovely spring-time. How the grass sparkled under the bright sunshine! How the birds sang, as though their hearts would break with joy! And how every flower lifted up its frightened head after the storm, and thanked God for its life! All the garden was one voice of gladness. Only the poor little rosebud, left quite alone on the tree, was very sad, and longed for death. Life seemed so useless and so vain, and God seemed only to mock His creatures with the hope and the loveliness that He gave to them.

Towards midday a youth and a maiden came strolling together down the garden path. They were both nobly dressed and very beautiful, and their voices broke into ripples of happy laughter as they came, as the sea wave breaks into ripples upon the shore.

When they came to the tree whereon the rosebud grew they stopped.

"See what a lovely little bud!" said the maiden, as she bent her head down towards it; "it looks so human, too. I am sure it feels joy and sorrow just as we do."

"What pretty nonsense!" said the boy, laughing; "but, as you say, it is a lovely little thing. There is only one fit setting for it. You must let me pick it and twine it in your hair. Then I shall say that there is no lovelier flower in all the world." And he put out his hand to pluck it.

But the maiden caught his hand and pulled it back. "No, no; you must not pluck it," she said. "Do you not know that the Princess has given orders that all the most beautiful flowers in the garden are to be gathered in baskets to-morrow to be strewn before Our Lord's Body when It is carried in procession through the village? This rose is dedicated to His service, and you surely would not rob Him of His due."

"What a pity," said the youth, "that such a lovely flower should be torn petal from petal and cast down in the mud, to be trodden under the feet of ignorant villagers. Besides, this one bud will never be missed from among so many. There are hundreds of roses in the garden."

"Hush!" she replied. "The good God would miss it. Perhaps He has willed that it should spend its beauty in His service. He has spared very much for you. Will you not spare Him this one rose?"

The lad flushed deeply, and hung his head. "You are quite right," he murmured. "Forgive me; I was thoughtless."

She took his hand, and pressed it gently, and they went on together down the path. Soon the little rosebud heard them talking and laughing again as gaily as ever.

Then into the dark heart of the poor little rose there poured a great flood of light. All her sorrows and disillusions melted into a deep peace and joy. This, then, was the secret of her color and her fragrance. She was to make sweet and soft the way of the King of Kings, as He passed in purple pomp among His people!

And now, as she looked out upon the garden, like a flash burst upon her the secrets of all the world. She saw the whole range of life and death pictured in that narrow enclosure. From her little tree she saw all that the lark had seen, broad seas and great cities, filled with toil and sorrow and joy. She looked deep into the heart

of each tiny creature, and knew it, not as the butterfly knew it, but as Love Himself. And she saw brooding over all suffering and all sorrow a Figure with marred visage and wasted eyes, whispering to the world to hope beyond hope, to trust where trust was dead, because joy was above death and beyond all, because the way led out of shadows and images into the undying and all-prevailing Truth, which was Love.

She had but a few hours of life, but a few hours in which to praise God for her being. Then she would fall into the Everlasting Arms and be at peace.

It was a lovely morning of June, and the folk in their brightest dresses were gathering to the church. The deep bell tolled a few strokes and died. Then the great organ lifted up its voice, and filled the arches with melody, as the priest moved to the altar, and the Mass began.

Through the people who waited without ran a shudder of joyful awe, like the shudder that runs over a great field of wheat, when the first breeze of morning stirs. Through the doors which were flung wide for the King, came the great silver crucifix, lifted on high, followed by the white-robed choristers; then two tiny boys, each bearing in his hand a basket of petals of all manner of flowers. As they walked, they took the fragrant bloom in their hands and, kissing it tenderly, cast it upon the ground, resigning it with love to its glorious humiliation.

There were unbelievers among the bystanders, who murmured, "Look at all those lovely rose petals! Torn up and trampled in the mud! There are scores of poor folk starving about us, and these people, who profess to follow Christ, forsooth, let them starve, while they scatter their roses broadcast." So they said among themselves, and remembered not one of old, who asked, "To what purpose is this waste?"

Then, borne beneath a scarlet canopy surmounted with silver bells, came the Blessed Host, and the folk knelt on the bare ground and bowed low as It passed. And the old hymn rose and fell upon the breeze, as the pageant went on its way.

*Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.*

So they passed away down the village street, and the singing died in the distance. And there lay the petals upon which the King had walked, soiled and crushed, yet proud in death. And a wind passed over the place, and carried them away, and the tide of human traffic covered their memory, and Corpus Christi and its great rite was done for that year.

The great St. Michael knelt before Our Blessed Lady with a tender lovely rosebud in his hand.

"Accept this creature of God; O Queen of Heaven," he said, "for she hath done Thy Son good service this day."

Then came also and knelt the Angel Gabriel, bearing in his hand a beauteous rose full-blown.

"Accept also this, her sister," he said, "for her love and good will were exceeding great, and she hath borne bitterness of exceeding great sorrow."

And Our Blessed Lady bent down, and took them both with great tenderness, and laid them upon her breast.

And I doubt not, dear reader, that one day you shall see them there, sweeter and more fragrant than ever they were on earth.



GALICIA AND THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

BY F. A. PALMIERI.

I.



THE terrific war which to-day lays waste the most civilized nations of Europe, and marks a dire return to the cruelties of ancient barbarism, will no doubt result in the political reconstruction of the entire map of Europe. Nations which had almost attained supremacy in the struggle for the enlargement of their own frontiers, or the development of their commercial expansion, now seem doomed to a fatal and rapid decay—even to national disruption. Other nations, on the contrary, which lay crippled in their vital functions, are now shaking off their torpor, playing a new rôle in the theatre of the world's history, and, by their unbidden and powerful coöperation, are preparing to give a new impulse and a new alignment to the political life of Europe.

It is needless to point out that this radical evolution in the ethnical elements of European peoples, this political whirlpool which changes the face of the whole Old World, will be followed by no less important shifting of scenes among the religious forces of the belligerent nations. Political interests are generally so entangled with the religious life of a nation as to affect the religious field when new political settlements come to alter the ordinary course of life. And this assertion is the more convincing when we consider that the religious bodies of some of those nations, which hope for an advancement in their material fortunes after the present war, deserve to be regarded more as political than as religious institutions. We allude to the western Orthodox Churches, whose past and present history makes it clear that they are very often but servile instruments in the hands of the political rulers.

As far as we can foresee, the present war, while weakening the spirit of international fellowship in the heart of European Prot-

NOTE.—Orthodoxy means, of course, the Russian Schismatic Church; Catholic Church means the Catholic Church, that is, the Church whose head is the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter; Uniat, a Church in union with the See of Rome, but privileged to use a rite other than the Latin.—[ED. C. W.]

estantism, will mark a rush of Orthodox Christianity into the secular fiefs of the Catholic Church. The long-buried Byzantine Empire appears to be emerging from its tomb, and perhaps will play again a leading part in the history of mankind. A powerful, gifted, and prolific race is anxious to reach the heights which it deserves by reason of its genius, its numbers, its glorious and magnificent past. The Slavic race, which covers a large part of our globe, yearns for a release from the darkness of its mediæval life, for a broadening of its, until now, very limited horizon. And, if we are not mistaken, the most powerful representative of the Slavic races, Russia, will enter the lists as a champion of Orthodox claims, and in the newly-conquered countries will raise the banner of the Orthodox Church. And, we need scarcely add, there is no corner in the wide world where the Orthodox Church holds sway, in which there does not flourish a spirit of antagonism to the Catholic Church.

The fatal advance of the Orthodox Church will occur simultaneously on the northern and southern frontiers of the Catholic Church in Europe. Russians, Servians, and Greeks with one accord will attempt to break into dominions either dependent upon the Catholic Church, or upon which the Catholic Church exerts a living influence. What result will follow from this invasion of Greek and Slavic Orthodoxy into countries imbued with the spirit of Western civilization and Roman Catholicism? I may say in the beginning that I am firmly convinced of the necessity, and even the possibility, of the reunion of Christendom. But so consoling a conviction need not blind one to actualities, nor should optimism conceal or underestimate the impending dangers which are threatening our Holy Church.

In my opinion, any enlargement of the frontiers of both Slavic and Greek Orthodoxy means for the Catholic Church a step backward from the positions it has held, sometimes at the cost of heroic sacrifices. The triumph of the Slavic races, far from giving it a new element to be smelted in its crucible, would surround it with a row of iron stakes, to check its energies in other directions.

I am aware that the prophet of evil finds no favor with persons of optimistic vision. Yet, on the ocean of faith, prudent sailors ought not to sleep in the cheerful vision of a perpetually lasting calmness of sea and radiance of sky. They ought also to foresee the dark clouds and wild waves of dreadful tempests which may either hurt or even dash to pieces their vessel. And, in a moment when interests so vitally important to the future of Catholicism

are at stake, it is a question of prudence, in my opinion, not to avoid the prospect, but to face squarely the dangers with which the advance of the Slavs is fraught.

II.

From the northern part of Europe the invasion of the Orthodox Church upon the domain of the Catholic Church, will be attempted under the powerful influence of the Russian Empire. In all likelihood, Galicia will be the theatre of a hard struggle between Greek and Latin Churches, between Greek and Latin rites; between the rigid traditionalism of the Byzantine spirit, and the vital expansion of Western Christendom.

At the very moment of writing, Galicia, one of the largest dependencies of the Austrian Empire, has been wasted and exhausted by stubborn fighting between the Russian and the Austrian armies. But if, as we foresee, it will never be given up to the dynasty of the Habsburgs, on its soil still moist with the blood of battles, political war will be followed at once by religious strife.

Galicia has an area of thirty thousand three hundred square miles and a population of seven million five hundred thousand. But, as is the case with all the states incorporated in the Austrian Empire, the population is a medley of various races embittered, one against the other, by a secular hatred, both political and religious. There are, perhaps, one million Jews in Galicia; the remaining population consists of one-half Poles and one-half Ruthenians. The Poles are mostly crowded together in big towns, and in Western Galicia, the capital of which, Cracow, is for them the sanctuary of their miserably dismembered country. Ruthenians, on the contrary, are gathered in villages and rural towns of Eastern Galicia, whose area is twice as extensive as that of Western Galicia. Both Russian diplomacy and Russian Orthodox clergy claim Eastern Galicia as a territory torn by violence from the Russian Orthodox Church. These claims, it must be admitted, are not without foundation. In former times, the Ruthenians of Galicia were fervent adherents of the Orthodox Faith. Lemberg, the capital of Eastern Galicia, had become the seat of an Orthodox confraternity which played an important rôle in the history of the struggle to suppress Latin propaganda in Russia. Nevertheless, the Union of Brest (1595) led a large Ruthenian quota into the pale of the Catholic Church. A famous Bull issued by Clement VIII. allowed the

Ruthenian clergy to preserve their rites, their liturgical tongue, the marriage of priests, and to be organized, as is the Latin Church, into distinct dioceses. These privileges granted by the Pope were confirmed on several occasions by Polish kings.

But, sad to confess, the Latin clergy in Poland did not, at the beginning, realize the future importance of the Union of Brest. Their hostility toward the democratic flock of Ruthenian people was attended with the saddest consequences. It was especially the fault of the Latin clergy that the Ruthenian Uniat Church sunk to the lowest ebb. Bishop Likovski, of Posen, an eager Polish patriot, recognizes openly that, by her behavior to Uniat Ruthenians, unhappy Poland has dug her own grave.

Latin bishops did not spare their confrères of the Greek rite humiliations and wranglings. Ruthenian clergy were regarded by Polish priests as schismatic, and they were commonly designated by the name of *popes*. Ruthenian priests were obliged to pay tithes to Latin bishops; Jews became the lease-holders of Ruthenian churches; higher education was forbidden to the children of Ruthenian priests; Ruthenian nobility adopted the Latin rite, the Polish language, Polish manners, and, so to speak, the Polish soul. Thus, the mass of the Ruthenian people were at once deprived of their natural leaders, both civil and ecclesiastical. It is not strange, therefore, that the true principle of Catholic unity had but a weak hold in the hearts of the great body of the Ruthenian people.

It would be sufficient to peruse the learned and authoritative volumes of Likovski and Malinovsky concerning the tragic fate of the Union of Brest, in order to comprehend the painful undoing of this union of churches, the failure of which had been predicted by Catholic leaders at the very outset.

This spirit of antagonism between the Ruthenian and Polish clergy, separated from each other only by different rites, and not by doctrine, gradually severed from the Catholic Church a large number of Uniat Ruthenians, especially among those who aimed at a national resurrection and a literary revival of their own race. By a natural blending, the political hatred embittering Ruthenians against Poles in Galicia became closely connected with a deeply-rooted sentiment of distrust with regard to the Catholic Church. The conviction grew stronger among Ruthenian leaders that the Union of Brest was to be regarded as a political stratagem of Polish diplomacy, aiming at the enslavement of the Ruthenian people by the aristocracy of Poland.

This state of mind has been in recent times of profit to Russia, who has never ceased to long for the possession of Galicia—a gem stolen from her crown. A Russian propaganda in this province was full of dangers for its agents, because Austrian policy was ever watchful of any attempt toward a separatist movement on the part of the Ruthenians subject to Austrian rule. Therefore, Russian diplomacy called to its aid the Russian clergy, and sought to give to its political claims a religious complexion. It began to subsidize newspapers, which, under the mask of patriotism, continually reminded the Ruthenians that the glory of their past lay in the Orthodox Church. The *Prikarpatskaia Rus*, one of these newspapers, was, in the fullest sense of the word, a militant Orthodox organ, dipping its pen into gall whenever there was question in its columns of the Ruthenian Uniat Church. Likewise, the *Galicianin*, a paper widely circulated in Galicia, written in Russian, delivered the fiercest attacks against the Ruthenian Uniat clergy. Through the course of several years, the above-named papers nursed a large part of the Ruthenian youth of Galicia in sentiments either of hatred toward Austrian rulers and Polish hegemony, or of distrust of the Uniat Church and the Uniat clergy.

It must also be stated that in the ranks of the Uniat clergy of Galicia, Russian diplomacy did find, on several occasions, the ablest agents of its pan-Slavistic dreams. The Uniat Church in Galicia comprises the archbishopric and metropole of Lemberg (Lvov Leopoldis), with a population of 1,456,209; and the dioceses of Przemyśl (1,126,113), and Stanislau (925,943). The whole Ruthenian Church numbers 1,873 parishes and 3,000 priests.

But, unfortunately, the Ruthenian Uniat clergy is lacking in cohesion, in common aspirations, in what is called *esprit de corps*. It has been inoculated with the germ of political ambition. It is divided into two very distinct parties, which are called, respectively, the party of Moscalophiles and the party of Ukrainophiles. The first party is made up of those priests who firmly believe that either ethnographically or philologically their own nation does not differ a whit from the Russian people, and that the Ruthenian dialect will never attain the dignity of a literary language. They write papers and books in the Russian language; they yield politically to the Great Mother, to Russia; they aspire to sweep the Poles from the country of their forefathers. They disparage Latin culture as a pernicious element frittering away the vigorous unity of their race; it is their ambition to be Slavs, because Slavism is the great

force of the coming age, the soul of a new world to be settled in Europe upon the scattered ruins of the dying Latin races. From this it by no means follows that the Moscalophile Uniat clergy has severed the bond of union with the Catholic Church. The majority know very well that in the past, however keen-sighted and well-informed the Popes were as to the pitiable state of the Ruthenian Church in Galicia, they could not interfere with the political ambitions of the Polish kings. They are conscious also of the many favors granted at different times by the Holy See to the Ruthenian people. But whatever may be the sentiments of gratitude and loyalty of the greater number of these Ruthenian Uniat priests toward Rome, it remains true that they are working in the furrow delved by Russian diplomacy; that a certain number of these priests have turned their backs upon Catholicism and become Orthodox; that some of them, in our own day, are fostering a movement which, unfortunately, may sweep Ruthenians out of the Catholic fold.

Ukrainophile Ruthenian priests do not favor the prospect of an onward march of Russian autocracy into Austrian Galicia. They gave and are still giving their best energies to awaken in Ruthenian hearts the consciousness of their Ruthenian origin; they labor to preserve the Ruthenian dialect and Ruthenian culture, and dream of a political revival for their country that would gather all Ruthenians under the same flag.

Ukrainophile priests are well disposed towards Austria, to whom they are indebted for the progress made in Galicia, rather than to Russia, whose policy of absorption would check the nationalist movement among Ruthenians, and level all the ethnical differences of a race to which it refuses the right of an autonomous existence. But, according to Polish opinion, it will be impossible to erect a barrier that will stand against the onward sweep of Orthodoxy into Galicia, and the ultimate annexation of the tottering Ruthenian Church.

As a matter of fact, the Ukrainophiles have imbibed the old antipathy of Ruthenian nationalists towards the Latin Church, upon which they throw the responsibility for the heavy calamities endured by their people through the course of three centuries. Some Polish priests, as Mohl and Borowicz, in a series of widely-circulated pamphlets, declared three years ago that Galicia is the crater of a latent schism, which would burst out at the first signal from Russia. We do not echo such forebodings; but it is nevertheless my convic-

tion that he errs grievously who does not anticipate evil in the day when Galicia hangs out Russian banners.

To what have the twelve million Ruthenian Uniats been reduced, who since the dismemberment of Poland have been bleeding under the Russian yoke? Alas! every means has been employed by the Russian leaders to turn them to the Orthodox faith. By wiles, by violence, by imprisonment, by death, Catherine II., Nicholas I., and Alexander III. succeeded in giving the Ruthenian Church the finishing stroke. The same methods, no doubt, will be applied to the last fragments of the Ruthenian Uniat Church.

Russian diplomacy, as is well known, proceeds cautiously, slowly, in its Russification policy. It does not favor the rapid success, the sudden conquest, that has no stable foundation. Rather by the force of inertia it reaches its goal. And no doubt such a policy impressed, as it were, on the hearts of Russian rulers, will slowly transmute Eastern Galicia into an Orthodox state.

The Polish-looking capital of this province, the beautiful and industrious city of Lemberg, is already a Russian town. Polish civil authorities who ruled Lemberg at the time of its occupation by the Russian army, heard from the lips of Count Bobrinski, appointed by the Tsar as the Governor of Galicia, that the conquered city was foredoomed to adopt the Russian language, Russian customs, Russian ideals, in a word, to be animated with a Russian soul.

One of the first acts of the Russian conquerors in Galicia was the banishment of the venerable head of the Ruthenian Uniat Church, Count Andrew Sceptycki, the Metropolitan of Lemberg. It is currently reported that Count Sceptycki has been interned in Siberia. I have the honor of being an old and personal friend of the venerable prelate, the most eager and convinced apostle of the union of churches at the present time; a Mæcenas of the new Ruthenian culture; a leader of both the religious and literary awakening of his flock; a priest devoted until death to the Catholic Church. Thus, the Uniat Church in Galicia has been widowed of its pastor in the most trying period of its history. More than once, in the columns of the *Cerkovnyia Viedomosti*, the official organ of the Holy Governing Synod, we have read violent diatribes against Count Sceptycki, whom Russians hate cordially as a man who has contributed greatly to the strengthening of the Ukrainophile party, and the consequent disruption of the ethnical compactness of the Russian body.

But Russian conquerors of Galicia have not confined themselves

to tearing Count Sceptycki from his flock. The imposing dwelling of the Ruthenian metropolitans, which towers over the city of Lemberg, has become the residence of an Orthodox bishop. All the literary and artistic treasures accumulated in this magnificent palace by the venerable prelate, the precious documents stored in its archives, have been seized. Thus a large part of the historical life of the Ruthenian Uniat Church has fallen into Russian hands. The new ecclesiastical ruler of the Cathedral of St. George (the cathedral church of the Ruthenian Uniat metropolitans) will very soon claim for himself the supreme direction of the Ruthenian Uniat Church. And, perhaps, a great many Ruthenians, who have lost touch with the Roman spirit and heartily hate the Poles, will lend the Russian government a helping hand.

I know by experience, having lived some months in Galicia, that there is, of a certainty, a Ruthenian Uniat Church, but there is not a very strong Roman spirit implanted in Ruthenian hearts. To explain this unhappy fact it must be remembered that the historical literature of the Uniat Church is replete with data and recollections of a nature to alienate Ruthenians from the Latin Church, rather than to bind them to it. Both Moscalophiles and Ukrainophiles look upon the Latin Church as an ancient foe, and no doubt this feeling of distrust and disaffection will be turned to profit by Russian pioneers of the Orthodox Church in Galicia. So also, political war in Galicia will be followed by religious war, and Russian conquests will spread out simultaneously in the religious field. Thus a nation of four million Catholics is in imminent danger of being forced out of the Catholic fold, to fill the ranks of Russian Orthodoxy.

Should our dire forebodings be realized, Russia will erect new barriers to the expansion of Catholicism. And it must be admitted that the onrush of Russian Orthodoxy into the heart of Europe will bring ruin to other than the Ruthenian Church. The most cultivated of the Slavic race, the Bohemians, will find themselves in close touch with Russian Orthodoxy; and it is unnecessary to remind ourselves that many of the Bohemians are tainted by anti-clericalism.

As Ruthenians hate Poles, so Bohemians hate Germans, and from this hatred springs the sympathy of Bohemian leaders for the politics of pan-Slavism. I dare not say that Russian influence in Bohemia will be able to undermine the Catholic ground. But, on the other hand, it remains true that during the latter half of the

nineteenth century, Bohemian settlements in Russia, numbering more than fifty thousand souls, turned over to Orthodoxy. We are far from thinking that Bohemia will lose her traditional faith, inherited from long lines of ancestors; but it would not be a paradoxical saying to assert that the outgrowth of Russian influence in Galicia will ultimately result in a slackening of the bonds which unite this nation to the Holy See.

From what we have hitherto set forth, it by no means follows that the new positions held by Orthodoxy on Russian frontiers have inflicted a mortal wound upon the Catholic Church in those regions. Certainly the clouds of war are gathering on the horizon. But perhaps heavier perils are to be faced on the southern frontiers, where Servia, Greece, and Roumania are on the verge of a political renaissance.

Of these dangers we may speak at another time. However sad may be our fears, Catholic souls devoted to their Church ought not to be disquieted. As we learn from history, when the wild waves of social cataclysms are about to overwhelm the Bark of Peter, the Divine Lord comes, saying: "O ye of little faith." He commands the winds and the sea, and then comes a great calm.

"CALIFORNIA THE WONDERFUL."

BY THOMAS WALSH.



UNDER the expressive title of *California the Wonderful*, Mr. Edwin Markham has produced a new book, which is of special interest to all who have at heart the history, romance, and inspiration of "The Land of the Padres." From the dawn of history these far worlds of the Pacific seem to have evoked the spirit of rhapsody; their very name was first spoken by Garcia de Montalvo in 1510 in *The Deeds of the Most Valiant Knight Esplanadian, the Son of Amadis the Gaul*, where California is "a wonderful island on the right hand of the Indies, an island rich in pearls and gold, and very close to the terrestrial paradise," so that to-day it seems highly appropriate that the greatest of our American poets should celebrate the year of the Panama Exposition with an historical, descriptive prose-poem worthy of so romantic a land and so great an event.

We are fortunate in finding eloquent interpreters of our pioneer days. Mr. Markham, among his other distinctions, is the supreme master of epithet in American letters; in his *California the Wonderful* he touches names and places with a phrase or word that will abide with them as long as there is love of land and home. He touches nothing that he does not leave more beautiful. Speaking of the Valley of the Sacramento, he gives us this characteristic tableau: "In the beginning it was only a scented, irised, lark-loud garden of bees and flowers for the Indian, and the bear, and the bee. . . . now it is changed into the pleasant places of orchard and vineyard and home. Flaming Tokays and purple Malagas have pushed away the wild fox-grapes, and walnuts and almonds have displaced the acorn crops of the live-oaks. . . . Berries may be picked nearly all the year; melons thrive as under Syrian skies."

Of the San Joaquin Valley he speaks thus with evident emotion: "This is the bounteous Nile Valley of California. The sky-hung Sierran wall on the east feeds it from its everlasting snows." Again and again we have touches of this descriptive rhapsody: "To get the eagle's vision of these slopes and vales, climb Mount Diablo or Mount Tamalpais near the centre of the State. Tamal-

pais, stained with 'the dusty purple of the grape,' bounds up from the ocean level and looks down on San Francisco. Sonoma, Napa, Ukiah, these and many another lovely name fall on the ear like the splash of water in the silver stream. Here in Sonoma, the curved 'valley of the moon,' was begun the last of the Spanish Missions. In Napa rises the noble St. Helena, made dear by its inviolable loveliness and by the memory of Stevenson's *Starlit Night*." Mr. Markham's large volume is jeweled and illuminated with a store of such picturings and suggestions.

When we come to his chapter on "California in the Abyss of the Ancient Ages," it is interesting to find him discarding the evolutionary theory regarding the origin of the Indian tribes. The traditions of the Golden and Silver Ages are strong upon him, and he repeats the legends of the Toltec and Aztec with a charm they have never had before. While these poets' ethnological theories may still be classed among the interesting plausibilities of our early history, when Mr. Markman comes to deal with Indian life of the historical periods, especially with the personal observations of his own early life in California, we find material, the value of which can hardly be over-estimated.

Some of us, acknowledging a special interest in "The Romance of the Old Missions," may be over-ready to feel some slackening of the rhapsodical note. Mr. Markman's tribute to the Friars is frank and sincere. He shows clearly that they were the real colonizers and pioneers of the Coast; he spares no word in his appreciation of Las Casas as the "Apostle of the Indians," who fought the mammon-mad slavers, and is "one of the noblest souls of all time." Mr. Markham is also generous in his treatment of Fray Junípero Serra. When, however, he quotes the verses of the present writer:

You lashed your shoulders, and to blazing torches
Laid bare your breast to make "the brutes" believe, etc.,

as a text upon which to hang his own peculiar views on hell and religion and law, he seems to miss not only the writer's intent, but the very purpose of Fray Junípero, which was far from desiring to give his Indian congregations any exhibition of infernal torments, but was with clear intent to show, when reasoning could not reach them, that he himself was honest and believed, and bore witness to what he taught them. "He had love in his heart," says Mr. Markham, "love the great miracle, love that finds in brotherly

service the root meaning of all creeds." How could there have been any narrowness or intellectual bondage in this rare old philosopher and professor of the University of La Palma, whose noble correspondence has been preserved for us. In the words of our brilliant young poet George Stirling:

Flaming audacious heart so long in dust,
Who in an age of infamy and gold
Saw souls alone.

The lesson of the Missions abides; they stretch down the length of California like lovely rivets in the burial casket of the Spanish friars; their names are a musical litany through her guide-books and time-tables. Far back in 1902 the gracious Charles Warren Stoddard recounted their story in broken half-whimsical metres that Mr. Markham has overlooked:

In the far south the sunny San Diego,
Carmelo, San Antonio, each their way go—
Dust unto dust, so crumbles the *adobé*.
Within one year sprang up San Luis Obispo,
With San Antonio, and San Gabriel;
After five years of struggle, San Francisco,
And San Juan Capistrano—it is well
To pause a little now and then, if so be
Thou gainest strength: good works rush not pell-mell.
Santa Clara and San Buenaventura,
Santa Barbara and Purísima
And darling Santa Cruz—santisima!—
Next Soledad, and then a pause *secura*.
Six years to gather strength, when San José
And San Miguel and shortly San Fernando
Were born within a twelvemonth; what can man do
Better than this? And the San Luis Rey
Closed a long period of years eleven—
Friars and neophytes were going to heaven
At such a rate!—but the good work progressed;
San Juan Bautista closed a century blest.
Santa Inéz and fair San Rafael
Lead to the final effort in Solano;—
'Twas thus the Missions rose and thus they fell—
Perchance a solitary boy-soprano,
Last of his race, was left the tale to tell.

Ring, gentle Angelus! ring in my dream,
But wake me not, for I would rather seem
To live the life they lived who've slumbered long
Beneath their fallen altars, than to waken
And find their sanctuaries forsaken;
God grant their memory may survive in song!

None that reads Mr. Markham's lordly presentation of his California, its beauty of form and climate, its romantic story, its mountains, valleys, plains, and cities with their varied pioneer populations, will fail to accord the gift of prophecy to Mr. Edgar Saltus when he declares: "The new Renaissance will come, and come probably here in this Italy of the Occident, which, profuse in all things else, might just as well be prolific in genius, and which, too, by reason of its freedom from cant and prejudice, is the only fit nursery for these exceptional beings, whose filiation is as enigmatic as the stars and who, like them, charm the world." Mr. Markham gives, in his own person, as well as in the masterly summary of his book, a striking picture of the genius of California that is already to the fore. The greatest living singer of the Coast, Miss Ina Coolbirth, declares: there are

Upon her brows the leaves of olive boughs,
And in her arms a dove;
And the great hills are pure, undesecrate,
White with their snows untrod,
And mighty with the presence of their God!

And yet it may be questioned whether the most luscious and fragrant regions of the world have generally been blessed with the finest productivity of genius; art, and poetry in particular, seems to die of inanition amid the loveliness of Naples and Andalusia, of Sicily and Portugal. These seem to be regions of the eye and heart; it is to the regions of the soul that we look for the purest manifestations of life and art. The effect of climate upon the California poets already is noticeable; indeed, her greatest masters seem to prove their need and desire for the discipline of bleaker shores and higher peaks of age and tradition, and wisely fare throughout the world to seek it. The cosmopolitanism of California is the basis of her splendid achievement in the arts, as it seems to the many who love and greatly admire her.

WHITE EAGLE.

BY L. P. DECONDUN.

III.

CHELSEA, Tuesday, February, 1913.



O you know, my dearest, that I woke up in the middle of last night with a feeling of terror which I could not analyze? I had been dreaming about you, and about the last note you sent me before your boat started. How I had been longing for it, and yet how its arrival had cut me, as with a knife!

Well, in my sleep, I was reading it over again, and I was still torn between gladness and sorrow, when I thought a loud voice called me. Abruptly I sat up, wide awake, one burning thought shooting across my brain: "Were you in danger?" My heart was beating like a sledge hammer! If it was so, what could be done? Nothing but prayer could avail, I knew—and oh, Rex, how I *did* pray! What must this nameless terror be, if it comes suddenly to anyone who neither knows God nor believes in Him? It must be maddening; because to call it imagination, whether it is or not, is of no earthly use. I tried it myself, it does not help; while prayer, however incoherent, links one swiftly to Infinite Power. It was an hour and a half though before I could sleep again.

This morning I felt better, but still anxious enough to long to mention the case to somebody. It was foolish perhaps; however Madame Dubois had come up for some orders, and there and then she had to become my *confidante*. She listened very seriously to my tale, but when I added that it came probably from over-fatigue or indigestion she shook her head with scorn.

"Of course," she remarked, "madame may be right; it may come from bad digestion or fatigue, but in my opinion there's One Who allows that fatigue to put us in such a state. And if I were asked I would say that if Providence allowed me to be warned, it would be in order that I should help myself precisely as madame did." And she nodded emphatically.

I had felt beforehand, I admit, that her point of view on these matters would coincide with mine; nevertheless, her answer was a comfort. Would you have believed that I could be so childish? And this is not all. As soon as I went downstairs I could not refrain from telephoning and making sure that no bad news had been heard in

London about your ship; then I felt so relieved and thankful that for a few minutes I ceased to be conscious of the silent misery of your absence. Oh! how I called down blessings on Marconi!

But now that this weight of fear is removed from me, I am coming back to Max's difficulties. My last letters to you have been so much taken up with other subjects, that I almost forget how much I told you in them. I only know that I gave you further details about the Polish girl whom Mrs. Marchmont produced, as if by magic, at her last musical evening. That night, before leaving, I had wished to speak to Millicent, but she had then so many other irons in the fire that it was useless to expect a coherent explanation from her about anything in particular.

It was only the next day, before luncheon, that she rang me up on the telephone to inquire about my opinion on the success of her *tour de force*. Had not her Polish friend turned out to be a trump card? I told her that perhaps it was the case, but that I had only a vague notion of what she had done, and of what she intended to do.

"Why!" she called out (and her voice rang at the other end of the line), "have you not heard that I sent my invitation to Mrs. Camberwell in a private note, telling her that I had discovered a capital *parti* for Max, an heiress, very good-looking, with splendid connections, etc., etc., adding that, from what I could judge, Max seemed undoubtedly attracted by her?"

"I cannot imagine that this would specially impress Mrs. Camberwell. She knows her son too well."

"That is what you fancy!" exclaimed Millicent (her voice sounded triumphant); "but this is where you are wrong. You are overrating Mrs. Camberwell's cleverness. Why! she came, and saw at once that, sweet as she is, Joan could not hold her own very long against a girl like Maryña."

"She would with Max, though."

"Nonsense, my dear. Mrs. Camberwell understands men better than you do. She recognized in a few minutes that if Joan were eclipsed by Miss Lowinska, matters would only go from bad to worse, so far as her influence on Max is concerned. She might retain some hold on him in spite of Joan, but she would not have the ghost of a chance with Maryña. Do you follow me?"

"I do; still I refuse to believe that she accepted your invitation from any other motive than because it suited her."

"Absurd! She came to inspect my Polish beauty at close quarters, and judge whether she was a danger or not. Certainly she realized that I had not exaggerated the girl's attraction, and she will reflect about it."

"At least, that is what you suppose."

"What did you say?"

"I said—"

"Don't speak too loud, it makes the wire vibrate so."

"I—said—that—you *supposed* you had frightened Mrs. Camberwell by placing such a perfection of a girl in Max's way."

"That is precisely what I did."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Certain. Besides, the instant she set eyes on Maryña she made up her mind to stand by Joan. A blind man would have seen that. And after the opportunity I gave her of observing Max and Miss Lowinska talking together rather earnestly, I guessed she would soon work on different lines."

"Did you bring Joan to her?"

"Not at all; only near enough to be found if wanted."

"But what will you do next?"

"Keep it up until Max and Joan are married. It is simplicity itself. It will come off by Easter."

"I hope so."

"Nemo, you are ridiculous."

"But what about your Polish friend, supposing she fell in love with Max?" I heard Millicent's amused laugh.

"You need not trouble about that; my Polish friend is proof against even better men than Max. So now good-bye."

"Good-bye."

There was a click afar off, and I replaced the receiver.

Of course Millicent might be right after all. This tangle, as she said, might be far simpler than we thought. Besides, harum-scarum brains like the Marchmonts' occasionally hit the right nail on the head. Time would show. And I was leisurely closing the door of your study when the telephone began to ring again. This time it was Max. Should I be at home after three that afternoon?

"No, I should not."

"Was I dining at home?"

"Yes, I was;" he could come and dine with me if he liked. He was sorry he could not; but might he call afterwards; say at nine o'clock. I told him he could. Then he asked if I should be alone, and I told him that Nancy would be here. That, however, he did not mind in the least. So the arrangement was made.

Nancy and I dined together, but so long as the servants were in the room we could only speak on indifferent topics, and no sooner had the coffee been brought into the library where we had elected to sit, than a prolonged ring at the door told us of Max's arrival. Then we heard him running up several steps at a time, and there he was, big and radiant and excited. So much so indeed that, when he came straight to me, his hand extended, I put mine behind my back.

"One moment, my dear boy," I said, "I have no objection to

shake hands with you, but first I want to make sure that you remember it is my hand which you will grasp, not the handle of a sword with which to exterminate your enemies."

He smiled, his contagious, boyish smile.

"Nemo, this is too bad. Did I ever hurt you before?"

"Yes," I answered teasingly, "when I had rings on."

"I am sorry. What if I promise to take your hand as gently as if it was that of—"

"Oh! in that case," said I, wickedly cutting his sentence, "I have nothing to fear; here it is." And both Nancy and I laughed.

("What do you think, but the dear, simple fellow actually blushed.")

"You know," he said looking at us, half-provoked, half-amused, "I did not intend to say that at all."

"It remains to ascertain what you mean by 'that,'" remarked Nancy with affected seriousness.

"Oh, very well!" he answered with a grin. "Have it your own way. I am no good at arguing with women as I know to my cost—so there!" He turned and drew a chair near us.

"Now," he asked, "shall I tell you everything?"

"One moment," I interposed; "let us dispose of the coffee so as to have no interruption."

There was a silent assent, but never was coffee dispatched so rapidly; and the eagerness with which Max seized our cups to replace them on the tray would have made a careful housekeeper tremble for her china. After this we settled cosily near the fire. True, for a short minute my eyes wandered around the dear room where you and I have spent so many lazy, happy evenings, but I only stifled a sigh and prepared myself to listen. Nancy was almost more impatient to hear Max than he was himself to speak, and she began to question him. I wish you had seen the light coming in the dear fellow's eyes; then he cleared his throat.

"Well," he began, "you both know my mother well enough not to be astonished at most things; but she never opened her lips about Joan or any one else until I met her to-day, by pure chance, in the conservatory, before luncheon. We had come home together last night, we had breakfasted together this morning, I had dawdled purposely over the papers before going out; but I might as well have expected our old Persian cat to refer to the subject in our minds. I was so disgusted that it was a series of circumstances rather than my will which brought me back to luncheon. However, whether the Mater was expecting me or not, I can't say; only she received me in quite a cheerful manner, made me fill her watering can once or twice, finished a few odd little jobs, and then calmly sat down in her basket-chair. Mind you, when she did that and looked at me, I felt stupidly uncomfortable. I almost

wished I had not come back. 'Well! my dear Max,' she began without the least preamble, 'let us talk business; we have still ten minutes before us. I take it for granted that you have definitely made up your mind to marry. Is that so?'

"Now," went on poor Max, looking from Nancy to me, "you could have knocked me down with the famous 'feather' which is credited to do that sort of business. It was such an extraordinary way for her to begin, considering what has passed between us for the last sixteen months, that it made me feel like an idiot. Naturally, I answered that it was time, or something to that effect, and she nodded with a smile of approval, asking point blank whether my mind was also made up about my choice of a wife. It was just like a comedy; I felt more and more at a disadvantage. You can see that?"

"I can," said Nancy firmly. "No one better."

"Besides I guessed that there was a trap somewhere. If I hinted so soon that I hoped to marry Miss Lowinska, she would have thought our tactics too clumsy to deserve notice; and if I confessed that I still wanted Joan, the rest was useless. I had to avoid committing myself. Well! I decided to tell her that Joan had lately been talked to by her people, about the foolishness of waiting for a man who could not make up his own mind. I added that even if I took a final step and proposed to her now, it was possible that I might get a refusal. I stopped, but she only waited with that expectant expression of hers which almost forces people to say more than they intended and give themselves away; however this time I was on my guard. Nothing would have induced me to play the 'Lowinska card' at that moment, though you could have cut the silence with a hatchet. At the end she spoke: 'If this is so,' she said, 'you had better see Joan and terminate this business as soon as possible.' I could have jumped for joy, but I kept stern as a judge. 'Very well!' I began, 'if you wish it.' She rose slowly and smiled with that desperately gracious irony that makes people foolish instead of savage. 'My dear boy,' she observed, 'I (with strong emphasis) never objected in principle to your marriage with Joan. If I have hesitated to countenance it before this, it is because I feared, rightly or wrongly (the irony deepened terribly here), that you might at a later period find *somebody* (the word stood carved out) even more congenial to you than she. Since there is no danger of this, why you may please yourself as soon as you wish. Joan is a dear child.' And she walked straight to the dining-room where luncheon was ready. Now, what do you say to that?"

Nancy clapped her hands: "I say well done, Mrs. Camberwell; that is the proper way to cover one's retreat, if—" She hesitated.

"If what?" I asked.

"If it is a retreat at all." We three looked at each other.

"Oh! Nancy," I exclaimed after a second of reflection; "this is

really foolish. To listen to your perpetual suspicions would make anyone believe we were dealing not with a woman of the twentieth century, but with an arch-Machiavelli."

"We are," snapped Nancy.

"Ridiculous."

"Not in the least; Mrs. Camberwell is the cleverest woman I know; cool, proud and dignified by race and upbringing; and underneath all that as jealous as any French mother, which, my dears, beats the jealousy of an Italian wife hollow."

"Oh! I say, Nancy!" (from Max).

"I don't exaggerate in the least. If your mother was French, and believed you had fallen in love, you might have to put up with scenes and tears and recriminations for a variable period, according to her temperament; then she would tire of it and give in by degrees. Here it won't be that. Since your father's death you have become the pivot of her life, and she won't give you up to anyone any more than she can help. Up to this she has used common-sense advice, made odd or cutting remarks, and, without moving perceptibly, she has paralyzed your actions. She has kept Joan at arm's length as effectively with gracious words as with vague coolness, and made the girl thoroughly unhappy until last night, when—"

"That's it," interrupted Max, "now that she is afraid of something worse, she is giving in."

"She is not; she is only changing her tactics."

"Oh! Nancy," I said, "I am losing patience with you. She knows very well that Max must marry some day."

"That's not her point; she won't object to his marrying. What she will refuse to do is to give up the first place in his life and affections."

"But," interposed Max, "that is precisely what she will come to lose, if she makes my existence unbearable."

"I am not so sure; it remains to be seen."

Silence fell for a few moments. We felt uncertain and worried. Then Max spoke again.

"At any rate," he began, "she is now willing that I should marry Joan. Nobody can deny that."

I looked up from the fire which Nancy had been poking absently. Her intelligent, thoughtful face, calm and grave at that moment, impressed me more than I cared to admit. She was so convinced of what she said. She lifted her eyes slowly.

"Well! my good friends," she said, "all I wish is that you may be right and I wrong; only I cannot believe that Mrs. Camberwell has given up to-day what she prized yesterday, any more than I credit the possibility of her walking with her eyes shut into such a visible net as that spread before her by Millicent. I fear she is far too keen-

sighted for that. If she is caught in it, it will be with her good will, and therefore it will fit into her plans, not ours."

Do you know, Rex, when I heard Nancy speak like that, it brought so vividly before me the pathetic face of poor Joan that I could find no word against these arguments. Yet I was aware of the impression of discouragement and doubt falling on Max; he had come to us so hopeful, poor fellow. Happily Nancy began to see this as well.

"Listen, good people," she observed after a moment; "I told you all this because there is never any use in blindly keeping one's head under one's wing like an ostrich. Forewarned is forearmed, but it need not necessarily give us the blues. We have good cards still, and we must make the most of them. Once Max and Joan are married they ought to be able to steer quietly their barge in the right direction."

That was evident enough, and Max's face cleared up a little.

"Yes," he said, "we will do anything in our power. Joan is so patient and wise; and she could be fond of mother too. They used to be good friends years ago, and on the whole the Mater is a favorite with lots of people. I don't know what there is about her, but when she wishes it—" He shook his head and we all laughed.

"And again," went on Max, "Joan has consented to live in the old home. All these things ought to smooth matters, don't you think?"

I had an idea that Nancy had frowned imperceptibly when hearing this statement, but she nodded in answer. Then the door opened and the maid brought in the last post.

My darling, do you think I can write down anything which could make you understand what your "foolishness" went through at that moment? The silver salver was handed to her, and before she had made a movement to take anything on it, her eyes had fastened on a large square envelope, peeping from under the others. She could see very little of the writing on it but, for all that, she knew, she thoroughly knew! How did you succeed in getting this sent off? The stamps were too blurred to let me ascertain where it had been posted; all I realized was the big flood of joy rising in my heart. But I could neither have opened your letter nor looked at it before any other eyes. Instinctively, I covered it with several others, took the whole bundle and placed it on the little table behind me. I did it slowly, deliberately, my teeth almost clenched to steady the trembling of my hand. My face was so cold that I conjectured I looked ghastly and I kept it in the shadow.

"Well!" said I, a second later, as if to resume our discussion.

"Don't you wish to open your letters?" suggested Nancy.

"No, thank you; they can wait."

By a strong effort I picked up the broken thread of our conversation; but it was to little purpose. I spoke at random or fell into silences. I merely caught disconnected remarks from the two others,

and never did time drag so hopelessly. At last, they went. It was only when I stood to shake hands with them that my face became visible. Nancy noticed it at once.

"Is there anything the matter, dear?" she asked, ever kind and affectionate; "you look so white!"

I laughed. "Nothing," said I; "I have never felt better."

"You are tired anyhow; don't sit up late."

But I promised nothing. As soon as I heard the door closing behind them downstairs, I was back again at the fire, your beloved epistle in my hands. I knelt and thanked God as one can do only at such times. Then, my heart hammering in my throat, I tore open the envelope, and a mist prevented me from seeing any more than the blue stamp of the note paper: a life belt with a twisted rope and a flag! I do not know how long I stayed there reading over and over the same loving sentences, my heart so full that tears would have been the greatest relief—but I can so seldom cry, my own Rex!

Besides, pain was so much mingled with this great joy that I knew it would take days before I could look at this bold writing of yours without a knife cutting through me. I wished I could have fallen asleep there and then, until pain and joy would have died down, and let me take back the uniform steady life which I am little by little making for myself. That I can bear, but it will take me time to bring myself to receive your beloved missives calmly. At this very instant I could not tell whether I long for or dread most, the coming of the next one.

Oh! Rex, I wonder if I can possibly be as dear to you as you are to me! I almost pity you if I am.

IV.

Tuesday, March, 1913.

Before beginning my epistle, my darling, I want to mention that I received a note from John Brown about the Villa. He tells me that something should be done at once to the roof of the veranda, and that he does not like to take the responsibility of it without the master's orders. Unfortunately, the "master" is too far away to see to this, and John will have to be satisfied with the mistress' directions. If the weather allows it, I will go to C. next week; besides Devonshire will not be very cold now I hope. After this, not another word about business, because business has an odious way of pointing out that the "Rex" of my little kingdom has been exiled; and I am not a pin-point nearer to being reconciled to it.

Let me rather tell you that on Saturday last I had my first opportunity of speaking with Miss Lowinska. The two Stevenson girls had come to take me to a private view of water colors, and we met

there with an elderly lady in black, evidently a chaperon. She seemed to know several artists and among them Willie R., our friend. Do you remember his new studio in that quaint little street off the King's Road, with the old-fashioned gardens and trees? He wanted me to go and see the latest improvements he had made in it, but I refused to fix a day. Then he begged of me to come with the Stevensons to a little informal supper which he wished to give there next week; that also I declined. So nothing remained to him but to abuse me soundly in that good-humored way of his; and when he was out of breath we began to chat sensibly. He is such a nice, clever fellow. I cannot say that we spoke much about art; we went fairly quickly through what was worth looking at; then our conversation drifted by different channels to the same object: our "interest" (though not in the same degree or for the same reason) in Miss Lowinska. It did not take me long to see how things stood with Willie, and I was sorry for him, dear fellow. I cannot see that he has a particle of a chance in that direction. The girl, simple as she is, seems as high as a star above the rest of us. So far as she is concerned, however, she is all I fancied; even more so, if possible, as there is something essentially pure and open on her smooth brow. Intellectually, she stands her own, and without effort, with the cleverest; morally she shows a tendency to truthfulness and candor which is a little startling. Her manners are dignified; and she has a talent for exercising "authority" which takes the breath away from most people. To sum up, she is captivating; a perfect woman and yet a child (though she is twenty-four). Add to this, that, like a Russian bred woman, she speaks several languages with the utmost fluency, and you will have before you, as well as I can paint her, "Maryña Lowinska."

Small wonder that Joan is not inclined to welcome her to our circle. And yet, I am not so sure that Joan has not more of a certain winning charm even with men. Miss Lowinska looks to me better fitted for a solitary pedestal than for everyday life. I can't imagine her as a practical, effective wife; and, least of all, for dear Willie. Yet, when we reached one of the furthest rooms of the exhibition, where we found ourselves all but alone, he turned his back on the pictures and faced me.

"Look here, Mrs. Camberwell," he said point blank, "you need not pretend to be interested in these landscapes because you are not; your mind is not here. Much more likely it is at the other side of the world this minute, and, though I am very rude to remark it, I admire you for it. But listen, will you render me a service?"

I smiled. Can anyone be angry at Willie's bluntness?

"If I am able, with pleasure."

"Then come and play hostess this afternoon in my studio. I want to ask the Stevenson girls and—and Miss Lowinska to have

tea there. You have refused me before when I was unable to explain, but perhaps you will do it now?"

"I see. Why! certainly."

"Very well. That is kind, you know, because I understand perfectly that this sort of fun is not in your line for the present."

"This is nonsense."

"I am afraid not; but I don't want to be rude again and contradict you flatly. You don't mind my plain speaking do you?"

I had to laugh this time; but isn't that like Willie?

It did not take long to arrange the party; the Stevensons are always ready to enjoy anything of that kind, and Miss Lowinska assented at once.

You would scarcely have recognized Willie's studio. Some of his latest purchases are particularly fine; he has bought some hangings of old damask and some rugs which you would long to steal from him; and as for some bits of "Bernard Palissy" that he has picked up on a lucky day, they are beauties! The only thing out of place there was a cumbersome piano which he is keeping for a friend; but, Rex dear, when, after a very merry tea, he persuaded Miss Lowinska to sit before it, you would have pronounced it the best of ornaments. It is not that the girl played anything so much out of the common (Willie's extraordinary taste in music and his odd collection of pieces gave her a limited choice), but what she played was like the breathing of a soul through notes gliding under her fingers. Meyerbeer's "Dance of the Shadows," the "Adieux" of Beethoven, the "Sehnsucht" of Queckenberg, a few things of Tchaikowsky and Burow might have been entirely new to me. Willie sat spellbound, his eyebrows twitching in an odd way as if they objected to the proximity of his *pince-nez*; two of the other artists who had joined us were leaning against the make-believe mantelpiece, forgetting that the heating apparatus was precisely at the other end of the room; yet, when the girl stood up, there was no sign of consciousness about her. As for Pattie Stevenson, she turned round to her sister and to me with an expression implying a good deal.

So that, with all this before me, Joan's fears on one side, and Nancy's forebodings on the other, I began to feel more grateful that Max's engagement was now public property, and that the marriage was to come off the first fortnight after Easter. Yet, I did like this Polish girl. Once her great blue eyes look at you, you feel that she has always been your friend, that you have known her from her babyhood, and that she has a right to count on you for almost everything. And if you saw how quickly Pattie and Mab Stevenson have welcomed her into their intimate circle, you would admit that she must be one in a thousand. As it is, I have asked her and Mab for Thursday evening. I wonder if she loses in being better known.

Monday Morning, March, 1913.

You see, my dearest, I am writing from C. where I arrived last night, neither very cold nor very tired, but too lonely to dare to write to you. A precious letter, dated from Port Said, had been handed to me as I left home, and it was a ray of sunshine during the journey. I felt, as if some way, it had brought you nearer; and when I had read and re-read it, I found a crumb of comfort in keeping it in my hand while the long stretch of country flew before my eyes. Rex, I have grown astonishingly sentimental since you went. Are these two words long enough to express my disgust of it? But disgusted or not I cannot blind myself to the fact nor, perhaps, do I wish to. I remember my gentle sneers at others; I even remember laughing at you and teasing you about your "soft heart;" so, I daresay, it is only just that I should become a victim to the same weakness. But I must tell what conclusion it made me draw. Either the people who show themselves so much above this "failing" are too selfish or cold-hearted to yield to it; or—and I expect they are legion—they have sufficient strength of character or pride to hide it.

(Are you smiling and calling this woman's logic? Do you think I am bringing forward this argument to shelter myself behind it?)

I have been interrupted, and had to go and interview the masons. They think the repairs will take a week or ten days, as all through the winter the rain was coming in badly through several parts of the roof. Happily the weather is suitable now, and the workmen will begin at once. I mean to stay here until they have done; I shall not be sorry for the change, and I am glad to be alone for a little while.

When I had finished with the men, the sun was so bright that I strolled towards the garden. A few daffodils were peeping through the grass, and the wood was just veiled in a haze of the softest of green and yellowish-red. I found the garden gate locked, but Brown had seen me going in that direction, and was hurrying with the key. Dear old man! He asked me if there was good news of the "master," if he intended to be back for the summer—(which gave me a miserable little stab), also if the place where he had gone was very fine. I assured him that no place could be as nice as our own, at which he shook his head confidently as if this was as it should be. Then he was delighted to hear about Master Max's marriage coming off soon; and did I remember how little Miss Joan always cut off the best branches of his heliotrope trees in the greenhouses! Dear! dear! and to think of her, almost a married woman already!

Would I like to see my rose beds? He had had them nicely forked over, and well dressed with the "best of stuff," and a few loads of wood ashes after the burning of the weeds. Would I care to prune them myself? He had all my garden tools in thorough order in the seed room. And did I remember the fruit trees the master pruned last

year? Why they had not recovered yet. (Oh! Rex, if you had seen his wicked grin!) Well! well! the master was such a grand man in many ways that he could afford to be a bad gardener, but he was *that*: a *very* bad gardener. And he repeated it with a suppressed chuckle, full of affection, too, the dear fellow. Then he went for my basket and gloves and *secateur*, and a bundle of raffia to tie up the branches.

I don't know that I was in a special mood for gardening, but when he brought everything to my hand and looked so full of expectation, I felt unable to draw back, and began to touch up things here and there. And then, without noticing it, I became so absorbed cutting, bending, tying, that the little bell rang for my lunch before I had realized that I was at work at all. The sun was quite warm, it would soon become too trying to stay without a hat, so I gathered my things to go back to the house. But as I turned I caught sight, through the leafless wood, of the ruined wall above the quarry, and a whole scene flashed before me. I saw you, my darling, and a little group of our friends climbing the hill, under a burning July sun; and somebody suggesting the addition of long bracken to our hats to shade our faces. Then we passed over that wall, and one side of it crumbled so suddenly under my weight that it almost carried me down. It required all your quickness to catch me in time, and when I was on my feet again and able to see your face, you were ashamed of having been frightened. I remember so well the tone of your voice: "Hullo! little Unicorn, specimens of your kind are too rare now to risk breaking your neck; just look where you are going, will you!" Oh! my dearest, all along the garden path to-day I could hear this dear voice of yours, "Hello! little Unicorn!"

You see, this little corner of the world is so full of your presence! But the earliest fronds of bracken are still too short to transform me into a unicorn big or little.

Thursday Afternoon.

What do you think has taken up most of my time this morning, dear? You could never guess. I was helping to prepare the blue room for *your mother*, who is coming on Saturday. I had a letter from her last night, telling me that she was slightly tired and in need of a few days' rest, if I would have her here. I wired at once that I should expect her by the midday train, the day after to-morrow, but now that all is ready I can't help surmising whether anything has happened. Still I have received a long scribble from Nancy, telling me that everything is going on well, and that both Max and Joan are thoroughly happy. Also that Mrs. Marchmont has taken Miss Lowinska to Scotland for Easter. I trust they will get some fine weather there; as that "Hermitage" of Millicent's is (to my mind) a perfect abomination. The scenery may be beautiful, but the discomfort of the house makes you dream of slow purgatory.

Well, if poor Miss Lowinska does not know what it means to "rough it," she will learn there with a vengeance. Even the shape of the house is awkward; it seems calculated to give the greatest trouble to go from one room to another. As for the set of steps up to the veranda, it would spell "murder" at night under the slightest provocation. And do you remember how far the roof has been made to project? It may be for protection, as Millicent says, but it is the sort of protection that one would get in a wooden box. So far as light is concerned, by three o'clock on a summer afternoon the windows are useless; what it must be on a gloomy, stormy day in March I can't imagine. And this is precisely Nancy's opinion.

However, they are coming back directly after Easter. Millicent being convinced, justly or not, that she has been the *deus ex machina* of Max's marriage, intends to be at it and to enjoy her triumph.

By the way, Nancy tells me that Miss Lowinska, apart from her wealth, is quite a personage. Her father being the very Prince Wladek Lowinski, so mixed up with the latest political movements in Russia. It is quite interesting.

Friday Evening.

I don't know, dear, what you will think of a disconnected letter like this, but since I have been in this place I have felt, more or less, nervous and restless. I am truly pleased about your mother's coming visit, as solitude and retirement have given me none of the comfort I expected; on the contrary, they seem to have brought back so many ghosts of other happy years, that I miss you here more acutely than anywhere else. It was so terribly lonely yesterday that I ordered the trap and the old pony to go and see Father Langton. I was fortunate enough to find him at home, and he appeared genuinely pleased to see me. I caught him working in his garden as usual, when he has a free minute, and needless to say we went over it to see his new treasures. Amongst these were some rose trees of which I took the names, while in his tiny green house flowered some prize auriculas and American carnations which would have taken honors at any show. When I remarked that these were, of their kind, either very late or very early, he smiled in that knowing way of his, saying that he knew it very well, and was rather proud of his knowledge of the trade.

Then we went in to have some tea, and we began to talk about you, Rex. Such a talk: up and down and across and sideways. As Father Langton is such an old friend of us both, there is no need with him to be prudent or reticent about anything; and that sort of conversation is a real rest and help. We also spoke of his poor people. Some have been very ill; there were a good number of pneumonia cases this year. I asked him to make me a list of the things most needed for these, and he promised to let me know.

I told him that I would stay here for a fortnight, and that if there was anything in which I could help him he was to let me know. And I added, laughing, that since I had to put up with a whole year of penance, I wanted to make the most of it and cram it full with good deeds. He laughed heartily, and said he quite understood; and when I left him I felt wonderfully cheered up.

Ah me! how unexplainable facts are, after all. Ever since you went, all your friends and mine have done their utmost to console me and help me to bear your absence; and all they succeeded in doing was to make me put a mask on and appear to enjoy things, which either bored me or left me totally indifferent. And to-day, without the least affectation, the least attempt at preaching, this wise old man, while appreciating what I have felt, and still feel at present, looked on sorrow as such a simple, normal, healthy thing, and on *my* sorrow as such an insignificant one compared with the crosses of others, that I drove back with a comparatively light heart. What he had said, I could not repeat; it was not contained in words. The healing power which had comforted me came from his inner self, his nearness to God. It was as if he were standing so much above my level that he could see at a distance, and that his confidence that all would be well acted on me in the same manner as the calm knowledge of a grown-up person acts on a frightened child. One short sentence of his echoed now and again in my memory. It was his reply to a remark of mine.

"To be sure, my child, to be sure; so long as what confronts us is clearly God's will, nothing else signifies, does it? And the best of this is that, in your case, there is no room for doubt and therefore no need to trouble."

"No need to trouble"—that was just it! The thorn was there, as deeply in the flesh as ever, but if the wisest thing was to leave it alone instead of uselessly irritating the wound, what then? The evident, sensible course to follow was to use all my energy for other purposes. And in the keener evening air I let the pony gallop to its heart's content. There was not even a hen on the road, nothing but hazy low hills and brown stretches of moors, and a darkening sky with grayish moody clouds. As I came nearer the sea, the wind became sharper; the waves were flecked here and there with little touches of white; but there was not a boat or sea bird to be seen at that moment. I seemed lost in this immense space, helpless in this apparent isolation, yet strangely confident that I was not alone either physically or spiritually. Only, I was conscious of being so small in it all, so out of proportion with it, that I felt relieved when, turning into the avenue, I caught sight of the lit-up windows of the drawing-room. And then, my Reginald, the sweetest of surprises was awaiting me.

As soon as I came in, Mary told me that a little registered package

had come, and that she had signed the paper; but nothing crossed my mind, and I leisurely went up stairs to take of my coat. There, I positively dawdled; decided that I might as well change my dress, since dinner could not be far off, but at last I went downstairs. The little box stood on the Louis XV. table; near it was a telegram which I opened first. It was from your mother; she would take a later train and would be with me for dinner. Then I turned to the package. I did not know the writing, nor the address of the jeweler. Neither could I remember having left anything in this line to be mended anywhere. At long last I opened the box, unrolled the tissue paper, pressed the spring of a small ring case, and oh! Rex dearest, there was the very facsimile of my lost opal!

Do you know that I stood at the little table perfectly motionless, the tears welling up into my eyes, a big lump in my throat! Oh! it is not only because, before going, you have bought it for me, nor because I am so wonderfully fond of opals—though I prefer them to any other stone—but because your own heart could alone have matched it so perfectly from memory. At that instant I could again hear your voice when you gave me the original one.

"I bought you this," you had said teasingly, "because it is the picture of your true self. See how blue and milky and innocent it looks under this greenish-gray shadow; and yet, my lady fair, there is a very naughty little red light in it. It is the little red light which gives you away, do you see?"

"To everybody?" I asked. But you laughed, my Rex, and looked at me in that provoking way of yours.

"No, madame," you said, "no, not by long odds. The deceived world takes you for a lamb." And there was more of that absurd nonsensical talk of ours! We were so happy then. The first few times I wore it, how, like a big schoolboy, you enjoyed asking at any opportunity whether the "red light" had been "turned on."

I suppose you alone knew how I regretted my poor ring the day it slipped from my finger; but I had never hoped to find one so absolutely similar. While I am looking at it, this instant, I could almost swear that it is the same; the same greenish-gray overlaying the brilliant blue, the same angry dart of vivid fire shooting through it at almost any angle! Oh! Reginald dearest, now that I am wearing it, it almost feels as if your hand were stretched across to mine; and when my eyes meet it inadvertently it is as if they met yours, though much too rapidly to hold them.

Rex! my Rex! little Dubois has just brought in your cable. You are safe and well, thank God! but I can write no more to-night. You seem so far, so far!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

POEMS. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

Those who have known Father Benson as preacher, novelist, spiritual director, playwright, and apologist will welcome with gratitude, but not with surprise, this little posthumous volume of his poems. To a nature of such intensity and concentration the poetic utterance was well-nigh inevitable. Inevitable, too, perhaps, was the presence in his poetry of the selfsame spiritual forces which had dominated and impelled his other works for God and man. The pages of this present book are "saturate"—to borrow one of his own characteristic words—with religious emotion.

It is also their distinction to be probably more vividly personal than any of his other literary work. Not, indeed, at all moments: his charming and archaic *Christmas Carol* is twin-sister to those which many a modern Catholic poet has given us. The translations and devotional pieces are often quite in the usual matter and manner of worthy religious verse. But there are other poems in which the note is vibrantly individual and Bensonian: such are *Visions of the Night*, lines of really striking phrasing and pageantry; or *Hero Worship* or *The Priest's Lament*, or the proud, thunderous tragedy of *Savonarola Moriturus*.

Divine union: the cost of it all—the terrible pain and the half-terrible sweetness: this was the burden of Benson's soul, and the burden which in these slight pages he cast into song. How worthily, for life and for letters, the music was wrought may be guessed from two fragments. The first is that haunting second stanza of the Savonarola soliloquy:

"Faint heart, poor soul," do they say, "to recant at a pain,
To repent at the turn of a screw!"

Ah, I ask pardon of God again and again,
And pardon from you!

Can the brain balance and weigh when the sinews are rent,
Is there room but for agony there?

What if the lips have lied, did the heart consent
In that night of despair?

Slow rocked the rafters above as I blinked in my pain
With the tears and the sweat in my eyes;

Torn was my heart on the rack, and entangled my brain;
Is there cause for surprise?

It is well that close beside this sensitive strain of human suffering should ring the companion strain of his dual music: the serenity of God's "pleasaunces," where the tired soul lies for a moment dreaming quietly in His sight:

Ah, dear Saviour, human-wise,
I yearn to pierce all mysteries,
To catch Thine Hands and see Thine Eyes
When evening sounds begin.

There, in Thy white Robe, Thou wilt wait
At dusk beside some orchard gate,
And smile to see me come so late,
And, smiling, call me in!

Not late but early was it decreed that Robert Hugh Benson should fare forth to meet his Master; nor by any "orchard gate" in the English countryside he loved so well, but rather from the strange presbytery of Salford Cathedral. Does one doubt any the more the divine, swift radiance of his welcome?

Because they are one expression of a great and vital soul, these poems will be prized. It is their good fortune to carry with them an inimitable introductory note by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, and an appendix reprinting Canon Sharrock's story of Monsignor Benson's last days.

THE UNFOLDING OF THE LITTLE FLOWER. By the Very Rev. William M. Cunningham, V.F. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25.

Much has been written of late on Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, and her remarkable autobiography, which is now so widely known, has twice been translated into English. This volume, however, presents the first complete study of her life in English.

Misapprehensions as to the character of her sanctity have arisen in certain quarters, and it has been the object of the writer throughout to prove that Teresa's "little way" is that same "narrow way" trodden by the feet of God's chosen ones in every age, and that the luminous, child-like sanctity of the little Carmelite nun was not that of a petted, pious child, but one of the simple heroism of Christ's most rugged warriors.

"In her writings," he says, "Sister Teresa speaks often of treading the path of spiritual childhood, as being a description

of the way of sanctity in which she was led, and many, with our English preconception of the meaning of 'childhood,' not noticing the emphasis on the word *spiritual*, and misled by her sublime humility and unconsciousness, have fallen into the error of thinking of her as having lived out her life while still remaining a child in mind, and of imagining that her way of sanctity was, therefore, a path of ease and freedom from effort, instead of being, as it really was, the divesting herself of every possible thing this earth held dear for her, so that she brought herself and her wants down to the level of an infant, who knows and cares not for aught but the actual minimum of food and warmth needful for supporting existence. Thus, the way of childhood meant for her a way of ceaseless crucifixion, nay, almost of annihilation of self from the beginning to the end of life. No wonder now she works miracles!"

But though "the sanctity of the Angel of Lisieux was no new-fashioned, ease-loving, way to heaven," her mind was essentially modern, and the problems which confronted her were the problems of the modern mind. This, together with the charm and loveliness of her personality, to which Father Cunningham has given ample tribute, should sufficiently recommend this latest English study of her life.

THE BLACK CARDINAL. By John Talbot Smith. New York: The Champlain Press. \$1.25.

Many novelists write their best story first, and then labor in vain for years to surpass, even equal, their first work. Father John Talbot Smith, on the contrary, has kept his best wine to the last. His latest book, *The Black Cardinal*, is unquestionably his best.

The story centres around Cardinal Consalvi, Pius VII.'s courageous, loyal, and far-sighted Prime Minister, who not only defends the rights of the Church against the dishonest and immoral Napoleon, but incidentally maintains against him the validity of Miss Patterson's marriage with Jerome Bonaparte, and saves his ambitious, weak-kneed brother from dishonor and ruin.

In a few lines Father Smith sketches for us a number of perfect portraits of the men who made history in Church and State during the first years of the nineteenth century in France: Napoleon, brutal, egotistic and unscrupulous; Pius VII., well-meaning, conscientious, but weak; the subservient Cardinal Fesch giving his Emperor nephew the advice he desired; Fouché, the most dishonest

scoundrel who ever served a prince; Jerome Bonaparte, good-natured, sentimental, but without character or honor; Betty Patterson, bright, vivacious, ambitious, and thoroughly lovable.

The author sustains our interest from the first page to the last. He entertains and at the same time instructs his readers without making his novel a mere long-winded moral tractate. Non-Catholics will learn from these pages to appreciate the Church's strong stand for the validity of the marriage bond. Napoleon, with all his power, could not make the Church invalidate the marriage of Jerome with Miss Patterson, a Protestant, although every possible influence was brought to bear upon the Pope. A novel of this type is a better apology for the Church than many a scholarly work of controversy.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF GOVERNMENT. By Lucius Hudson Holt, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00 net.

This book is not an expounding of theories nor a study of the government of the United States; it is an exposition of the general principles of government now operating in the foremost states in the world. The study is thorough and detailed, and was written, the author states, to supply a lack which he himself discovered when trying to find a similar book for his personal use. It is, therefore, of unique value to the student, and its publication is timely, in view of the pronounced changes which the present war must bring. Moreover, it is so well and lucidly written that it is capable of rousing the lethargic interest of readers who have hitherto been content to accept government as interpreted by politics; and it may be suggested that it might be highly useful to the very many women upon whom the duties of citizenship may be suddenly thrust by the adoption of the suffrage. They will be able to save themselves expenditure of time and labor in research by consulting this volume of reference and explanation.

ORIGINS AND DESTINY OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN. By J. A. Cramb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Some months ago Professor Cramb's lectures on *Germany and England* were published, and ran into several editions. At the time the present reviewer did little more than give a brief synopsis of the work, though he added that there were some things in it that a Catholic could not accept. But now that the reading public is

avored with the present volume, he feels that he must break his rule about "war books" and utter a note of disapproval. The philosophy underlying both these productions is decidedly unwholesome, and, if taken as representing the attitude of mind of the average Englishman, is likely to alienate sympathy from his cause. Great Britain professes to have entered this war in defence of right and the maintenance of international good faith. One does not notice such sentiments shining out very strongly in Professor Cramb's writings. On the contrary, he seems to be of the school of Bernhardi, with the advantage of an eloquent style. It would seem to the present reviewer that those in this country who are trying to arouse sympathy for the Germans, have a powerful ally in the late London professor; those whose sympathies are on the other side had better disown him, if they do not want him to prove what Bernhardi has proved to be for the nation whom so many have taken him to represent.

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN. By Orton Lowe, Assistant Superintendent of the Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, Public Schools. New York: The Macmillan Co. 90 cents net.

As this book is addressed to public school teachers by one in authority, it is encouraging to find that the title exactly expresses the author's intention, which is to urge that children's reading-matter shall consist of true literature instead of the low-grade, vacuous material so frequently furnished. He presents with earnestness and with a strong argument for cultivation of the imagination as essential to the well-being of both individuals and nations, and gives practical suggestions in regard to the methods by which a correct and enduring taste in literature may be inculcated. An anthology of over a hundred poems is supplied; also an extensive bibliographical list for children and young people in which few, if any, omissions or substitutions would commend themselves, and none on the ground of literary quality, for all are of the best. The book is well worth the attention of many readers other than those for whom it is primarily intended.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Rev. James MacCaffrey. Two Vols. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.50 net.

About five years ago Dr. MacCaffrey published a history of the Church covering the period from the beginning of the French

Revolution to the rupture of the Concordat of 1801, and the success of the book was such as to justify a second edition in two years. This has encouraged him to complete the treatment of the whole period generally denominated "modern" by putting forth the present work, which in character and external appearance resembles its predecessor.

Those who have read and admired the earlier book will not be disappointed in this one; and one who has himself been engaged in the task of lecturing in history will not be slow to recognize in Dr. MacCaffrey's manner of presenting his subject precisely those methods that would be developed by practical experience of the needs of intelligent students. In works of this kind one does not look for novel views or strikingly original theories, but for completeness and clearness of presentation, which qualities are well to the front here. Even in such portions of the book as deal with subjects other than purely narrative, as, *e. g.*, the chapter on the causes of the Reformation, or the general state of Ireland in the early sixteenth century, there is an almost mathematical precision and arrangement, which, however it may detract from literary value, will be welcome to those who wish to use the book as a basis for further study or as a text for lecturing. For either purpose it is admirably adapted. And we would add a special word of praise for the eminently sensible bibliographies prefixed to each chapter. They contain just the names one would reasonably expect to find there, and nothing that ought not to be available in any good library.

A MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY. By F. X. Funk. Translated from the German by P. Perciballi, D.D., and edited by W. H. Kent, O.S.C. Two volumes. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$5.50.

Four years ago Kegan Paul of London published an English translation by Dr. Cappadelta of Dr. Funk's *Manual*, which was based on the fifth German edition. The learned Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Tübingen did his utmost to meet the criticisms of his work, which some thought ultra-liberal, by a number of careful revisions. Four years after his death, Dr. Bihlmeyer, his successor at Tübingen, published a sixth edition, which he brought up to date and supplemented by some hundred pages.

We were disappointed that in the volume before us Dr. Perciballi has paid no attention to the late revisions of either Dr. Funk or Dr. Bihlmeyer, but, on the contrary, has made use of an

edition which is older than the one used by Dr. Cappadelta. This is all the more unpardonable, because Dr. Perciballi's Italian translation of some twelve years ago was excluded from the Italian seminaries by Pius X.'s Pontifical Commission.

The present edition is well printed, but it pays little or no attention to the history of the Church in English-speaking countries, refers chiefly to German books in its bibliography, and contains a number of mistranslations, and some mistakes in dates. We are sadly in need of a good textbook in Church history which will do justice to the Church in the United States.

CARRANZA AND MEXICO. By Carlo de Fornaro. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

The spirit of the Mexican Constitutionalists who have been fighting for liberty the past few years along the progressive and enlightened path of rapine, murder and lust, is well set forth in the present volume. The author meant to write a bull of canonization of Carranza, but, without knowing it, he has in his stupidity shown forth to any thinking man the utter insanity of placing the supreme power of a country in the hands of bandits like Zapata and Villa, or unctuous phrase-making hypocrites like Carranza.

The Mexican Revolution takes as its model, he tells us, the French Revolution with its hatred of the priests and the aristocrats. Of course it "does not want to destroy religion," but the "clergy must be eradicated as noxious weeds from a field before cultivation." The Bishops of both Mexico and the United States are called to task for their sympathy with wealthy "reactionaries," and are urged to be silent about such trifles as the torturing and murdering of Christian Brothers and Priests, the outraging of nuns, the imprisonment and exile of bishops and clergy, the looting of banks, stores, and haciendas.

The hero Villa, who has dared question the honesty of Carranza the Incorruptible, has now become a cruel, tyrannical, unscrupulous, immoral and illiterate thief and bandit, a prey to schemers and intriguers, a tool forsooth of the "reactionaries" in Mexico and the United States. Our author loves the word reactionary, as the old woman of legend the magic word Mesopotamia. Zapata is another "illiterate tool of the schemers," who dared even to aspire to the provisional Presidency.

Huerta, of course, is accused of murder without the slightest evidence, and is called pretty names such as "the Avatar of greed,

lust and alcoholism, a moral hyena, a white-livered soldier pickled in cognac, a mental baboon," etc. These epithets give one a good idea of the author's style and the value of his criticisms.

THE VIERECK-CHESTERTON DEBATE ON WHETHER THE CAUSE OF GERMANY OR THAT OF THE ALLIED POWERS IS JUST. New York: The "Fatherland" Corporation. 10 cents.

This is the report of a debate between the editor of *The New Witness* (Mr. Chesterton) and the editor of *The Fatherland* (Mr. Viereck). The former, opening the discussion, presents the side of the Allies. He places the immediate cause of the war in the unjust and unreasonable demands of Austria upon Serbia consequent on the assassination of the Archduke. These demands he characterizes as "a case of brutal indefensible aggression of a great nation against a small." A second cause, he claims, was the precipitate action of Germany in declaring war on France and Russia, and the wanton violation of Belgian neutrality. The maltreatment of the Belgians after their rights had been violated was the third cause.

Mr. Viereck claims that Germany is waging a defensive war, for her own rights and in obedience to her plighted word to Austria. Russia insulted and attacked Germany, and Germany struck back in self-defence. England hypocritically pretended that the war was one of aggression on the part of Germany. The violation of Belgian neutrality was justified, because Belgium had conspired with France and England against Germany, and thus Germany's action was only in accordance with the principle of self-defence.

At the end Professor Shepherd, the chairman of the debate, say he does not think that the cause of the war is identical with any of the occasions mentioned. That must be sought for many years back. Still he thinks that the things the speakers said were extremely interesting.

AUNT SARAH AND THE WAR—A TALE OF TRANSFORMATIONS. London: Burns & Oates. 25 cents.

This charming little volume, full of pathos and humor, describes in a most vivid manner the many changes brought about in England by the Great War. It consists of a number of bright letters written by the self-centred Aunt Sarah, who becomes the

most charitable of souls; her gallant nephew who tells us stirring stories of the front; and his sweetheart, who becomes a Red Cross Nurse.

The writers of these letters quote continually from their favorite authors, Francis Thompson, Coventry Patmore, G. K. Chesterton, Katharine Tynan, and Thomas Hardy.

DANIEL WEBSTER. By Frederic Austin Ogg, Ph.D. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.25 net.

As one of the series of American Crisis Biographies, this book treats its eminent subject almost entirely in the light of the public man, though personal touches of character, appearance and habits are not wholly lacking. Dr. Ogg has displayed much skill and grasp in condensing into convenient space the momentous history of Webster's time, and the incalculable importance of his part in it. Essentials are presented with clarity, and enough detail is given to impart continuity. The reader who wishes to possess himself expeditiously of knowledge of the main facts and incidents, with an understanding of the attendant and contributory circumstances, will find this work highly satisfactory.

THE TRUE ULYSSES S. GRANT. By General Charles King. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.

Into a volume of less than four hundred pages, General King has compressed a memoir covering every phase of the great soldier's life, and packed with incident related with an animation that gives a vivid freshness to the impressions conveyed. As the title implies, it is the intimate and personal side of Grant which is the objective point. At each stage of his life's journey his biographer traces the traits and characteristics hidden under the reserve of "the silent man of the nation." The art of the literary man is displayed in the cleverness with which a miscellaneous mass of biographical material is brought into orderly sequence, and facts so picturesquely worded that they lose nothing by the brevity enjoined by limitations of space. The craftsmanship of the novelist, also, is shown by the skillful subordination of people and events to the centre of interest on whom the reader's attention is always fixed. Especially in the chapters on the Civil War, the canvas is crowded with figures, Grant's associates, friends, and enemies all firmly sketched in clear colors, all composing a moving background for the dominant portrait of the great General, patient, generous and taciturn. There is

power and pathos in the concluding pages, where the writer ascribes to the silent man facing death in the retirement of Mt. McGregor, while laboring to clear his name of all obligations, a greatness beyond all that he achieved on the open battlefield.

There is no denial or attempt at concealment of errors and mishaps that have been at least sufficiently commented upon; the author says merely that the faults and mistakes were few, the calumnies many, and devotes his powers to bringing into rightful prominence things more gratifying to dwell upon, more generally ignored. Grant's truthfulness, honesty and justice, his incapacity for intentionally or consciously wronging any man, his magnanimity and humaneness, the purity of his domestic relations, and the tenacity of his affection for family and friends, these do not rest upon assertions by the author, but are established by instances which he records.

General King does not, like many biographers, regard his work as a field for the exercise of self-restraint. His feeling for his illustrious subject is enthusiasm, and he expresses it with whole-hearted warmth, increased no doubt by the sense of fellowship in a common Alma Mater—West Point.

The book is a tribute of just and chivalrous loyalty to the object of the author's admiration; withal, it has a quality of interest that does not presuppose any on the part of the reader, and it may very probably become the choice of those who are looking for a biography that is compact, yet has the elements of comprehensiveness, veracity and entertainment.

ANGELA'S BUSINESS. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35 net.

Henry Sydnor Harrison has so fully established himself in the interest of his readers that his novels, still few in number, have come to be an event in the field of fiction.

In the present story, the author has chosen for his theme the "woman question"—the question eternal. Charles Garrott sets out to discover the true "womanly woman." He has all the naïve impenetrability of one who has fed on abstractions rather than reality, and experience alone forces him to yield to a gradual process of enlightenment. This experience comes to him from two directions so distinct that, like the famous parallel lines, they seem to have no point in common.

Mary Wing is the independent young woman who carves her

own career, and whose capabilities have already cleared the path to assured success. Angela, "her so different cousin," is that pretty, appealing, selfish girl, who, paradoxically, is recognized as the "home-maker" and the "womanly woman." The self-reliance of Mary, the inefficiency of Angela, cause him to re-act with tantalizing indecision from one to the other. Perplexed and disillusioned, at last, Charles Garrott is on the verge of total discouragement, when, in a flash of revelation, things take shape out of the mist.

Mary Wing—for the sake of her mother and of another—flings away deliberately the golden opportunity of a career towards which for many years every effort has been directed.

Positions are now reversed. Angela, who, in the meantime, has succeeded in "snaring" a husband, sacrifices his career to her selfish whim. Mary, the "Egoette," has shown herself as capable of renunciation as of achievement, and the "womanly woman" emerges before the startled eyes of Charles.

The book is both sane and just in its observations on the "new woman." The advocate of free-love and the developed *ego* is unsparingly condemned. Freedom, reflects Charles, towards the last stage of his enlightenment, is not "a thing that any chance passer can pick up and use, like a cane." Nor does it consist in flinging incense to one's personality, and the "call of the race." It is "only too fatally easy to act free, at others' expense. . . . real responsible freedom is having the ability and the desire and the fair chance to do a thing—and then not to do it."

If, as a novel, *Angela's Business* cannot reach up to the standard of Mr. Harrison's previous works, either structurally or in its delineation of character, it is, nevertheless, wholesome, thoughtful, and amusing. Its purpose, moreover, is serious, and we cannot help but feel that, under the apparent foam of the surface-breakers, the author has given us an argument carefully meditated and convincingly advanced.

A BOOK OF ANSWERED PRAYERS. By Olive Katherine Parr.

New York: Benziger Brothers. 45 cents net.

A delightful anthology of graces is this latest slender volume from the pen of Olive Katherine Parr, and one that will be of interest to all who put faith in the efficacy of prayer. Too frequently in the past such records have been treated in a manner so strictly personal as to lose significance in the telling; here, on the contrary, these "idylls," as Miss Parr has christened them,

though at times almost minutely personal, have retained their flavor and their general application.

The author's personality and history impress themselves on the clever and often amusing little narratives; her spirit of faith is contagious, and there are few who will not come away from the book with a sense of refreshment and a firmer trust in that exhaustless treasure of the Christian soul—the open-sesame of prayer.

It is a pleasure to the reader, in turning the pages of the book, to discover that the proceeds from Miss Parr's writings are devoted to the continuance of Eucharistic worship in the little moorland chapel of Venton, where "the prayers are prayed"—and answered.

ROMA. Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B. Parts VII., VIII. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents each.

In these two fascicules of *Roma*, Dr. Kuhn gives us a brief history of the catacombs in general, and a brief sketch of the catacombs on the Via Salaria Nova (St. Priscilla), the Via Nomentana (St. Agnes), the Via Appia (St. Prætextatus, St. Callixtus, St. Lucina), and the Via Ardeatina (St. Domitilla).

The many illustrations, plans and copies of inscriptions make these volumes of special interest.

THE COPY-CAT AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.

The stories picture New England of many years ago, with all its pride, pretense, fanaticism, and meanness. *Dear Annie*, a tale of a sordid home of a New England minister, might well be used as a tract in favor of clerical celibacy. *Noblesse* is unnatural, *The Balking of Christopher* unreal, and *The Umbrella Man* tiresome. The stories of children, on the contrary, are inimitably done. Even grown-ups will enjoy the antics of John Trumbull, "the cock of the walk;" Arnold Carruth of the golden curls and baby stockings; Lily Jennings, pert, conceited and resourceful, and the delightful copy-cat, Amelia Wheeler.

JUST STORIES. By Gertrude M. O'Reilly. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.00 net.

In this volume the author shows herself competent for her task. The stories it contains are proportioned by that subtle but inevitable blending of pathos and humor that touches the deepest

well-springs of human feeling, and by that poetry of faith that gives them freshness and significance. Her hand has lain lovingly on the pulse of her people; no pseudo-Irish have found their way into these pages; but the generous, clear-seeing, childlike Celt has been set informally "at home" in his own background and among his own hills.

The writer has, indeed, charmingly achieved the purpose outlined in her foreword: to "bring the pleasant memory of home to those who . . . have wandered, struck perhaps with the 'fairy wisp' of the pooka, and give some little glimpse of Ireland to those who have not had the joy of looking on her face."

THE NEW LAITY AND THE OLD STANDARDS. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 50 cents net.

In these lay sermons the well-known editor of the Milwaukee *Citizen* pleads for an intelligent Catholic laity, full of Catholic public spirit and of civic patriotism, courageous in defending the Faith, loyal to their leaders, doers as well as preachers of the truth. He criticizes mildly at times the over-zeal in church building, which taxes so severely the clergy's strength; the reluctance of the Catholic pulpit to insist on the principles of civil morality, and the over-readiness of the wealthy Catholic snob to run after the society of Protestants, and the like. The book is suggestive, well-written and outspoken.

THE DONS OF THE OLD PUEBLO. By Percival J. Cooney. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.35 net.

We are happy to say that this novel paints the Spanish Americans of Old California as they were—brave, humane, Christian gentlemen. When we can acknowledge and esteem people whose ways and views differ from our own, for their virtues and real worth, we are surely progressing from ignorance to enlightenment. In view of the present quickening of interest in Californian matters, this book ought to be a success. Don José is as fine a sample as can be found of his class, and his noble forgiveness of his enemy shows plainly that his religion is a very real and vital part of him. The romance of the beautiful Spaniard, Loreto, with a Carroll of the old historic family of the Signer of the Declaration of Independence, will be found quite absorbing enough for the most exacting reader.

PERU, A LAND OF CONTRASTS. By Millicent Todd. With twenty-four full-page plates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00 net.

Peru falls naturally under three divisions—the Desert, the Mountains, and the Jungle. Miss Todd, who spent some months as a member of an astronomical expedition in the country, writes from personal observation of the Peru of to-day; as a student she has also consulted the chief authorities who have written of this most interesting country. Contrast she asserts is Peru's characteristic quality, and from that viewpoint she writes her story. She speaks of the tropical heat and the arctic cold; the heavy poisonous jungle mists and the thin air of the mountain tops; of the scorching dryness of the desert, and the reeking wet of the jungle; of a nation of slaves in Inca days ruled by a monarch god; of Oriental splendor shining because of forced labor in dark, suffocating mines, and of the poverty-stricken Indian of to-day in a land of wonderful resources.

Peru is considered from every viewpoint: historically, scientifically, geographically. Our author tells us of the civilization and religion of the Incas; the conquest by the Spaniards of the sixteenth century; the monuments that remain of ancient cities and temples, and the flora and fauna of the country. The book is well written and beautifully illustrated.

SEVEN YEARS ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00 net.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser and her youngest son, Hugh, have written a most entertaining account of their stay in northwestern Washington. The book is full of good stories, excellent character sketches, strange experiences, accurate descriptions of life in the far West, beautiful word pictures of mountains, forests and sky, and shrewd, if not always accurate, comments on American diplomacy, corrupt politics, prohibition, education and the like.

The authors apologize for the utter lack of order in their book, saying: "If we seem to move backwards and forwards in this narrative the reader must forgive us; the memories crowd so hard upon one another, that to arrange and order them would be a labor of years." Both mother and son write as they would speak to us around a winter's fireside, telling of their happy sojourn in "the true Republic of the West," and those quaint characters whose sayings, doings, humor and habits defy all classification.

We are introduced to ignorant Methodist ministers, who look like brigands and drive a stage in the intervals between marrying and preaching; we admire the canny horse-trader, Dick Mackenzie, of hypnotic tongue and heart of gold; we despise the cant and hypocrisy of the cold water army of fanatical temperance reformers; we smile at the politicians who accept the fake petitions of "the moderates" with alacrity, although they know that many of the names belong not to voters but "to hens and cayuses;" we try in vain to swallow some of the tallest stories ever ventured by even an imaginative Westerner; we enjoy the portraits of the Pecksniffian Methodists and Baptists, "whose religion manifested itself chiefly in denouncing their neighbor's sins."

Every American will enjoy this volume thoroughly even if he deny that our educational system is nil, our Senate dishonest, our yachting and athletic record a poor one. Prejudice will explain many of these unjust strictures.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By Helen Marshall Pratt. Two volumes. New York: Duffield & Co. \$4.50.

The author's aim in these volumes has been, as she herself says, to combine "most important and interesting facts concerning the founding, establishment, and the architectural features of the Abbey as they are understood to-day, and to present the conclusions of the most reliable modern archæologists, for the convenient use of readers at home and of students of art and architecture."

We know of no better guide book on the history, architecture, and monuments of Westminster Abbey. The writer brings out clearly the influence of the thirty years' residence of Edward the Confessor at the Norman Court, and the reasons which prompted him to build the Norman Abbey Church at Westminster. She also shows the spirit of the life and times of Henry III., and his reason for building the present church. Not all the monuments are treated, but only those names are included which loom up prominently in English history, or are in some way connected with American history.

CHIEF CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS. By Thomas H. Dickinson, Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.75 net.

The substance of this volume is composed of the complete text of twenty plays by authors of various nationalities, all the

plays, however, being in English. The editor's purpose, as explained in his preface, was "to provide within reasonable compass a series of plays which would as nearly as possible represent the abiding achievements of the present dramatic era." In this connection the term "contemporary" denotes not the chronology of productions of plays, but a mental affiliation with the distinctive characteristics of the said era which may be roughly indexed by such names as Galsworthy, Synge, Maeterlinck and Thomas. Professor Dickinson has made his selections with good judgment. The book's usefulness is augmented by the appendix, which contains notes and dates concerning the authors represented and their plays, a reading list of contemporary drama, and a working book list which will doubtless be a helpful guide to anyone about to venture into the field of dramatic composition.

LYRICS OF A LAD. By Scharmél Iris. With a Preface by Maurice Francis Egan. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co. \$1.00.

That a new luminary has appeared in the firmament of Catholic letters is evident from the artistic quality of these lyrics. The true poetic nature reveals itself in the spontaneousness which Shelley declared to be the necessary attribute of every poet.

"But star differeth from star in glory." If Francis Thompson and Swinburne both commended the work of the young poet, there are, in his verse, more points of contact with the latter than with the large, sense-free, austere impassioned art of the greater poet.

Mr. Iris is an Italian by birth, and the Latin temperament is apparent in his poetry. The classic imagery, which has been so totally discarded by contemporary poets, finds its way into his poetical illustrations. But it is rather the classicism of the Renaissance, in its later period, than of Greece. The *Vision of Two Lovers* reminds one of a Venetian fresco of the Cinquecento. There is the color, too, and the sensuousness of the Latin element in his verse. We wonder what the critics of Tennyson's "bed of daffodil sky" would say to the following stanza:

The daffodil is in the sky,
Upon the cloud, the rose;
The violets enraptured lie
Along the evening glows.

If we feel a trifle overcome by scent and color, if an occasional note of sentimentalism in his religious verse oppresses, we must

remember, as Mr. Egan tells us in the preface, that this garden is "the little garden of a young poet."

In the following lines from *Redwinged Blackbird*, the poet is even more thoroughly himself, and altogether at his best:

Nay, none of these thou art, I own,
But an arpeggio shaken down
From Song's thick symphony of boughs.
Where all Night's lidded odors drowse;
A feathered arrow flaming, bright,
Shot past the startled glooms of night.

The young poet's talent is still fresh and glowing, and therefore capable of vitalization and expansion. We shall look for work of even more excellent stamp when maturity shall have set its seal of experience on the vision and optimism of youth.

MRS. MARTIN'S MAN. By St. John G. Irvine. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Irvine's picture of home life in Protestant Ulster is a sordid and disgusting tale of immorality, drunkenness, hypocrisy, and the unchristian spirit of unforgiveness. No Catholic Home Ruler could have written a more bitter diatribe on the alien population of the North of Ireland than the author has done in these clear-cut character sketches. If these sketches are true to life, Ulster is utterly lacking in all that makes Catholic Ireland lovable and winning—devotion, resignation, the sense of the supernatural, purity and charity.

The novel tells us of the self-reliant Mrs. Martin, who accepts without a murmur her husband's infidelity, keeps her home together by her untiring energy during the years of his desertion, and then receives him back again despite the great wrong he has knowingly and deliberately done her. Her "man" is a brutal, ignorant, drunken and licentious brute, whose only redeeming feature is his love for his only daughter.

"Oily Willie," the Rev. Wm. Haveron, is the Ulster Presbyterian minister, without humor, perception, tact or common sense, but full of an exaggerated sense of his own importance.

Mrs. Martin's brother, Henry Mahaffy, is an "obese flabby hulk of tissue," having God ever on his lips, and bitterness and unforgiveness ever in his heart. His "religious" wife Jane is a querulous, inquisitive, hard-hearted soul, envious, bitter of speech, and gloating over scandal.

Her sister Esther, the most interesting character of the book, when about to renew her immoral intimacy with her brother-in-law, is deterred only by finding out that he has become a tramp. Mr. Ervine tires us at times with his oft-recurring words: *quaren, sang, thole, cod, and rightly*. To his mind they are peculiarly Ulster Protestant.

THE LONE STAR RANGER. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.

The author of this stirring tale dedicates his book to Captain John Hughes and his Texas Rangers, "who made the great Lone Star State habitable, who never know peaceful rest and sleep, who are passing, who surely will not be forgotten, and will some day come to their own."

Buck Duane, the hero, is an outlaw like his father before him, but not a vicious, drunken, immoral bandit like most of his fellows in the early days of Texan history. He inherited from his father "a driving intensity to kill," and of course could draw his gun quicker than most men, and always reach his mark to a hair's breadth. After killing his man in self-defence, but dreading the prospect of an ordinary trial by jury, he takes to the wilds of Texas to live the life of a hunted outlaw.

After many wonderful adventures—easily paralleled in real life, as the writer can vouch from unimpeachable evidence—he becomes a Texas Ranger, and devotes his days to breaking up the thieving and murderous gangs of the border wild lands.

A good story to read when a man is tired out, for it will refresh him. The characters are well drawn and the story well told. Occasionally we find the hero acting on the theory that the end justifies the means, but outlaws, detectives, and policemen are more apt to act upon this immoral principle than the Jesuit of fable.

A BOOK OF COMMON VERSE. By Albert L. Berry. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

Much of the verse contained in this slim volume advances dangerously near the boundary-line of prose. But the title disarms criticism, and the contents are not pretentious. If there are lapses of technique, the thought in many of the poems is of good quality and not lacking in originality. Almost all of them are informed by a religious feeling which is both earnest and poetical.

ON THE FIGHTING LINE. By Constance Smedley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

The author in a foreword tells us that the title of this book had been chosen before the war broke out; also the fact that the story does not in any way concern what has since become known as "The Fighting Line." The heroine tells her story convincingly; she is not a coward; and can tell herself unpalatable truths. She has to learn the bitter lesson that she is a mere cog in the wheels of a vast money-making machine, and finally realizes in the words of the *Imitation*, "How often have I not found faithfulness there where I thought I might depend upon it! And how often have I there found it where I the less expected it!" One of her conclusions is: "The only way to get anything accomplished appears to be to obey blindly, to set up someone as an ideal and follow blindly." Not a bad idea if the "someone" be a competent and infallible guide. Her disillusionments are many, and Divine Providence appears quite unknown to her or her friends.

THE JUVENILE COURT AND THE COMMUNITY. By Thomas D. Eliot, M.A., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

This book does not portray the reform of boy gangs, nor describe in detail the standards or practice of courts and probation officers, but, as the author himself says, "its object has been to treat the juvenile court in its relation to other social institutions, as a problem in social economy." The author maintains that the juvenile court as at present organized is an unnecessary and an anomalous institution. Its present functions, he tells us, could and should be performed by the school and the domestic relations court.

Even those who disagree with Dr. Eliot's conclusions will find his volume most suggestive.

FROM E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, we have twenty-one volumes of the Everyman's Library (cloth, 35 cents net; leather, 70 cents net). This already remarkable collection of classics, old and new, in artistic make-up, at popular prices, now numbers seven hundred and twenty-one volumes. The following list of recent additions gives a fair idea of its scope and variety: *The Life of Robert Browning*, by Edward Dowden; *Cæsar's Gallic War and Other Commentaries*, translated by W. A. McDevitte; *Carlyle's*

Essays; Short Studies, by James Anthony Froude; *The Story of a Peasant*, by Erckmann-Chatrian; *The Subaltern*, by Rev. George Robert Gleig; *Windsor Castle*, by Harrison Ainsworth; *Tom Cringle's Log*, by Michael Scott; *Poor Folk and the Gambler*, by Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoieffsky; *Josephus' Wars of the Jews*; *History of the French Revolution*, from 1789 to 1814, by F. A. M. Mignet; *British Historical Speeches and Orations*, compiled by Ernest Rhys; *Poems by Ralph Waldo Emerson*; *Brand: A Dramatic Poem*, by Henrik Ibsen; *Heimskringla, The Olaf Sagas*, by Snorre Sturlason; *Rights of Man*, being an answer to Mr. Burke's attack on the French Revolution, by Thomas Paine; *Bacon's the Advancement of Learning*; *Travels in France and Italy During the Years 1787, 1788, 1789*, by Arthur Young; *Tales of Ancient Greece*, by Sir George W. Cox, Bart.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. have just published a new and cheaper edition of the works of the Abbé Fouard, translated some years ago by G. F. X. Griffith. The six volumes include: *The Christ, the Son of God*; *St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity*; *St. Paul and His Missions*; *The Last Years of St. Paul*; *St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age*. THE CATHOLIC WORLD has very frequently spoken of the excellences of these noted volumes. We wish to thank the publishers for this cheaper and uniform edition, and once more heartily recommend the volumes to the Catholic public. The price of the entire set is \$7.50.

THE same house announces the publication of a new work by Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., entitled *Pragmatism and the Problem of the Idea*. In view of the wide vogue of pragmatism in recent philosophy, Father Driscoll's book is timely. His purpose is to show that the basic error of pragmatism as a philosophy is its false presentation of the idea.

Father Driscoll is well known as the author of the volumes on Christian Philosophy—*God*, and *The Soul*. And no doubt his new volume will be widely welcomed. It will be reviewed later in our pages.

AN excellent little guide book, entitled *California and the Far West; Suggestions for the West-Bound Traveler*, by K. E. M. Dumbell (New York: James Pott & Co. 75 cents net), is compiled for the use of tourists who intend to visit the Panama

Exposition this year. It points out all the trips worth taking, with suggestions regarding the best hotels, railroads, chief points of interest, and the like.

THE fourth volume of Father L. Branchereau's *Meditations* (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.00) treats of the feasts of the Liturgical Year from Advent to the Fourth Sunday of Lent.

S T. AUGUSTINE, in his *De Cura Gerenda Pro Mortuis*, replying to certain inquiries addressed to him by St. Paulinus of Nola, gives a detailed explanation of Christian belief regarding the burial of the dead, the independence of the soul from the condition of the body after death, the purely indirect character of benefits to be derived by the departed from their place of interment, and the manner and significance of their appearance to the living in dreams, to request burial. Miss Allies, in a small volume entitled *How to Help the Dead* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 40 cents), has given us a translation of the treatise in question. The work is admirably done, and puts this practical treatise of the great Doctor of the Church at the disposal of all the faithful.

A MEMBER of the Ursuline Community of Sligo has compiled a book of devotions, *A Garland For St. Joseph* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net), especially fitted for the month of March, but suitable throughout the year for devout clients of St. Joseph, or those desirous of becoming such. It consists of informal meditations, poems and anecdotes concerning the Saint culled from different sources. The extracts will be found to be wisely selected, varied, and profitable.

HINTS ON LATIN STYLE, by James A. Kleist (New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. 30 cents), is a digest of the author's larger work entitled *Aids to Latin Prose Composition*. It is designed primarily for classes of Latin in the High Schools. Each of the twenty-eight Hints is printed on a separate page, so that the student may add his own notes, and the observations of his instructor.

FATHER VAN TRICHT, of St. Ignatius' Institute, Antwerp, Belgium, has written a little brochure, *Vocation* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 10 cents), telling how a vocation to the priest-

hood and to the religious state may be ascertained and followed out. Father Paul Conniff, S.J., has adapted this conference for English readers, and has added in an appendix the decision on priestly vocation given by a commission of Cardinals in 1912 at the time of the Abbé Lahitton controversy.

DIEDERICH-SCHAEFER COMPANY of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has issued the seventh edition of the little manual, entitled *Catholic Belief and Practice*, by Rev. James E. McGavick. The manual sells for 15 cents a single copy; and \$10.00 per hundred.

THE Boys' Orphan Asylum of Manchester, New Hampshire, has sent us an excellent little treatise called *A Few Suggestions for the Practical Nurse*. Price, 15 cents.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The United States Bureau of Education has sent us the following pamphlets: *Organization of State Departments of Education*, by A. C. Monahan; *The Present Status of the Honor System in Colleges and Universities*, by B. T. Baldwin; *The Educational Museum of the St. Louis Public Schools*, by Carl G. Rathman; *The Health of School Children*, by W. H. Heck; *The Efficiency of Rural School Teachers*, by H. W. Foght; *Literary Instruction in Universities, Colleges and Normal Schools*, by H. R. Evans; *Education for the Home*, by B. R. Andrews; *The Training of Teachers in England, Scotland, and Germany*, by C. H. Judd; *The Present Status of Drawing and Art in the Elementary and Secondary Schools of the United States*, by R. B. Farnum; *Agricultural Teaching*; *The Kindergarten in Benevolent Institutions*; *The Care of Health in Girard College, Philadelphia*; *A Study of the Colleges and High Schools in the North Central Association*, and *Cooking in the Vocational School*, by I. P. O'Leary.

The United States Department of Agriculture has published four pamphlets on *The Social and Labor Needs, the Domestic, Educational and Economic Needs of Farm Women*.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society of Melbourne has sent us *Cultured Paganism*, by Rev. W. J. Tucker, S.J.; *The Kultur Kampf*, by Dr. G. R. Baldwin; *A Soldier's Son and Other Stories*, by Miriam Agatha; *Thoughts on a First Reading of the Life and Poems of Francis Thompson*, by Miss N. Boylan; *Blessed Peter Chanel* (a play). Price, 5 cents each.

The America Press have published some interesting articles in some of the late issues of *The Catholic Mind*: *Dr. Walsh's Sixty Historical Don'ts and Fifty Don'ts of Science*; *The Jesuit Myth*; *Catholic Sociology*; *Was Shakespeare a Catholic?* *The Menace and the Mails*, *The Church and the Mexican Revolution*, and *The Ethics of War*.

We acknowledge the Forty-third Annual Report of the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, the Forty-sixth Annual Report of St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys, and the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Corporations to the

Secretary of Commerce, Washington, D. C., and the Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

The United States Brewers' Association has issued its 1914 Year Book, containing the reports delivered at the Fifty-fourth Annual Convention held in New Orleans, November 18-21, 1914, and additional chapters on the Alcohol Question and Saloon Reform.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Les Vaillantes du Devoir—Études Feminines, by Leon-Rimbault. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 frs. 50.) The Abbé Leon Rimbault has just published a new edition of the conferences which he delivered some years ago in Cahors, France. The various chapters are entitled: Woman Who Think, Women Who Love, Women Who Weep, Women Who Pray, Women Who Work, etc. The volume concludes with four panegyrics on St. Genevieve, St. Clotilda, Blanche of Castile, and Joan of Arc.

Les Sacraments, by Monsignor Besson. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 2 vols. 6 frs.) This is the tenth edition of Monsignor Besson's well-known conferences on the Sacraments delivered some thirty years ago in the cathedral of Besançon, France.

Examen Conscientia; seu Methodus excipiendi confessiones variis in linguis scilicet germanice, gallice, brittanice, italice, hispanice, et polonice. Auctore P. Fulgentio Maria Krebs, Ord. Min. Cap. (New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 20 cents.) Presenting in brief compass the main words and phrases commonly used in the administering and receiving of the Sacrament of Penance, the brochure published by Father Krebs will be useful both to people and to priests when they are at the disadvantage of not knowing well the language that necessity forces them to employ. It covers the ordinary points fairly, though without indicating the pronunciation of the words.

De Curia Romana, by Felix M. Capello. Vol. II. (New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. \$1.75 net.) This is the second volume of Father Capello's excellent treatise on the Roman Curia, according to the reform of Pope Pius X. Book I. discusses the vacancy of the Holy See and the rights and duties of all Roman officials during the interim. Book II. discusses the historical and juridical aspects of Papal elections, the Conclave, the right of veto, etc. Some questions are rather superficially treated, as, for instance, the problem of an heretical or insane Pope. The bibliography shows an ignorance of German.

François Suarez, by Abbé Raoul de Scorraille, S.J. 2 vols. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 15 frs.) The Abbé Scorraille has written a most detailed life of the great Jesuit theologian Suarez, the *Doctor eximius et pius*. He presents him to us as the model religious, humble, obedient, and mortified; the indefatigable professor of philosophy and theology in the Jesuit Colleges of Salamanca, Segovia, Valladolid, Rome, Alcalá and Coimbra; the original and subtle thinker and writer on the most abstruse questions of theology. The student will find many points of interest in these two volumes, *v. g.*, his controversies with Vasquez; his share in the formation of the Jesuit *ratio studiorum*; his contributions to the discussion of the *de auxiliis*; his views about confession by letter or messenger which were condemned by Rome; his *Defensio fidei* against James I. of England, etc. These two volumes represent the labor of many years, the writer showing a perfect acquaintance with both the printed and the unedited works of Suarez.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Clergy and Blood Shedding. By Monsignor Moyes, D.D. From a very early date priests were exempt from military service, and were forbidden to take part in deeds of bloodshed or slaughter. The General Council of Chalcedon in A. D. 451 is held to have prohibited, even under pain of anathema, members of the clergy or monastic bodies from joining the army or seeking secular dignities. The prohibition was reaffirmed by local councils in France and Spain and elsewhere, and became part of the staple of Canon Law in East and West. The civil law, as far back as the code of Theodosius, early in the fifth century, bears witness to its enforcement by the fact that it took special precautions that men should not become monks or clerics merely to escape serving in the army. The basic reason of the prohibition was the deep-seated conviction in the mind of the Church that acts of violence and the shedding of blood were out of keeping with the Christ-like gentleness which she has the right to expect from her clergy. So strong was this feeling that in later times even the exercise of surgery by clerics was forbidden by Canon Law. Of course the clergy were always allowed on the battlefield to help the wounded and the dying, to act as counselors, chaplains, and confessors.

In the Middle Ages the bishops, as feudal barons—and often as commissioners of array—had to raise troops for the king from the Church lands of their sees, but they were forbidden to lead such levies in person. The line between mustering troops and leading them occasionally proved too thin, and some bishops assumed command of their armies, while not actually fighting, and a few, notably the Bishops of Beauvais and of Norwich, went straight into the hurly-burly of the conflict. The latter, however, humbly acknowledged the trespass, and the disqualification from using his orders which it involved, and humbly petitioned Pope Boniface IX., who in May, 1390, restored him to the exercise of his ministry. Other like requests are cited, and the answers given by Rome, which show the continuity of principle and practice on this banning of bloodshed by clerics.—*The Tablet*, April 10-17.

Verhaeren: Flemish Poet and Patriot. By Mrs. V. M. Craw-

ford. Vital national characteristics form the basis of Verhaeren's muse: the strong mystical element that gave us Ruysbroeck and the author of the *Imitation*, Jan van Eyck and Memling, and, in startling contrast, the grossly material element so marvelously visualized by the Flemish Old Masters. In spite of frequent sojourns abroad, Verhaeren has been singularly untouched by foreign influences. In certain moods, as in *Les Flamandes*, he has no reticence, no sense of discrimination; in *Les Débâcles* and *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, we see "the beauty of disease," the expression of paroxysms of despair. In *Les Villages Illusoires* he passes into a serener atmosphere, treating his old peasant themes, but in their symbolical significance. The countryside he sings with sympathy; the cities with their factories, with horror and aversion. As a dramatist, he is not so successful, though *Le Cloître* achieved on the Continent a fair measure of success before intellectual audiences; it reads, however, much better than it acts.

In his *Visions de la Vie*, Verhaeren seems to have shown the full fruition of his genius, and to have attained to a clearer understanding of life. Woman and sexual love fill small space in his appreciation of the world's forces. His own development seems to be in the direction of pantheism. His strongest admirers have been found in Germany; by an accident of education he writes only in French. His permanent reputation will rest on his power of interpreting the soul of his own race.—*The Dublin Review*, April.

The Tablet (April 10): Dr. Peter Guilday, of the Catholic University of America, in two articles, April 10th and 17th, describes the attempts made by Pope Innocent XI. to relieve the condition of Catholics in England and of English Catholic exiles in Belgium (1676-1689).—The Bishop of Zanzibar, of Kikuyu fame, has excommunicated his Anglican confrère, the Bishop of Hereford, for admitting as a Canon of his cathedral, Mr. Streeter, the author of one of the most rationalistic books of modern times. The Bishop of Hereford in protest calls attention to the fact "that Canon Streeter has not even been arraigned, much less condemned, before any ecclesiastical court or synod, and that he continues to hold a license to officiate from my brother Bishop, the Bishop of Oxford."—Recently Sir Harcourt Butler, Member for Education, introduced a bill in the Legislative Council of India for the constitution of a University at Benares, "with special facilities for instruction in the Hindu religion." The *Guardian* makes the

following apposite comment: "The logic of facts is getting too strong for the theories of undenominationalism, it having been found in practice that, to promote education with any degree of success, you must give people largely the kind of teaching, including religious teaching, for which they ask."—During recent excavations in the church of St. Austin's Abbey, Canterbury, there have been laid bare the remains of the work begun by Abbot Wulfric between 1056 and 1059; also the remains of the despoiled tombs of the three immediate successors of St. Augustine in the See of Canterbury—Archbishops Laurence, Mellitus, and Justus. Parts of the original flooring and of what may be the altar of St. Gregory, and the empty grave where the body of St. Mildred was laid by Wulfric, were also uncovered. Whether there are any corresponding vestiges of the tombs of St. Austin and of Densdedit and of Honorius remains to be seen.

The Month (May): The Editor contributes a discussion, in the form of Plato's dialogues, on *The Ethics of Prohibition*.—Rev. J. H. Pollen describes the origin of the Appellant Controversy in England in 1598. It arose after the end of Dr. Allen's patriarchate, when Father Persons, S.J., was working for the establishment of a local church government under episcopal control. It was eventually decided by Rome that the new hierarchy should be sacerdotal, not episcopal, and George Blackwell was sent as the first Archpriest, but the events before his coming and the wording of the constitution according to which he was commissioned, stirred up exceedingly bitter feelings against the Jesuits.—S. E. S. selects Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints* to prove that a non-Catholic cannot really understand the Saints. Such a one must write of them as from without, not from within.—Rev. John Baptist Reeves, O.P., reviews the history of Lanfranc, monk of the Monastery of Bec, later Archbishop of Canterbury, and intermediary between Pope St. Gregory VII. and William the Conqueror. Father Reeves' purpose is to show that Lanfranc not only exhibited the mediæval spirit; but that this spirit "was a principle which he understood, an ideal which he cultivated, a life which he deliberately and intelligently lived and propagated." The secret of his greatness was "the old ideal, sublime yet practical, of the Church of Christ," namely, the indwelling of the Spirit of Truth. Could our age be brought to adopt this same ideal, it would solve that problem to which all others are reducible: the art of making men.—Rev.

Herbert Thurston, S.J., discusses the authorship of the prayer *Anima Christi*. The earliest reference to it is in the diary of the celebrated mystic, Margaret Ebner, in 1344, whose spiritual director was a Dominican, Father Henry of Nordlingen. This suggests the possibility that the prayer originated among the Friars Preachers. The rubrics connecting its authorship with Pope John XXII. are untrustworthy.

The Dublin Review (April): In *Toynbee Hall in the Settlement Movement*, James Britten reviews at length the founding and the work of Toynbee Hall, "The Mother of Settlements." In the words of Dr. Picht, the historian and former resident of the Hall, it "represents a fiasco of humanitarian liberalism." Mr. Britten discusses prominent Catholic settlements, such as St. Cecilia's house and St. Anthony's settlement.—Mr. Wilfrid Ward contributes a commentary on Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral, and reminiscences and criticisms of *The Journalism of Great Englishmen*.—F. F. Urquhart makes *A Plea for International Law*, with the formation of an international conscience, and urges the Church to take the lead in this matter.—A. H. Pollen writes on *The Submarine Myth*.—Rev. Herbert Thurston bemoans *The Plague of False Prophets*. He shows that "in the whole of ecclesiastical history not one satisfactory example can be quoted of a prophet, whether canonized or not, who has clearly predicted any unguessable future event *which was of public interest*." And if Saints have added practically nothing to our knowledge of the future destiny of the world, is it likely that any obscure Brother Johannes or Madame de Thèbes will have information to impart worthy of confidence?

Revue du Clergé Français (April 15): J. Bricout praises the learning, honesty, clearness, style, and Catholic spirit exhibited by M. Georges Goyau in his nine volumes on the religious history of Germany in the nineteenth century.—J. Touzard begins a description of his trip in 1912 to Mt. Sinai from Cairo.—A. Villien praises the series of studies by M. Paul Viard on the history of tithes, particularly his latest volume on ecclesiastical tithes in France in the sixteenth century.

Le Correspondant (April 10): George Fonsegrive criticizes Durkheim's recent work on the origins of religion.—Max

Turmann offers his second article on *The War and the International Organization of Charity in Switzerland*, describing the beneficent activities of the "Society for the Protection of Young Girls," the Gerdil Agency founded by Madame J. Jaquenond-Gloor and M. Gerdil, and the "Swiss Catholic Mission to French Prisoners in Germany."

(May 1): Abbé Wetterlé describes the present religious situation in Alsace-Lorraine.—M. Grillon de Givry has published a pamphlet on the *Survival and Marriage of Joan of Arc*, a legend which E. Vacandard has little difficulty in killing once more.—A. Vincent pays an extended tribute to the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (April 15): A. Eymieu notes points of opposition and of affinity between the scientific and the religious spirit.—The Russian Duma projects an essential change in the constitution of the Holy Synod. Its defenders deny the authority of the Duma to do this. But the official review of the ecclesiastical academy of Petrograd shows from history that the Synod does not correspond with either canon or civil law, but has been for two centuries entirely subject to the authority of the State.

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.

The tenth month of the War has witnessed **Progress of the War.** but little change in the situation. Certain gains have indeed been made by the French—nearly a mile in Alsace, in more than two miles near Arras, a somewhat noteworthy advance in the Woevre—but when these gains are compared with the task which still lies before the Allied Forces, the war must be considered as still in its early stages, especially as even on the West the Germans have been able to drive back the French lines for a short distance by the use of means hitherto looked upon as unlawful in civilized warfare. The advance failed, however, to reach Ypres, to say nothing of Calais, upon which, it was said, the Germans were to make another attempt. In the East, the position in East Prussia and through Poland has remained unchanged, while farther south, in Eastern Galicia, the Russians have not only failed in advancing into Hungary through the Carpathian passes, but have been driven back a considerable distance by the Austro-German army, although, according to the latest accounts, they have again made a stand, and even taken the offensive once more. The outcome of the many advances which Russia has made, followed, as they have invariably been, by as many retreats, has been very disappointing to those who looked to her success. However such disappointment need not necessarily mean despair. While her early successes led to the belief, or at least to the hope, that Berlin would be reached, those better acquainted with the capabilities of the Russian army felt doubtful about its being able to carry on an offensive campaign. For defence it was recognized as unconquerable, and if the campaign is now to take this character, no anxiety need be felt.

It must also be borne in mind, as a newspaper correspondent at Petrograd has pointed out, that the Russian attack has compelled

the German General Staff to divert to the East reinforcements which were originally meant for the West, and it will then be seen how great is the debt which the Allies owe to Russia. All through the winter the fate of the Allies has depended upon her. Had she remained passive, or suffered heavy defeats, she could have been left with a force relatively small to keep her quiet. The mass of the enemy's forces would then have been thrown against the French, Belgians, and British, before the latter had had time to prepare her army. On the contrary, Russia has never ceased to keep the Germans busy. Germany has not been able to devote her chief attention to the Western theatre, but has been hard put to it to know how to parry Russia's blows.

The long line which Russia has to defend must also be taken into account. While in the West the French occupy $543\frac{3}{4}$ miles, the British $31\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and the Belgians $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles, making in all $592\frac{1}{2}$ miles; in the East the line of the Russians extends over $856\frac{1}{4}$ miles. As the Servians and Montenegrins hold $218\frac{3}{4}$ miles, the whole extends to the enormous total of $1,667\frac{1}{2}$ miles, a distance greater than that from New York City to Oklahoma.

After having brought to a successful issue the contest with Germany in Togoland, Samoa, New Guinea, and the islands under the jurisdiction of its Governor, Great Britain and her Colonies have still seven campaigns on hand: France, the Dardanelles, Egypt, East Africa, the Cameroon, Mesopotamia, Southwest Africa, and East Africa. With the exception of that in France, which is, of course, the primary action of the War, the Dardanelles is the most serious. The first attempt in March may be considered a failure. It resulted, however, in the discovery of the necessity of land forces for the reduction of the forts. These forces are now being used. British and French troops have been landed, in what number is not known, nor with what success. Southwest Africa, where General Botha himself is in command of the troops, seems to have been so far the scene not of complete but of substantial success, the capital of the German territory having just fallen. Resistance, however, is not yet at an end. On the other hand, East Africa has been the scene of British reverses, in consequence of which the British have been forced to content themselves with acting on the defensive. They have, however, taken possession of an island on the coast of German East Africa, while maintaining an effective blockade of that colony. Moreover, the naval power of the Germans on Lake Victoria Nyanza has been destroyed, and its port on the same lake seized.

In the Cameroon the British and the French are acting in different parts of the colony with a varying degree of success. The coast, however, is effectually blockaded. All attacks so far made on Egypt by the Turks have been easily repulsed, whether finally or not remains to be seen, as they have an extremely truculent leader, who has taken a vow to conquer Egypt. Contrary to expectations the campaign in Mesopotamia has been renewed, Kurna, a place seized by the British some months ago, having been attacked by a new Turkish and Arabian army. This attack was unsuccessful, at least for the time being. It is said that British forces are acting in Persia for the protection of the oil wells, of which use is made by the British navy.

No vestige remains in any part of the world of German sea power, except where it is cooped up in the Kiel Canal or hidden beneath the waves—the submarine blockade. Liverpool shipowners, whom it is most likely to affect, look upon the submarine attack as a mere farce, a quarter of one per cent being the value of the loss it has so far inflicted. The total cargo losses from the beginning of the war suffered by Great Britain amount to a little more than two dollars and a half out of five hundred dollars. It is the imagination only that is affected by the record in the papers of submarine successes, for nothing is said of the hundreds of safe voyages.

The one "achievement" of the German submarine warfare is the awful crime of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*. This, terrible though the cost has been, may be said to have proved an immense gain not only for the Allies, but for the world. It has already yielded fruit of the highest value. It has brought home to all willing to see, in a way in which nothing else could have done, the real character of German warfare. Best of all it has enabled this country at last to take the stand which many thought ought to have been taken on account of the wrongs inflicted on Belgium. The President judged that in that case we had no *locus standi*; the destruction of the *Lusitania* has given this to us. The claim of America to lead the civilized world, which many were beginning to think was mere clap-trap, has now been fully vindicated. It is not that this country's entry into war is desirable; in fact, the contrary is the case, for what would become of Belgium and Poland? The supreme value of the President's action consists in the proof which it affords, that there is still a voice outside the ranks of the Allies not afraid to brand in fitting terms the crimes of the nation before whom the rest of the world seems to be cowering. If the smaller

nations, Holland and Norway, which have been treated in a like manner, now take a similar stand, a league of neutral nations might be formed, which would be able to bring effectual pressure to bear upon the aggressor.

The striking characteristic of the present war is, of course, the immense number of combatants. What this precisely is, it is impossible to say: it cannot, however, be much less than ten millions. Perhaps even a more striking feature is the character which the warfare has assumed. Over the greater part of the ground it has taken rather the form of siege operations than that of stricken battlefields. The chief defences, however, are not stone forts or even earthworks, but trenches with barbed wire entanglements. The latter are so elaborate as to necessitate the use of artillery on an immense scale, as was proved at Neuve Chapelle. In view of the adoption of machine guns, individual bravery would appear to be useless. These guns fire five hundred bullets a minute, and the Germans had, it is said, fifty thousand of them. In a recent action it is calculated that thirty million shots were fired. This, of course, gives the explanation of the awful loss of life. At Neuve Chapelle the British lost more than at Waterloo, and yet Neuve Chapelle was but an episode in the present war. In spite, however, of the apparent uselessness for human beings attempting to contend with death-dealing machinery of this character, the spirit of the man of our times has risen to the occasion. There has been no flinching. The records of the past have, in fact, been far surpassed. The established rule has hitherto been that when ten per cent of the holders of a trench had been killed or wounded, the trench was to be evacuated. Many instances have taken place in the present war when after fifty per cent had been incapacitated the men have refused to yield. However comfort-seeking and even luxurious our times may be, the soldiers they have produced will stand for unsurpassed noble daring, and the spirit of sacrifice second to none, in the records of history.

Another characteristic of the war cannot be passed over in silence: it has been waged as a lawless war. Never has there been a more complete disappointment than that of those who have boasted of modern progress. A list, and one by no means complete, which includes the wholesale laying of mines without due notice, the sinking without warning of merchant ships; the unnamable and innumerable outrages upon non-combatant men, women, and children; the poisoning of wells; the oft-repeated killing of soldiers

wounded in battle; the brutal treatment of prisoners of war; the organized and systematic campaign of mendacity, of which the statement that the *Lusitania* carried an armament of twelve strongly mounted guns is only one of a hundred instances, cannot be matched, when taken together for barbarism and savagery, by any war that has ever yet taken place. As no event happens without antecedents, any hopes for the future of humanity which may be still entertained, depend upon such a study of the antecedents which have led up to the present crisis as will provide a remedy. It will doubtless be found, as our Holy Father has pointed out, that to the pursuit of material welfare as the chief object of life, the evil is in large measure to be attributed.

Yet another and more pleasant characteristic, or at least resultant of this war, may be mentioned—the outpouring of charity of which it has been the occasion. A single fund for the help of the dependents of those engaged in the war reached, in comparatively a short time, the large sum of twenty-five millions, a sum which is still being added to, while a single newspaper raised more than a million in aid of the Red Cross. Every kind of help and comfort is being lavishly contributed—tobacco, books, musical instruments, picture shows. Actors have gone near the front to amuse the soldier, and preachers to instruct him. A soldier who in some way had let it become known that he was suffering from loneliness became, within a few days, the recipient of three thousand letters and eighty parcels.

The movement for Church union which has been developing and growing stronger for many years, will undoubtedly receive a great impetus. The thoughts of men have been turned in a way, never experienced before, to the dread realities of death and eternity, and in their presence the divisions made by men tend to lose their hold. The religion which best gives to men, in the awful scenes through which they are passing, the help of which they stand in need, will find a better way to acceptance than ever before. As the need of Christ is being felt with greater urgency, the Church which supplies that need, the one which brings Christ closer, will be more and more recognized as satisfying the aspirations of the soul.

France.

In France no change has taken place in the Government, which maintains the firm determination to achieve the objects announced at first. To use the words of M. Viviani, “France is ready for all

sacrifices like her Allies who are fighting by her side for the right. So long as it is necessary to fight, France will fight. In common with her Allies, she will not contemplate the idea of peace until, together with them, she has driven the aggressor from the soil of Belgium, regained her own territorial integrity, and by a joint effort freed Europe from Prussian militarism. France owes this to her history, to her past, and to her honor. She owes it also to those of her children who are bleeding and dying, and who are sure that such immense sacrifices are not being made in order to secure a merely precarious peace." A few of the Socialists who showed signs of wavering met with universal condemnation. While all classes have vied with each other in offering themselves to the service of their country, the aristocracy has particularly distinguished itself. Among these may be mentioned the Comte La Fitte de Pelleport, who at the age of fifty-nine enlisted as a volunteer for the duration of the war, but died early in the war on the field of battle.

There are, of course, exceptions to this as to every rule. A number of strapping adults have saved themselves from going to the front by becoming clerks at military stores, or driving unnecessary motor-cars in Paris. They are numerous enough to have received the special name of *embusqués*, which is applied to them in derision. The average middle and lower class family is giving liberally all for the nation—its men, its still growing boys, and all but the very shreds of its income. The feeling is universal that it is a sin for a man who is able to fight not to be engaged in the defence of his country. So keen is this feeling that something like resentment is expressed by some classes in France that the war does not seem to mean so much to the people of Great Britain as to themselves. They cannot understand that life in Great Britain can go on undisturbed, with its strikes and labor troubles, its business and bank holidays as usual. Doubt is even felt whether England is really as earnest about the war as France—a doubt which is without the shadow of a justification.

Foreign observers have been struck by the fraternal feeling that exists between the officers and the men in the French army, a thing which is one of the outcomes of the democratic *régime* in France. Officers and non-commissioned officers sit at the same table in a spirit of good-fellowship, to the amazement of the British. A private does not feel embarrassed at facing his commandant in a restaurant; they talk freely to each other even at the front. And this

is done without any detriment to discipline. Behind the friendly feeling of officers and men the discipline is of the sternest, and it has asserted itself in the present war whenever the occasion has called for it. The Commander-in-Chief, its fountain head, has been unpitied when efficiency is concerned. He has rejuvenated the Higher Command; the French army is now a young army; its generals are now about ten years younger than their predecessors. The older men, with a few exceptions, have retired or have been given other work. Many privates have been raised from the ranks; nor is there any feeling in France in such cases. The spirit of democracy is strong enough to prevent any resentment being shown. The millionaire who responds to the mobilization order in his motor-car, may have to accept orders from his servant who is a sergeant. General Joffre, or as he is often called, Père Joffre, retains in his hands without dispute the destinies of France, commanding, as he does, the complete confidence of the nation, it having found in him the necessary man. The story is told about Marshal von Hindenburg that when he was asked to choose what general should be sent as his Chief-of-Staff, he replied "General Joffre." He has emerged so far as the great personality of the war, and he is being loyally supported without jealousy or recrimination by the whole of the French nation.

Germany.

It is all but impossible to learn the real state of mind of the German people. Unshakable confidence in ultimate success are the public declarations of high and low. If, however, reliance can be placed in letters found upon prisoners or the dead, in private circles this confidence is being shaken. The impressions formed by travelers are almost uniform in giving testimony to German determination and confidence, especially of those travelers who have trodden the more beaten paths. In some places, however, a more chastened feeling exists. For example, at Leipzig a preacher, in the course of his sermon, expressed his willingness to allow that victory depended upon the will of God, and that it was within the range of possibility that it might be His will to punish them. "We have been too proud of worldly goods, too eager for wealth, too deaf to the laws of God, not to tremble now lest He punish us. He never errs; we may all err; the Emperor may err; but God never errs."

Divergence is already beginning to manifest itself among the professors as to the responsibility for the war. Up to August 4th

practically all agreed in laying the blame to Russia; since that date the same agreement existed that it was to Great Britain that the war was due. A pamphlet, however, has recently been published, written by Dr. Arnold Meyer, Professor of History in the University of Rostock, which exonerates Great Britain from all formal guilt, still laying, however, to her charge a "guilt without intention." Having subjected the record of recent years to a strict examination, he finds that by entering into the Triple Entente, Great Britain fostered the antagonism to Germany of France and Russia, but was not able to control them, even when she desired so to do. Her policy has, therefore, been not so much wicked and malicious as shortsighted. The professor's pamphlet has not yet stemmed the tide of hatred to England, which has risen to such heights in Germany, but which has now been extended in a less degree to this country and even to Holland, and in a measure to all neutrals. For France quite different feelings are expressed, mingled with the hope of separating that country from the cause of her Allies. Some go so far as to say that for a sum of money, Alsace-Lorraine might be returned to France if the two provinces declared by vote their desire to return to France again.

Italy.

A somewhat sarcastic observer of the attitude of Italy and of the Balkan States has characterized it as that of the man who is sitting on the fence waiting to give his help to the winning side. Italy disclaims such base opportunism, and, indeed, the difficulty of her situation renders such a disclaimer plausible. The long delay which has occurred, has been largely due to the fact that the Government which preceded the present had left the army so badly provided with arms and munitions that it was impossible for it to take an active part. This difficulty has now been overcome. There is no question of her going to war on the side of Germany. The question is between neutrality and joining the Allies.

On the condition of her remaining neutral, Austria, it is believed, has promised to make certain cessions of territory, the inhabitants of which are chiefly Italian. The chief ambition of Italy, however, is to acquire complete control of the Adriatic, a control which is now limited by Austria-Hungary's possession of the ports of Trieste and Fiume. Austria-Hungary is naturally unwilling to make so great a sacrifice. On the other hand, in the event of the success of the Allies, even if Italy by joining them should contribute

to that success, it is not certain that this ambition would be realized, for Serbia has long been clamoring for a way to the Adriatic. This claim has been recently backed in a very impolitic way by a part of the press of Russia, although the Government of Russia has not supported this claim. So Italy, so far as it is represented by its Government, is in doubt where her interests lie, and it is only about her interests that the Government is concerned. This uncertainty has given rise to wide differences of opinion, and has, moreover, afforded an opportunity for German intrigue. Signor Salandra's Cabinet leaned strongly to the policy of intervention on the side of the Allies, but on so momentous a question was unwilling to act unless it received the support of all parties. Being doubtful about securing this support the Prime Minister resigned. This resignation almost produced a revolution, for the people as a whole are bent upon war with Austria to enable Italy to take the last step in the liberation of the Italians still under a foreign yoke. The King made every effort to find a successor able and willing to form a Cabinet. Having failed in this attempt, he was obliged to refuse to accept Signor Salandra's resignation. He consequently remains in power, although with a slightly modified Cabinet. As these lines are being written the question of war with Austria hangs in the balance, with the strong probability that war will be declared. The Italian Parliament is to meet on the twentieth.

The situation in the Balkans remains unchanged. **The Balkan States.** Rumania remains quiescent: her action largely, it is said, depends on that of Italy. Bulgaria's Prime Minister has declared his resolve to remain neutral. One of the political parties is strongly anti-Russian and pro-Austrian, the whole nation is anti-Servian, and a general distrust exists of the rest of the world resulting from the treatment Bulgaria received during and after the recent wars. How bad are her relations with Serbia may be judged from the recent inroad made into Servian territory by bands from Bulgaria, although the Government of Bulgaria disclaims all responsibility for these disturbances. The inaction of Greece is one of the chief puzzles. The attack made by the Allies upon the Dardanelles afforded the Greeks an opportunity of attaining the objects for which they have sought for centuries. The fact that some five hundred thousand Greeks have been driven from their homes by the Turks, made an appeal upon their sympathies. The arrangement made with

Bulgaria by M. Venezelos removed all danger from that quarter. Yet none of these considerations, nor yet her alliance with Servia, moved Greece to action. M. Venezelos has, in disgust, left the country of which he has been the saviour. It is rumored that petticoat influence has had something to do in the matter. This, however, is hotly decried, as well as that the dread of the German military machine has cowed the officers of the army.

Portugal.

The Portuguese Republic has greatly disappointed its well-wishers. For the past five years obscure personalities have more or less precariously dominated the situation, and have come and gone as the result of underground intrigues. It would serve no purpose to trace the history of the past twelve months, the only thing worth mentioning is that even the pretense of constitutional government was being superseded. The Ministry in power was almost autocratic, and was alleged to be playing into the hands of the Royalists. This has at last aroused the hostility of zealous Republicans. As in the case of the expulsion of the Royalists, the navy took the lead. The army was divided in opinion and at first offered resistance. This, however, seems to have been soon overcome, for in Lisbon, at least, the revolutionary party succeeded in their efforts, and within twenty-four hours a new Cabinet has been appointed, pledged to govern on Republican principles. The position of the President, Dr. Manoel Arriaga, has so far not been affected by the enforced change of Ministry. The members of the late Cabinet have been put in prison.

With Our Readers.

THE rights of our country were outrageously violated when a German submarine torpedoed and sank the steamship *Lusitania*, thus causing the death of over one hundred American citizens, men, women, and children. President Wilson has voiced, in a strong and dignified manner, the protest of the nation in his note of May 13th to the German Government.

Through this act of lawlessness we have been made to suffer "injuries which are without measure."

Our President's action has, it is almost needless to say, the loyal support of every American; and the same loyalty will be extended to him in whatever further course he may take for upholding the rights, the dignity, and the honor of the nation.

* * * *

IT is eminently significant also that President Wilson pleads not only for the rights of the nation, but for the rights of all humanity. The document is in this sense one of the most important ever issued by our Government. It dares to ask and to expect great moral ideals from men; and it places high, but not too high, the standard of human justice which should guide us all. Some there are who say that all such appeals are idle and impractical talk; but without faith in the best, or at least the better part of ourselves and of our fellows, how can we ever preach hope? With what enthusiasm and trust can we ever declare the Gospel of our Lord and teachings of our Holy Church—which many have rejected as impossible, which many are now claiming to be a failure, "foolishness and a stumbling block"—unless we see the possibility of an answering response in those to whom we appeal? True it is that we can only plant and water, that God alone gives the increase, but it is to man that He gives it, and He makes or leaves them free agents in accepting it and profiting by it.

* * * *

IT was Luther who taught that human nature is essentially depraved; and Calvin who preached a fatal predestination. Catholic doctrine is opposed to both; and the Catholic Church has not hesitated to declare to man the whole counsel of God, and to impose upon him as an intellectual and a moral burden the whole Gospel of Jesus Christ, which she preserves for the salvation of the world.

WE say, therefore, that the President's document is of singular importance, because it helps to bring to men's minds an ideal of justice, the general observance of which would surely work for peace and well-being among all men and all nations. The President appeals for "those rules of fairness, justice and humanity which all modern opinion regards as imperative." He champions the "sacred principles of justice and humanity." He condemns "the unlawful and inhumane act."

* * * *

THIS note of the President's was seconded by his New York speech of May 17th. He spoke of the United States battleships, then lying in the Hudson River, as no instruments of bluster or aggression, but as engines of force to promote the interests of humanity.

For the interesting and inspiring thing about America, gentlemen, is that she asks nothing for herself except what she has a right to ask for humanity itself. We want no nation's property; we wish to question no nation's honor; we wish to stand selfishly in the way of the development of no nation; we want nothing that we cannot get by our own legitimate enterprise and by the inspiration of our own example, and, standing for these things, it is not pretension on our part to say that we are privileged to stand for what every nation would wish to stand for, and speaking for those things which all humanity must desire.

When I think of the flag which those ships carry, the only touch of color about them, the only thing that moves as if it had a settled spirit in it in their solid structure, it seems to me that I see alternate strips of parchment upon which are written the rights of liberty, of justice, and strips of blood spilt to vindicate those rights, and then, in the corner, a prediction of the blue serene into which every nation may swim which stands for those great things.

The mission of America is the only thing that a sailor or soldier should think about; he has nothing to do with the formulation of her policy; he is to support her policy whatever it is—but he is to support her policy in the spirit of herself, and the strength of our policy is that we, who for the time being administer the affairs of this nation, do not originate her spirit; we attempt to embody it; we attempt to realize it in action; we are dominated by it, we do not dictate it. And so with every man in arms who serves the nation, he stands and waits to do the thing which the nation desires.

America sometimes seems, perhaps, to forget her programme or, rather I would say, that sometimes those who represent her seem to forget her programme, but the people never forget. It is as startling as it is touching to see wherever you touch a principle you touch the hearts of the people of the United States.

CARDINAL MAFFI AND THE ITALIAN PRESS REFORM.

BY RUTH EGERTON.

OWING to chronic Italian "State railway" methods, it took us almost nine hours to cover a distance of one hundred miles in order to reach Pisa for a special audience of Pisa's Cardinal, Pietro Maffi.

We had seen the all-important Decree pronounced by Pope Benedict XV., as it was concisely printed in the *Osservatore Romano*, and we went immediately to hear from the originator and initiator of this great movement for the betterment of the Italian press, all that could as yet be said of the scheme. Notwithstanding the railway delays, the Cardinal had kept an extended time free for the audience. We were received at once, and His Eminence then told us what could be told. "It must be remembered," he said, "that as yet everything had to be formulated, only the outlines of the scheme had been laid down by His Holiness. If," said the Cardinal, "a good working plan were established within six months it would mean great progress."

The main idea of the movement and the purpose, for which it is obvious funds must be gathered on a large scale from all Catholics, is to combat the stream of evil printed matter which for years past, and with ever-increasing power, has been and is being poured into the ears of the people of Italy, attacking openly, covertly, skillfully, by every conceivable means the religious and moral faith of the Italians. Hence, as His Eminence remarked, "the scheme *must* succeed; offerings must come in; for everyone who feels himself to be a Catholic will surely help."

The movement for a good press proposes, then, to fight the bad press. It suggests perfecting, if possible, the few already existing Catholic papers, and it will deliberate on the advisability of purchasing a new "daily" attractive to the lower classes, the publication of an illustrated weekly and the inauguration in poor localities of the parish magazine or bulletin. It proposes also to establish delegates in every city of importance, and in every diocese throughout Italy.

It is obvious that large funds will be required for such work. As yet, however, the Papal Decree fixed \$1.00 a year as a sufficient sum to constitute each subscriber an associate of this new "Work." As long, therefore, as Catholics say, "We will send our subscription when we see what the society prints," the society must needs reply, "We cannot work until we have the funds." So it is obvious that the first thing to do is for every one of us, not only Italian but American Catholics also (many of whom know and love Italy and deeply deplore its corrupt and anti-Christian press), to send his quota direct and speedily to His Eminence, Cardinal Pietro Maffi, the Archiepiscopal Palace, Pisa, Italy.

It is impossible to exaggerate the need; it is impossible to overlook the incessant, insidious and open attacks, daily made, on the faith of the masses. A long residence in Italy entitles us to be believed as to this. And when one remembers the thousands of Italians who settle in all parts of the United States, surely it would be poor policy, if nothing else, to disregard and refrain from assisting, as far as it is in

our power, such a world-wide reform as this movement promises to be in the capable hands of Cardinal Maffi. There is no doubt that this reform will be ably carried out. A complete programme of what is to be done, and how, will be published as soon as possible, and meanwhile the Cardinal of Pisa will be glad to consider any practical suggestion as to the detailed working out of the scheme.

MANY more letters of congratulation on the Golden Jubilee of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have reached us. It is impossible on account of lack of space to publish them. We feel, however, that our readers will be particularly pleased to see the subjoined letter from His Eminence Cardinal Falconio, who endeared himself to all Americans; the second letter affords us an opportunity to make amends for an omission.

PIAZZA CAVOUR 17
ROMA

April 15, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

It has just come to my notice, in the April number of THE WORLD, that you are celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the inception of its publication. I am glad to add my own hearty congratulations to the many that you have already received. The splendid work that your review has done for the Catholic cause from the days when it was practically alone in the field down to the present, makes it deserving of the highest praise.

I pray that God may bless your efforts, and that THE CATHOLIC WORLD may not only continue, but increase its titles to the gratitude of the American Church.

With a special blessing, I remain

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

✠D. CARDINAL FALCONIO.

ST. JOSEPH'S RECTORY.

CLARKSVILLE, TEXAS, May 14, 1915.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

In the chorus of well-merited praise and congratulation which has hailed the half-century anniversary of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, I willingly join. My father was among the earliest subscribers, and THE WORLD has been a valued life-long friend. As a boy I read with eagerness and pleasure the translations of Erckmann-Chatrian's *The Conscript* and *The Invasion* I found in the bound volumes; also such admirable original serials as *The House of Yorke* and *Dion and the Sibyls*.

But permit me to call your attention to a doubtless unintentional but very regrettable oversight in the historical sketches and reminiscences of THE CATHOLIC WORLD appearing in the recent numbers. It is strange that no one has remembered to give credit or even to mention Mr. George Hecker, Father Hecker's brother, in connection with the early years of the magazine. Mr. Hecker was a successful business man, and, I believe, a convert of his illustrious brother. Anyhow I distinctly recall seeing years ago in a notice of Father Hecker by someone evidently familiar with the facts, that George Hecker played a capital part in the financing of THE WORLD, and that without his

generous and frequent aid it would have been impossible to carry the magazine through its critical years. *Cui tributum, tributum.*

With wishes for continued and increased usefulness for THE CATHOLIC WORLD, I am

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE J. REID.

We are pleased that the present correspondent has given us this opportunity of testifying to the generous support which Mr. George Hecker extended to THE CATHOLIC WORLD in its early years. As Father Reid says, it was Mr. Hecker's aid that made possible the launching of the magazine.—[Ed. C. W.]

THE advance pages of the 1915 Syllabus of the Catholic Summer School show a most inviting and important series of lectures and discussions. The Chairman of the Board of Studies merits our congratulations. It would be impossible to reprint here the entire announcement covering the ten weeks of the session. We summarize the lectures that are grouped under different departments.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.—Director, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P.

July 11th. "A University in Print," by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J.

July 18th. "Christian Belief, the Basis of Christian Practice," by Very Rev. Edward G. Fitzgerald, O.P.

August 8th. Address by His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston.

August 10th. "Education and Unrest," a Lecture by Hon. Thomas W. Churchill.

August 16th-20th. Five lectures on "The Church and Primary Education," by Rev. John W. Dillon.

August 23d. "University Extension," by John H. Finley, LL.D.

August 23d-27th. Five lectures on "Education," by John H. Haaren, Ph.D.
"Field Work in Nature Studies." A daily course at 4 P. M., beginning July 26th and continuing four weeks, by Frederick L. Holtz, M.A., under the direction of Gustave Straubenmüller, D.Lit.

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.—Director, Rev. Francis P. Siegfried.

July 19th-23d. Five lectures on "Logical Theory," by Rev. John D. Roach, M.A.

July 26th-30th. Five lectures on "The Great Truths of the Soul," by Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C.S.C.

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND TRAVEL.—Director, Rev. John J. Donlan, Ph.D.

July 5th-9th. Five lectures on "Famous Victories of the Church," by Rev. Benjamin F. Teeling.

July 13th. "Catholics of the Eastern Rite in the United States," by Hon. Andrew J. Shipman, LL.D.

July 26th-30th. Five lectures on "What Men were Doing and Thinking when Columbus Discovered America," by James J. Walsh, M.D.

August 6th. "The Early Missions of California," by Edward B. Shallow, Ph.D.

August 9th-13th. Five lectures on the Bible, by Rev. Walter Drum, S.J.

August 16th-20th. Five lectures on "The Racial Background of European History," by Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J.

August 19th-20th. "Switzerland and the Hospice of St. Bernard, Jerusalem and Oberammergau," by Miss E. Angela Henry.

August 22d. "Lincoln, the Ideal American," by Rt. Rev. John L. Reilly, LL.D.

August 30th-31st. "Devotional Shrines of the New World and American Patriotism," by Rev. James F. Irwin.

DEPARTMENT OF THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCES.—Director, Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. J. Splaine, D.D.

July 4th. Patriotic address by Very Rev. John P. Chidwick, D.D.

July 12th. "The Church and Democracy," by Hon. W. Bourke Cockran.

July 19th. "New York, the Great Electrical Metropolis," by Thomas E. Murray.

July 20th. "The Development of the Foreign Trade of the United States," by James A. Farrell.

July 19th-23d. "Five Lectures on "Social Legislation," by Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara.

July 23d. "The Minimum Wage," by Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara.

July 27th. "Political Vagaries," by Hon. Thomas Carmody.

July 28th. "The Present Day Government of Cities," by Hon. George McAneny, LL.D.

August 1st. "Church and Charity," a Lecture by Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. J. Lavelle.

August 2d. "The Relations of Labor Unions to Church and State," by Hon. Frederick W. Mansfield.

August 2d-6th. Five lectures on "The Economic Interpretation of History," by J. J. Hagerty, Ph.D.

August 3d. "The Subway System of New York City," by Hon. Edward E. McCall.

August 9th. Address by His Excellency Hon. Charles S. Whitman, Governor of New York.

August 16th. "The Banking System of New York State," by George Van Tuyl.

August 17th. "The Revenues and Expenditures of the Federal Government of the United States," by Hon. John J. Fitzgerald.

August 24th. "Frederick Ozanam," by P. S. Cunneiff.

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS.—Director, James J. Walsh, M.D.

June 28th-29th. Two lectures: "The Evolution of Christian Church Building," "The Art of the American Indian," by Miss Mabel Tydbault.

July 1st-2d. Special lectures: "Joan of Arc," "An Evening with Eugene Field," by Miss Josephine Lynch.

July 5th-6th. Two lectures: "Joel Chandler Harris," "Thomas Bailey Aldrich," by Miss Katherine Hennessy.

July 8th-9th. Two lectures: "Facts and Fiction in Modern Literature," "The Saint in the Twentieth Century," by Helena T. Goessmann, M.Ph.

July 29th-30th. Two lectures: "The Contrasts of Tragedy and Comedy in the Works of William Shakespeare," by Frederick Paulding.

August 2d-6th. Five lectures on "The Novelists and Poets of the Victorian Period," by Frederick Paulding.

August 9th-13th. Five lectures on "Irish Literature," by Padraic Colum.

August 23d-27th. Five Lectures on "Life and Growth of Language," by Arthur F. J. Remy, Ph.D.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

The House of the Dead. By F. Dostoevsky. \$1.50 net. *Aspects of Modern Drama.* By F. W. Chandler. \$2.00 net. *The Harbor.* By E. Poole. \$1.40. *Bealby.* By H. G. Wells. \$1.35. *Robert Fulton.* By A. C. Sutcliffe. 50 cents. *The Present Hour.* By P. Markaye. \$1.25 net. *Problems of Child Welfare.* By G. B. Mangold, Ph.D. \$2.00. *German World Policies.* By P. Rohrbach. \$1.25. *The Principles of Rural Credits.* By J. B. Morman. \$1.25. *The Enlarging Conception of God.* By H. A. Youtz. \$1.25. *Parisival.* By G. Hauptmann. \$1.00. *Societal Evolution.* By A. G. Keller. \$1.50. *Getting a Wrong Start.* \$1.00. *Introduction to the Science of Ethics.* By T. de Laguna. \$1.75. *Children of Earth.* By A. Brown. \$1.25. *Rabindranath Tagore.* By E. Rhys. \$1.00. *Safeguards for City Youth at Work and at Play.* By L. de Koven Bowen. \$1.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Flower of Peace. A Collection of the Devotional Poetry of Katharine Tynan. \$1.50 net. *The Great Tradition.* By K. F. Gerould. \$1.35 net. *The Little Man and Other Satires.* By J. Galsworthy. \$1.30 net. *Germany Embattled.* By O. G. Villiard. \$1.00 net. *Fighting in Flanders.* By E. A. Powell. \$1.00 net. *Plays by Leonid Andreyeff.* Translated from the Russian by C. L. Meader and F. N. Scott. \$1.50 net. *Footings for Faith.* By W. P. Merrill. \$1.00 net. *The Present Military System of the United State.* By F. V. Greene. 75 cents net. *John Huss: His Life, Teachings, and Death After Five Hundred Years.* By D. S. Schaff, D.D. \$2.50 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

A Florentine Cycle, and Other Poems. \$1.25. By G. H. McGiffert. *Why Europe is at War.* By F. R. Coudert, F. W. Whitridge, E. von Mach, T. Iyena, and F. V. Greene. \$1.00 net. *Philosophy, What Is It?* By F. B. Jevons, Litt.D. \$1.00 net. *Germany, France, Russia, and Islam.* By H. von Treitschke. *Is Death the End?* By J. H. Holmes. \$1.50 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Hugh, Memoirs of a Brother. By A. C. Benson. \$1.75 net. *The Straight Path, or Marks of the True Church.* By Rev. M. J. Phelan, S.J. 80 cents net. *The Works of the Rt. Rev. C. C. Crafton, LL.D.* Edited by B. Talbot Rogers, D.D. 8 vols. \$12.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Life of Cervantes. By Robinson Smith. \$1.25 net. *The Movement Towards Catholic Reform in the Early Sixteenth Century.* By G. V. Jourdan. \$2.50 net. *The English Essays and Essayists.* By H. Walker, LL.D. \$1.50 net.

MCBRIDE, NAST & Co., New York:

The War Book of the German General Staff. Translated by J. H. Morgan, M.A. \$1.00 net. *An Interpretation of the Russian People.* By Leo Wiener. \$1.25 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., New York:

Pierrot: Dog of Belgium. By W. A. Dyer. \$1.00 net. *The Shoes of Happiness, and Other Poems.* By E. Markham. \$1.20 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

A Book of Answered Prayers. By Olive Katharine Parr. 45 cents net. *Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome.* Part IX. By Rev. A. Kuhn, D.D. 35 cents. *St. Juliana Falconieri, a Saint of the Holy Eucharist.* By M. Conrayville.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

The Church and the Mexican Revolution. Was Shakespere a Catholic? Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, New York:

Echoes of the War. (Sent free.)

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

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HODDER & STOUGHTON, New York:

The Glory of Belgium. By W. L. Bruckman.

THE CENTURY PRESS, New York:

A Russian Comedy of Errors. By George Kennan. \$1.25 net.

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Arundel. By E. F. Benson. \$1.25 net.

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CI.

JULY, 1915.

No. 604.

BLACK ROBES AND BROWN IN CALIFORNIA.

BY ZACHEUS JOSEPH MAHER, S.J.



WHEN the old Spanish caravels stood out for new seas and new shores, and prows which till now had headed north and south in quest of discovery and adventure were dipped in western waters, side by side with the daring mariner sailed the no less daring friar. One ran up the royal ensign, the other held up the standard of the Cross; one sought new lands for the crown, the other new souls for Christ, and from out the first small boat that grounded on a new found shore there leaped the cavalier and there stepped the friar. The flag was unfurled, the Cross was raised, and there on the beach to the boom of cannon and the roar of the sea Mass was offered, and God was asked to bless the land and all that were to dwell therein.

Be it said to the glory of Spain that she ever sought to Christianize her discoveries, or rather that she ever sought to discover that she might Christianize. It was, therefore, but in accord with the usual procedure that friars were found in Cortez's party when he landed on the coast of Lower California in 1535. The Spaniards scurried after gold, but the friars, mingled with the natives, tried to tell them of God, of heaven, of the things of the soul. Difficulties were overwhelmingly great, and after a year of fruitless effort the friars were compelled to give up in sorrow.

Sixty years later a second attempt was made, determined and persevering, but it too ended in failure. The Brown Robe had come and labored and suffered and gone. Meanwhile Ignatius of Loyola had founded the Society of Jesus, and filled it with a world-

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

VOL. CI.—28

for-Christ conquering spirit. Its movements were swift and sure. Ignatius planned, Xavier executed. In ten years it had spread over Europe; in thirty it had entered Mexico, opened colleges, founded missions, and soon counted 122,000 Indian converts. All this was on the mainland. Across the gulf on the peninsula nothing was done until the arrival of Fathers Salvatierra, S.J., and Kiño, S.J., about 1680. Unfamiliar names these, yet the names of men who thought out and set in motion that vast mission system which for one hundred and fifty years was to creep steadily northward from Lower California up past San Francisco to Solano, reaching out and gathering in souls for Christ till it was crushed by a counter movement which, in its last analysis, was planned by the supreme hater of all that is holy and divine.

Kiño was a German Tyrolese, whose real name was Kuehn, mellowed by the soft-tongued Spaniards into Kiño. A splendid mathematician, he gave up his chair in the University of Ingolstadt for the missions. His first taste of California was had while acting as royal surveyor to a party sent out to map the gulf coast. Deeply struck with the misery of the natives, he asked permission to undertake their conversion, but was refused.

Salvatierra was a Milanese, like Kiño a university man, but now fired with zeal for the spiritual welfare of the Californians. Kindred spirits these, but civil and religious superiors alike opposed their plans; the country was a useless desert; the missions could never support themselves; the government would not lend them aid. Salvatierra met this difficulty with the determination to have the missions endowed. He would beg. He would gather funds on the interest of which the missions could be maintained. In six months generous Spaniards in Mexico had contributed forty-five thousand dollars towards furthering his project. These funds Salvatierra invested in certain holdings in Mexico City; they were to belong to the missions, to be devoted exclusively to their support, remaining under the administration of the procurator of the Jesuit College in Mexico City. Thus was begun the famous Pious Fund, destined to play so important a part in the foundation and upkeep on every mission in Upper and in Lower California. Permission was finally obtained to begin the work. Salvatierra and Kiño threw themselves into it with the pent-up fervor of ten prayerful years, and founded the first California mission, Our Lady of Loreto, on October 19, 1697.

Fifty thousand creatures, one is loath to call them men, then

existed on the peninsula. Whence they came they neither knew nor cared; some said from a bird, others from a stone. Tall and robust, dark with heavy features, they much resembled the Digger Indians of Upper California, but differed in every way from the highly civilized Aztecs. They built no wigwams, but lived in the open, under a bush or behind a heap of stones. They cultivated absolutely nothing. Day after day they searched for food, talked, slept, then rose to search for food again. They were near-brutes, eating anything and everything—roots, seeds, flesh of all kinds, cats, rats, bats, owls, snakes, worms, caterpillars. “Nothing,” a missionary notes, “was thrown to the European pigs which the California Indian would not gladly have eaten.” Twenty-four pounds of meat in twenty-four hours was not too much for one of them. Sixty such gormandizers once consumed three steers in a night. It will startle all the known commissions on hygiene to learn that neither gout, apoplexy, chills, fever, small-pox nor venereal diseases were known among these creatures before the white man came to live among them. A California Indian never grew sick. He just died. We have lifted a corner of the veil that hid their physical degradation. We dare not do as much and show their moral wretchedness.

There was no law, no order among them. To quote our outspoken missionary again: “In government they resemble nothing less than a herd of swine which runs about grunting, together to-day, scattered to-morrow. They live as if they were free-thinkers and, *salva venia*, materialists.” Family there was none. When the young Californian had learned to catch mice and kill snakes, his education was complete; it mattered little to him then whether he had parents or no. He could count to three, at most to six, though some say to twenty, certainly not beyond, for then fingers and toes failed. Why count at all? Whether they had five fingers or fifty mattered little, the succession of days mattered less; every day was eating time, idling time; every night was sleeping time, dancing time. They had no concept of a Supreme Being, no idols, no temples, no ceremonies, no suspicion of the immortality of the soul. Some tell of a belief among them strangely resembling the Incarnation; of a creator of land and sea, one of whose three sons had lived on earth and had been killed by the Indians. So write Fathers Venegas and Clavijero, who never saw California, while Father Baegert, a missionary of seventeen years residence there, states that he could find no notion of a Supreme Being among them.

Such were the creatures whom the Black Robe undertook to Christianize in 1697. He won his way to their hearts by soothing their stomachs. Any of them would listen to an instruction for the sake of a meal, ready cooked and savory, but none of them was willing to work. In sheer playfulness they would mimic the missionary as he fetched stones, mixed clay, felled timber, cleared the ground, dug, plowed, herded cattle. All day long and day in and day out, these priests, men of culture and refinement, toiled like slaves, offering their labor as a prayer, that God might give the Indians grace to see the truth and strength to follow it. Wearied by a day of toil they would gather the natives at eventide to instruct them, and once more satisfy their craving for food. It was discouraging work: the Indians were slow to understand, the Fathers slow to baptize. Some they did baptize, but even these they could not keep constantly at the mission. Lack of water and of arable land precluded the establishment of pueblos or towns; there could not be that continued dwelling of neophytes round the church, so necessary for successful missionary work, which we see in the Reductions of Paraguay and in the missions of Upper California. Some few, however, they managed to keep near them for weeks at a time; these they would assemble in the church for morning prayer, Mass and instruction. Breakfast followed, after which the Indians went to mimic the patient missionary at work. A long rest was enjoyed at noon; in the evening all again assembled in the church to recite the rosary, litany and evening prayers. With difficulty could the natives be induced to live in rude huts, with greater difficulty could they be persuaded to clothe themselves. Then of a sudden they would off to the mountains when the cactus fruit was ripe, and what could the missionary do but receive them kindly, and forget and forgive when the fruit was gone, and the memory of the mission meals brought the wanderers back?

Though revolting to every finer sense, work among the Indians ever attracted fresh recruits, who pushed northward into the country, founding new missions as they advanced. The martyrdom of two of their number inspired the others with greater love for a work that might end in blood. We cannot give the results of their labors in figures; records are wanting; this we do know: the Jesuits in Lower California explored the whole peninsula, Kiño alone doing twenty thousand miles; rediscovered the Colorado's mouth; launched the first ship ever built in California; constructed a wondrous system of aqueducts; raised cattle and crops where all

the wise heads in Mexico said they must fail. Best of all they founded eighteen missions and saved hundreds of souls. For six decades of years, at varying times, fifty-six sons of Loyola had labored forgotten and ignored, till of a sudden Don Gaspar de Portola arrived with peremptory orders to ship every one of them back to Spain. It had been discovered in the highest court of a Catholic country that men who had forsaken all to labor and sweat as farmers, menials, and cattlemen, who had submitted to insults the vilest, and had breathed in an atmosphere of physical and moral filth that they might raise a tribe of Indians a few degrees above the brute, and thus effect that the Blood of Jesus Christ might reach and ransom a few more souls, were a danger to a king who hardly knew of their existence, and a menace to a nation that had yet to learn who they were and what they were doing. They were soldier-priests, these sons of Loyola, and their password was "obey." The clothes on their backs, three books in their hands, no more they took away with them when they boarded their prison ship mid the tears of their neophytes, who now had learned to love them. The Black Robe had come and labored. He was led away a prisoner of the crown. Consoling and comforting was the thought that the ship which bore him away would return, carrying Franciscans to take up the sadly interrupted work.

The Brown Robe was coming back to his own, led by that sweetest of western missionaries, that self-forgetful, winning Francis of the West, whom we all but dare to call a saint, Fra Junípero Serra. Spain claims his birthplace in Majorca, but California claims his resting place in the little Carmel Church in the lovely Carmel valley, within sight and sound of the sea, under the clear blue sky, down by the river side in the meadowland at the foot of the purple hills of Monterey, where the cypress and the pine stand eternal watchers at his tomb.

Difficult indeed was the task the Franciscans undertook: the natives eyed them with suspicion, judged them supplanters of the Black Robe, and friend of the civilians who had hastened to rob the mission stores; but the sweet spirit of their founder was with them to win the love and the confidence of the natives. In three years they baptized nearly 1,731 neophytes, blessed 787 marriages, and buried 2,165 dead. Surely in the economy of grace the sufferings of the Jesuits, who during these same years were being shipped over the seas like cattle and flung into prisons like felons, went up a mighty prayer to God, winning fresh graces for the Indians.

It needed but a glimpse of Upper California to convince Junípero Serra that the energy he and his friars were expending in Lower California would produce greater fruit by far in Upper California. Eager to begin, yet loath to abandon a work he had but lately taken over, he gladly welcomed the Dominicans, who offered to take complete charge of all the missions five years after the Jesuits had been driven away. Faithfully the Dominicans labored till 1840; constant friction with an irreligious government wore down the mission chain, and one day it snapped asunder. Mexico then, as Mexico now, was no lover of the Church, and was restless till the work of Jesuits, Franciscans, and Dominicans in Lower California lay a dismal ruin. We turn in sorrow from the scene to view the marvels Serra wrought in Upper California.

Cabrillo and Vizcaino had long ago sailed up the coast, how far it is not to our present purpose to determine, and had claimed the land for Spain. Russian boats came sailing down the Pacific seeking sealing grounds and harbors. It was high time for Spain to assert and maintain her claim. The country must be settled, the natives subdued. Instead of soldiers, friars were requisitioned; for flags the Cross; for forts a church; for the play of artillery the organ peal and song and psalmody; for the deathlike grip of war the loving kiss of Christian peace. The army that conquered California for Spain numbered fifteen friars led by Junípero Serra, who came up overland and founded the first mission in the present State of California on July 16, 1769. This was at San Diego, the first of that long series of missions whose crumbling ruins to-day tell of the enterprise and devotion of the friars of a century and a half ago. They found themselves in a wondrously lovely land. "Many flowers and beautiful," notes Serra, "and to-day I have the queen of them all, the Rose of Castile."

This fair land was fair in all that lived in it but man. There was no one tribe in the land, no great nation as Iroquois or Mohawk. Neither were the Indians possessed of those physical characteristics that force us to admire the Indians of the East. Twin brother of the Lower California Indian, he was slow, sluggish, immoral, inexpressibly filthy. "In not one of the missions," Padre Palou has left in writing, "was there found any idolatry, but only a negative infidelity." Father Engehardt, O.F.M., notes in his *Missions and Missionaries in California*: "The California savage had no religion whatever. Of the pure and reasonable worship of the Creator he had no conception. As he, brute like, aimed only at filling himself

and gratifying his animal instincts, the subject did not interest him." Yet the friars saw in these poor creatures naught but a soul to be saved, a heart to be won, and a body to be trained to labor. The tendency to-day is to call the padres humanizers, working for the uplift of the race, and to honor them as such. The friars were all this and more, for they had the secret of all uplift, the Cross, which was itself lifted up with its Precious Burden, and must be lifted up and set in the heart before the race of red men or of white can be led out of the darkness of a paganism, refined or barbarous, intellectual or physical, and brought to the light of a nobler Christian manhood.

A study of the methods followed by the friars must be of interest, for the results obtained were marvelous. The site of a future mission was not chosen at random; arable land was sought, abundance of water and good pasture. Each mission at its foundation received one thousand dollars from the Pious Fund, each friar an annual stipend of four hundred dollars, and to the members of the Society of Jesus it has ever been pleasant to think that not a mission was founded in either California that was not due in this little measure to the early efforts of their own Father Salvatierra. Yet the money never reached the friars as money: every last peso went to purchase farming implements, iron-ware and supplies; the balance went to pay the freight, for the ships would carry nothing gratis for the friars or for God.

All the buildings were erected on a similar plan. A square was laid off; the church erected in one corner; next it the friars' residence, into which women and girls were never admitted; then the dwelling for Indian boys who acted as domestics; then shops, granaries and stables forming the sides of the square. In the rear was the "monjerio," the so-called nunnery for girls under twelve who were whole orphans, for unmarried girls over twelve, and for wives whose husbands were away. The intensely carnal passions of the Indians made these precautions necessary. Here the "monjas" were locked in at night by a trusty matron; during the day they could go about visiting friends and relatives, or might, if they chose, stay at the mission learning the tasks of Martha. The building material employed was adobe, a kind of clay. This was moistened, mixed with a little straw, moulded like bricks and then baked in the sun. The neophytes became experts in the making of these bricks. Under the guidance of the friars, the mission style of architecture was evolved—how simple, practical and substantial the mission churches themselves declare.

The kindness of the padres could not fail to quiet the early fears of the Indians. They came seeking for food. Why should they wander searching for rats and roots when they could have more and a-plenty if they sat down and heard a man talk for an hour? So they clustered round the friar, who told the story of creation and redemption. Once baptized the Indian was scarcely ever allowed to leave the mission. This had to be. Left to himself the Indian will at once revert to his former habits, the little learned will be quickly forgotten. To save his soul he had to be kept near the mission; to keep him near the mission he had to be fed; to feed him and teach him to care for himself in a manner differing from that of the brute, this was the task to which the Franciscans now addressed themselves.

The neophytes were largely employed in agriculture, but besides they were taught cattle raising, the care of sheep and various trades: carpentry, blacksmithing, the making of bricks, tiles, saddles, candles, soap, etc. In every task the versatile friar was the master; there he stood in his coarse brown robe guiding the plow, forging, building, planting, herding cattle, made all things to his neophytes that he might gain them all to Christ. His bodily needs thus cared for, the Indian was content to dwell at the mission. To reach his dull mind and impress upon it the chief truths of religion, the padres made free use of pictures, paintings, processions. The beautiful liturgy of the Church was carried out in all its grandeur. Visitors to the missions to-day are struck by the richness and completeness of the liturgical equipment, while the paintings on the ceilings and walls of the churches tell them, as they told the neophytes, forcibly, albeit crudely and in vivid color, of death, hell, purgatory, and the mysteries of religion.

In spite of all this instruction few of the natives could understand the meaning of the Blessed Sacrament; consequently the reception of the Holy Eucharist was not frequent among them, except of course, as Viaticum. As time went on the children, always objects of the friars' special care, sang at Mass, at Vespers, and at Benediction. Sweet indeed and peaceful were the Sundays at the missions when the silver bells rang out over quiet vale and meadow, calling all to morning prayer and Mass, to Vespers and to evening prayer, all in sweet succession. Had it but remained so, what an Eden California would have been! Yet withal excesses were to be expected, the more so as the white man mingled with the red. For various faults gentle reprehension was at first used, then

persuasion. To lock an Indian up was useless; nothing pleased him better, for it freed him from work. Hence fasts were imposed, hard labor too, and for grosser carnal crimes the lash, but never with the fierceness which the bigots assert. The number of strokes was fixed by law at twenty-five; nor were they ever administered by the friar himself; never without a trial; never more than once a day; never more than once for the same offence. This punishment was first introduced by the Jesuits in Lower California, who found it the only way to make the natives feel that to do certain things was very wrong indeed.

Such was the life, such the system adopted at each of the twenty-one missions founded in quick succession during fifty-four years. God blessed the friars and their work. In the height of their prosperity they harbored, clothed and fed 30,000 neophytes at one time, while the combined missions owned 268,000 sheep, 232,000 head of cattle, 34,000 horses, 8,300 goats, 3,500 mules, and 3,400 swine. These figures become all the more striking when we reflect that there had been no live stock of any kind in California before Junípero Serra drove a small herd up from Lower California, when he came to found the missions just fifty years before this time.

The friars, however, were not left to follow their methods in peace. Greedy officials hungered for the mission goods, and snapped at the padres who kept them at bay. For this they were called misers, self-seekers, greedy for gold, they, the barefoot sons of poor St. Francis, who had sworn a solemn oath never to possess a peso, who spent their yearly pittance buying tools for the Indians, whose rule would not allow them to indulge in the luxury of ox-cart transportation. They meekly bore the slander and the lie, but when inroads were made on the mission goods, then they showed their mettle. Mission goods were Indian goods; to touch them was to wrong the Indian, and as long as the Franciscans had a pen to write and a tongue to speak, without fear of consequence to self, they protested against the injustice done their neophytes.

Yet there was a subtler opposition behind it all. To see its cause, for its effect was all too pitiful, one must go back to the libraries of France where Voltaire and the Encyclopedists thought out their false philosophy of life; of the equality of man, of liberty, fraternity, and the rest. Their ideas were caught up in France, carried over to Spain, whence they spread even to Mexico, influencing the political situation there as elsewhere. Secularization of the missions was the form it took in Mexico. Secularization was said to

be the emancipation of the Indian. He was on a lower social scale; he was equal to the white and must live as the white; his liberty was hampered by the friars; he must be given freedom, for all men are born free; the friars must give way to the secular clergy; community life at the mission must stop; towns must be built; the Indians elect their own officials and govern themselves; the lands and goods divided among the Indians in a way that left the major portion by far at the disposal of the government. This was called secularization. A shorter name and a more proper would have been: theft.

The friars protested vigorously, not indeed to the coming of the secular clergy, for wearied with the incessant annoyance and interference, they had asked this long ago, but on account of the injustice done the Indian. 'All the cattle, all the land, all the harvests were the Indians'. No Franciscan ever harvested a head of wheat or crushed a grape that he or his Order might be the richer. All they did they did as a means to the end, and that end was the salvation of the Indian. The world cannot understand this, for this is the spirit of Christ, not of the world. It was all to no avail. Mexico had now declared itself independent of Spain, and California accepted the new order of things. The grand old flag of Spain was lowered at Monterey fifty-three years after it had been raised by Portola. It fell as it rose, bloodlessly.

The political history of California during the next quarter century would be ludicrous were it not lawless. New governors were set up and old ones deposed after revolutions, in which never a gun was fired nor a man injured; street brawls, family differences, installed new officials. In the interior of the State the Bear Flag Republic sprang into being, and a United States army man, Fremont, so far forgot himself as to assume its presidency. What cared the Spanish-Californian who ruled the land? As long as luscious grapes blushed purple in a setting silver green, as long as his fields went rippling away in golden laughter up to the mountain side where his sleek cattle grazed, what cared he who rattled his sabre, wore gold lace, and issued manifestoes at Monterey? He would swear by any governor, any constitution; and so he kept on swearing. When Commodore Jones, of the United States Navy, sailed into Monterey and raised the Stars and Stripes on his own authority, he would have sworn by Jones, had not Jones concluded that he made a big mistake, and sailed away before the gay hidalgo had had a chance to swear.

What could the friars do mid these incessant changes? They feared for their missions, and prayed for their neophytes, for evil days were come upon them. Each new governor agreed with his predecessor only in meddling with the missions, drawing on their stores without any intention of payment, and pushing secularization ahead, till even the California Indian, who was no warrior and much too lazy to be angry, rose in rebellion at Santa Barbara. Then the friar stood for authority, such as it was, and taught the Indian to obey, while he once more showed the government the injustice of its policy. It was useless. Officials tampered with the missions till 1845, when Pio Pico stole and sold as never pirate stole at sea.

Mission La Purissima, worth \$67,000 ten years earlier, went to John Temple for \$1,100. Capistrano, which but thirteen years before had owned 11,000 head of cattle and 5,000 sheep, went to Messrs. McKinley and Wilson for \$700. Soledad, with 10,000 sheep and 7,000 cattle thirteen years previous, was sold for \$800, and so on through the sad litany; interference had depreciated the missions, these sales ruined them. Appraised at \$2,000,000 in 1832 they were estimated at \$150,000 in 1845. What cannot be stated in figures is the spiritual ruin this brought upon the Indian.

For seventy-six years, at varying intervals, one hundred and forty-six noble sons of St. Francis had labored in California; two had died as martyrs, and now their work was all undone. Under their care and guidance, encouraged by their example and won by their sweetness, the worthless Indian had harvested 2,200,000 bushels of wheat, 850,000 bushels of corn, 600,000 bushels of barley, 160,000 bushels of beans, and 100,000 bushels of lentils. No record was kept of fruits, grapes, and other commodities. Had the friars done naught but this, they would deserve full meed of praise, for in doing this they have given a world, that will not see, another proof of the elevating influence of the Catholic religion, of its power for the spiritual and material welfare of man with another demonstration of what a handful of "lazy monks" can do while idling.

But the Franciscans did more. They baptized 90,000 Indians, blessed 27,000 marriages, buried 70,000 dead. All honor to the Brown Robe! He taught the Indian to serve his God and honor his ruler; he taught him to respect himself; he taught him trades and agriculture; he explored the State; built roads and aqueducts; brought in live stock, fruits and grapes and wheat and corn; and for this his missions are ruined; the lands plundered; his neophytes

disbanded and driven to die away in the mountains. And what had he to say? Only this: "You ask me who caused the ruin of the missions? As one who saw and suffered, I can try to close my eyes that they may not see the evil done, and my ears that they may not hear the wrongs endured." Sweet spirit of Francis, living, forgiving in your sons even as in yourself!

Here we must weave in the story of the Pious Fund. We noted its beginnings by Father Salvatierra in 1697. It totaled some \$400,000 in 1784, while in 1842 it was appraised at \$1,435,033. On the suppression of the Society of Jesus, under whose care it had been till that time, the King of Spain acted as trustee of the fund, to be succeeded by the Mexican government in 1821. Too sweet a morsel to be placed where it might not be nibbled at at will, Santa Anna declared the property formally incorporated into the national treasury, and ordered the sale of the real estate, acknowledging an indebtedness of six per cent on the total proceeds of the sale.

Thus matters stood when Commodore Sloat, of the United States Navy, sailed into Monterey Bay and raised our flag over the government house, though war with Mexico had not been declared. War did come, and as a result California was ceded by Mexico, July 4, 1848. With California thus lost to her, Mexico ceased paying any share of the proceeds of the Pious Fund to the missions of Upper California. The bishops protested before the American and Mexican Mixed Claims Commission in 1869. Sir Edward Thornton, the umpire, decided for the bishops in 1875, awarding them \$904,070 in Mexican gold, it being twenty-one years accumulated interest ('48-'69)—\$43,050 per annum, or six per cent of one-half the capitalized value of \$1,435,033; for it had been decided that the proper mode of division would be to yield half the income to Upper and half to Lower California for the missions. Mexico paid the award, stating at the same time that she considered the claim settled *in toto*, and made a last payment in this sense in 1890. Naturally the bishops demurred, and claimed payment of interest due since 1869. The case was finally settled in The Hague; it being the first international claim there arbitrated. Mexico was thereby compelled to pay the United States \$1,420,682.67 Mexican, this being the interest accumulated from 1869 to 1902. She must, moreover, annually and perpetually pay the United States, on the second of February, \$43,050.99 in money having currency in Mexico. This sum is divided between the bishops of California. A like sum is due the Church in Mexico. Does Villa pay? Does Carranza?

The United States Commission on Indian affairs tells our mission story in four words: "Conversion, civilization, neglect, outrage; the conversion and civilization were the work of the missionary Fathers, the outrage and neglect mainly our own."

The beginning of this outrage and neglect hastened the death of the first Bishop of California, Diego y Moreño, who appointed a Franciscan to be his administrator. The rush for gold was now on; that frenzied struggle with man and beast and sand and snow and mountain and plain; that wild scramble up the Rockies and down the Sierras; that mad race to pan the gold that had glistened in the California river beds for ages. There were but eight priests in the State; help must be had from somewhere. In God's providence it was to come from that same Black Robe who had laid the first foundations of the mission system that now lay in ruins all along the Gulf and up the coast. He came down from the north, from among the Couer d'Alene and the Flatheads, the Spokane and the Gros Ventres, where the great de Smet had founded the Oregon Mission.

Fathers Nobili and Accolti set sail for California on St. Xavier's day, and passed through the Golden Gate on the night of the Immaculate Conception, 1849. "So that," writes Father Accolti, "the next day we were able to set foot on the longed-for shores of what goes under the name of San Francisco, but which, whether it should be called madhouse or Babylon, I am at a loss to determine, so great is the disorder, the brawling, the open immorality, the reign of crime which, brazen-faced, triumphed on a soil not yet brought under the sway of human laws."

Meanwhile a new bishop had been consecrated for California, a Dominican, Joseph Sadoc Alemany. On the nineteenth of March, 1851, he placed Father Nobili in charge of the abandoned Santa Clara Mission. Eighteen years earlier it had counted 1,125 neophytes in its mission family; on the eve of that St. Joseph's day "The church and ornaments were sadly out of repair," notes Father Nobili, "the few buildings attached that were not either sold, bestowed or filched away, were in a condition of dismal nakedness and ruin, the gardens, vineyards and orchard were in the hands of swindlers and squatters." The 10,000 cattle, 10,000 sheep, and 1,000 horses had been led away. Here then on ground prepared by Franciscans, at the behest of a Dominican Archbishop, did the Jesuit Father Nobili, with one hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, and unbounded trust in Providence, lay the first beginnings of Santa Clara College.

The Turin Province of the Society of Jesus took over the rising mission, and sent as helpers exiled subjects who were working in the East; Father Masnata, rhetoric professor at Frederick, Maryland; Father Messea, chemistry professor at St. Louis, Missouri, and Father Maraschi, philosophy professor at Loyola, Baltimore. The two former went to Santa Clara, the latter remained in San Francisco, seeking a site for a church and college. "Build it over there," said His Grace with a sweeping gesture. "Over there" were rolling sand dunes, shifting sands that sank into the sea. Father Maraschi (whom everyone called Muraskey) built "over there" right in line of the onward march of the city. Thirty years after purchase he sold the site for ninety times its cost. Seventy-five days after purchase the Church of St. Ignatius was blessed; ninety days later a college was opened—a college with classics, science, and philosophy in the rollicking, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care city of San Francisco in the days of '55. Nobili at Santa Clara, Maraschi at San Francisco, and the Black Robe had returned to California; returned, led on by the pressing invitation of the Brown Robe.

The Brown Robe never left the State; praying at Santa Barbara Mission he waited happier times; to-day he is working everywhere up and down the coast, yet he holds but two of his twenty-two missions. His modest figure is loved by all in California. We treasure every mission ruin as a shrine for pilgrimage; we are retracing the old mission road, the El Camino Real, and in lieu of mile posts we hang up mission bells, out in the valley, up in the mountain, marking mile by mile the road that Serra trod from San Diego up to San Francisco. Even in the heart of the great city, where the rush for gold is as mad as it was in '49, all stop and pause a moment for a mission bell is being hung; it marks a mile on the road to San Rafael. There he stands above the crowd, brown-robed son of poor St. Francis, symbol of all that is deepest in faith, purest in love, noblest in self-sacrifice. He blesses the bell, and bids it swing out and tell the passersby that in the long ago his barefoot brothers gave up home and self, and all they held most dear, to care for the body and save the soul of the California Indian. Theirs was the highest altruism, for those are the noblest of our race, truest friends of their fellowman, greatest benefactors of society, who shape their lives in imitation of the gentle Son of God, Who cured all ills of body, and then laid down His life to save the soul.

EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

III.



Y second interview with the Muse of history put my complacent self-assurance to the blush. Not many words were spoken before I found myself parting company with the cherished illusions of a lifetime—those learned prejudices with which education—blessed word!—had stunted my growth of spirit. Let me make a frank confession. I looked forward to the interview with a sort of mental chuckle. My hostess, I felt sure, would pit the past against the future, sing, in a key high-pitched, of man's ancient glories, and dismiss the present lightly as so much glitter and tinsel mistaken for real gold. Hers would be Moore's refrain:

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne invaded,
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,
And from that day his glories faded.

Nothing of the kind came even near to happening, but a line of thought quite other than my smirking forecast drew. The interview proved neither a jeremiad nor a rhapsody. Instead of arraying itself in mourning weeds, as I thought it would, or putting on the mantle of the prophet, as is the case with most folk nowadays when they speak or write on progress, the conversation of my venerable hostess avoided both of these emotional extremes and took to the steadier paths of analysis and reflection. She pried the notion of progress apart into its several component elements, devoted special attention to each in turn, carefully abstained from manifesting partiality of choice towards any in particular, and then proceeded to piece them all together again into an interacting, harmonious whole, pretty much after the fashion of a jeweler mending a timepiece or a skilled mechanic overhauling an engine.

This piecing-together process was no part of the game of thinking as I had been taught to play it. Whenever I discovered an aspect or a feature that seemed to me illuminating and suggestive, no matter what the topic under consideration, I stopped analyzing then and there, too overjoyed with my new-found partial discovery to

study it in relation to the whole from which I had wantonly detached it, as a vandal tears from a book the page that contained matter to his liking. My folly stood out before me now in accusing clearness; and the patronizing pedant within me—what modern, pray, who does not entertain this evil angel unawares?—stirred uneasily on his throne and reached for his fallen sceptre. The method of analyzing a subject completely before coming to any decision in its regard; the thought of letting the fruits of judgment ripen before I plucked them from the tree of knowledge—to such habits of mind as these I was a total stranger, as also to that other which consists in remembering that if analysis sees things in a broken mirror, synthesis is capable of seeing them in a mirror that is whole. What if a jeweler or skilled mechanic, I said to myself, took the same liberties with a watch or engine as I had been accustomed to take with the parts of an idea. The question was self-answering.

Like most moderns, I had been trained to love false contrasts from my youth—it was my stock-in-trade; and among these none really counted for more in my estimation than the glib statement of the phrase-makers, that the golden age was over and gone for the ancients, whereas for us it is ever yet to be. It used to suit my fancy to picture the great folk of olden days as looking back wistfully with a sigh every time the thought of human perfection came wandering into their consciousness; although that *Fourth Eclogue* of Virgil's, and the noble note of expectancy it struck, upbraided me often for the wrong I did the dead by my overhasty generalization. There was Israel, too, to be considered, and sometimes I felt how unjust it was to regard its exceptional people as having nothing of the future in their gaze, especially since almost the very first chapter of their sacred books spoke of Shiloh, the Expected of the nations, Who was to come. These intruding doubts I dismissed as "scientific heresy," banishing them from my purview as details too paltry to halt the encircling sweep of my favorite assumption.

You see, I was taught to regard Christianity as so associated with the doctrine of man fallen and corrupt, that it stood completely out of harmony with science on the question of human progress. I never troubled to investigate this supposed antagonism—and there lay the most humiliating part of my sudden self-disclosure. I stood revealed to myself in the unscholarly light of a dealer in second-hand information who knew not whereof he spoke, nor the

value of the ideas wherein he bartered, yet pinned his faith to aphorisms and hung his coat on moonbeams, notwithstanding. I had forgotten the forward look which Christianity brought into the world, through Him of Nazareth, the fulfillment of the old, the pledge and promise of all the new—from the days when the idols of heathendom fell from their niches, to the days when idols not made of hands, but of pride and self-sufficiency, shall come crashing down from their pedestals in modern minds like mine. I felt out of sorts with myself for having been the dupe of phrases, and I knew that if Gideon had asked poor me for the password, I, too, should have lain among the impostors whom he slew at the ford. What a dolt I was ever to have imagined—pest take these wordy conjurers!—that the religion of Christ stood with its face to the past, its back to the future—a fixity that knew no life. And I was thinking all these things to myself—no echo, surely, of what the Muse was saying, but an unpleasant chapter from my own experience—when it suddenly occurred to me that I might as well save these reflections for future rumination and pay undivided attention in the meanwhile to the ideas which my hostess was unexpectedly developing with point and power.

“The most striking thing about progress,” so her first words ran, “is its intermittency. This fact defies successful contradiction, and has made no end of trouble for the meliorist and his theory of man’s slow but steady rise. Bear this fact of intermittency in mind when discoursing on progress and you will never see your conclusions overleap the bounds of truth and sanity; palliate it, slur it over, or stare its significance out of countenance, and you will live in a world of dreams from which all saving sense of reality has departed. Look where you may in history, nothing even remotely suggestive of an unchecked universal tendency towards perfection will cross your line of vision. Some peoples remain stationary for centuries, as in the East; and their recent reawakening—due to influences from without—but serves to show by contrast how long they were able to continue slumbering undisturbed. Other peoples exhibit symptoms of having fallen from a former high estate, as is the case with the Australian blacks—reputed lowest in the human scale—who have a language developed far and away beyond their present needs, and as flexible in its case-endings, moods, and tenses as either Greek or Latin. Evidently they once were not as now they are, these children of the dusk—a shocking revelation to the meliorist with his vision of a humanity everywhere and always on

the road to betterment. Still other peoples have climbed and stood palpitating on the heights—burying their records there for future climbers to unearth. The civilization of Greece and Rome rose like new planets in the sky and moved slowly across it to their setting, much to the wonderment of the duller-minded, less energetic neighboring folk whose stars were all of lesser magnitude. For decadence look at Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Northern Africa, Asia Minor—all now reduced to shadowy ghosts of their erstwhile selves.

“Of all the civilizations that have come and gone, leaving, as it were, no posterity behind them, only one bears about it anything like the marks of a continuous movement. I refer to the civilization which first started on the banks of the Mediterranean and thence spread over the continent of Europe in a growing richness of life and power; now, unhappily, in a state of suspended animation, owing to the fact that its beneficiaries have left the ways of the builder for those of the destroyer and taken to the field, accoutred in the grim panoply of men at arms. Two peoples of old were chiefly instrumental in building up this Mediterranean civilization from which the modern is descended—the Greeks and the Romans. Out of the entire mass of humanity overspreading the earth in their day, in comparison with which they were very small in point of numbers and territory occupied, these two peoples lit the torch that has since flamed high, though not everywhere, by any means, nor without considerable flickering even within the area of its first enkindling. ‘This unique phenomenon,’ says a thoughtful and brilliant Frenchman, ‘is in close relation of space and time with another phenomenon equally unique and of a higher order—the displacement, namely, of the ancient belief in gods many, by the worship of the one true God, and its establishment in the world. Greece and Rome, the two powers of antiquity that worked for the progress of mankind, prepared the way for the coming of Christianity. It was in the languages of these two nations, no less than in the sacred tongue of Israel, that the inscription on the Cross of the Saviour was written. Besides, all the modern nations among which this dominant, world-conquering civilization has developed are Christian nations. We are, therefore, led to ask if this continuity of progress, which is confined to one corner of the world—which forms, as it were, a special and exceptional current in the great stream of history, has no close relationship with the birth and growth of Christianity.’¹

“The theory of the meliorists that progress is inevitable, uni-

¹*Religion et Critique*. De Broglie-Piat, p. 299.

versal, and continuous breaks down completely when forced to face the host of counter facts mobilized and marshalled against it in the present and preceding interview. A theory so unbending has no support in history, experience, or reason, argue as men may to secure a foothold for it. Decadence is every whit as indestructible an attribute of the human race as the faculty of making progress; and all attempts to make these two possibilities appear as one have simply courted the task of proving the impossible and failed. Intermittency! Let the meliorist face this towering fact of history and lay it low before asking us to accept the view that humanity never halts, never retreats, but ever presses on, unfaltering, to that one far-off divine event towards which the whole creation moves. Putting man under the magnifying-glass of optimism and emotion will not change the double tides within his being, nor make him single-minded in his ways and aims. Things as they are and have been are not things as we would have them be; and it would be well for all of us if we were more historical and less prophetic in the estimates we form of ourselves individually and of mankind in general. It will not help matters to imagine that an escalator exists, dispensing us from the trouble of climbing the stairway to perfection step by step ourselves. Labor-saving devices are unknown in the trade of character-building. We are not so fortunately situated in the matter of making progress as was the fly mentioned in one of La Fontaine's fables—a story that will bear reperusal for its point. Idly perched on the axle of an ox-wagon which was slowly crunching its way up a particularly steep road in the hills—the beasts of burden puffing and panting the while under their increasing task—mister fly drew in a long breath of relief when the summit was finally reached, and exclaimed in the most fatigued voice imaginable: *Enfin nous y sommes!* At last we are there! The oxen must have had a different notion of progress. But what they thought of the fly's inexpensive sympathy is unfortunately not recorded.

Come to me for wisdom, said the mountain;
In the valley and the plain
There is knowledge dimmed with sorrow in the gain.
There is Effort, with its hope like a fountain.
There the chained rebel, Passion:
Laboring strength and fleeting fashion;
There Ambition's leaping flame,
And the iris-crown of Fame;
But those gains are dear forever
Won from loss and pain and fever.

Nature's gospel never changes;
Every sudden force deranges;
Blind endeavor is not wise:
Wisdom enters through the eyes;
And the Seer is the Knower,
Is the Doer and the Sower.

Come to me for riches, said the peak;
I am leafless, cold, and calm.
But the treasures of the lily and the palm—
They are mine to bestow on those who seek.
I am gift and I am Giver
To the verdured fields below,
As the motherhood of snow
Daily gives the new-born river.
As a watcher on a tower,
Listening to the evening hour,
Sees the roads diverge and blend,
Sees the wandering currents end
Where the moveless waters shine
On the far horizon line—
All the storied Past is mine;
All its strange beliefs still clinging;
All its singers and the singing;
All the paths that led astray;
All the meteors once called day;
All the stars that rose to shine—
Come to me—for all are mine!

“No, the progress of humanity is limited, partial, intermittent, variable, local; not everywhere and always a rising stream. So ill founded a notion as this latter could only come from viewing man through a foreign medium—the general laws of Nature—instead of studying him directly and specially in himself. A certain school of modern thought looks on the universe as a sort of ‘blind mole casting copped hills towards heaven,’ among which hilly upheavals they reckon those passing apparitions that assume the form and shape of individual men. Born of the enthusiasm aroused in the eighteenth century by the doctrine of the Rights of Man, and given a new impetus by the rapid discoveries which science almost immediately began to make—not to mention the high hopes entertained, of a social and political development which was to rise, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old régime—the notion that progress is inevitable soon won for itself such an ascendancy over

the human spirit as to make all other thoughts seem trivial in comparison. The idea spread like wildfire, and it is still dominant in secular thought, though signs of its relaxing hold have begun to make themselves apparent. Progress is a force, an energy, a driving-power, an *élan vital*, they tell us, these new Finalists; and we know not one moment whitherward the next shall drive us in its madness; all we can do is to fold our arms, like Benjamin Constant, and watch the strange procession of events as it passes—ideas turning into movements, and movements into ideas again, only to resume their fated rounds of alteration after a temporary lull. It is progress that makes *us*, not *we* that make progress, in the eyes of this reigning school. The world is a magic lantern show, and humanity but the changing audience assisting at a continuous performance, bereft of all power to penetrate behind the flitting scenes.

“False visions such as these, all come, as has been said, from studying man, not in himself immediately but through the world about him—a most deficient mirror, surely, of creation’s king, and a decidedly alien medium in which to view him. Physics, mechanics, biology have their place, and none will say them nay within its bounds. But when any one of these particular sciences aspires to world-dominion and essays the task of explaining things that lie beyond its province, it is time to remind the ambitious theory-builders of the proverb concerning the shoemaker and his last. No mechanical, physical, or biological formula can be found for man’s mental life. The psychic energies there made manifest are not reducible to the kind we see playing over the surface of the deep or at work in the flowers of the field. The solidarity of the mental and the physical in man must not be mistaken for identity. Things may be solidary without being the same—spirit is not matter, even though the two be the boonest of companions and act hand in glove. Humanity is deserving of separate and distinct consideration as being amenable to laws peculiarly its own, which mark it off from the rest of Nature—that ‘diapason ending full in Man.’ We cannot always ‘by direction find direction out;’ we must make straight our paths of query, or find ourselves landed by argument whither we would not when we started. To institute comparisons is all very well, provided we first investigate, distinctly and directly in themselves, the things compared. Let us do so here, approaching man through man, not through the world that hems him in as to body, yet imprisons not his soul. A different picture from that drawn by the hopeless, grim idolaters of chance awaits us, when we shift from the indirect to the direct point of view. Progress, so

far from being a thing foredoomed to come, whether we fold our arms or put our shoulder to the plow, will appear as a child of liberty, not of necessity; the result, in other words, of the free and full use man makes of his many inherent powers, in conjunction with a vast number of his fellowmen like-minded with himself. Once the problem is taken out of the physical realm of law and necessity, it becomes intensely human—something it has not been for many a long day, because of the fact that man has not been studied in the original version, but translated into the terms of some other science than the one which should deal with him primarily and of right.

“Only the other day I was saying to Urania—she is the Muse in charge of the sciences, you know, and is all wrought up over biology—that I thought it would be much better for her and her many Myrmidons if they did not mix natural history with human so continually, but kept the two, as they rightfully should be, distinct. You see, I said to her, man has an inherent capacity for *self-direction* which must not be forgotten in any theory we would frame of the way he acts. The fault with your biologists, I continued, is that they carry over into the human domain a set of laws and principles which are found operating in the animal and flowery kingdoms where the ability to shape one’s course and plan it does not figure among the factors of development. She waxed wroth at this, and politely informed me that I was forgetting heredity, which made this so-called capacity for self-direction a negligible quantity.

“Not at all, was my rejoinder. Heredity is not the transmission of qualities or characteristics, whether mental or physical, from parents to offspring, as you seem to imagine. That idea of it is exploded. Heredity is a growing thing, not a dead chattel bequeathed us by our sires. So far from doing away with man’s capacity for self-direction, heredity merely furnishes special material on which to exercise that power. It is not a transmission, it is a reacquisition, and where a thing is in process of being acquired anew, the heir is, to some extent, at least, free to decline his heirloom and develop along lines of his own choosing. Otherwise the sons and daughters of highly moral parents would never go wrong, or a Tess of d’Urberville escape the hangman’s noose. I fear you have become entangled in the false impression, that heredity is a deterministic something over which we have no dominion or control. Let me read you a disillusioning passage which will show that, like many others, you have mistaken the name for the thing.

“‘A son may inherit a house from his father and a farm from

his mother, the house and farm remaining the same, though the ownership has passed from parents to son. And when it is said that a son inherits his stature from his father and his complexion from his mother, the stature and complexion are usually thought of *only in their developed condition*, while the great fact of *development* is temporarily forgotten. Of course, there are no "qualities" or "characteristics" which are "transmitted" as *such* from one generation to the next. Such terms are not without fault when used merely as figures of speech, but when interpreted literally, as they frequently are, they are altogether misleading; they are the result of reasoning about names rather than facts, of getting far from phenomena and philosophizing about them. The comparison of heredity to the transmission of property from parents to children has produced confusion in the scientific as well as in the popular mind. It is only necessary to recall the most elementary facts about development to recognize that in a literal sense parental characteristics are never transmitted to children.² So you see, I said to Urania, laying the page down, I was not forgetting heredity when I declared that man has a capacity for self-direction which must be taken into special account, else all our conclusions concerning him will go egregiously awry.

"'Well,' replied Urania, neatly turning my point, as she thought, and dulling its edge, 'I think that man, whatever he may have been formerly, has now become sufficiently self-directing to keep steadily to the beaten paths of duty without institutional aid of any kind, civil or religious. He no longer needs the stupid, useless virtue of obedience—that clog to all the wheels of progress. Discipline has grown to be a second nature with him; he inherits it, and upon this splendid inheritance he may draw as upon so much moral capital acquired and transmitted by sires unnumbered. Government in a democratic country like ours is government by consent. The people make the laws, the yoke they bear is of their own devising. It is absurd to imagine that men will rise against what they themselves have brought into being and vested with all the authority it possesses. As well picture a father protesting against the rules he has framed for the family gathered about his fireside. So I say: Away with all restraint, and let democracy have its head, without curbed bit, or blinders on the bridle. Progress is self-development; this, and nothing more. Self-mastery is not a thing to give us further worry. This virtue has reached the automatic

²*The Cellular Basis of Heredity and Development.* By Edwin Grant Conklin. *The Popular Science Monthly*, August, 1914, p. 105. Italics mine.

stage at last, and we may all cry out as did the poet: "Sail on, thou Ship of State, sail on;" into and over unchartered and untraveled seas. Thy children are not the recalcitrant youth they were of yore, but a citizenry trained, if not to arms, to things much better—whole-hearted obedience to thy least behest, as to thy most exacting wishes.' Urania seemed most pleased with this effusion, and a glint of triumph lit her eyes as she paused breathless for my reply.

"There you go again, my dear, I said, you and your deterministic notions of this kind and that, concerning a being truant and errant all through his history; talking of him as if he were in very truth, or could become, as steady as the stars in their courses, and lent himself, like them, to the rigors of prediction. Do you not see that your conception of heredity is still faulty? Must I again inform you that it is not a static bequest, a fixed piece of property, or a chattel? Have you forgotten that most of the democracies which we call modern had their birth in disobedience and rebellion, following in this the ways and example of the father of all flesh? Reflect, my dear. It is still a most useful occupation, preventing hope from running all too high with expectation, cooling that ardor of soul and rush of spirit which with so many passes for a deeper light than reason's. The machine theory of man is one that tries my patience. Automatic he may be to a degree, and moral; but he can be sophisticated out of this condition. Look at the industrial class in general, and ask yourself what future faces democracy, if the peasantry of the world, indoctrinated to a like extent, should demand the creation of a State, the pivotal principle of which would be the supremacy, and right to rule, of those only who work with their hands. And what is to save mankind from such an unredeeming change of masters but belief in that higher democracy of the Supernatural which alone is capable of lifting all of us above the pettiness and social danger attending class-distinctions of whatever sort? You speak of the uselessness of having a creed. Here is one that affords you the only bulwark against greed and selfishness, the only outlet of escape from man's worst enemy—himself.

"Obedience was born of religion in the first instance, and it is a much misguided policy, it seems to me, to separate child from parent, especially as the discipline which religion teaches has its source, inspiration, and guarantee in a vision of life and its meaning, larger far, and more uplifting, than all your struggles for existence and deficits of capital. I have heard much of a socialized State, of peoples here and there so utterly beyond the need of disciplinary

restraint, that Church and Government might now be thanked for their provisional services, and graciously bowed over the border. The socialist and the finalist are evidently here at odds. But I notice that when the world goes wrong, you emotional meliorists of whatever school all start to blowing the trumpets of vituperation against religion. You banished creed some years ago, and had a good laugh at the thought that supernaturalism was dead. How do you like its successor, naturalism—the freedom to go every which way at once, and the devil take the hindmost! You would blame religion, would you—institutional religion, especially—for the mis-haps of war and suffering come upon the world? How much religion of the sort condemned have you ever sincerely tried or permitted to flower into fruit? Have you not, with Hegel and with Darwin, declared your belief in the final prevalence of *Might*? Do have some sense of humor, pray, or I shall die from laughing at your lack of it. Play not the expert and the adept, I beg you, of a thing untried! You have what you wanted, sought, fought for and brought about, against the protests of Christianity; and now you would incriminate the latter for your own misdoings; for the bitter harvest which your antichristian principles have sown. ‘Tis a mad world, my shepherds.’ Men surfeit themselves with unchristian views of life for a century or more, and then, when disaster comes, cry out against the very religion which they set at naught and declared a woman’s creed of gentleness.

“The Christian doctrine of man has been displaced by a machine theory; about as true and fair an estimate of him as if one were to study the mewling of poor Puss in the roar of the tigress and forget the years of domestication that have flown between. Always comparing, never directly inspecting—these modern sons of men! Now, with regard to this machine theory of humanity, I might admit, and quite complacently, that the actions of human beings are pretty much uniformly the same when it is a question of sharing profits. Throw a dog a bone, or a child sweetmeats, or a citizen so much of the earnings of the community as he thinks himself entitled to have—and, by the way, you must have noticed that the more one gets the more one wants in real, as distinct from theoretical, life—do any of these positive things which are of profit to the recipients, and all will be as merry as a marriage bell. We none of us need much discipline or restraint when the manna falls steadily into our gourds in contenting measure, though it is written of them of old that, under like conditions, they still hankered after the more savory flesh-pots of Egypt.

"I am not interested in the use or uselessness of discipline in cases where all men are conveniently supposed to be profit-sharing, and we are dealing with a State that exists on paper only and cannot be overturned. It is the ability of men *to share losses* which I would like to hear you and the Futurists discuss. Has man, think you, that ability? Is he so fixed and stable when it is question of losing, as when it is question of winning, something? Is 'giving' the passion with him that 'getting' has become? Do you mean to imply that human individuals—say, in a socialistic State—would be as glad to share the losses of all as they are to divide the gains? The social fabric would perish overnight if conceived on a universal loss-sharing basis. Let us suppose a shortage of crops and a shrinkage in the volume of business, owing to the operation of economic laws over which as yet we have secured no control. Are your 'democratic' citizens of your new paper republic so thoroughly disciplined in the ways of obedience, think you, that they would gladly present themselves, like sheep for the shearing, and willingly forego their individual earnings, when the general balance sheet happens to foot up into losses instead of gains? Will workers dispossess themselves for laggards? Will they smile when fortune frowns?

"Take still another consideration. The State is now encroaching upon the individual as never before. Economic socialism, if established, would be as nothing, in its exactions, to the socialism called eugenic which contemplates a match-making, child-rearing government, and would, if it could, practically reduce the individual to the condition of a State-ward and burden. Where has there been in the past any such drilling of men out of all individuality, character, and personal initiative as would entitle you to claim that their obedience to the patronizing eugenists of the present was part of their inheritance? Has not over-taxation, over-governing proved a fruitful occasion of riot and revolution all through history? You may complacently assume that individualism is moribund, but you will not have proceeded very far in your policy of crushing it out and stamping it underfoot, before being made to realize that the giant's 'not dead, but sleeping.' Discipline inherited? As well say that a grandfather inherited the traits, ways, and problems of his future grandchildren! No, the negative quality of restraint is necessary to the positive quality of culture, if the latter is to have the salt that giveth savor and prevents corruption. The historic partnership between the two can never be dissolved, and self-development made the feature, sole and single, of man's advancement. Time was when this policy was tried at Athens, the

citizens of which 'busied themselves in naught else than in saying or hearing some new thing.'³ But that was in the days of decadence, an invariable sign of which is the seeking of novelty for its own sake, as if truth were always arriving and reality never come.

"The modern idea of progress, I said to Urania, is destruction rather than fulfillment; and because of this inveterate misconception, the world is restlessly ill at ease, wondering to what work of demolition it should next set its destroying hand. The present generation is anxious to get as far away as possible from existing beliefs and conditions, regardless of the nature or value of the things it is traveling towards. The question, Whither? is of no concern; all that matters is to move away and on. Man has been biologized, physicized, de-humanized, and out of all recognition, in a thousand ways. His vision has been lowered to the things of earth. The practical, the expedient, the convenient, the self-repaying is supreme. Independence, pride, self-sufficiency—none of them factors in progress, but lets and hindrances—are the sole stars of guidance. Objective truth has been dismissed, not because there was anything seriously the matter with its claims, but because men wished to think as freely as they acted; and so they set to giving truth a nature more amenable, making it as plastic as clay in the hands of a potter, or an image in the mind of an artist. The result—what else could it be but a decree of banishment pronounced against all the things that give stability and take us out of ourselves into the world God made and man destroyed, thinking it progress to have done so.

"Let me ask you: What is progress? Is it the disintegration of the whole of life and truth into some one or other of the parts that go to make these up? Should we not conceive it, rather, as the development in concert of all the distinct parts which unite to form the rich and varied, many-faceted totality called man? Not, of course, in the sense that the development of all the composing parts should or could be equal: I do not mean to propose so impractical a dream as that; but in the sense that no possible line of development—the spiritual, moral, and religious, above all—should be excluded from man's purview or stricken from the list of his incentives—which is a feasible proposition capable of being put into general effect. Because you are in favor of man's development along all the lines of endeavor so far as he may or can, it does not follow—does it?—that you are opposed to his developing specially along some. Hardly.

³Acts xvii. 21.

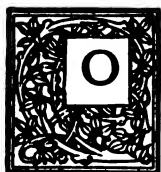
"I wish the world could be cured of this its greatest fallacy: the seeking of a part of life as if it were in very truth the whole; science, for instance, or comfort, or material prosperity, cut off from the larger vision and more redeeming reach of the Supernatural. Have you ever noticed the ill will of part towards whole, how it attempts to crowd the latter out of recognition and set itself up for all that is really worth while? Do make it a point to observe this curious phenomenon. I have addled my brain to account for it until from sheer vexation I had to give the problem up. Were the consequences not so perilous for men and nations; did not thought and action suffer so from this habit of mutilating the integrity of life, I should liken the whole misguided process to the fable of the frog inflating his tiny speckled body till it burst, in an over-ambitious attempt to measure stature with the ox.

"I shall say no more of these two warring conceptions of progress—the integral and the partial. You can see for yourself the narrow exclusive spirit dominating one of them, and the broad all-inclusive attitude animating the other, which welcomes all the good in sight and by whomsoever offered, frowning only on the littleness of the philosophy that too often, alas! accompanies its doing. Am I an alarmist, do you think, in questioning the future progress of a world that makes a section of human thought, a mere subdivision of life, the sole object of attention, worship, and pursuit? It is a serious mistake, to my mind, not only in psychology, but in sociology as well, to allow one idea to become supremely dominant, especially when but a single aspect of truth and life is represented by it, and that not the noblest nor the highest, neither the broadest nor the best. Mono-ideism—behold the world's seed of dissolution! And the daily toll of dead, heaping ever higher on sanguinary fields of combat, is an appalling commentary on the truth of this utterance. A civilization based on industrialism must perforce sacrifice the vital interests of humanity to the economic. It has created its own fate."

And with that the Muse most courteously dismissed me, almost before I could frame my thanks in fitting language. Not all the new ideas are true nor all the old ones false, I said to myself, leaving. I bought a paper on the way home—it was full of screaming headlines about the conflict overseas. The page blurred before my outer eye. The inner eye burned brightly, searching what the Muse had said. I was still thinking and could not stop, just as the sea continues tossed after a storm or a song lingers that has been sung.

LUCIE FAURE GOYAU.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.



ONE of the happy gifts with which French Catholic writers are not infrequently endowed, consists in the delicate skill with which they illustrate spiritual truths from the wealth of their secular learning. Their intellectual culture is more closely interwoven with their Christian inheritance than can be the case for Catholics isolated in a Protestant country. Their training has implied no schism between faith and intellect. We know, for instance, that Ernest Hello, brilliant essayist and keenest of critics, consecrated his life to a twofold passion, his love of theology and his love of literature, and his writings reflect both preoccupations with equal intensity. Books such as Ozanam's *Franciscan Poets* and Rio's *Christian Art*, the former written long before the fashion had set in for Franciscan studies, and the latter one of the earliest works to revive in France an interest in the pre-Raphaelite painters, owe much of their charm to their fusion of wide artistic knowledge with Christian tradition. Such writers all bear witness to the fact that keenness of critical faculty is in no way incompatible with a high degree of spiritual consciousness.

In our own day similar testimony has been borne by a woman writer whose early death, some two years ago, brought a real sense of loss to her many readers. Lucie Faure Goyau, daughter of a former President of the French Republic, and wife of a distinguished man of letters, was a woman of quite exceptional ability and of wide intellectual sympathies. An unfriendly critic might have accused her of being a bluestocking: certainly she was, in a very true sense, a *femme savante*. An accomplished linguist, she had steeped her mind in much of the greatest of the world's literature, French and English, German and Italian, while her understanding of classical Greek literature and philosophy was quite unusual in a woman. The deepest studies seem to have had no terrors for her. She wrote a volume on Newman and another on Dante; she had made a special study of the English mystics, and was an appreciative reader of English poetry. She could quote with equal felicity Pascal or Spinoza, Ruskin or Goethe. She had a discriminating

taste in architecture, in early Italian art, in Greek sculpture. She had traveled considerably, with far-seeing eyes, and she had the habit of noting her impressions for future use, filling the storehouse of her mind with treasured memories. Indeed in the course of her life she must have used up many commonplace books with notes on her reading, her meditations, on all she saw and did, notes that afford the best index to her serious thoughtful mind. It is from them that her husband, with unerring taste, made the posthumous selection published last year under the title *Choses d'Ame*. This volume of fragments came as a revelation in some measure even to her friends, for in it her inmost soul reveals itself with far greater intimacy than in her previous works.

"Things of the soul," be it noted, is the title, not, as one might have anticipated, "Things of the Mind." In truth, over and above her learning and her culture, Madame Goyau was deeply, even passionately, Catholic. Her faith permeated her whole thought; it was inextricably mingled with her intellectual interests; it had colored all her views on art, on literature, on life. The posthumous volume betrays the fact that she gave much time to prayer and meditation, while her acquaintance with devotional and ascetical literature was extensive. Without some measure of deliberate withdrawal from external activities her reading, her writing, and above all her spiritual life, would all have suffered impoverishment. Among those who knew her but slightly, Madame Goyau had the reputation of being reserved and unapproachable, and this was sometimes attributed to the fact of her having lived at the Elysée during the years when her father, Félix Faure, was President of the Republic. In reality her unapproachability was rather the outcome of a natural disinclination to waste time in the futilities of ordinary social intercourse. And who would seriously blame her? The literary legacy she has left us is her fullest justification. Perhaps what strikes the reader most in her books is not her imagination, not her creative power, but her constant and penetrating preoccupation with the high things of the spirit.

Thus a theme that was constantly in her mind and that was intensely characteristic both of her spiritual and her intellectual outlook, was the sadness of paganism contrasted with the joy of Christianity. She has devoted one of the most attractive of her books, *Ames Païennes, Ames Chrétiennes*, to developing the thesis in detail, and the thought recurs in many of the fragments of *Choses d'Ame*. True resignation, she declares, speaking in praise

of the passive Christian virtues, is illuminated by a ray of joy from the life beyond. Paganism was only cognizant of a mournful resignation. Turning to Greek art and literature, with which she was thoroughly familiar, Madame Goyau traces this pagan sadness onwards from Homer through the great dramatists—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides. She sees it in the decoration of the Greek cinerary urns, in their endless scenes of death and grief, drawn with an exquisite purity of line and rhythm, in their tender epitaphs. And she asks why they are so heart-breaking? "It is because they all lack the seal of the Christian tombs, of which the serenity spreads from death over life: the *Requiescat in pace*."

Poor Greece [she writes], how little we understand her when we believe she was satisfied with her azure seas, her marbles and her roses. Even the serenity of Apollo did not suffice her, and she was driven to seek counsel of the mysterious Dionysus, but she could not appease the unrest of her own soul. The soul of Hellas resembles the blue sea that laps her shores, and that is smiling and caressing on the surface, but beneath, as the ancients tell us, is full of mourning and burials.

Neither does she believe in the reality of the much-vaunted return to paganism of our own day. Is not the æstheticism, she asks, even of those who consider themselves most pagan, deeply impregnated with Christianity? Could a true Greek have written Keats' *Ode to a Grecian Urn*? Greatly daring, she questions whether, without the light given by Christianity, art—even pagan art—can be fully understood. Mere revolt against Christian teaching, against the despised passive virtues, can never bring one back to paganism. And at this point, in a few penetrating pages, she draws a suggestive parallel between two celebrated women, almost her contemporaries, and each the writer of a famous *Journal*, Eugénie de Guérin and Marie Bashkirtseff: the one, "the exquisite type of the *provinciale* who dreams, and reflects, and prays;" the other, "ardent, generous, tormented, suffering, bitter, filled with despair."

It is characteristic of Madame Goyau that she finds her own sex the more interesting of the two, and it is among women that she seeks for confirmation and illustration of her various theories. The only book of hers in which the masculine interest is wholly predominant is her *Life of Newman*, which, written some fifteen years ago, admittedly did much to popularize the writings of the great Oratorian in France. For the rest her various volumes

present us with a gallery of delicately limned feminine personalities for whom she cherished enthusiasms: Catherine of Siena, the type of burning love; Eugénie de Guérin, Angela of Foligno, Juliana of Norwich, Antigone, Hypatia. The women mentioned in *The Divine Comedy*—Beatrice, Francesca, Cunizza, Matilda, and many more—have a volume to themselves, *Les Femmes dans l'Œuvre de Dante*, delicate discriminating studies displaying a high level of Dante scholarship. Of Christina Rossetti, morbidly scrupulous, craving unconsciously for the fullness of Catholic truth which should have been hers by right of her Italian birth, but from which she was deprived by the accident of her father's exile from Naples, Madame Goyau writes with penetrating comprehension, bestowing on her poetic genius a fuller meed of praise than most English critics would accord.

Our authoress is no less happy with her subject in the long article that appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (August, 1913), dealing with Juliana of Norwich and other English mediæval mystics, and her study doubtless introduced to French readers a devotional literature wholly unfamiliar to them. It was to be her last literary achievement. Never was her critical faculty more happily shown, her wide knowledge turned to nobler use. Under the title *Mystical Visions of Mediæval England*, Madame Goyau gives in some thirty pages a study of mysticism as revealed in the *Ancren Riwele*, in Walter Hilton's *Ladder of Perfection*, and in Juliana's *Revelations of Divine Love*. Her personal predilections, however, cause her to linger over the sublime utterances of Juliana. What attracts her specially is that though Juliana had looked sorrow in the face, though the sufferings of the whole world found an echo in her heart, though her revelations all came to her through her crucifix, she too believed intensely in the reality of perpetual joy, and her teaching can be summed up in her favorite phrase: "All is for love." This hidden anchoress, shut in behind her barred window, "had seen further than human eyes habitually see, and she was filled with confidence, a supreme, all-embracing confidence, which, from the spiritual heights on which she dwelt, flows down as we read her book on the peaks of our own soul." Madame Goyau shows how all through the Christianity of the Middle Ages there ran a deep current of interior life, which betrayed itself in the raising up of cathedrals, was reflected in the pure blue of their stained-glass windows, and revealed itself in the writings of a Juliana and a Gertrude, a Catherine of Siena and an Angela of

Foligno. It was a period "when simple women uttered words so profound that the Greek philosophers would have been amazed at them." Humanly speaking, she says, it would be easier to think of these solitary recluses as stupefied by solitude and cut off from all living humanity, than to see in them souls strangely wide awake, refined and tempered by the supernatural order of their preoccupations, and mysteriously united to all humanity in its highest and vastest manifestations. Yet in truth such were Juliana and others of her time.

After drawing comparisons between the experiences of Juliana and other great mystics, Madame Goyau writes of mysticism in general with an intensity of conviction that makes the passage worth reproducing.

The unlearned would be filled with astonishment could they realize that mysticism can boast a sublime precision. For them the word mystical is synonymous with something vague, nebulous and indeterminate. They would be very surprised to learn that the geography of the mystical world reveals itself with outlines as clear and well-defined as those of islands or continents. Their amazement would be still greater could they behold the mystical world governed by laws of an exquisite delicacy, yet at the same time so solid though so subtle, so rigorous though capable of innumerable shades!.....Among mystics may be found the most surprising analogies and the most incontestable differences.....Whatever the country, whatever the climate, the environment, the heredity, the education, mysticism remains one and the same, but mystics present individual personalities of striking originality. The world cannot refuse to recognize the originality of a St. Teresa or a St. Francis of Assisi. The most transcendent words on human destiny, the most profound concerning the soul and life, have they not been uttered by mystics who, despising philosophy and literature, have soared above the heights of philosophy and literature?

Nowhere, however, do we obtain so vivid an impression at once of the breadth of Madame Goyau's intellectual sympathies, and the intensity of her hidden religious life, as in the detached fragments—her notes, her meditations, her prayers—happily rescued from oblivion by M. Georges Goyau after her death. The book can best be described in the happy French expression as a "*livre de chevet*;" a book to keep by one and dip into and meditate at leisure.

Many of the notes have been jotted down on her travels. The fountains and aqueducts of Italy, the churches of Ravenna, the exquisite beauty of Umbria where St. Clare is to her as vivid a figure as the *poverello* himself, the startling contrast between Hadrian's villa and a cell at San Damiano, these and similar themes inspire her to delicate reflective pages. Her whole thought, intellectually as well as spiritually, is penetrated with her faith, at once instinctive and reasoned. Take the little fragments on *Absolution*, and on all that confession means to man endowed with free-will, with the felicitous illustration from Macbeth, or the still more touching notes on *The Holy Eucharist* illustrated from her much-loved St. Catherine. A favorite thought with her is that Christian faith should triumph over the gloom and sorrow of death. She quotes with approval the epitaph of Arnauld d'Andilly, "*Sub sole vanitas, super solem veritas*," and continues:

Our dead, more truly living than ourselves, look down from on high on all pettiness and meanness: they possess the Absolute, Eternity, God. Let us endeavor to please them by imitating them; let us be absorbed as they are in the things of eternity; let us begin to live on earth our life of eternity and we shall never cease to be united to them.

One hesitates to translate so much of the charm lying in the refined French phrasing. The following fragments have been selected partly because their more concrete thought renders the task of the translator less disheartening.

Only too often to love means to confer on some human being the power to inflict intense suffering on oneself. To love, for two human beings, is often for both the selfish joy of loving themselves in another. To be loved, to love to be loved, is often to love to see oneself exquisitely reflected in the heart of another.

To love is to suffer when one loves without God, for the excess of our love falls back painfully on our own hearts. But what joy to love in God, into Whose infinite heart we can pour the overflow of our love, which falls back in priceless graces on those whom we love. And what joy to reflect that God loves them also infinitely more and infinitely better than we do.

We never reflect on the intensity of affection in hearts purified to such a point (as in the saints). A vulgar prejudice places love of God in opposition to human affection, whereas

in reality love of God is mainly opposed to selfishness disguised beneath the mask of human passion. Freed from selfishness and ascending towards God, the flame of human affection burns all the more brightly, being the more pure.

When will the world come to understand that a single hour of intense interior life enclosed within the walls of some narrow cell, is more fraught with consequence for humanity than the gaining of some victory on one of the vast battlefields of our globe.

From the following brief extracts we gain some insight into Madame Goyau's own spiritual life. The reference in the first fragment is clearly to the *Book of Visions and Instructions* by Angela of Foligno, of which Ernest Hello, a favorite author with Madame Goyau, made a singularly beautiful translation in French.

The chapters on Humility and on the Blessed Sacrament in Angela of Foligno possess indeed a supernatural beauty. I read them and re-read them without growing accustomed to them; they continue to fill me with astonishment. One's thoughts love to rest in these great solitudes of eternal truth where one can find God.

To silence thought in its impatience, to seize something of God, to crush it beneath the sense of divine greatness, to pray with all that is conscient and inconscient within us, with all our faculties, with all our being in one entire offering.

How truly one feels that the Our Father is a divine prayer! By repeating it slowly, by meditating it profoundly, one embraces heaven and earth, one girdles space and immensity, one envelops the universe. Just a few words, and infinity is expressed and the totality of things is uttered. All the souls that make up the sum of humanity must receive a grace each time an Our Father is properly recited.

It will be in the memory of all how the Catholic renaissance in France of recent years has been to a strange extent a literary movement, deriving much *éclat* from the adhesion of men such as Paul Bourget, Brunetière, Coppée, René Bazin. Until the outbreak of the war it was not always easy to say how far it was also a spiritual rebirth. Madame Goyau represented the essential Catholic kernel of the nation, which though often concealed has never been wholly robbed of its vitality, rather than any sudden awakening to spiritual influences, and had her life been spared, her work would

have been one of quiet strengthening and building-up. To-day, after eight months of the terrible national experience of war and invasion, the religious revival is so startling in its proportions that it can no longer be ignored even by those who would fain obey it. It has passed far beyond the need of the fostering care of any individual, however distinguished. And, indeed, this wonderful upgrowth of faith has coincided with a sad depleting of the ranks of Catholic workers and thinkers. Besides veterans impossible to replace, such as Count Albert de Mun and Henri Lorin, President of the Semaines Sociales, who both died last autumn, France has seen among the slain upon her battlefields Charles Péguy, poet and Christian mystic, the acknowledged leader of a literary and artistic group in Paris, and Ernest Psichari, that brilliant grandson of Renan, who made a name for himself by his military novel, *L'Appel des Armes*, and by the open avowal of his conversion to Catholicism. There died also last autumn Madame Brunhes, foundress of the Consumer's League, and a woman of rare culture and ability. These are all grave losses to the Catholic strength of the nation which, humanly speaking, should mean spiritual impoverishment. Yet we know and believe that the torch of Faith, once re-lighted, will not easily be extinguished, and that the new France, purified by sacrifice and suffering, will differ widely from the old.

THE SILVER CORD.

BY GRACE KEON.



EVERYTHING about the room denoted, if not wealth, at least a comfortable living. It was a room fashioned and furnished by refined people—people of educated tastes. There was not an inharmonious note in the rich coverings, the splendid hangings, the heavy, polished furniture, and the girl sitting at the piano, a slim little thing of twenty in a plain blue gown, fitted into the picture, as did the tall young fellow with the earnest dark face bending over her. They did not look like brother and sister—the girl so slight and fair and small, the youth so big and broad and dark. At the table was the mother, sewing—a soft-eyed woman, plainly but richly dressed—and on the other side of the lamp the father, who had been reading, but who now sat shielding his eyes with his hand, one finger of the other hand keeping the place in his book while he listened to the music.

The two young people turned from the piano as the last note sounded; the girl to run over and perch on the arm of her father's chair, the young man to draw another chair to the table, between his father and mother, so that they were within reach of his hands when he stretched them out.

"Well, now for it!" he cried, gaily.

The mother put down her sewing.

"You don't look as if you were in disgrace, Francis," laughed the girl. "And yet I fear the worst."

"You may expect it," retorted her brother.

"Seriously, my boy," said the mother, "how did you get away from college at this time? I thought you were particularly busy?"

"We have been, but exams are just over, and after taking up the matter with Dr. Stimson, we decided that I should come on and have a little talk with you. One can't always explain things in a letter." He ran his fingers through his hair carelessly. "Dad," he said, addressing his father, "I'm thinking of leaving college."

The father turned a grave face toward him—a thin, dark, grave face. The eyes looked tired; tired—and something else, hard to define.

"Leaving college?" he questioned, slowly. "When?"

"Now."

"But, my dear boy," began his mother, anxiously. The girl sat up quickly, all the laughter dying out of her face. As if by a lightning flash those few words had changed the atmosphere.

"You must have a very good reason," said the father, speaking as the mother paused, not knowing how to go on.

"Well, father, I think I have a very good reason," said the young man, "and I'm hoping you'll approve of it. Its been in the back of my mind a good while—last summer, particularly, seemed to settle the matter. Parrish's death—it was so sudden, so awful, it made a great impression on me." He hesitated. They were looking at him intently. "I never told you, but it was just by chance I didn't get into the boat, too. I was running for it, and my shoe lace tripped me. I fell, and waved for them to go on. I was shaken up a little. Then it happened in a flash."

The young man's voice died away. "Good Lord! Poor Parrish! I don't think I'll ever get over it as long as I live."

"I didn't dream it had made such an impression on you, Francis," said his mother, in her low voice.

"No," he answered, "I never spoke of it to anyone; I couldn't. And I wouldn't tell you now, except to point out what I am going to say. I felt that last summer decided me—my whole life changed." He stopped abruptly. "Father and mother, I want your consent to enter the theological seminary. I want to study for the ministry."

There was absolute silence. The mother stared at him with distended eyes and parted lips—a gaze into which there seemed to enter, suddenly, a flood of light, an expression of intensest joy. The girl leaned forward, wonder and pleasure on her face. The father's countenance was a study—a conflicting study. He, too, looked at his son. His eyes lost their tiredness—the "something else" remained—they made the young man vaguely uncomfortable. He stared at his father curiously. What was he thinking about? What brought that expression? What emotion? What was it? Anger? No. Aversion? No. Fear—that was it. Fear, terror!

He sat fascinated, too engrossed to do more than merely wonder.

"Francis!" said his sister, in a thrilling tone. "Oh, it is beautiful, beautiful!"

"My boy!" The mother's voice was like a strain of music. "You have given me the greatest happiness of my life."

The tears were welling down her cheeks. The young man extended his hand and patted her arm, gently, sympathetically. But it

was to his father he turned—the father who had been his comrade and his friend.

“I have your consent, also, dear dad?” he asked, affectionately.

The older man put his book on the table and folded his hands over it.

“No,” he said.

“No?”

“Just that—no.”

“But, father, there is a reason?”

“Yes, a good reason.”

The young man sat back in his chair, and his features grew stern. The girl rose from beside her father. Unconsciously her hands were clasped on her breast as if fearing the next words. But the mother straightened. All the sweetness and softness left her face—all the joy her eyes. She was as white as if carved in marble, and as cold.

“I forbid you to give the reason,” she said to her husband, “or you to listen,” she added, turning to her son.

The young man leaned forward.

“What folly!” he said, laughing harshly. “For a reason which I am not to hear I am to be kept away from a life to which, I am firmly convinced, I have been almost supernaturally called! Oh, no! mother,” he looked at her with hard young eyes, and rose to his feet, “you have no right to interfere, and I will hear the reason.”

“You shall have it,” said the father, in his low, quiet voice. “I am a Roman Catholic.”

The silence was terrible. The mother’s eyelids half-closed, as if a knife had gone through her heart.

“A Roman Catholic!” cried the young man.

“Yes. Your mother and I married because we were passionately in love with each other. She made all the promises necessary. When you were born you were baptized in the Catholic Faith. When Mildred came she, too, received the waters of Baptism. What happened afterward—” he smiled, coldly—“my own fault, my own carelessness. I am a renegade, a fall-away, a disgrace to my religion.”

He paused, pushing the hair back from his temples with the movement so characteristic in the son. Under the stress of emotion both faces were very white, very alike.

“With the marks of the Catholic baptism on your forehead, and the knowledge that your forbears on your father’s side were

staunch Roman Catholics, I can hardly conceive of allowing you to preach against my Faith."

The mother rose, trembling in every limb. In all their lives her children had never seen her look as she did now.

"Your Faith!" she sneered. "*Your* Faith! What has it ever done for you?"

"What have I ever done for it?" he asked, with a ghastly smile. "I'll take any punishment. I deserve much. But not—not to see my son a Presbyterian minister. Not that, not that!"

The mother leaned across the table, her face white with passion.

"I despise you!" she said.

The two young people could only stare at the actors in this dreadful drama, their hearts torn within them. Father and mother stared steadily at each other a second; then the woman turned, her head erect and proud, and left the room with unfaltering step.

The father did not stir. The young man was the first to recover himself.

"Go to mother, Mildred," he said, quietly.

The girl came closer to him and laid a loving cheek on his sleeve.

"Poor Francis!" she whispered. Then she turned to her father. He had sank back in his chair—his face very white, his eyes closed. She hesitated.

"Go, Mildred," said her brother.

She went. The young man waited, his gaze fastened on his father. Then he leaned forward and touched his hand. The dark eyes flared open.

"Poor Francis, indeed!" he echoed. "Must you share the punishment?"

"If it is your sin—yes, father," said the youth, steadily. "It is so written."

"I have robbed you of a priceless heritage."

Francis hesitated.

"Father, I do not know what to do."

"No," wearily.

"You do not ask me to become a Roman Catholic?"

"I know better than to ask you that."

"You've upset all my ideas—you've dug down at the very roots of life. A Roman Catholic—*my* father!"

There was wonder, pity. Yes, even a little contempt in his voice.

"I'll have to think about it." His hand touched his father's

cold fingers. "Supposing I feel that in spite of all this I am still called to the preacher's life?"

The father's grasp tightened almost convulsively on the young man's hand. No words could have been so expressive. No looks could convey to the loving heart of the son what frightful suffering his father was enduring. And the generous boy responded.

"Father," he said, gently, "I'll go back to college for a year. And I'll study the Roman Catholic doctrine as fairly as I can, without prejudice. It is essential that I should. But you must abide by my decision at the end of a year."

The father bowed his head.

"Do not forget this is all my fault," he said. "My fault for marrying out of the Faith, my fault for not insisting on the religious education of my children. All my fault! All my fault!"

He said no more—nor did the boy.

Father Breen rose from his thanksgiving, and went to the door of the vestry. The church had few occupants. Mrs. Tully was making the Stations, as was her habit after the half-past six o'clock Mass, and old Mr. Floyd was on his knees before the statue of the Sacred Heart, which was also his habit. Father Breen knew that no matter who else left the church, these two would remain in it—Mrs. Tully to tread the Sorrowful Way for "those in their agony or those about to die," and Mr. Floyd beseeching the Compassionate Heart to grant him the favor he had been seeking for over twenty years.

Father Breen was not looking for either of these. His eyes strayed past them.

Yes, she was there—at Our Lady's shrine.

Her hands were clasped loosely on the altar rail, her small, delicate face was upturned, her lips were moving slowly, as if the thoughts of her heart found but partial utterance—as if she could not find words, only broken speech.

Father Breen turned quietly from the door, and went back, a little frown between his eyes. He had a curious, baffled sensation, and no one who knew Father Breen and his intense interest in his flock—individually as well as collectively—would be surprised at this.

The young girl who knelt at Our Lady's shrine was totally unknown to him. Yet she had been coming to Mass regularly for over a year, always the half-past six o'clock Mass. She occupied the same seat every morning before the Blessed Mother, and after

Mass she knelt for at least fifteen minutes at the rail, face upturned, seemingly rapt in prayer, seemingly devout. Sundays and week days the occurrence was the same.

But—and this was the part that troubled Father Breen—in all that time she had never approached the communion rail! This fact had begun to disturb Father Breen's peace of mind. Who was she? Where had she come from? Why did she look so unhappy? And how could so seemingly pious a child come so steadily to Mass for an entire year and never approach Our Lord in the Eucharist?

All sorts of conjectures went through the good priest's head. What if this were some tormented soul, whose scruples deterred it from partaking of the Celestial Banquet? Or a poor little sinner, afraid to approach it? Or a timid convert, unable to proceed and not knowing how to seek a guide?

Father Breen turned sharply, as his altar boy passed along the hall.

"Joe!" he said.

"Yes, Father?"

"Go outside and ask that young lady kneeling before the Blessed Virgin's altar to come in here to me a minute."

"Yes, Father."

It was nothing unusual, this summoning of one of his flock. The boy obeyed, and came back almost instantly.

"Well, Joe?"

Joe was plainly puzzled.

"She was going, Father. She said please excuse her just now as she was late."

"Oh!" Father Breen felt some discomfiture, but he persevered.

"Who is she, Joe? Do you know her?"

"Never saw her out of church, Father." The boy hesitated. He was intelligent, and he surmised, rightly, that his pastor was interested. "She seemed awfully scared, Father. Her face got all red and then white, and she grabbed hold of the rail. I thought sure she was going to faint."

"Poor child!" said Father Breen, gently. "But I don't think she should fear me. I'm sure no one is the least bit afraid of me; not even my rascal of an altar boy."

"No, Father," agreed Joe, cheerfully, and grinning with all his might. Afraid of Father Breen! That *was* a joke!

Joe didn't allude to the matter again, nor did Father Breen, but he could not help thinking of the "poor, unhappy child." And

when, the next morning after Mass, he missed the slender, dark-robed figure, something like consternation filled him. Had he driven her away? Did she *really* fear him?

For an entire week he saw nothing of her. Then Joe solved the problem.

"That girl never comes up to the front any more; she always stays in the back of the church," he volunteered. "Right in the last seat."

"Oh!" said Father Breen, and his heart was ten pounds lighter. At least he had not forced her away altogether!

A fortnight sped by. On Annunciation Day, Our Lady's altar was lovingly and beautifully adorned. Evidently its attraction was too great to be resisted. The slender girl took a place in the first pew, and after Mass stole timidly up to the altar rail.

"Good glory, Blessed Mother!" expostulated Father Breen. He had finished his thanksgiving and was alone in the vestry. "I'm a bit surprised at you! Here's a child evidently plunged in unhappiness, with her love for you shining out of her face, and you won't help me to do a thing for her. What's the trouble at all, at all?"

He was really anxious. Such devotion—and no communion! What did it mean? He *must* do something! What? And while he stood pondering, his breviary between his fingers from force of habit, he heard hesitating steps, and looking up saw her. Her eyes were fastened on his face pleadingly, but even her lips were white. For the moment Father Breen was so astonished at the sudden apparition that he could not move hand or foot. Nothing more unexpected could have occurred. Then, being a gentleman, he made a mental and abject apology to our Blessed Lady at once.

"Perhaps—perhaps you can spare me a minute, sir?" the girl asked. Her voice was low, refined, and very sweet.

"A minute?" asked Father Breen, gently. "Indeed I can." To himself he added. "*Sir!*" That means a convert." He didn't care what it meant if only he had the opportunity of helping her.

"Won't you sit down," he went on. She was trembling visibly. "You are very nervous, poor child. Never mind. Tell me all about it, and the nervousness will fly away with the trouble." He smiled cordially.

She shook her head.

"I wish it would," she said, sinking into a chair. "It's—about—about my father. You are sure you have time?"

"Loads of it! Bushels of it! Time is of no consequence!"

"Well!" she drew a long breath. "My father is very sick."

"Yes?" encouraged Father Breen.

"There are four of us—father, mother, my brother Francis and myself. We've—we've always been Presbyterians. Not my father. But the rest of us. A year ago my brother came home from college. He wanted to be a minister." The girl spoke rapidly, as if only quickness of speech gave her strength. "It made my mother and me very happy. And then—" she was interlacing one finger over the other feverishly. "It was dreadful. My father refused his consent because he was a Roman Catholic; because we both—Francis and I—had been baptized Roman Catholics and—"

The girl was sobbing. She put her handkerchief to her eyes and wiped away the tears hurriedly.

"Oh, how horrible it was, and we had been so happy! My darling mother, my dear father, and I."

Yes, thought Father Breen, sadly. The same story; no matter what its variation, it was the same story. He sat silent, stunned by the tragedy her words had laid before him.

"Francis went back to college. Our house is..... My mother has never spoken a word to my father since that day. The next morning I came to church here. I don't know why. My father had told me I was baptized. I found out about baptism; what it meant and all, and I could not keep away. My mother," she averted her eyes quickly, "she knows I come. I—I do not matter so much. Her heart is with Francis! Francis! Francis!"

"And your brother?" asked Father Breen.

"He reaches home this afternoon. He was to take a year. To-day we shall know. My mother has left no stone unturned, no authority unread, no argument. She has written letters upon letters—sometimes every day. My father does not speak. It is a battle of wills, from which I have been left out. Only father and mother and Francis! And—and I don't know whom I want to win!"

Father Breen looked at her thoughtfully.

"From which you have been left out?" he echoed. "Tell me—that is if you can—what you have been saying to God's blessed Mother for the last year?"

A soft flush crept across the delicate cheeks.

"I could not say much to her. I don't know how," she murmured. "But it was 'Sweet Lady, keep my soul. Keep Francis. Show him the right road.' That is all."

"But it is enough," said Father Breen. "You have been asking her that for a year, and do you think the Mother of God could refuse a prayer made before her in such a fashion?"

"Oh!" said the girl, her eyes widening. "You think she heard *me*?"

"You're her child."

"I don't belong—"

"But you do." He smiled at her. "You've been baptized; your ours; we claim you. It's not your fault you don't understand, but the love is there, and that will help. Don't you worry about Francis. Our Blessed Lady has him safe and sound."

"Oh!" repeated the girl. "You mean—"

"Your Francis will never be a minister. That's all I can say now, but I'm sure of it. How far he has gone I don't know, but if he's done any conscientious study at all I'm not afraid of the outcome."

"If I could believe that," said the girl.

"As for your father—"

"He is failing so, and I cannot speak neither of religion nor anything else. Everything depends on Francis."

"Not everything," said Father Breen. "I'm your father's priest, and something depends on me."

"But you've never seen him."

"No," said Father Breen, "but I would die to save his soul. And so would any priest. And I think," he paused, "I think from what you tell me he has been going through his purgatory."

"Purgatory!" The girl echoed the word. "Yes, it is that—purgatory!"

"I am going to call on your father to-morrow morning," said Father Breen. "You leave me your address."

"But, my mother?"

"Child, I've told you I'm a priest. Do not worry."

The stress of the past twelve months had told upon that young face. The smooth brow was lined with wrinkles; the dark eyes were darker and larger, the cheeks thinner, the mouth more firmly set. They gathered once more about the heavy, polished table. The father with features as sharp and clear-cut as those of a cameo, set in a skin of ivory whiteness; the mother, still and cold, a little haughty, a little bitter; the delicate girl, pale and downcast. All hearts, all eyes, focused on the young man who sat there as he

had been seated that day, of which this was the anniversary. Again he spoke to them of that which had changed the current of their lives.

But not then—or ever—did he tell the story of that year—neither of its heights, nor its depths, nor its tortures, nor its joys.

He announced his decision, calmly and without hesitation.

"I shall not enter the seminary," he said.

The tone was quiet, passionless. The mother's lips curled, she darted a glance of contempt at her husband.

"You have conquered," she said.

Her son looked at her.

"You must not talk like that," he said. "I have not said I am a Roman Catholic."

She shrank as from a blow.

"Not said?" The words seemed forced from her pale lips. "Not said what? You mean—"

"I mean I shall not enter the ministry—just that." He was very pale now, and the dark circles beneath his eyes seemed to darken still more. "Mother!" he said, passionately. "I am like a man in a delirium, a man who longs to attain his ideal, who sees it outlined against a clear sky, and yet—and yet—there is the obstacle, the insurmountable obstacle."

Her face would not be whiter in its coffin.

"And that obstacle?" she asked.

"You!"

"I!" she repeated, wonderingly. "I?" she hesitated. "Francis, what has happened?"

"What has happened?" The hint of a smile touched his lips. "I am your son, too, dear mother. I took your bigotry, your prejudices, your contempt, your hatred even, with me. Heart, soul, brain, were filled with them. What has happened?" His voice sank low. "The inevitable."

"You wish to be a Catholic?"

"With your permission."

"With my permission! You shall never, never have it."

"You can refuse me much, but the Faith this year has brought me is in no man's power to take away. It has come from God."

The sadness of his voice touched her to the soul. He was her darling, her firstborn, her pride, her joy. Mildred was a good child, a dear child, but Francis. What if he really believed this came from God! Oh, he *must* believe or he would not say so!

A shudder went through her.

"Oh, Francis, it will break my heart!" The words issued from her lips like the cry of a despairing spirit.

"Mother!" he rose then, and went to her chair, putting his hand on her shoulder. "Mother, don't you think I—*tried*?"

"Yes," she said, nodding. "Yes." She drew a long breath. "You are sure of yourself?"

"Absolutely."

"And afterwards?"

"The call is there, mother, if God will take me. The highest life of all."

She looked straight before her.

"A priest!" she said. "My son a Roman Catholic priest! With my consent? Oh, how can it be possible?"

"Some day," he whispered, his lips on her cheek, "you will add 'how can it be possible that he is worthy of such an honor?'"

She closed her eyes. He was so dear to her—so very dear—and never dearer than now, when she felt she was giving him up forever.

"Francis, if it is for your happiness—"

"Beloved!" His lips were on her cold ones, his strong young arms about her heaving shoulders. She rested against him in her weakness, glad of his strength. Then, very gently, he took her hand in his and stretched it across the table to meet his father's extended clasp. Softly they rose, the brother and sister, and left the two together—that out of suffering both might find peace.

When the half-past six o'clock Mass was over, Father Breen stepped once more to the door of the sacristy. Mrs. Tully was saying the Stations "for those in their agony, or those about to die." Mr. Floyd was on his knees before the statue of the Sacred Heart, offering the prayer that he had offered now for over twenty years. But at the altar rail, gazing into the sweet, sculptured face of Our Lady knelt the slender girl—and beside her a young man—the youth of whose dark face belied the lines upon his forehead and about his mouth. Father Breen went back quickly, his heart beating so hard with joy that it hurt him.

"Oh, holy Mother Church, dear Mother of all, but 'tis you can weave the silver cord of prayer that binds us together—big and little, old and poor, great and small!" he whispered, and there were tears in his eyes.

ASSISI.

BY CHARLES H. A. WAGER.



THE little train pulls quietly into the station, and before you, on the mountain side, shimmering and swimming in the hot, white light, is Assisi. It lies spread out, as on a wall, from the bastions of San Francesco at the left to the slender tower of Santa Chiara at the right, her half-dozen domes and towers rising above her gray roofs, and the shattered circlet of the fortress crowning all. You make your way along the straight white road, through the fine dust that powders everything, between flat green fields flecked with blood drops, which are poppies, past the villa, where a bronze tablet records the tradition that from this spot St. Francis blessed his beloved city on his last journey to the Porziuncola. You reach the beginning of the steep ascent, you climb the narrow lane between high hedges, you pass the great wooden cross outside the Porta San Pietro, which the peasants pause to kiss, and you enter the city at last under the portal named of San Francesco. Through the labyrinth of narrow streets twisting and climbing up the mountain side, you make your breathless way to the little room high up under the fortress, cool, bare, brick-paved, spotless, from which you see the kingdoms of another world than this material one, and the glory of them. Before you a wide, green plain sweeps away west and east and south to the mountains that compass it. Near and far the heights are crowned with little cities, whose names, like those of the handmaidens of the Blessed Damozel, are "five, sweet symphonies." They are Spello and Trevi, Spoleto, Montefalco, and Bettona, and upon everyone lies the glory of Franciscan legend and Franciscan art. To the south is low-lying Foligno, hidden by the hills, and to the northeast lordly Perugia upon her height guards the entrance of this sombre and pensive Umbria against the gay vivacities of Tuscany. The little river Tescio, waterless except after heavy rains, writhes like a dusty, gray serpent across the plain, and on the other side of the valley the vivid green of willows marks the course of the august Tiber on his way to Rome. Almost at your feet lie two of the most sacred shrines of "the religion," Rivo Torto, the first home of the little company, and the Chapel

of the Porziuncola, the cradle of the Order. At every hour, in every season, the great bell-like dome of "the Angeli," beneath which lies the Porziuncola, dominates the plain. Shimmering in a haze of heat, or wavering ghost-like in the midst of a moonlit August night, it is a perpetual reminder of all the sacred places that it covers: the chapel where the young seeker after God found what he sought, the tiny cell in the wood where he knew the ecstasies and the despairs of the hidden life of the soul, the bare chamber in which, naked upon the naked earth, he uttered his last thanksgiving "for our sister, the death of the body," and, in the high speech of saintly chronicles, "migrated to life."

It is idle to try to see these places in the light of common day. Whether you will or not, they are clothed upon with a spiritual, a symbolic beauty which is veritably theirs. For one who loves them, that is, for one who knows their story, it is impossible to say whether this Umbrian valley and the holy places that it holds are objectively beautiful or no. Their beauty at best is a beauty of beginnings, a pale harmony of dawn. But when one compares the hinted loveliness of this landscape with regions of a more opulent, more majestic beauty, as when one sees the timid grace and sweetness of Umbrian art beside the splendors of Milan, of Florence, of Venice, one perceives how little the immortal charm of this beloved land is borrowed from the eye, how much it is borrowed from the heart.

You turn your eyes to the east, and there above you rises Mt. Subasio, in whose recesses the young herald of the great King, in the first days of his embassy, went singing the praises of God. There lies the hermitage of the Carceri, where he and his firstborn sons, Bernard and Giles, Masseo, Rufino, and Silvestro, sought the sweet fruits of solitude. Though the gray volcanic earth and rock show everywhere through the green, the old mountain is not grim. Its lines are too undulating for grimness, its surface too velvety; it lends itself, like all these human, habitable hills, too readily to the magical transformation wrought by the sun. The play of light upon it and upon the city backed up against it is a never-ending marvel. Witness the triumphs of the sunset hour, when the gray old walls of Assisi are turned to rose: Spello lies upon its height like a heap of unstrung pearls, the mountains beyond are pure violet, and a spectrally white moon hangs just above a purple Subasio. Then suddenly the sun sinks behind Perugia and the glory vanishes. The color fades swiftly from rock and

wall and tower, as life ebbs from a dying face, leaving them pale and cold until another sun awakens them.

But this brief transfiguration wrought by the sunset upon city and mountain is not a mere superficial glamour, for the rocks of Subasio are really not gray, but rose-pink, and the walls of Assisi, since they were dug out of its heart, are rose-pink also; and the sun, by a happy accident, merely renders visible for a brief instant the glory that is always theirs. Perhaps the loveliest part of the spectacle is furnished by the hills across the valley to the south, which hardly change their color or their lighting, and lie quiet and misty, untouched by the changing splendor. Their hour is sunrise, when the plain is a sea of mist, out of which rises the dome of "the Angeli," turned golden by the first rays of the sun, and upon their heights Bettona and Montefalco are visible for an instant like wraiths of cities, spectral, evanescent.

But look at Assisi, itself, rising against Mt. Subasio to the east. Almost the whole of it is visible—so small it is—so small, to contain so much beauty and charm. From this spot, alone, you can see well-nigh all the places that are associated with the memory of the Saint: the little seventeenth century church that stands upon the site of his birthplace; the cathedral where he was baptized; the Church of Santa Chiara that marks the spot where he learned his "small Latin," where he began to preach, where his body lay while the great tomb was building, and where, two years after his death, he was proclaimed a Saint; the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, before which he made his great renunciation, and near it the palace of the Bishop of Assisi, from which he was carried to the Porziuncola to die—so rich in gracious and holy memories is this little spot of earth. San Damiano, too, is all but visible, lying among its olives, half way down the hill. The sound of its bell calls up a vision of the dark time-stained little church, where the crucifix spoke to his heart, where he began his labors to restore the house of God, where, blind and ill, he composed his hymn of praise for the beauty of the visible universe, and where his dead body rested an instant, that the holy women who lived there might look their last upon his beloved face. One only of the great Franciscan shrines is hidden from you here, the glorious church that marks the place of his rest, the vision of austere beauty realized by that erring but beloved son of Francis whose failure to understand and follow his master's doctrine has given us what is, perhaps, the most splendid shrine of art and religion that Italy contains.

The narrow street that runs beneath your window leads to it, connects it, indeed, with the group of Franciscan shrines in the heart of the city, and through this street, though it is happily not one of the main thoroughfares, flows much of the life of the little town, a life that does not differ greatly from that of which St. Francis was a part. It is, naturally, not a hurried life, but it is characteristically Italian, which means that it always has charm and, generally, beauty. From early morning until dark, with the exception of the two or three hours of the afternoon siesta, there passes a varied procession: brown little lads with graceful terracotta jars poised upon their shoulders; girls bringing water from the public fountain in vessels of burnished copper; wrinkled and barefooted old women, with bright kerchiefs about their throats, spinning wool as they walk; younger women with long trays of bread, fresh from the public oven, balanced upon their heads, and, of course, friars brown and black, bearded and shaven, sandalled and shod. At all hours the patient donkeys pass, bearing, in the autumn, great sacks of fragrant juniper, or oddly flattened casks of wine poised precariously upon their backs; while huge oxen, milk-white or silver-gray, with splendid far-spreading horns—"the soft-eyed, snowy oxen that the gentle Virgil loved"—bring for an instant, into the noisy little thoroughfare, "the divine silence of the plain."

Too often, alas, there passes a sad little procession to the Campo Santo, a crucifix, a chanting priest, a tiny coffin covered by a pall, the members of a confraternity in their long gray habits, and a few poorly clad men and women carrying unlighted candles and murmuring Ave Marias. And if you descend and follow them, you will pass out of the city by a half-ruined gateway, along a road that skirts the mountain side, fragrant with acacia and cypress, to a sunny garden that hangs above the gorge of the Tescio. There the Assisians all come to rest at last, peasants and nobles, friars and priests, and the stranger that has the happy fortune, if die he must, to die just here. On almost every tomb is an inscription so touching, so unmistakably sincere despite its rhetoric, that it wrings the heart and dims the eye—so close it brings one to "the sense of tears in mortal things."

"Luigina, Luigina, dost thou not hear the pity of thy parents', thy brothers' grief, who miss thee, who call upon thee always? O angel of peace, pray for them to the good God."

"To the sweet daughter, the good and gentle sister, Margherita."

.....From the place where thou dost exult among blessed souls, O piteous angel, turn thy consoling smile upon thy dear ones, who, mindful of thy virtues, scatter tears and flowers upon thy tomb."

"O passerby, if the smile of thy children consoles thy heart, or if upon the tomb of thy beloved thou dost weep the loss of every good, of every hope, think upon the grief with which his parents have left here.....!"

And this one, in a sterner strain, reminds us that in this Italian people "of many lives," there persists the Roman tradition of dignity and fortitude in grief: "A man of antique virtue and religion.....born at Rome. Of modest fortune, he left to his sons the rich inheritance and constant example of an honorable life." And if on the Saturday evening within the Octave of the Assumption you should pass along the cypress-scented road, you would see the little enclosure all aglow with flowers, and with tiny lamps which burn far into the night, symbols of remembrance, of love, of grief that does not die.

Many, indeed, and wonderful are the charms of the city at night. You return at sunset from a walk in the valley and you see, framed in the arch of some battlemented portal, a picture of purple mountains and dusky sky, half orange and half rose, and everywhere, in the plain and on the hillsides, the flaming bonfires kindled by the peasants in honor of the feast of a saint. As you make your way through the darkening streets, you pass the low vaulted wine shops with their white walls, black chimney-pieces and rude tables, about which men are drinking and talking, their faces lighted from beneath by the yellow flames of the candles.

The young Assisan nobles do not hold nocturnal revels as in the days of St. Francis, but the peasants sing their endless, quavering laments, and at midnight in May the valley rings with the nightingales. In some of the half-lighted cavernous streets you will see the glimmer of a lamp burning before a little shrine, within which a pensive Madonna, an ecstatic St. Francis, a pale St. Clare waver from light to shadow as the lamp swings in the evening breeze. The yellow moonlight floods the Church of Santa Chiara, throwing great pools of blackness beneath the heavy buttresses, while at the other end of the city the façade of San Francesco, rising from its little grass-grown piazza, seems even more ethereally remote, more exquisitely isolated than by day. "So," you say, as you stand before it in the silence and peace of midnight, "so in its lovely moonlight lives the soul."

Under the uncompromising light of day, the city is, of course, less attractive, yet, then, also, it has its charm for an eye not too exacting in the matter of cleanliness. Like the streets of all the hill towns, the streets of Assisi wind in and out, following the curve of the mountain side, now climbing by a stone stairway to a higher level, now dipping to a lower through dark, vaulted passages. The old stone palaces that border them could never have had great architectural pretensions, and are now, for the most part, fallen into picturesque decay. Their Gothic doorways are walled up, their lower windows are usually closed with rusty iron grills, and festooned with cobwebs, and from within them not seldom can be heard the voice of that faithful servant and friend of the family, the ass, raised in raucous lament. But to the eye predisposed to love them, the old walls have a grave, homely beauty of their own, the beauty of bare simplicity and strength and long use—the beauty, too, of soft tints in the rough Subasio stone, faded rose and deep copper brown and pale orange. In early summer, delicate pink stocks grow out of them, and later, above many a mouldering gray wall, hangs a glory of hollyhock, geranium, and oleander. Now and then you come unexpectedly upon architectural details of great beauty: a delicate fifteenth century window in a façade otherwise rough and unadorned, or an exquisitely carved portal in a commonplace street of shops. But for the most part, Assisi has little of the charm of moulded brick and carved stone that makes Siena, for example, a keen and endlessly varied delight. Here, as in the Umbrian landscape, you must be content with simple pleasures, or, rather, you must half create them from the stores of the imagination and the heart. Nor, again, is there that fascinating array of sculptured coats of arms and religious emblems in terra cotta that make the house fronts of Siena a pictured chronicle of her past. Yet in Assisi, too, you will find carved over many a doorway the monogram of the Holy Name of Jesus, a memorial of Siena's great Franciscan preacher and Saint, Bernardine, who visited the city in 1425, and by his eloquence, here as everywhere, turned the hearts of her turbulent citizens into the way of peace.

Other records of the religious life of the past you will find upon the façades of her palaces; such mottoes as "*In Domino Confido*," and "*Ubi Deus, Ibi Pax*." Over a plain doorway in a dark and somewhat squalid street, you can read an inscription that takes you back to a momentous night in the year 1209, when a rich man of Assisi invited Francis to sleep in his own room, that he

might see for himself whether or no the young man's devout ways were genuine. And after his host had feigned to go to sleep, the Saint arose, and all that night with tears called upon the name of God. In the morning the two men, after hearing Mass and devoutly consulting the Gospels, instituted the Order of those who make themselves poor for the love of God and man. "Here," so runs the inscription, "the Blessed Bernard of Quintavalle received St. Francis to supper and bed, and saw him in ecstasy."

In almost every street you will see, above the door of some tiny church or oratory, an ancient fresco, so blurred and faded by the sun and wind of centuries that only by looking closely can you make out a sweet-faced Virgin, a kneeling angel, an enthroned Christ, or a group of angular saints. Now and then there remains some splendor of color, as in the Chapel of San Lorenzo above the city, where the dalmatic of the young martyred deacon still blazes a gorgeous golden yellow under the westering sun. But a visit to the little museum will suggest how splendid the streets must have been when these things were still cared for, and when there was money and devotion to keep them bright. There you will see a lovely Madonna surrounded by cherubs, which once adorned one of the city gates, placed there, it is said, by the hand of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. You will see, also, a fragment of fresco taken from an arch now destroyed, the Arco di Gori, in which a beautiful young Franciscan saint, blond, brown-eyed, brown-habited—St. Francis or St. Antony of Padua—adores a lovely Child, who leans towards him, as if from an invisible Mother's arms. The picture is ascribed, doubtfully enough, to Giotto, but for beauty, charm, and devout feeling, it is worthy of an even more distinguished parentage. You will see the exquisite saints and angels of Matteo da Gualdo and Ottaviano Nelli da Gubbio, which once made the Chapel of the Pilgrims as glorious without as it is still lovely within.

Go some sunny afternoon and stand before the strange, almost uncouth, façade of the Duomo, with its heavy, square tower, its single low arcade, its three simple wheel windows, and the curious beasts and still more curious human creatures that populate it. The light falls upon it relentlessly, and there are no cool shadows, no relief, no variety, and little beauty, or so at first it seems. But gradually the charm of its simplicity takes hold of you, its almost abstract beauty, its grim refusal to be lavish, its placid acceptance of great spaces of untouched stone. Even where the sculpture is richest, there is no suggestion of exuberance. It is spacious, in a

word, and so far as the somewhat clumsy hand of the sculptor could make it so, it is bold and free. The Duomo is, in truth, the adequate expression of the mind of mediæval Assisi, and of many another little Italian commune, before the Franciscan movement gave it tenderness and charm.

If you visit San Pietro and Santa Maria Maggiore, you will have much the same experience. Both are bare: both, especially the latter, a little forbidding; yet both make at last a kind of exquisite appeal that hardly differs from beauty—a beauty, however, that requires something like effort and renunciation from him who would respond to it. Santa Chiara is, however, in a quite different class. It was built after the city had been stirred to a new conception of beauty, and to a new skill in expressing it in stone. Its color, the splendid sweep of its buttresses, the extreme refinement of its rose window, the bastions that support it from beneath, all show its relations to the great Basilica, where this new and liberating lesson had been learned. But look at its severe and slender tower, inclining, like a tall and graceful woman, a very little towards the valley; look at the stern gray masses of its convent buildings sweeping down the hillside; and you will perceive that in learning this new lesson the native instinct for simplicity, abstractness and austerity is only modified; it is not destroyed.

Nowhere will you perceive this so plainly as in the Basilica itself, towards which, at last, we may make our way. It rises at the further side of its little undulating grassy piazza—called by the Assisians “the *prato*”—lifting its tall tower and the single gable of its façade against the illimitable blue of the noonday sky or the dusky rose of sunset. From this point of view, your first reflection will probably be, “How small it is!” And, indeed, there is no position from which it can be seen in all its grandeur and beauty at once. From the piazza of the Lower Church, you will get a truer impression of the size and intricacy of church and convent, and of their splendid composition. Only from the valley below the city can you perceive its bastioned magnificence, as of an impregnable, spiritual citadel. But from the position that we have taken in the Piazza of the Upper Church, better than from any other point of view, you will see its beauty. And yet, if your first impression is of its smallness, your second is quite as likely to be of its plainness. A high, square tower divided into three vertical panels with an open loggia at the top; a gabled façade with a single, biforated Gothic doorway, a rose-window above it, and a circular

opening without tracery in the gable; two low plain wings, with a small domed loggia on one of them, evidently modern, and quite as evidently out of harmony with the building: "And this," you say, "is all." But wait! See it at all hours of the day and of the night; see it in sunlight and moonlight and starlight; return to it from journeys to far more splendid shrines, and gradually the conviction will come to you that, taken into account its use and meaning, in all the world there cannot be a work of a more pure and satisfying loveliness. At first, especially on a cloudy day, the stone of it will seem to you ugly and discolored. But see it when the sun warms it into life, study the gradations of its color from deep orange near the earth, through pale amber, to the most delicate ivory near the top, and you will confess that of all the titles of praise that may be applied to it, none suits it more perfectly than that exquisite phrase applied to the loved one in the Canticle of Canticles, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the Litany of Loreto—the Tower of Ivory.

There could hardly be a better illustration than this church of what Wordsworth says of his poet:

You must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

Like "the King's Daughter," the Basilica of San Francesco is "all glorious within." But its inner vesture is far more precious than "wrought gold," for the spirit of man has clothed it with the very forms and colors of the soul made visible. Yet this is not a splendor to strike the eye of the first comer, nor at once. You enter the Lower Church some afternoon out of the blinding sunlight of the Piazza. At first you see nothing but the darkness, feel nothing but the weight of the low heavy arches, so close above your head. Again you say, "And this is all." But after a little you perceive that the darkness is illuminated by a faint radiance, as of jewels that shine softly through a silver veil, as of many-colored fires that gleam dimly in moonlit waters. And then you become aware that these are windows, beautiful beyond description, storied with the lives of saints and martyrs, and stained with the hues of paradise. You pass on through the gloomy nave and stand before the high altar. Above your head are the "allegories" of Giotto, the most exquisite interpretations of sublime ideas in form and color that the thirteenth century attained. But,

except for a few brief moments in the late afternoon, they are seen only as an assemblage of figures painted in sombre tones—interesting, indeed, but quite ineffective. You turn into the right transept, and there the spell will begin to work upon you, a spell that will never lose its power, that will draw you again and again by the insatiable desire of complete spiritual possession that love and beauty know, and that will cause you, when far away, to think of this spot with desire still unsatisfied. For, before you is the great Madonna ascribed to Cimabue, as august, with its narrow limits, as the famous *maestà* of Duccio, and in color and expression far more splendid. When the sunlight falls directly upon it—but this, too, must be in the late afternoon—its soft orange and russet flame into glowing, almost hot, red gold. But even in the dimmer light its beauty is enthralling; the four grave angels press so closely to the Virgin's throne as if eager to draw near to her who sits upon it; the young Virgin, herself, is so gravely beautiful with a rich, almost cloying, loveliness that makes the age of the picture seem incredible—so modern it is, despite the angularity of a lingering Byzantinism. At the edge of the picture stands St. Francis, slight, plain, insignificant, a little shamefaced, it would appear, to have intruded amid these splendors. His face wears the smile with which he must have responded to Fra Masseo's question, "Why does all the world follow you, who are neither beautiful nor wise nor noble?" "Because," replied the Saint, "God found upon earth no creature more worthless than I, and so He chose me to confound the nobility, the grandeur, the beauty, the strength, and the wisdom of the world."

Every inch of vault and wall in this transept is covered with precious workmanship, so exquisitely fine that not even an attention sharpened by long looking can distinguish the thousands of well-nigh imperceptible lovelinesses that make up the total effect of splendor. Take, for a single example, the architecture that forms the background in many of the frescoes. These graceful structures of ivory, mosaic, and enamel are not for mortal man to dwell in. Like the lilies of the field in a Fra Angelico Paradise, like the blessed angels, themselves, they are there only to adorn the sacred intercourse of the Saints; and, yet, their refinement of form, their delicacy of coloring and of finish, are as complete as if they were ends in themselves. The Gothic arches in the frescoes of the Presentation in the Temple are covered with a Cosmatesque mosaic of glass and gold and colored marbles, and in the lunette above the

doorway in the Adoration of the Magi, there is a white arabesque upon a blue background as exquisitely fine and pure as a Della Robbia relief.

And now the rays of the setting sun begin to strike through the western windows of the apse, and one by one the sombre figures awake to life. A ray falls upon the Magdalen kneeling at the foot of the Cross in Giotto's great Crucifixion, and rekindles the faded crimson of her mantle and the red gold of her hair. It plays about the angelic "birds of God," as with gestures of woe and compassion they fly about the Crucified, leaving behind them, shaken out from the folds of their raiment, a misty, nebular light. Simone's St. Clare, that has glimmered with the pale radiance of a clouded moon, shines out in plenilunar brightness. In the opposite transept a ray falls directly upon the Madonna of Lorenzetti, and shows it to be wrought of enamel upon gold. The allegories above the high altar begin to live; Obedience, with finger on lip, lays his yoke upon the shoulders of a kneeling friar; Chastity sits in her guarded tower, remote and unapproachable; radiant angels sway towards the throne of the glorified Francis; and the same Francis, placed where every novice, when he lifts his eyes from his book in choir, must see him, plights his eternal troth to sublime Poverty. And if it is Sunday or a high feast day, and the candles are lighted on the altar for Benediction, a new beauty awaits you. The tones of the allegories are fused into a color indescribably soft and glowing, a subtle blending of rose and orange, comparable only to the color of a ripe peach, and this will become the tone with which they will live in your memory. It is as if Giotto painted them to be seen by candle light; as if in this region of hoarded joys and reticent lovelinesses, there should be but one instant in the twenty-four hours when the supreme loveliness of all could speak to the heart. More lavish beauty there is elsewhere, more arresting, more astonishing; but not in all the world, it may be, a beauty of a more profound and intimate appeal.

As the shadows begin to darken, you climb the long stairway that leads from the sacristy into the Upper Church. It is—one is not the first to say so!—like passing from the world as all the saints and mystics have seen it—all, be it remembered, save Francis of Assisi—a world of shadows, brightened by gleams of celestial radiance, into the high, pure, constant glory of paradise. For here, at whatever hour, there are light and fair color and soaring arches. The sunshine strikes all day long through windows

whose tones are more brilliant than those in the Lower Church, if less harmonious; the vault glows with strong, bright color, orange and blue and green, and the walls with the fresh, vivid hues—alas, too vivid and too fresh—of Giotto's repainted frescoes. And yet it is not a garish day that reigns here. The light is soft and soothing, like the warm glow of many candles. It is a paradise still faintly reminiscent of the shadows of earth, and though aureoled saints are enthroned in the vaulting, and ranks of rose-winged angels gaze down from high, arcaded galleries, it is a paradise vividly reminiscent of the life of earth. For along the walls are the touching histories, at once so human and so mystical, in which Giotto, the dramatic, following the guidance of St. Bonaventure, the mystic, has set forth the seraphic epopœia. They are filled with an intense humanity, these frescoes, not with the delicate, ethereal beings of Simone, nor with the grandiose creations of Cimabue, but with dignified citizens, clumsy peasants, grave and earnest churchmen, and simple friars, all placed amid surroundings as sharply realized as Giotto's art could realize them. It is precisely this human quality that gives its characteristic note to the church, that makes it, with all its soaring aspiration, so homely and so touching; in a word, so Franciscan.

Yet, with all its charm and interest, one does not linger here as in the Lower Church, nor return to it so often, perhaps because one's proper life is not in paradise, but amid the shadows, the vicissitudes, the mysteries of earth. And in the Lower Church, after the marvelous north transept, one returns oftenest and with most affection to the Chapel dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, and painted by Simone Martini of Siena. Here the windows, designed also by the Sienese painter, blaze gorgeously at noonday with ruby and topaz, amethyst and emerald; here the life of the great bishop, so like St. Francis in his youth, is portrayed in forms and colors of an almost unearthly loveliness. Venturi's observation that Simone lavished upon his saints the splendors of earth, while Giotto gave them moral grandeur, is inadequate enough. To see nothing in these frescoes but the delicacy and grace of a Sienese goldsmith, is to miss the point of them. There are indeed ravishing harmonies of softly blended color, there is the glint of gold, the pomp of ecclesiastical ceremony, the panoply of war, for the painter came from soft Siena, the home of luxury and gayety and grace. But he came also from Siena, the elect city of the Virgin, the city that was worthy to be the birthplace of Catherine Benincasa; and

so there are also fair young faces radiant with the light of holy innocence, and there are aged ones with the glory of the other world upon them. In the figure of the young hero giving alms to the poor, receiving in a vision of the night the approbation of his Lord, turning his back upon the rewards of earthly welfare to fight only under the standard of the Cross, the painter has written for all to read the epic of saintly youth. Little wonder that toil-worn peasants, seated on the steps of the Chapel, lift adoring eyes to these gracious and radiant forms as to beings of another world, the very *jeunesse dorée* of heaven.

These are some of the elements in the spell that is laid upon you in this place; but there are others less obvious, requiring longer residence and more intimate acquaintance, but even more compelling. For these walls are not only bright with the fading beauty of yesterday, they are fair with the peace of to-day. This is a temple raised to the memory of a soul that lives immortally, and, after seven hundred years, his sons serve it with undiminished devotion. You see them coming and going about their several functions, simple, dignified, kindly, with that profound goodness of heart which is the seal of their Franciscan inheritance. The priests offer their Masses, hear confessions, do the honors of their Church, work in their gardens, study in their cells, serve the tiny chapels that depend upon the Basilica, spend long hours in choir and before the Blessed Sacrament. The lay brothers perform the humbler ministries of keeping clean and orderly the church that they love, and of feeding the poor who come to them for succor. The novices pass their day in study, in prayer, in exercise, and when they kneel to kiss the steps of the altar before beginning the Divine Office, they seem to bear upon their grave, recollected young faces the light of an invincible peace. Here life passes almost without change, in one of the highest of ministries, the keeping alive in the hearts of men devotion to a sacred memory. Here, in the midst of the fluctuating aims of our restless, disordered days, is the uninterrupted, the persistent, the religious—in the ancient sense of the word—devotion to one ideal, a continuity of life that annuls the years, that illumines the night of our perplexity with the stars of another heaven. Here the sons of Francis still speak the mystic language that he taught the world, the language of love, of pity, of brotherhood, above the tomb in which he sleeps amid “the peace of eternal things.”

VOCATION.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



VOCATION is but the soul's more ardent embrace of God, close and clinging. On the part of God it is the wooing of a soul by His Holy Spirit, inspiring the deeper longing uttered by the bride in the Canticle: "Let Him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth" (Cant. i. 1). It is ennobling joy and purifying sorrow more definite and compelling by far than ordinary devotional feeling; the drawing of God to a more tender embrace. "Vocation is nothing else than this," says St. Francis de Sales: "Height of courage, lively realization of eternity, love of holy humility, and some sweetness of devotion when praying and whilst considering the divine goodness."¹ Of all our early experiences of God's favor, it is one of the dearest of all, and, says St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, "after Baptism it is the holiest." No wonder; for vocation is the deeper sinking into our soul of the seal of predestination, being an act of God almost absolutely excluding our own participation. So says our Lord: "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you" (John xv. 16). It was not created by any earthly guide, this superior quality of a holy life—even if he were a miracle worker it would surpass his power; but by that Supreme Spiritual Director Who began it with my very being, "Who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace" (Gal. i. 15)—this innermost thrill of grace, this brightest light of wisdom, this fiercest appetite for heavenly meats. My director tests my resolution, refines my spiritual taste; he may even first discover to me that I am under a spell of divinity more than common. But vocation is too essential a change to be aught else than a direct boon from God, the most subtle essence of all our sacramental graces. It is a grace like conversion to the faith:

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon His way.

How many hearts Thou mightest have had
More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

¹ *Letters to Persons in Religion*, Mackey, p. 398.

Thy choice, O God of goodness! then
I lovingly adore;
O give me grace to keep Thy grace,
And grace to merit more.*

As Faber sings: "There was a place, there was a time, whether by night or day," when the Holy Spirit shot this ray of amazing light into the soul, suddenly revealing the worth of the soul and the meanness of all else created; and the entrancing glory of Christ Jesus. The occasion was a powerful sermon, perhaps, or a mission. Often it is the overwhelming rigor of God's sovereign majesty in the stroke of death in one's family. Again it is the whispering of a gentle air (3 Kings xix. 12) breathed into the spirit by devout companionship, gathering volume and harmony with the weeks and months as they pass. Sometimes a vocation antedates all one's recollection; the infusion of this grace, so entrancing, so all-embracing, is blended indistinguishably with the pious aspirations of earliest childhood, growing in its fascination with the years until it is full grown with one's manhood.

I.

So that vocation is to be viewed as a call from the ordinary service of God to very fervent devotedness. It demands a more than common "height of courage," a livelier "realization of His eternity," a weariness of soul with commonplace goodness; being born of a special choice and gift of God.

There is a general union with God effected by Baptism, in which Christians are united to Him in this divine sacrament, binding them to keep His commandments and those of Holy Church, to perform good works and to practise the divine virtues of faith, hope and charity—a true union with God, and inspiring valid hopes of Paradise. And this union is maintained by confession and Communion and Mass and a good custom of prayer. Those who have thus been united to God in a personal and real sense, as if verily to their own God, are not bound to do more; they have attained the end and aim of their life by the general and common way of the commandments well observed. Such souls, to be sure, feel the drawing to perfection of observance in God's service, but it is the general tendency to progress from good to better that they feel, rather than the diviner ambition to climb upwards from better to the very best. All Christians have that indistinct call to perfec-

*Faber's Hymn on Conversion.

tion; but not all experience the decisive call known as a vocation. From the multitude of good Christians the Holy Spirit selects here a few and there a few by an inspiration of grace altogether special; they are drawn by extraordinary impulses to keep the commandments with fervor far above the average, and to add to them in some way or other the counsels of Christ for perfect dedication to His service. Those feel to the roots of their being a drawing to what is known as a holy life, a way of thinking and acting far exceeding that of the average of ordinary good Christians. This grace it is that is called a vocation, a divine calling.

Under wise advice persons so influenced quickly adopt a system of devout practices. Sometimes they decide to join communities, the better to gain their end of absolute dedication to God; or they enter the sacred priesthood. But the great majority of them, no more from necessity than from choice, stay in this world's ordinary life, themselves quite extraordinary both in spiritual motive and outward achievement. The rules and customs, whether of those that live in a community, in the priesthood, or among ordinary people, are simply the result of that mighty breath from above which first stirred this new life within them. Their routine of existence, wheresoever it is followed, rigorously secures special times for mental prayer, provides for spiritual reading, holy silence, frequent reception of the Sacraments. The soul yearns for God in its secret depths as a habit; and calls on Him by constant loving aspirations of both word and thought. Continual self-restraint is practised in close imitation of Christ, whereby all human passions, weaknesses and antipathies are keenly watched and firmly repressed. Together with all this, which concerns one's dealings with God, their daily duties of life are done with God in view, however trifling they may seem, and various works of charity towards one's neighbor are undertaken, according as brotherly love feels divine impulses, and the dispositions of Providence point the way.

II.

All this reveals the difference between a soul with a vocation and another without one. Essentially it is not the difference between a devout drawing to a religious order or the priesthood and the absence of such a call. This calling is, of course, a vocation; indeed it commonly monopolizes the name; but it is rather a second vocation. The original one may be pointed by God to the cloister or to the sanctuary, or it may not. Let us first treat of it in its more unrestricted sense, namely, a peculiar elevation

of motives and strengthening of purpose in loving and serving God in any state He may choose for us.

The bulk of mankind are devoted to this world as to a permanent and wholly delectable condition. Contentment with it is characteristic of even some good living Catholics. It is only the quite small minority who are gifted with so vivid a sense of God's joys in heaven as to find this world decidedly wearisome, unless in so far as they can live in it wholly for God's honor, and for His sake in the service of their neighbor. This was expressed concisely by the late Mother Mabel Digby of the Order of the Sacred Heart: "We must be pilgrims on earth, not tourists." History gives us a vivid illustration. When St. Bernard and his four brothers had bid farewell to their father, and were going to the Cistercian Monastery, they were met by their little brother Nivard at the castle gate; he was playing there with some other little boys. Guido, the eldest of the family, embraced him and said: "My little brother, do you see this castle and these lands? Well, all this will now be yours—yours alone—for we are all going away to be monks." "What!" exclaimed the child, "are you going to take heaven for yourselves and leave the earth for me? The division is not a fair one." He dropped his playthings and joined his brothers, nor could his father and his friends prevail on him to remain at home. Thus the dominant note of every vocation is the sense of difference between earth and heaven. An irresistible force moves the soul from the perishing things of time to the glories of the eternal years. As a fervent spirit sang of old: "All my bones shall say: Lord, who is like to Thee?" (Ps. xxxiv. 10.)

Surely this gift from on high of an overflowing heart of love cannot be granted to those alone who are destined for the cloister—"a false and vain notion" to quote the words of Cardinal Bona.* Although the Christian people are divided into two states, the secular and the religious, they all tend to the same end though by different routes, and among the secular Christians not a few are found (as the same author insists) "in whom contempt of the world, poverty of spirit, love of the cross," rule all their conduct. He adds: "The difference is that religious being bound by vows and rules, are obliged more strictly to perfection than those who live in the world." In other respects God invites all to one and the same way of life, and one and the same Gospel has been preached to them. "Since God," continues Bona, "commands nothing but charity, forbids nothing but self-love, there is no difference as far as that is

**Principles of a Christian Life*, ch. vi.

concerned; there is no exception of persons." In the rating and ruling of our lives by our Saviour no one in any state shall speak an idle word under peril of His judgment (Matt. xii. 36): no one whatsoever shall be angry (Matt. v. 22; and chapters vi. and vii.); everyone whatsoever must suppress foul glances and evil thoughts; must love his enemies; must not resist evil treatment. Everyone in every state of life has heard the call to be meek towards men and to mourn towards God for his sins. He has taught all of us to pray always. Whether we be monks or married people, in this He makes no distinction. But in various particular cases a marked difference is evident; in them we find altogether exceptional impulses to fervor in the observance of these maxims of the Gospel. And this is rightly to be called vocation.

All Christians are in some true sense called to renounce all things; to hate our life here for the sake of life hereafter; to deny ourselves; to enter the narrow gate. "He makes no exception," again says Cardinal Bona, "in favor of any member of the human race." What St. Paul exhorts all to do, even those who are married and have children—is it less than the discipline of a monastic life? "It remaineth that they also who have wives, be as if they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as if they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as if they used it not; for the fashion of this world passeth away" (1 Cor. vii. 29-31). Therefore when Christ says: "Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect" (Matt. v. 48), He speaks to all the faithful. But yet He reserves to certain ones a more personal and intimate call; almost an imperative one. His universal invitation is heard at the gates of all states of life; it is addressed to every heart. But to some Christians He opens wide His arms, and not an invitation of love but an embrace is granted them. St. Francis de Sales calls this a "*particular* influence of perfection," and it claims and holds a particular right to the term vocation. He adds that those who respond to it "dedicate themselves to God to serve Him forever;" and he instances bishops and priests and members of religious orders and congregations under vows. But he does not stop there; he does not fail to include devout persons in secular states of life: "All those who of set purpose produce deep and strong resolutions of following the will of God, making for this end retreats of some days, that they may stir up their souls by divers spiritual exercises to the entire reformation of their life."⁴

III.

It happens, therefore, that many souls live very holily in the world, quite unaware that they are under a spell of divine grace which is unusual—a vocation: they hardly know the meaning of the word; and yet sometimes they are models fit for the cloister to imitate. In the lives of the Fathers of the Desert, we read that St. Macarius, a hero of every virtue, was once tempted with vain-glory, and so violently that he begged God to humble him. His prayer was heard. A voice from heaven directed him to journey to a distant city, and in a certain street he would find two women who would fetch down his pride, and show him a height of perfection above his own. He found them living together in one house, but he saw nothing remarkable about them. Macarius begged them to show him their way of life. "O that is not worth the trouble, Father"—so they answered him—"for fifteen years we have lived quietly and peaceably together; we have never exchanged an evil word, have been obedient to our husbands, have loved silence, and have kept ourselves in the presence of God in all our household affairs. That is all we can do for love of Him, and it is, alas, very little." But the narrative says that St. Macarius returned to his desert edified and ashamed. To many such souls God has granted miracles, and Holy Church has placed not a few of them in her list of the canonized. Each of us can recall the names of the uncanonized and uncloistered holy ones of our own acquaintance, whom God has carried to perfection without the aid of the sacred vows of religion, without the solace of the mutual love of devout associates, and without their powerful example; and who have none the less spent a lifetime valiantly struggling day and night in a career of self-conquest, self-forgetfulness in the service of others, and entire absorption in the love of Jesus Christ.

"Cranks" these are called by worldly Catholics, fanatics by Protestants: marveling that a man of family and a business man should be a daily communicant, read devout books, teach in Sunday-school, visit the poor, and be the priest's factotum. His children call their home a monastery, but they secretly worship him—and are innocently happy. Perhaps it is a woman. She feels marriage and motherhood a divine vocation. And she is the anxious, prayerful, austere and yet most gentle priestess of that shrine of Christ's love, a Christian home. We have seen how the Holy Ghost sends pilgrims to her from the hermitages of the desert. Perhaps

it is a single woman. Ah! those blessed old maids! Ever dependent, sometimes despised, with faded face and ever blooming heart, the salt of the earth to many a parish, the light of the world in multitudes of families. It may be a widow, whose bereavement has been heaven's plainest call to perfection, and whose heart is an always flowing fount of peace and mutual affection to her children and her friends.

IV.

Let us now consider the vocational difference between the world and the priesthood or the cloister, as well as the selection of one order rather than another. It was "the vanity of the world," St. Teresa tells us, and the fascination of eternity, that made her become a nun. But, she adds, it was just her girlish affection for Juana Suarez, a Carmelite nun, that made her choose that particular order. Nor does she say this was an unworthy motive, for the deeper drift of her soul was heavenward, and as long as she was embarked on its waves, it was not in her case so essential what the ship was named. Later on, when God gave the current of His attraction the stern swiftness of fearful austerity, her vocation *then* would have needed plainer particularization.

Some have a vocation to the organism of an order and not to the life of it; to the missions or the colleges; to the schools or the hospitals; rather than to the prayer and silence, the obedience and the poverty essential in all orders. This is a topsy-turvy vocation, and experience in due time compels a readjustment, as painful as the substitution under a house already built of a new and solid foundation instead of the old and defective one. But it is wonderful how often this miracle of displacement and substitution is wrought—effectively, happily, even if painfully.

The volume of the divine influence—the dominant note of this voice from heaven—is always to go out of Egypt, and into the wilderness, out of worldliness into the intimacy of divine love. In the divine counsels it is decreed of such a soul: "I will lead her into the wilderness, and there I will speak to her heart" (Osee ii. 14). God alone in time and eternity is the burden of this influence and its term, absolutely, invariably, inviolably. So far the main, absorbing and permanent, but somewhat undefined, drawing. This precedes; a calling more definite as to place and society follows after, pointing the soul to the particular means of gratifying its yearning for God and His close service. Speaking of this

particular choice St. Francis de Sales teaches: "The *means* of serving God we must only will quietly and lightly, so that if we are hindered in the employment of them we may not be greatly disturbed."⁵ In making choice of this "means," of *this* special order rather than of *another*, a spiritual adviser's views are very wisely accepted. A vocation is essential for perfection; it is accidental for selecting a particular environment. The drawing of God for perfect service is resistless, peremptory; but the discrimination as to form and quality and place and occupation and all other contingent is discretionary. That choice once made it soon grows in holiness; it borrows largely of the imperious force of the original call, and must loyally be adhered to. As to the choice of the priesthood, however, it must be said that *this* particular drawing far outranks in power and distinctness that which attracts one to any other holy condition. And also when one thinks of entering a contemplative order, the drawing should be exceptionally strong, and should be very deliberately considered, and be counseled unequivocally by one's director.

As between living in the world and going to the seminary or to a novitiate, one must choose deliberately, under God's eye, and with good counsel. Some think that going into the priesthood or into an order is escaping from the devil finally and forever; but that is not true of any retreat, except that into purgatory and heaven. You may lead a perfect life in the world or in the cloister. Yet if God would have you in the cloister, running away from it is running into danger. If He would have you stay in the world, running out of the world is running into danger, even though you enter the holiest cloister, yea even the sanctuary itself.

V.

The need of direction both in deciding a vocation and guiding it is palpable. St. Paul was converted by a miracle; but it did not follow that he should therefore be an apostle, or even be allowed to preach. This was to be decided by no heavenly vision, but just by human instrumentality provided by God after He had spent three days of physical and spiritual groping. "What wouldst Thou have me to do?" he begged of the Lord. And the answer was to go to a certain man's house in a certain street in Damascus, and there wait. In due time God's outward guidance by man was added to and blended with His inward words direct from Himself (Acts

⁵*Letters to Persons in Religion*, Mackey, p. 202.

ix.). It is not otherwise with even the most powerful interior vocation. One must have it tested by God's representatives, and that in various ways. The genuine gold of a coin is revealed not only by the familiar stamp of the mint, or the delicate touch of the bank teller, but also by weight in the hand and in the scales, the ringing music of its tone upon the counter. So must it be with the manifestation of a vocation.

The signs of a true vocation are many; but they all assemble about the main sign: joy in the prospect of being in life and death wholly devoted to God. Joy steadfast and regnant in one's better moments and easily recalled in one's moment's of distraction; stretching over a notable lapse of time; hindered of its fruition (if one would quit the world) by no natural tie or duty. If this state of mind, so determined and so jubilant, is lacking or is only intermittent, and does not grow towards becoming permanent, if it is not on the whole a firm and persevering condition, then the vocation is artificial, man-made, and must be shaken off just as any other delusion.

One may distinguish between a sane, solid vocation and one that is only evanescent, a spasm of devotion, a distillation of the ferment of an enthusiastic temperament, by a simple test. Know the tree by its fruits. If these longings heavenward generate more kindly behavior at home, and more humility everywhere; a steadier observance of sound devotional customs; a sense of unworthiness quite equal to the sense of yearning for a holier state of life: then (if such conditions outlast the first month or two of their entrance into the soul) the hand of God is to be recognized. But if this sweetness of devotion is but for oneself; if it makes us lofty and censorious; if it shuns advice and resents guidance; then the vocation is a voice from the nether world, or a suggestion of one's native vainglory, or a phantasm of a visionary temperament.

It is a hard thing to say, but wholly justified by experience, that one must be not exactly eager but yet ready to doubt the validity of these longings for entrance into a holier state in their incipient stage. Unwise and inexperienced confessors often add to the membership of communities by introducing mere intruders. Now as the inmates of prisons remember the over-indulgent parents who made them criminals by petting and spoiling them in childhood, so do religious sometimes bitterly condemn the sentimental confessors or the goody-goody novice masters who coddled and petted them into a state of life to which God had not called them.

VI.

A curious illustration of the readiness with which the saints dismissed undesirable novices is given by St. Teresa. She insisted on dismissal as soon as the postulant's vocation was seriously and persistently doubted of. Therefore, says the Archbishop of Evora, in his preface to the first edition of St. Teresa's *Way of Perfection*, "she thought it imprudent to receive nuns coming from a great distance, as it might not be convenient to send them back to their homes if the necessity arose."

But when the vocation has been identified as real and no outward obstacle hinders, there can be no further deliberating; nor any philosophizing; submission (and O how sweet is the joy of such an act, though often mingled with holy pain!) must follow at once. One is not drawn to a perfect life by arguments but by grace, and it is shameful to argue and balance pros and cons about standing firm when God has set one in the battle front. In the olden time, indeed, there was some room allowed for weakness of nature. "Let me, I pray thee, go and kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee" (3 Kings xix. 20). This was the request of Eliseus, when Elias gave him his vocation to be a prophet of God. And his petition was granted him: "Go, and return back," said Elias. Not so for a disciple of Jesus. One whom He called answered thus: "Lord, suffer me first to go, and to bury my father. And Jesus said to him: Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the Gospel. And another said: I will follow Thee, Lord; but let me first take my leave of them that are at my house. Jesus said to him: No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke ix. 59-62). The Master's tone is stern and peremptory. Leave everything the first possible moment. Do it instantly, not turning back even to weep over the corpse of a beloved parent; or to say farewell to dear ones; not even looking back. Have neither profit, nor honor, nor comfort in view. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head" (Matt. viii. 20). Fascinated by this Master, absorbed by His love, think nothing of ease and comfort, everything of the love and the companionship of Jesus to which you are now called.

A NOTABLE FRENCH CONVERT.

(PAUL LOEWENGARD.)

BY JOSEPH L. O'BRIEN, M.A.



THE pages of the Catholic press of this country have of late been filled with stories of the extraordinary signs of religious re-awakening throughout France—especially among the rank and file of the French army. Adversity has torn the mask of indifference from the face of that once glorious Catholic land, and in the hours of sore distress and bitter trial, when the life of the nation hangs, mayhap, in the balance, the patriotism of the people is being fired by the religion against which every destructive agency of man and devil was directed during the past century. France suffering is France Catholic. France glorious once more is France Catholic once more. "The armies of France die Catholic," writes a well-known English correspondent. The anti-Catholic laws passed some years ago by the enemies of religion, which forced priests and seminary students into military service—no doubt with the hope that the corrupt life of the barracks and camp would destroy their vocations—have brought forth abundant and unexpected fruit. Religion has been carried into the very trenches. The Sacraments are at hand, and are administered even before first aid from the Red Cross. True indeed it is—the armies of France die Catholic.

Yet the great war has but brought the religious question to a climax. For years back signs have not been wanting which indicated that the outraged conscience of the French nation was recoiling from the mires into which pseudo-science and political corruption were dragging it. The world at large knows of the crime of the *écoles laïques* perpetrated in the name of liberty. The Catholic schools were persecuted and crippled and finally dissolved, and the members of the religious orders exiled, so that the serpent of the lay school might have free scope. Even the name of God was blotted from the children's school books. The lay school has had time to prove itself. A whole generation has eaten of its fruit. And the result? Syndicalism and anti-militarism went hand in hand, shattering the ideal of patriotism as the lay school grew in power; doctrines fatal alike to State and private property, and to the family, were openly taught; the resources of

the government were taxed to put down constantly recurring general strikes; widespread financial and political corruption; the open defiance of law and order by the criminal classes, and the staggering number of mere youths tried for most serious crimes; the frequency of suicide; the decrease in the birth rate and the rise in the divorce rate; the general relaxation of the old moral standards in private as in public life, and the decay of the sanctions which guarded them—such conditions are patent even to the casual observer of the trend of affairs in France during the past decade. With the decline of Catholicism and the destruction of Catholic educational ideals, all things which go to make up the Christian moral order showed a corresponding decline.

Those who loved France began to combat such conditions. "They understood that the evils with which they were stricken had a source other than their own personality—that the nation was stricken with them. And with an analysis marvelously clear they have discovered, if not all the sources, at least the proximate and the most powerful source of the blight—the upheaval of 1789 which cut us away from our ancestors."¹ Accepted leaders of the intellectual life of the nation began to point out that no lasting foundations can be laid on mere negation; that atheism and destruction go hand in hand. Back to the traditions of our fathers, back to the practice of the religion of our fathers, was their cry, and especially in the literature of the day was their cry taken up. Conversions in the literary world were numerous, and men like Bourget, and Coppée, Brunetière and Huysmanns, men who moulded opinions in France, returned to the Church and openly avowed that nothing great in life or art can thrive without the saving influence of religion. These forces have been working silently for the past decade, and many of the leaders of the intellectual world in France have set the example of deep devotion to the Church of France.

But the people! The masses! Little hope was entertained for their immediate awakening, for the influences of philosophy and literature and art are slow to take hold of them. The poison of irreligion had eaten into the vitals of the working class, and the poison was repeatedly given without scruple by the politicians who exploited it. Suddenly the storm of war breaks on the nation, and the antidote is at hand. German shot and shell—the fear of the Teuton invader, have cleared away the mists of corruption

¹ Paul Bourget.

and the soul of the people stands revealed ready to be strengthened by a baptism of fire. From a Catholic point of view the outlook for the next decade is most encouraging. When the storm is cleared, it is not too much to hope that we shall find France as a nation reunited again about the Cross which she dragged down but never rejected.

Among the younger men who have been very active in the Catholic literary movement in France during the past few years, and who have been instrumental in its remarkable success, the name of Paul Loewengard has sprung into prominence. As yet he has not attracted the attention outside of France that has been given to a Bourget or a Coppée, or other Catholic writers who are among the really great French masters. Nor at home has he yet been placed among the *maîtres de l'heure*. But he is still young. His past work reveals a master's touch and promises much. At present we are not engaged with him as a *littérateur*. It is the story of his life that attracts us: a story from which we have much to learn. He tells the story himself in his powerful autobiography, *La Splendeur Catholique*—a book which really merited the attention given it by the French critics, and which, as a contribution to what we may call the “apologetics of literature,” ranks with the notable stories of conversion as told by a Benson or a Jørgensen or a von Ruville. For *La Splendeur Catholique* tells the story of the conversion of a sensual free-thinking young Jew, who had attracted no little attention in literary circles as the author of three volumes of poetry characterized by a spirit of most refined sensuality and ironical blasphemy. The book is a splendid apology for the Catholic Church, and should prove of great interest to Catholics throughout the world, for it is at once a terrible exposition of modern French educational methods, and of the corruption of the Synagogue. The Jews are a power in France, and perhaps a danger to the life of the nation. With the Freemasons they have been at the root of all the persecutions the Church has been subjected to during the past century. One appreciates this fact when he has read *La Splendeur Catholique*.

Paul Loewengard, the son of a wealthy Jewish merchant, was born in Lyons in 1877. His father was of German origin, but was a naturalized French citizen. His mother was a Bavarian. Both his father and mother, like most of the educated Jews in France, had given up the practice of the Jewish religion, and at the time of their marriage the Synagogue refused to bless the bond. The

father was an avowed free-thinker—an enemy of religion in every form. “He loved France because it was France of the Revolution. He was an ardent, sincere Republican, and on every occasion showed his admiration for the principles of 1789—for the patriots who had freed France from the double yoke of throne and altar. In the name of tolerance he applauded each new move against the Church; the expulsion of the congregations and the sacrileges of the Masonic Republic.” The mother was a woman of gentle disposition, who, despite her religious indifference, had some vague notion of God. When Paul was a child she used to join his hands, and teach him to pray to Him Who “was almighty and very good.” Thus into the early life of the child there flowed some little stream of religious sentiment. But as he grew up, the “seeds of negation were sowed in his soul; they took root and ripened under the triple influence of his father’s conversation, his college education, and modern literature.”

By nature he was a dreamer, a boy who “lived in the moon.” Extremely nervous and sensitive, he was a riddle to his family and relations, all wrapped up in business and finance. Up to the age of ten his education was in the care of a governess. Then he entered college in his native city as a day student. He was a precocious lad, given to his studies. When he was but eleven years of age, he tells us that a “poët rapped violently on the door of his soul.” His teacher was dictating one of Musset’s poems, *La Nuit de Décembre*, and at the opening verse the boy was almost overcome with an extraordinary emotion. “I felt myself go pale. The rhythm gripped me. Certain images, certain words, made me feel as if I would faint of weariness, of melancholy and of joy. Some people will, no doubt, ask what a lad of eleven years understood of such a poem. Perhaps I did not understand. But I felt—intuition replaced intelligence and experience. From that day until I was fifteen years old, Musset was my master, my director, my most intimate friend.”

Thus, at an age when most schoolboys have not as yet laid aside the things of childhood, and prefer the playground to the study hall, young Loewengard was wandering through the gardens of poetry, sipping honey from the poisoned flowers of one of the most deadly of the French romantic poets. Reading became the passion of the boy’s life. By the time he was fifteen he had read not only Musset, but Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, Hugo, Byron, Baudelaire, Zola, Maupassant, Renan, Anatole France, and others

of less note. These writers destroyed in him "every natural principle, religious, moral and social; shattered his belief in a personal God, in the immortality of the soul, and in every moral guide. At sixteen he was a disciple of the creed which proclaims: "I believe in nothing. I love nothing. I have neither faith nor hope. That which I have been instructed to respect does not exist. There is a life which passes away, from which it is logical to demand the most possible pleasure before death ends all." He threw aside the vague prayers his mother had taught him to utter, and began to demand of the world the consolations and joys of life.

He was a boasted skeptic when he began the study of philosophy. The courses of philosophy, given in the French State Colleges, are not of the kind which are calculated to ground young men on solid foundations. On the contrary, they are a sea of opinion upon which the young student is set adrift without compass—a mixture of all modern systems, denying everything and leading nowhere. Loewengard studied philosophy as enthusiastically as he had literature, and traced the doctrines he had learned from his favorite poets to their sources—Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Hartmann, and Schopenhauer. He passed his baccalaureate examinations most brilliantly (with a mark in philosophy of twenty out of a possible twenty), and at nineteen, when his college course was finished, he was a perfect specimen of the modern French educational system. The concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh, and the pride of life were his virtues. Irreligious and godless schools had taught him to glorify the things which, St. John tells us, endanger the salvation of the soul. He was a youth, "now on the brink of suicide, now on the brink of crime." He describes himself as one whose "spirit was corrupted, not only by education, but also by experience. The will had yielded the sceptre to the instincts, and the æsthetic sense had replaced the moral sense. I was perverted, demoralized by one idea which for the past decade has dominated (French) education. An idea absolutely irreligious and consequently immoral."

He had resolved to devote his life to literature, but his father so violently opposed this plan that in order to gain time, and at the same time satisfy his father, he registered as a law student at the University of Lyons. About this time (1898) the celebrated Dreyfus case fanned into flame a bitter anti-Jewish movement throughout the whole of France. A Jewish captain was accused of betraying the army, and the whole nation rose against the Jews

as enemies of the Republic. "Down with the Jews," "Death to the Jews," and similar cries were echoed and reëchoed in city and town. Civil war was in the air. Such papers as *Libre Parole*, *France Libre*, and the *Anti-Juif* openly advocated a massacre of the Jews as enemies to France and a danger to the State. Under this persecution, the nationalism of the Jews suddenly came to life. Free-thinking Jews, liberal Jews, orthodox Jews became one for "Israel and the Synagogue." Loewengard tells us that up to the Dreyfus case the name of Israel meant nothing to him. "I was a free-thinker, as were my father, my mother, and my sisters. I had never assisted at the services of the Synagogue, knew nothing of it. Now I felt myself a Jew. I wished to be a Jew. . . . The articles of the anti-Jewish papers, calling for a massacre of my people, inflamed the heroism of my soul and fired my pride. It was a glorious thing now to be a Jew, to fight for the Jewish cause."

He began to attend services in the Synagogue at Lyons, and became friendly with the rabbi. This was the first step along the road which finally led him into the Catholic Church. For the Synagogue, its doctrines and its ceremonial, aroused a religious sentiment in his soul, but soon failed to satisfy it. From the Bible and from history he learned the three fundamental dogmas of the Jewish religion: faith in a God distinct from His creatures; faith in the election of the people of Israel, the chosen race, and faith in a Messiah, foretold by Abraham, Jacob, David, and the prophets; a Messiah Who would spring from the race of Abraham, from the tribe of Juda and from the House of David, in Whom all nations would be blessed, and the Jewish people above all. These were the traditional dogmas which the

Synagogue to-day affirms in its prayers, its canticles, and its psalms, but affirms them only with its lips, not with its heart. My conversation with the rabbi, M. Alfred Levy (later Grand Rabbi of France)—the books which he gave me to read, the sermons which I heard him preach, all proved this to me—the traditional Jewish dogmas were not the dogmas of the Jews of to-day. They took from the Judaism of old its pride, its temporal ambitions, its hatred and its malice. For the rest, their liberalism easily accommodated itself to the interpretations of the Bible radically opposed to the Talmud, to the spirit of Moses, and to orthodox Judaism.

These were the conclusions which forced themselves upon young Loewengard as he studied modern Judaism. He was disappointed.

In the Synagogue he had looked for a religion which would discipline the anarchy of his life, and give him a source of unity more solid than his philosophic systems. He continued his investigations.

Was the rabbi a deist or a pantheist? I could never solve this question.....but I am sure that he was a liberal. His followers lauded his liberalism. And what is this liberalism? The means to unite contraries, to reconcile opposites, rationalism and faith, affirmation and negation, order and disorder, Satan and God. Like liberal Protestantism, liberal Judaism is hardly a religion. From religion it has taken certain ceremonies certain attitudes, and certain words. But in its heart it is nothing but concealed free-thought—masked rationalism—a mixture which a logical and sincere soul cannot swallow. One day I asked Rabbi Levy about the Messiah. For a moment he appeared embarrassed, and then replied: "The Messiah is the triumph of justice, the reign of liberty and fraternity. This reign commenced with the French Revolution." I was shocked by the assertion. I had heard such statements in the reunions of the *Ligue des droits de l'homme*, and in the conferences of the notorious anarchist, Sebastian Faure. But later I learned that this idea of the Messiah was the accepted one among the leaders of Judaism in France. M. Auscher, rabbi of Besançon, told me that: "The Messiah is the unlimited perfectibility of humanity." M. S. Cahen, a well-known Jewish scholar, and the translator of the Bible, writes: "The Messiah came to us on the twenty-eighth of February, 1790, with the declaration of the rights of man. The Messiah whom we await is the diffusion of these lights, the recognition of these rights, the emancipation of humanity." And finally I found in the book of the rabbi, M. Michel Weil, *Le Judaïsme, ses dogmes et sa mission*, this statement: "For us, after a study of our divine prophecies, we have reached this conclusion: that the prophets of Israel only understood by the Messiah the final triumph of doctrinal unity, the reign of justice, of liberty, of concord, and of universal harmony, and that they made no mention whatever of a descendant of David, nor of a King Messiah, nor of a personal Messiah." At the time I was making these investigations, my mind was open to conviction.....but the Jewish soul which was coming to life within me could not accept this tasteless humanitarianism. Communion with these false Israelites was impossible. I gave up my quest, and knew I was done forever with the Synagogue.

His rupture with the Synagogue also brought about his rupture

with the Jewish party, who were ardently defending Dreyfus. He had been one of the founders of a radical paper, *La Germinial*, whose only excuse for existence was the propagation of the Dreyfus affair, which had now become a symbol of an international socialistic republic, according to the ideas of such anarchists as Jaurés, Hervé and Faure. There was some little honor and love of country yet smouldering in the soul of the young Jew, which caused him to turn away in disgust from a party which was deliberately planning the destruction of his country. He resigned from the staff of the *Germinial*, and gave up his membership on the *Ligue des droits de l'homme*, and threw himself on the side of the nationalists, who were led by such patriots as Maurice Barrès and François Coppée. After this he was looked upon as a traitor to the Jewish cause. The *Aurora*, a journal directed by the notorious Clemenceau, spoke of him as "*un Juif antisemite*." His friends insulted him, and his family relations were strained and delicate. His life was miserable, almost unbearable.

But there was yet one way open to him. He was done with religion and politics. He returned to poetry and to pleasure. They would not disappoint him. He would drain the last drop of pleasure out of life and then—well, there was an easy way out of it. He plunged into the whirl of romantic and Bohemian life, sped to the roads of "infernal voluptuousness, of crime and of pride. For three years Satan had complete possession of my soul."

In 1905 he published his second volume of poems, the *Fastes de Babylone*, which reflected the life he was leading. Blasphemous and disgusting are the only words which can describe these poems. Such monsters as Nero and Heliogabalus are the heroes of the poet, and Christ is cursed. Babylon, Sodom and Gomorrah are enshrined in glory, and Venus Astarte crowned with roses. That such a book received flattering notices, and was applauded in certain French literary circles, goes to show the havoc the devils of sensuality have wrought in that once fair land.

In 1906 Loewengard married a young woman he had met in the salons of Lyons which he frequented. Although she belonged to a good Catholic family, and had received a Catholic education, she had thrown over her Faith, and had fallen in with spiritualism. She was clever, accomplished and pleasing to the sensual young Jew's artistic temperament. The parents of the young lady, who were pious, practical Catholics, wished to have the marriage blessed by a priest after the civil ceremony had been performed. The

young couple, although not the least interested in the benediction, readily acquiesced in order to please the family. In the sacristy of the church the prayers of benediction were read, and the ring of the bride blessed. After the ceremony, Loewengard asked the priest to bless his ring (as the custom in France is for both bride and groom to put on a wedding ring), but this was refused owing to the laws of the Church. Finally, the priest blessed the ring as a medal is blessed, and "a wedding ring was the first object enriched by a blessing of the Church which I ever wore." "God," he continues, "gave me a special grace when He permitted my marriage. Without doubt, after the ceremony, for some time, both myself and my wife continued to live as we had done before, but marriage is a sacrament, and the virtue of this sacrament drew us towards the Church in spite of ourselves."

It was on Pentecost Sunday of that same year that the light of grace broke into the darkened chambers of his heart, and began to prepare it for the good seed. In one of the churches of Lyons, the famous Canon Joseph Lemann, a converted Jew, preached a sermon on "The Crucifix of Pardon." With his wife, Loewengard went to the church, perhaps out of a spirit of curiosity, to hear a fellow Israelite, now a Catholic priest, preach the word of God. He writes of this occasion as follows: "An old man slowly mounted into the pulpit, where he knelt for a moment in fervent prayer. I watched him attentively. . . . this son of Israel, my brother in blood, this descendant of the deicides imploring—with what faith and love his attitude sufficiently indicated—Christ Whom his ancestors crucified. . . . After the sermon I was overwhelmed, conquered, by his eloquence, which burned into my heart like a flame. . . . How wonderful are the ways of Providence! To draw me to Him, God chose a child of my own people to show me the way."

After the sermon the young Jew pushed his way through the crowd into the sacristy. He felt he must speak to this man without letting a day pass by. Despite other engagements, which demanded his immediate attention, Father Lemann granted Loewengard a few minutes, and then made an appointment for him to come back in three days. This second meeting with the priest was the first definite step which finally led him into the Church. He had yet a long way to go, and many things to suffer, but he was *en route*. His reading was directed by Father Lemann, and he began to study the Church, her history and her dogmas.

Occupied with his new studies, into which he carried his wonted fiery enthusiasm, his health, seriously undermined by his life of dissipation, suddenly collapsed, and he was forced to leave Lyons for a milder climate along the Mediterranean Sea. He was here but a short time, when his wife was also stricken by a serious illness. "The anger of God seemed truly to be upon us. This we realized, and together we repented our sins and prayed fervently." After her recovery, Madame Loewengard, whose eyes had been opened to the horror of her past life, returned to the Faith of her youth, from which she had so long been a wanderer. But for the poor stricken poet there seemed to be no relief. His health did not improve. Month after month passed by, and he was incapable of the least mental effort. A last terrible trial was in store for him. By his suffering he was to atone for many of the sins of his past life. His family fortunes were entirely wiped out by the failure of the great commercial house directed by his father. Broken in health, and now completely stripped of his earthly possessions, he bowed his head, and accepted all without a murmur. The pride of life had gone out of his heart. Humble and contrite, God did not despise him. The Hand of Love which had chastised now caressed. His health slowly began to improve, and, above all, his soul was purified. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1898, after months of careful preparation and ardent desire, he received the Sacraments of Baptism and of Holy Communion. Since that day, which was the happiest day of his life, he has been a faithful and devout child of the Church, and has dedicated his talents to her service.

Loewengard's latest book, *Les Magnificences de l'Eglise*, inspired by the encyclical *Acerbo*, of our late Holy Father Pius X., is a beautiful exposition of the liturgy and dogmas of the Church, conceived upon magnificent lines and charmingly written. It is a poet's appreciation of the beauty and the glory of the Church of Christ, and strengthens our confidence in the future work of the ardent young convert, whose life story furnishes us with one more proof of the truth of the old adage, "to be a good Frenchman one must be a good Catholic." For surely no one will hesitate in deciding which man reflects greater credit on his country—the sensual depraved young Jew who wrote *Les Fastes de Babylone*, or the clean, straightforward, and patriotic young Catholic who wrote *La Splendeur Catholique*.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.



It has been often said that history repeats itself. It is repeating itself in Ireland. The same apprehension of invasion which called into existence the Irish Volunteers in the eighteenth century, when the nation rushed to arms to repel the invader, has impelled the Irish of this generation to emulate the patriotic example of their forefathers, and form a citizen army to safeguard the country from foreign intrusion. Both movements have been spontaneous; only the present is more democratic than that which contributed so much to "the pride of '82." The first originated with a dominant and exclusive caste; the latter has sprung from the people; is higher in its aims, broader in its spirit, and more distinctly popular. It is symptomatic of the new spirit which has been breathed into the nation, and which has cast out the old one. The great and widespread changes which marked the progress of the national movement during the nineteenth century, have culminated in the evolution of a New Ireland. New generations have been born and grown to manhood and womanhood, who have never felt the depressing influence of the religious disabilities and the economic disadvantages under which their sires lived and died. As they ascended higher and higher in the social and political scale, they have cast aside the thoughts and habits of the downtrodden, and have become familiarized with those of a free and emancipated people.

The year 1778 was red-lettered in the Irish calendar. It was signalized by two memorable events: the first definite step taken towards the gradual repeal of the penal laws, and the creation of the Irish Volunteers. The iniquitous penal code had long reduced Irish Catholics to the condition of serfdom. Their religion was not only proscribed, but its professors were penalized and socially ostracized. Protestants, though in the minority, were in the ascendant, and looked down upon them as a servile and subject race. Sir Edward Carson, the Orange leader, who worthily represents the traditions and spirit of his party, boasted that his followers still regard Irish Catholics in the same light; that they are a race whom "they hate and despise." Every attempt to raise them was

resisted. "The penal laws," says Lecky,¹ "made the Protestant landlord in a Catholic district little less than a despot. In almost every walk of life, when a Protestant and a Catholic were in competition, the former found the ascendancy of his religion an advantage. The most worthless Protestant, if he had nothing else to boast of, at least found it pleasant to think that he was a member of a dominant caste." The same condition of things more or less prevails at the present day in northeast Ireland, where Protestants predominate, and will continue to do so as long as the Protestant democracy take their orders from the Orange Lodges, bossed by the remnant of the aristocratic ascendancy clique, who use them for their own selfish interests.

It has only been by a long and arduous struggle that Irish Catholics have acquired civil and religious liberty. The first organized effort was made in 1759, when Curry, O'Connor, and Wyse founded the Catholic Committee. Though shut out from the university, the magistracy, the legal profession in all its grades, from all forms of administration and political ambition, they made the most of industrial careers, the only resource open to them. A considerable body of wealthy Catholic merchants arose in consequence, especially in Cork, Limerick, and Waterford; the nucleus of the much larger and more influential middle class who became a power to be counted with at every political crisis in the succeeding century.

The movement, timid and tentative, until the advent of the great Catholic tribune, O'Connell, was aided by pressure from without. England's difficulty was Catholic Ireland's opportunity. England then, as now, had a big continental war on her hands, and wanted to strengthen her forces. The call for recruits was what first broke down the spirit of exclusion which had treated Catholics as helots. As the demand for more soldiers to go to the front became daily more and more urgent, the military authorities conveniently remembered that the Catholic districts of Ireland had supplied the armies of France, Spain, Austria-Hungary, Naples, and Piedmont with thousands of brave Irishmen, who won distinction on almost every battlefield on the Continent. "Catholics," says the eminent Protestant historian quoted, "were silently admitted into the British army, of which they have ever since formed a large and distinguished part."² When the American Colonists rose in revolt against the imposition of taxes, which Edmund Burke said

¹*England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii.

²*Op. cit.*, vol. ii.

"shook the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the globe," and the War of Independence began, Catholics were readily accepted and enlisted in large numbers.

Following this, or coöperating concurrently, was the movement for the removal of commercial restrictions, the establishment of free trade with England and the Colonies, and the recognition of the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament. "The penal laws," says McNevin,³ "were intended to destroy a creed; the commercial restrictions aimed at a much wider object—to ruin a people." In the reign of Charles I., Wentworth crippled the Irish woolen manufactures, considering that they interfered with those of England. William III., who deliberately destroyed them, gave a deadly blow to the prosperity of Ireland; the bill to prevent their exportation or importation being passed by the English Commons in 1697. The embargo on the export of provisions, imposed by a proclamation of the Privy Council, increased the misery and distress of the people, and deprived Ireland of a lucrative trade, which passed into the hands of English speculators or enterprising Germans. "Whoever," said Swift, "travels this country and observes the face of nature, or the faces, habits, and dwellings of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where law, religion or common humanity is professed." At last the wretched condition of the finances, the corrupt disposal of patronage, and the refusal of the English Parliament to grant that commercial liberty which was essential to Irish prosperity, and, above all, the example of America, strengthened the hands of the Patriot Party, and drove into their minds the principles inculcated by Swift and Molyneux. As Flood said, the voice from America had shouted to liberty. "The American Revolution," writes McNevin, "was the giant birth of a new world of liberty." Its development and progress were watched by the Irish people with great anxiety; for they saw the triumph of their own principles in the success of American arms, and the establishment of a free popular government on the other side of the Atlantic. They were, to a large extent, guided and influenced by it; the case of Ireland and the case of the American Colonies being analogous.

A change then came over the Protestant portion of the population. The conviction dawned upon many of them that national aspirations could only be realized by conciliating the Catholics. Grattan was convinced that Irish Protestants could never achieve

³*History of the Volunteers.*

their legislative freedom until the Irish Catholic had ceased to be a slave. The great measure by which the Catholic Church was established in Canada had given the lead. But bigotry dies hard,⁴ as events in the northeastern corner of Ireland have lately shown; and many years were to elapse, and the country was to endure much at its hands, before anything like emancipation was attained.

When war broke out, Ireland was left almost defenceless; without a sufficient garrison to insure tranquillity at home or to repel a foreign invasion. When a French invasion of Belfast was imminent, and the Mayor asked for troops for its protection, he was told that only half a troop of dismounted horsemen and half a company of invalids could be spared to defend the chief city of Ulster, the commercial capital of Ireland. Then the people did what government failed to do. "The entire kingdom," records Sir Jonah Barrington, "took up arms, regiments were formed in every quarter, the highest, the lowest, and the middle orders, all entered the ranks of freedom; and every corporation, whether civil or military, pledged life and fortune to attain and establish Irish independence." He goes on to relate how the resolutions he drew up for the Volunteer regiments were unanimously adopted by all parties, "every man swearing, as he kissed the blade of his sword, that he would adhere to these resolutions to the last drop of his blood, which he would by no means spare, till we had finally achieved the independence of our country."⁵ Lecky repeats the same stirring story. "The people," he says, "at once flew to arms. The sudden enthusiasm, such as occurs two or three times in the history of a nation, seems to have passed through all classes. All along the coast associations for self-defence were formed under the protection of the leading gentry. The chief persons in Ireland nearly everywhere placed themselves at the head of the movement. The Duke of Leinster commanded the Dublin Corps; Lord Altamont that of the County Mayo; Lord Charlemont that of the County Armagh, and in most counties the principal landlords appeared at the head of bodies of their tenants." Though at first the bigoted spirit of exclusion blocked the way for Catholics joining the ranks, they subscribed largely towards the expenses of equipping this citizen army; those of the County Limerick alone at once raised eight hundred pounds. They did not pause to think

⁴On May 4, 1795, Grattan moved his Catholic Relief Bill in the Irish House of Commons, but it was rejected by 155 to 84.

⁵*Personal Sketches and Recollections.*

of themselves or of their interests as a class, the most numerous in the community, when the interests of their country were at stake.

"There was one great section of the people," comments McNevin, "who, at this time of peril from foreign foe and the weakness of the government, might have been well excused if they had stood aloof in cold indifference or moody anger. What had the Catholics to hope from any change? What to them was change of dynasty or change of system? In every benefit, in every grace, they stood excepted. They had felt the iron of oppression in their souls, they had suffered for their loyalty as well as for their treasons. Deprived of property and plunged in darkest ignorance, despoiled of rank and power and privilege and land, little was left for that unhappy people in their own country but the pursuits of paltriest trade or meanest usury."⁶ They did not stand aloof, but were anxious to join the ranks of the Volunteers which, from the six companies formed in Belfast, rose to thirty thousand in the first year of their organization, and later reached the figure of one hundred thousand. The Earl of Tyrone wrote to one of the Beresfords that the Catholics in their zeal were full of forming themselves into independent companies, and had actually begun their organization, but that, seeing the variety of consequences which would attend such an event, he had found it his duty to stop their movement.

In 1784 the Liberty Corps of the Volunteers—so called because it was recruited in the Earl of Meath's liberties, where the Dublin woolen manufacturers chiefly dwelt—advertised for recruits, and enrolled about two hundred Catholics. This being contrary to the wishes of Lord Charlemont, Commander-in-Chief, and of the law forbidding Catholics to carry arms without a license, the other corps marked their disapprobation by refusing to join the Liberty Corps at their exercises. But as neither the government nor the leaders went so far as to disarm these recruits, Catholic enlistment went on. This was one of many indications that the rank and file, in other words the democracy, were more liberal and broad-minded than the aristocratic leaders. Lucas and Flood and Charlemont wanted legislative independence and liberty for themselves, and used the Volunteers as a leverage to wrest it from an unwilling government, but would not permit the Catholic majority to share it. Their idea was to create popular but, at the same time, purely Protestant institutions. Beyond that Flood refused to go. It is

⁶*Op. cit.*

assumed to have been partly in order to divert the Volunteers from taking up the Catholic question that he pushed on so strenuously that of Parliamentary reform. A democracy, in the old Athenian not in the modern sense of the term, a democracy planted in an aristocracy, popular institutions growing out of an independent and ascendant class, formed their ideal. To place political power in the hands of the vast ignorant and turbulent Catholic peasantry would, they maintained, be an act of madness which would imperil every institution in the country; ignoring the damning fact that it was laws of their own making which had made them so, having debarred them from education or anything that would raise them above the debased condition to which of set purpose they had reduced them. Charlemont in 1791 predicted that a full century would elapse before the mass of Irish Catholics could be safely entrusted with political power; and he went so far as to express an *ex post facto* approval of the penal laws.

"Every immunity, every privilege of citizenship," Charlemont wrote in 1783, "should be given to the Catholics *excepting arms and legislation*, either of which being granted them would, I conceive, shortly render *Ireland a Catholic country*." Here is the key to the situation both past and present. The same ideas working in the minds of Lucas, Flood, and Charlemont and others in the eighteenth century influence the thoughts and the policy of Sir Edward Carson and his covenanters in Ulster, who want to use the Protestant volunteers of the North as a force to wreck Home Rule, and prevent Ireland becoming a self-governing Catholic country. But the public opinion not only of Ireland but of Great Britain and its Colonial dependencies, flourishing as autonomous states, is against them. That widening of men's thoughts with the process of the suns which has expanded into the great democratic movement that is shaping the policy of Great Britain at home and abroad, is adverse to the adoption of such retrogressive ideas as Carson's. John Redmond, the Irish leader, with the instinct of a true statesman, has wisely identified the cause of a regenerated Ireland with this movement, which nothing can resist or repress, least of all Carson's faction whose tactics are an absurd anachronism. Unionism of a different kind than what he contemplates is the objective. Already there is more than a stirring of dry bones even in the Orange north, where Volunteers of both creeds fraternize; and this fraternization has been further promoted by the great European war, in which Orangemen and Catholics are found

coöperating in a common cause, comrades in arms fighting under the same flag and in the same ranks. When the war is over it is unthinkable that they would use the arms they wielded in a common defence against each other in an internecine conflict. Blood, it is said, is thicker than water, and the same Irish blood courses through the veins of all the combatants who own Ireland as their fatherland.

The German Emperor and his late Ambassador at the Court of St. James' have been completely misled by Sir Edward Carson's phantom of impending civil war in the North of Ireland, Sir Roger Casement's misrepresentations of the Sin Fein movement and Professor Kuno Meyer's academic vauntings. It takes two to make a quarrel; and if Carson and other wirepullers of his type will only stand aside, the Protestant and Catholic democracies, having no substantial cause of disagreement, will shake hands across the Boyne in a cordial union of North and South, and the daydream of Gavan Duffy will become a waking reality. Carson and Casement and Kuno Meyer forget, or affect to ignore, that the Ireland of to-day is very different from the Ireland of the eighteenth century, or even the Ireland anterior to 1867. The remedial legislation inaugurated by Gladstone's Upas tree campaign in 1868, followed by Isaac Butt's Home Rule Party; Parnell's more active and aggressive policy of obstructing legislation in the English Parliament until he compelled attention to the Irish question; the land war which went to the very root of that question; the assault on landlordism or, as Davitt phrased it, feudalism; land purchase which is re-transferring the land to the people, gradually making the farmers the owners of the soil they till; and the County Council's Act, which took fiscal power out of the hands of the territorial aristocracy, and distributed it among the elected representatives of the people—all these movements have eventuated in the creation of an entirely new order of things in Ireland. The country now awaits their culmination in the restoration of that autonomy of which, in 1800, it was illegally and unconstitutionally deprived by the purchased votes of a corrupt assembly that only represented the ascendancy caste, and which registered a foregone conclusion like a packed jury.

The new Irish Volunteers have arisen at a critical epoch, resolutely banded together for two objects: home defence and the preservation of the right to enact laws for all Ireland and in an Irish Parliament; able and ready to resist any attempt, open or covert, to filch from them again this inalienable, constitutional privilege. Of the latter contingency there seems to be no likelihood. The

new Parliament, unlike the old, will not be the legislature of a dominant section, but representative of the whole people; and, as the vast majority are Catholics and Nationalists, it will inevitably and legitimately be both Catholic and Nationalist. It was easy enough for Pitt and Camden in the bad old times when political corruption was the order of the day, and seats were shamelessly sold openly and above board as one would sell stock on the Stock Exchange in London, the Paris Bourse or Wall Street, New York, to bribe the men who sat upon the benches of the Irish Parliament at the close of the eighteenth century—imported English placemen or the aristocratic Whig “undertakers” who engaged to provide a mechanical majority “to do the King’s business,” in other words, to pass bills promoted by the Castle.⁷ It would be impossible to bribe a whole nation, as the “undertakers” and promoters of the Union well knew if parliamentary reform followed legislative freedom, won by the Volunteers despite the opposition of the Castle.

Buckingham, the Viceroy, who viewed the armed movement with dismay and distrust, wished, but did not attempt, to suppress it; and when overtures were made to bring it under the direct control of the government, they were rejected by the leaders of the Volunteers. It was the just boast of the Irish patriots that at no period of Irish history was internal tranquillity so fully preserved, or the law so strictly obeyed, as between the rise of the Volunteers and the close of the American war. If, after achieving their constitutional victory, they had interposed no obstacle to Catholics being permitted to enter Parliament, history would have been very differently written: there would have been no '98, no 1803, no '48, no '67, none of those sporadic insurrections, none of those heated agitations which have diverted the mind of Ireland from the calm, reasoned discussion of measures for the betterment of the condition of the people at large, the development of the industrial resources of their country, and other things tending to the common weal. For the first time in history Ireland will soon have its hands, its intelligence, and its energies freed for the great work of nation

⁷In 1784 there were not more than 50 independent members; on the most important divisions not more than 30 votes could be whipped up in opposition to the government; 116 seats were divided between 25 proprietors, Lord Shannon returning 16, the Ponsonby family 14, Lord Hillsborough 9, the Duke of Leinster 7, and the Castle 12. Eighty-six seats were “let out” by the owners in consideration of what were called “gratifications,” a monopoly of titles, offices, and pensions. No less than 44 seats were occupied by placemen, 32 by gentlemen who had promises of pensions, 12 by men who stood out for higher prices from the government. The regular Opposition appears to have been limited to 82 votes, of which 30 belonged to Whig nominees, and the rest to the popular party.

building. Then, indeed, we shall have a real *Hibernia Pacata*, not as Elizabethan chroniclers imagined it when they made a wilderness and proclaimed it peace, but an Ireland to which genuine justice shall have at length been done, an Ireland self-governing and self-centred in the full and free enjoyment of a constitution of its own; an Irish executive responsible to an Irish Parliament, and that Parliament, legislating in the broad light of publicity, responsible to an Irish electorate; a home government instead of an irresponsible Castle bureaucracy; an Ireland, not like the inverted sugar loaf to which Swift compared the Ireland of his day, resting upon its smaller end, but "broad-based upon a people's will."

SUNBROWNED WITH TOIL.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J.

SUNBROWNED and worn with toil, he leaned awhile
On his bright spade, and looked into the West.
His eyes were soft with thought. St. Francis came,
Noiseless, and stood beside, then gently said:
"Brother, what seest thou?" Deep he drew breath
Of long contentment. "When yon evening light
Touches my cottage roof-tree—lo, see there
How flames the thatch beneath the glowing rays—
I love to look across the reddened world
And thank my God, Who keeps me; love to muse
How through the circling hours and changing years,
As days tread slow on days, He works for me.
I see yon shaggy hillside, grown with vines;
His own all-sedulous Hand doth mold each bud
And twine each tendril round its destined stay.

How soft the pastures roll! He greens them o'er
With countless grass-tips, each His utter care,
As are the swinging stars. The chestnuts spread
Wide-armed and dark—He builds their buttressed limbs
Against the storm, and when they groan and sway
They call to Him for succor. And the birds!
How far and free they ride the weightless air,
And fall and soar and circle—ah, they feel
In swiftest onrush of their dizzy flight
His Hand beneath them. And yon waving wheat
That ripples all its shining blades with joy
Beneath the summer's winds—He bids it grow,
It, and the clustered vines, to furnish forth
His Holy Table! So mine evening thoughts
Run on and on, thus mingled; all the world
Speaking of God, my Lord, and when the West
Flames like a chalice, and its flooding rays
Frame the fair sun, poised ere he veils his light,
Methinks the whole vast world is figured there.
God is its Sun! and it but gleams to show
In myriad forms, the One Eternal Fair
That bade it be." He paused, and could no more.
Then Francis prayed, his eyes besieging heaven.
"O God, My Father, I do give Thee praise,
That Thou hast spoken to these simple hearts,
What pride and troubled learning faint to know.
They search the spheres for light: this man of toil,
Sees Thee, O Light, in all Thy common world!
And where Thy love hath placed him, finds his peace."

WHITE EAGLE.

BY L. P. DECONDUN.

V.

THURSDAY, April, 1913.



O you know, my dearest, that since your mother came to C—— I have only been able to send you a hurried scrawl, but I mean to make up for it to-day. Besides, my life is too incomplete when I do not live it with you.

It was rather cold when Mrs. Camberwell arrived on the Saturday evening. I had sent two days before for the motor (I know how she hates the trap), and I was glad of it, as it brought her here very quickly. She looked tired; there were big shadows under her eyes, though it made them, if anything, more brilliant than ever. She seemed in fairly good spirits through dinner, spoke willingly on any subject, but ate very little. When afterwards we sat in the drawing-room, I noticed that she left her coffee untouched, and I drew my conclusions: she does not sleep, but, needless to say, I made no remark.

I wonder if I could describe to you the atmosphere surrounding us that evening. Your mother was in one of those undefinable moods which draws sympathy from others, and yet gives her no wish to avail herself of it. She was listening to the steadiest flow of small talk which I could produce, and this without any impatience; on the contrary, if it showed signs of slackening, she would help it on with a few questions. But, if I could say so, her inner self was locked and bolted and barred hermetically behind her acquiescent appearance; this made me fear before very long that something was troubling her; but what? She is not the woman from whom one could ask information in such a case; not only would she resent it, but she would make one very well aware of that. In spite of it though, I felt so sorry for her, and so much in sympathy with something in her, that I wished she would have confided in me. Really the charm of her personality is very strong. When she is absent, everybody can discuss her, judge her and even blame her; when she is present and looks at you from those strange depths in her eyes, you feel that whoever is wrong it cannot altogether be she. I do not know if she was aware of what was passing through my mind while we were chatting, but she gradually softened, and when at last she stood up to say good-night, her white hand rested on my arm before she kissed me. Of course it meant nothing; yet—how can I express it? I felt with almost a certainty that something which I could not analyze was

bringing us closer than we had been before. But what was it? I went up with her to see if everything was comfortable in her room, and I fancy that I lingered a little. But if she noticed it, she made no sign; and I went away with a slight sense of disappointment. What strange beings we women seem to be!

The next morning was Sunday, and the car came round in good time to take us to church. We arrived too early as usual, and as usual we went up to our places in the gallery. The morning was a burst of spring weather. Through a painted window the sun shot deep-colored rainbows on to the bare whitewashed walls. Even the altar cloth seemed embroidered with patches of emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires. Some daffodils above it bent their golden heads—dainty fragrant cups of joy—while a few star-like narcissi shone as the flowers of another world. Then the little acolytes bustled about in short cassocks and surplices, showing a sad length of coarse gray trousers and heavy thick shoes; but they had serious, respectful, honest, round faces. As they went up and down the altar steps, passing and genuflecting with boyish rapidity before the Tabernacle, eager to light up the tall candles and to set everything ready, I fancied I could realize the look of love following them about. Was He not there Who had said long ago: "Suffer the little children to come to Me?"

I do not know if your mother saw anything of this. From the instant we came in, she had knelt down, her eyes fixed on the small gilt door, and had scarcely moved at all. She knelt so long that I bent towards her: "You must sit now, mother," I said; "here you are under my care."

She looked up at me, one fraction of a second, and smiled. (Such a smile, Reginald, anywhere else I could have hugged her!) Then she obeyed as meekly as a child, and sat until Mass began. But almost all through it, her eyes remained fastened on the Tabernacle, and before we left the church I knew that I had guessed rightly the night before, that something had happened or was happening in connection with her. Her self-control, her concentration, meant a wonderful gathering of forces—for or against what? Was God at work on that strong will of hers?

I began to conclude in all humility that I should have been a poor sort of confident if, on the preceding night, she had opened her heart to me; and from my original desire to comfort her I fell into the other extreme. My fear became now, that she *might wish* to confide in me. (Oh, dear! what a broken reed I am!) I am ashamed to say so, but I was thankful when, on leaving the church, your mother proposed to take with us two old women who live at the top of the road. The poor things were rather nervous at the idea of getting into the motor, but she spoke to them so kindly that they soon felt reassured.

At lunch she did not talk very much, though she behaved quite naturally, and in the afternoon she decided to rest on the sofa. (I was, then, writing to you.) I insisted on throwing a light rug over her, and she lay down perfectly motionless, with her eyes closed. Of course she had no intention of sleeping, she wanted to think; and it ought to have been evident to me that, so far, what she craved for was silence, not sympathy; only I am so dense sometimes. In fact, neither that day, nor the next, nor during the days following, did she make allusion to anything.

On Monday and Wednesday she had letters from Max and one from Joan. I fancy that she hesitated an instant, on both occasions, before opening them; but that may have been an idea of mine. At any rate she read them with a thoroughly calm face. On Thursday another letter came, and this time I noticed a frown when she began to read, but it vanished at once.

Every day we spent a few minutes inspecting the mason's work; sometimes we went for a drive or we wrote and read. After lunch she rested a little, perhaps strolled to the garden or to the shore; and after tea, if it was fine, we went out together to visit the old cottage people whom she knew. You see that under these conditions a *tête-à-tête* could only find place after dinner; which soon made me conclude that I had nothing to fear, even then.

Then, without the least warning, it came about. It was just two days before our intended return to town. The dressing bell may have rung a little earlier that evening, however when I came down, I found Mrs. Camberwell ready, standing before the fire. As I came near, I could not help admiring her splendid figure, straight as a dart, her proud neck, her smooth skin where wrinkles dared not show; and, as usual, the spare folds of her very simple evening gown fell with cunning art. But what I saw as well was the tense brightness of her eyes. The light in them flashed occasionally from an uncomfortable depth, and her smile, when I came in, was merely on her lips. This particular mood of your mother's awes me; so I tried not to notice it, and all the while I longed for the dinner gong.

It came at last; but dinner was an ordeal. I felt awkward, nervous, self-conscious. It was so trying. And of course she was aware of it. Once or twice during our somewhat mild conversation, she threw me a half-curious, half-ironic glance. There was a note of resentment too in her voice; but it was veiled by a condescension which made it worse. Yet I could trace all this to nothing; either it had been slowly gathering, or some unlucky letter had come by the afternoon post and turned the tide.

The climax came when we sat, as on every other evening, each side of the drawing-room fire. I could not tell you what in the whole wide world made me mention Scotland; a vague thought of the

Hermitage's discomfort perhaps; but the minute it was said I saw that I had done the deed: the train of powder was ignited. She was slowly turning the pages of *The Month*. For a quarter of a second her hand stopped, but then it went on; and her face hardened. "Oh," she said, with apparent carelessness, "you were thinking of Mrs. Marchmont."

"No, indeed," I answered. "At least not directly. What struck me was that we are rather cosy in this little house, while hers—"

"That's it."

"But I was not occupied with her personally."

"Sub-consciously, you were."

"Oh, mother!" I protested smiling.

She glanced at me without raising her head, then back again at the review. "Millicent Marchmont must be developing magnetism to a considerable degree," she said with derision; "everybody seems bound to think or speak of her."

I did not answer, I dared not, I waited.

"Max's last letter was full of her; and even Joan's; Joan's—of all people!"

The leaves of the magazine were turning evenly.

"She has not left Scotland; has she?" I asked.

Another leaf rustled. "Not that I know of." (A pause.) "But that is scarcely necessary to her. Why?" (And the keen eyes looked at me while a smile played on the sharply cut lips.) "Did not Millicent mention before you that she could, at will, project her astral body to any distance?"

"Oh!" said I, laughing, "she boasts of that readily enough; but it requires a good deal more faith than I have to take her seriously."

"Yet you, and all of you, follow her lead."

(The first arrow had been shot.)

"I don't quite understand," I remarked; "I, for one, do not recollect following her lead in anything."

"No?" Her eyebrows went up slowly.

I again realized that, for me, silence was golden. She went on. "It is quite true, of course, that she occasionally hits the right nail on the head. Only—"

"Yes?"

"It does not happen to be the nail that she had intended to strike."

"I am afraid, mother," I replied looking straight at her, "I am afraid that I am completely at sea."

"And you do not wish to remain there?"

"Thank you," said I, trying to laugh, "it is a little too chilly."

"Is it?"

(A pause).

"You prefer *jouer Cartes sur table*."

"If you do not object."

"I?"

(Reginald, dear, I felt so small; I did not see the tiniest loophole of escape; still I kept as undisturbed a face as I could.) She pursued, after another silence.

"On the whole it's very simple. Millicent Marchmont had made up her mind to force my hand about Max's marriage, and if you did not *all help* (with slight emphasis) at least none of you opposed her. Am I mistaken?"

"You may be mistaken in some of the particulars," I began.

But she waved my argument away. "That is a mere detail," she interrupted. "The facts are these: Millicent imagined that I would dread, as a powerful rival in Max's affections, a very attractive foreign girl, because (she smiled ironically) I am about 'as selfish a woman' and 'jealous a mother' as would 'grace the Continent.' Are these not her words?"

"Mother, dear," I said firmly, "those are not Millicent's words at all (I knew the author of them too well), and I had never set eyes on Miss Lowinska before the night you met her yourself. I knew absolutely nothing about her."

"Be it so. Nevertheless, Max did."

"I was ignorant of it until that very evening."

"Ah! and would it be indiscreet to ask the name of your informant, then?"

(Reginald, I hesitated; I feared I was losing ground, but the clear steady eyes compelled me to be frank.)

"It was Joan," I answered as naturally as I could.

Then your mother leaned back on the sofa and nodded with cold contempt.

"Quite so," she said. "Now we have come to the point. Did you see Joan alone that evening?"

"I did."

"And you found out that the child had taken Millicent's bogey in earnest, and was ready to break her heart?"

"She was unhappy, yes."

"I daresay she would not hide much from you." Well, my dear, if you care to know, *this* is "the nail" which went home with me. As you perceive, it was not the one Millicent had tried to hit. She looked at the fire for a second or two; then her face softened and she smiled with a certain pride. "People of my nature," she remarked, "don't yield to suggestions or threatening shadows. I have never heard of anyone of my blood becoming sheep-hearted. Perhaps we are too hard; still—"

I don't know what made me do it but I abruptly slipped on my

knees and sat on a cushion at her feet. "Mother," I said, carried by a sudden impulse, "it's all nonsense your pretending to be 'hard.' We all love you in spite of it; but if you would only let us understand you better, we should never need to worry or interfere. Will you forgive us?"

She looked at me, absently at first; then curiously and searchingly. I had taken her jewelled hands in mine, and quite simply pressed my lips on them.

"Don't!" she said sharply.

"Why not?" I asked. "Are you not my mother also?"

But her face had darkened again. "My dear child," she began, trying to reassume her bitter, cutting tone, "pray don't let your imagination run away with you. Millicent Marchmont, hair-brained as she is, is far nearer the truth concerning me than you are yourself. She has made no mistake: I am a 'selfish woman' and I am a 'jealous mother,' and when I quoted her words before, I had no wish to deny them."

"Oh, mother!" said I taken aback, "please don't speak like this! I know that we all discussed you and blamed you."

"Oh! You too, Nemo? I read the letter aright then?"

"What letter?" I inquired truly surprised. (Could Max have so hopelessly blundered in his confidences?) "Oh! a letter (she shrugged her shoulders) from the sort of venomous 'acquaintances' which the world calls 'friends.' It made me feel bitterly indignant, chiefly against them I must say, and yet (a ring of sadness broke in her voice) it seems that they were right."

"Mother, dearest!" I answered miserably, "don't say it like that! It makes me feel as mean as Brutus."

(Her eyes had again softened under her lowered lids.)

"But it is true?" she persisted.

"It is," I said; "still, all the time, we could not help loving you, and that is true also."

She looked away for an instant, then she smiled a little. "Did you ever hear how Reginald translated the *Et tu Brute* in his early schooldays?"

"Never."

"It was to the point: 'Art thou a brute?'"

"Well!" said I, unable to repress a smile in my turn, "it must have been translated for me. I do feel a 'brute' just now. But, why did you try to-night to paint yourself in such black colors?"

(Her smile died away.)

"Because they are the real ones. Do you not know that at times everyone of us longs to tear down the veil and show one's very self?" (Though I don't think one ever does it quite.) "Besides, you all were right—you, yourself, are unwillingly convinced of it, and

it would avail me nothing to deny facts. Max *does* hold the largest place in my life: this is true. I have kept him tied by many invisible threads which would never have held Reginald; this also is true. And when I discouraged repeatedly his affection for Joan, it was *not* because I believed that he would be happier with anyone else—that was a commonplace excuse—but Joan or anyone else meant a break in our intimate life. That was the point.”

“But would it be a break?” I asked. “If you consent to give Joan the smallest chance, she will love you so dearly.”

“I know that,” she answered, “but do I wish it?”

“You do not want Joan to care for you?”

“I am not sure.”

“Still, the evening at the Marchmont’s I saw you speaking with her as if—”

“I know; but I told you that Millicent had forced my hand. This is not clear to you? Well! my dear, it comes to this. I have tried what many have attempted before, and as unsuccessfully; I had calculated to spare both myself and others; but that night I was forced to see that it was not possible any longer. I had to choose between destroying the child’s peace and happiness, or stifling my selfish feelings.”

“I see; and you put your feelings aside. But, was that not generosity? Of a kind?”

She seemed surprised, then a faint smile again parted her lips. “I should barely call it ‘justice,’” she remarked; “but you are a thorough woman, Nemo; partial, loving, illogical as soon as your heart is touched. And yet intelligent, clear-sighted and painfully conscientious at other times. At present because you are feeling fonder of me, I am guiltless.”

“I hope you are not going to add,” I interrupted reproachfully, “that to-morrow I shall be of another opinion.”

She was going to speak, but as I looked at her she stopped. For a moment we held each other’s glance; I could see the amber gleam in her hazel eyes.

“What is it, mother?” I asked very low.

She hesitated; a great sadness welled up in her; then she bent forward, placing her hand on my shoulder.

“I was not altogether generous that night, my child,” she said, “you must ask God to help me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that Joan and I must become true friends; true in the absolute sense of the word, if possible.”

“As you tried then?”

“No; not as *I* tried. That was not enough.”

"Yet, you pitied the girl."

"Do you think that pity is sufficient where I am concerned? One wearies of pity."

"Mother, dearest—"

She shook her head slowly, and leaned back.

"Oh! I intend to try. I came here—as perhaps you can guess—to gather strength and peace; there is no need to make a mystery of it to you. Indeed you have been strangely comprehensive, as well as tactful, and patient with my fads and my temper this evening."

"I fancied that you were unhappy," I said half-shyly.

She nodded. Then she turned to take back the review which had slipped on the sofa.

"Mother," I asked with a little hesitation, "you will not be sorry later on for speaking to me as you have done; will you?"

"No; why?"

"Oh! I can scarcely tell. Sometimes one regrets having been so frank."

"No," she said; "on the whole I regret nothing. For one reason, I felt angry, and my judgment of you was unfair."

"Not quite."

"Quite," she repeated firmly. "For another, because we are women, and follow intangible reasons; or again because the strongest of bows cannot remain stretched forever. Nemo, dear, take an old woman's advice; never play *au plus fin* with your conscience; it is a losing game."

"I don't think I ever feel inclined to do it," I said honestly.

"No; I suppose not. Well! (thoughtfully) thank God for it! Others find it a slippery road. And now, child, shall we go up? We are both tired."

But it was early yet; and, besides, the atmosphere had been cleared up. In short I protested. So there we sat; forgetting the time and letting the fire die down; yet what we spoke of, then, could not be analyzed. It was made of those intimate, half-sentences which a look, a nod or even a silence suffice to complete. But I was aware that such hours would seldom come back as full again. With the daylight, next morning, our lives would fall back into their formal grooves; though I knew also that a path had been opened between your mother's soul and mine, and that occasionally we would meet there if need arose. And when two days later we left C—— I believe that we were both the better for this new link between us. The very evening of my return, Nancy, Joan and Max arrived almost together to welcome me.

"You dear old Nemo!" exclaimed Max who, according to custom, came up two steps at a time. "It is so nice to have you back again! And what a lovely day you had for coming home."

I smiled and agreed: "Yes, I was very glad of it for your mother."

"I suppose you were surprised to hear of her leaving London?"

"I was. But I think she needed a little change. It did her good."

"Please ring the bell, Max, will you. We will have some tea."

"Oh! tea. But Nancy and Joan will be here in a few minutes if you don't mind waiting. We were to meet here at five."

"Very well," I said, "then while we are waiting, you must tell me the news."

"I don't think there is much. You heard that Mrs. Marchmont had gone to the Hermitage?"

"And taken Miss Lowinska with her, yes."

"Well! Dick Marchmont told me yesterday that after the first week they had the most wretched weather; though Millicent wrote to him that they were enjoying it, because it gave them opportunity 'to think.'"

"Was that one of Dick's jokes?"

"Not at all. He had to send them quite a pile of books with forbidding titles, he said; some on philosophy, on controversial theology, and other humorous insignificant subjects of the same kind."

"Max!"

"I am stating bare facts. He even asked me whether there were any 'Preaching Order' of women, as he thought they might be qualifying for it."

"What absurd nonsense!"

"I am in earnest, I assure you. I told him that I didn't believe there was such a thing; but that, if his wife and Miss Lowinska were anxious to 'meditate,' I should rather recommend a Convent of Trappistine Nuns."

"Max, you are worse than a schoolboy!"

"What a calumny! He was most interested, and when I explained that in the Trappist Order, absolute silence was the rule, he said it was the very thing. It would suit Millicent so well that if she needed it, he would send his consent to her in his best handwriting."

"You silly fellow, you are too ridiculous. What I want to know is something about you and Joan. Things are quite straight now, I hope."

"Oh! as for that, straight as a die, thank goodness! But do you know, Nemo dear, sometimes it seems uncanny to see how suddenly all obstacles and worries have vanished."

"Well!" said I wisely, "they have vanished, that is, the principal point. How did your mother get on with Joan until the time of her coming to me?"

"Oh! capitally. There was not a hitch anywhere. She even gave

us *carte blanche* to have half of the house altered and refurnished as we might wish it. Only—"

"Yes?"

"Only I fancy that she hated to have it done before her eyes; and that it is the reason which sent her to enjoy the spring in Devonshire."

"Very likely. But now, Max dear, before our two friends arrive, will you take a little advice from me?"

"With a heart and a half, Nemo; what is it?"

"It is this. I have good reasons for thinking that your mother wishes everything in the future to go on pleasantly. She intends to make a friend of Joan, and you must give her every opportunity of doing so. On the other hand, Joan need know nothing of it, so as to remain perfectly natural. She could not play a part, you realize that."

"I do."

"Very good. Ah! here they are. You may ring now, Max." Which he did, and with a will.

Joan and Nancy came into the room with bright faces and merry smiles. Joan looked charming with her daintily flushed cheeks and her soft lashes, sweeping down in a half-shy, childlike way. Truly it was a joy to see the girl so happy at last, and I think she guessed my feelings.

Then tea came up—what you, my darling, often called provokingly "frenchified tea," because little Dubois makes such a peculiar choice of cakes. This time, however, none of us objected.

Reginald, if you had been there, how complete our enjoyment would have been! We all felt so light hearted; Nancy's eyes shone with that gentle motherly light, so apparent when she is with Joan; Max was in exuberant spirits, and Joan herself was witty and amusing on the subject of their purchases. I will spare you the details. After an hour or so Joan recollected she had an appointment with her father. Max naturally disappeared with her, leaving Nancy and me alone.

Then, Reginald dear, silence fell between us, and while Mary removed the tea things we mechanically drew nearer the fire. Not that it was cold, but somehow one can exchange thoughts more easily in that particular place. I felt that Nancy had come with the purpose of staying after the others, to get from me what she calls *le dessous des cartes*; but I was not at all sure that I ought to give it. On the other hand, I keep very few things from her.

For a while she waited; then she brought her chair nearer again, leaned forward to rest her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hands, and at last smiled broadly.

"I see," she said, "you are on your guard; so something *did* happen."

"What do you call 'something?'"

"I don't know yet, of course. But if you are ready to fence you must have a motive. Did you seriously disagree with Mrs. Camberwell?"

"Certainly not?"

"Did you try to show her the 'errors of her ways?'"

"Nance!"

"It would have been a 'work of mercy.'"

"Don't be horrid."

"I am not. I only wish for her amendment."

"My dear you are unjust to Mrs. Camberwell. You dislike her."

"Humbug! I am the only human being thoroughly fair to her; and I admire her almost more than I do any other woman."

"I don't understand you."

"Of course not. You are merely English! We O'Dwyers, being Irish, are very keen sportsmen, and Mrs. Camberwell is gloriously game."

"I must say you have opposed her with all your might."

"I should think so. Just as we run a fox to ground. By the way, didn't you *hunt* a little scrap with us before you went to C——?"

"I did, I know, but—"

"But you have changed your mind."

"No; I merely found out that now, like Don Quixote, we were fighting windmills."

"How fortunate! So peace was sealed after such a discovery."

"Peace was sealed."

"Well! It is most satisfactory. But what is to be her next move—because I am convinced that there will be a *move* from her?"

"I think you are distinctly prejudiced."

"Am I?"

"Why couldn't Mrs. Camberwell—like anyone else—be sorry for a possible mistake, and disposed to repair it?"

"Oh, she is sorry for her mistake! She calls it a *mistake*."

"I (firmly) call it a *mistake*; she did not. She was perfectly straight and open about it."

"And she wishes to mend matters?"

"She does."

Nancy looked thoughtfully through the window behind me; then she sighed.

"I wish to goodness I could believe it," she said.

"I don't see where the difficulty comes in."

"Of course *you* don't."

"And I give you my word that she was thoroughly sincere."

"That is quite possible."

"Then what do you wish to suggest?"

"Oh! I can't just explain; but it is like this. Even if Mrs. Camberwell was as sorry and honest while speaking about Joan, as you were yourself, it will come to nothing. She won't be able to keep it up."

"I thought what you admired in Mrs. Camberwell was her 'iron will.'"

Nancy shook her head.

"I know, I can't explain, I tell you! It is precisely her 'iron will' that I dread. It would require so little to make it swing in the wrong direction."

"I really don't think it right for you to say that."

"Nemo, dear, I see very well that I must appear prejudiced and absurd; but the Irish have a queer sense of perception that none of you possess. It's my Irish 'scent' which makes me suspicious; we are not out of the woods yet."

I was so provoked that I markedly changed the conversation. Nancy threw me a rapid glance, then she submitted, and we kept to fairly indifferent subjects until she had to go.

But when she said good-bye, she looked at me with those great affectionate eyes of hers, and said: "You are an awfully decent, staunch little person, Nemo."

"Why 'little?'" I interrupted for the sake of stopping her; "I am as tall as you are."

"Yes, perhaps, but slimmer and much younger too. You have not my experience. Do you know that Joan was only three when my mother died, and that I have brought her up myself?"

"Nancy, you will always be young."

"I daresay. All Irish people are. What I was going to say was—"

"Please, I don't want to hear it."

"Oh!"

Then she smiled, her quick intuitive smile, kissed me heartily, and hurried downstairs, calling out: "Don't forget that you dine with us to-morrow. Eight o'clock; but come early, Joan is sure to want you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE PRINCIPLES OF RURAL CREDIT. By James B. Morman.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

The adequate, appropriate and economical financing of the farmers of the United States and Canada is a problem of great and growing importance. The author reviews with thoroughness and lucidity the principles and development of personal and long time credit so successful in European countries. Personal credit is a term used to describe short time loans required to finance the industrial needs of the farmer as distinguished from the long term or mortgage loans on the land itself.

The personal credit societies of the Raiffeisen and Schulze-Delitzsch types are the most conspicuous examples quoted. The Schulze-Delitzsch system in Germany, throughout other European countries known as "People's Banks," is of urban origin, being primarily intended to encourage thrift among working people. The resources of the banks operated under this system being in excess of the needs of accommodation of urban members, they have extended their field of membership to include the rural population. At the present time probably over one-fourth of the members are farmers. The banks are operated on democratic principles, each member having one vote only, no matter how many shares he may hold.

The Credit Unions on the Raiffeisen plan are strictly rural, but persons living in country districts other than farmers, such as small tradesmen, may become members. Members are usually owners of small or medium-sized farms, ranging from two and a half to forty acres. Liability is unlimited; that is to say, the whole of the assets of each member is charged with the repayment of the obligations created by the Union. As, however, the members are confined to people well known to each other living in the same parish, and character is the basis of membership, and loans are made for productive purposes only, the element of danger is very small. Personal Credit Societies are federated into central banks, and where the means available are not sufficient for their purposes, they have been aided in various ways by the governments. With cheery optimism, which perhaps does not sufficiently allow for the difference in environment and mental habits of European and American farmers, the author asserts:

Both local and central credit banks.....are the fruits of the modest efforts of small land-owning farmers in Europe. They came to the aid of each other by pledging their property for their collective obligations, and then they laboriously but securely built up their own reserve funds to protect their credit, and to save themselves from financial loss in case of local failures. The keynote of their success was confidence in each other as neighbors and in their farmers' organizations. If these simple principles could win success in Europe, there is no reason why they cannot be made to succeed in any part of the world, if put into practice by organized land-owning farmers.

The various forms of farm mortgage credit societies, some of which are State assisted or State endowed, are dealt with. Common to all is the right to create a mortgage on the amortization plan, which in some European countries enables a farmer to borrow money on his land at three and one-half per cent to four per cent, with the additional charge of one quarter to one-half per cent for cost of administration. Amortization payments are, as a rule, compulsory, the minimum annual repayment of principal being variously fixed at one-half, three-fourths to one per cent. The advantage of the amortization plan is that the borrower is by very small periodical payments steadily, but surely, discharging the mortgage indebtedness on the farm, and is free from the danger of foreclosure. A table is given showing that on a mortgage debt of one thousand dollars, running for twenty-six years at five per cent interest, the farmer under amortization pays in interest \$797.73, and has discharged his debt by paying two per cent on the principal each year, but under the straight mortgage, on the same terms as regards the amount of the mortgage, interest and length of time, the farmer pays \$1,300 in interest, or \$502.27 more than under the amortization plan, and has done nothing to discharge the debt of \$1,000. The author implies that amortization of farm mortgages in the United States should in future be made compulsory, and declares that then it would make little difference whether farmers themselves, private capital or the State furnished the money for the purpose. To make these suggestions of practical value, it appears to us the State would also have to provide some means of making these amortized mortgages created in favor of private individuals easily marketable, otherwise private lenders would divert to other channels money now available for farm mortgage purposes, thus aggravating instead of relieving the prevailing difficulties as to

mortgage credit. More practical, however, are the suggestions made to relieve farmers of the oppressive conditions of loans resulting from the widespread evasion of the laws against usury.

The author suggests it is the first duty of the State to provide the farmer with protection against credit abuses. It is urged that more stringent laws should be enacted by State legislatures, and that the same must be enforced. The author considers such protection to the borrowing farmer a condition precedent to the establishment of a sound rural credit system in America.

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE. By Leo Wiener. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.25 net.

In view of the fact that Russia is the land of possibilities, and destined apparently to assume a rôle of ever-increasing significance in world affairs, an acquaintance with these possibilities, an intelligent appreciation of what Russia is and may be in the future, becomes a matter no less of necessity than of interest. The present work is what its title states, an attempt to present the essential Russian soul, and thus to make possible a true diagnosis of the present and a true forecast of the future.

Inasmuch as modern civilization is so largely a neutralizer of geographical and historical influences, and gives the newest and the oldest, the most advanced and the most backward, some measure of equality in the chances for progress, the future of any race or nation must be determined by its inherent qualities, its inner self, its underlying soul. Hence Professor Wiener "confines himself to the ascertainment of those spiritual principles which alone can help the reader to comprehend and properly weigh the phenomena of the social and artistic life of Russia." This aim he pursues through his study of the energizings of the Russian soul in literature, art, music, religion, among the peasantry, the Intellectuals, women, etc. The results he presents as a basis for final deductions might be summed up as a conscious and persistent effort toward simplicity, naturalness, democracy, religion, and the service of humanity and the masses. Negatively this is a rejection of artificiality and particularism, and an impatience of the restraints of tradition. These tendencies have at times engendered an over-purposefulness which frowned on such things as poems of exquisite beauty which had no direct lesson of usefulness. This national spirit is expressed in the formula "Art for life's sake." These same principles of truth, naturalness, humanitarianism and religion are found in every field

of Russian life, and even such a thing as race prejudice and intolerance, so commonly attributed to the Russian people, is utterly foreign to the real Russian spirit and is, wherever found, the work of the Petrograd political system.

With these ideals sweeping everything before them, and with the rapid growth of Constitutionalism, the future of Russia looks most promising not only for the nation but for the world. When her political and social evils are righted the Empire will carry the banner of civilization and humanity in the vanguard of Europe. This will take time, of course, for it is not to be realized as the result of any crisis, such as the present war, but by the slow, irresistible prevalence of what is truest and best in the national character.

So optimistic a judgment we are most pleased to accept, and coming from one so qualified to speak, it has considerable authority. With the author's general conclusions we would not differ. But the Catholic reader will find some statements not at all in accord with his knowledge or his taste, the author's views on Christianity and ecclesiastical history being somewhat awry. A work of wider scope would be more popular, as the average reader's knowledge of Russia is limited to a passing acquaintance with Tolstoy, Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Vereshchagin, Glinka, Moussorgsky, and a few other great figures in the current of distinctly national Russian genius. However, an extensive bibliography at the end of the volume indicates many sources (most of them in English) whence those interested can gain a general view of everything connected with the Tsar's Empire.

GERMANY, FRANCE, RUSSIA AND ISLAM. By Heinrich von Treitschke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

This volume contains eight lectures delivered on various occasions by Professor Treitschke of Berlin, in which he treats topics related directly or indirectly to Germany's policy. The one on "What We Demand from France," delivered before the Treaty of Frankfort was signed, is necessarily of no more than academic interest now, but the others throw light on German ideals and aspirations during the last forty years, and tend to clear up some things that have happened recently. The first one, that on Turkey, is amusing in its strictures on the Ottoman system of government, now that German officers are aiding in the defence of the Dardanelles. Catholic readers will naturally take most interest in two speeches on Luther and on Gustavus Adolphus, where the thor-

oughly anti-Catholic animus of the writer is allowed full play. The following quotations may be taken as fairly representative of their character :

They [*i. e.*, the German Catholics] are neither able nor willing to understand that the Reformer of our Church was the pioneer of the whole German nation on the road to a freer civilization, and that in the State and in society, in our homes and in our centres of learning, his spirit still breathes life into us.

In vain did the Jesuits continue to dream of the world-empire of the Church; the States of Europe, none the less, formed themselves by degrees into a new and free association, and built up for themselves a universal code of national law, which was more just than the former judgments of the Popes, and had its roots in the common interests and the sense of justice of the nations.

On Luther's advice Albert of Brandenburg, the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, decided to discard the white mantle with the black cross, to repudiate the false chastity of the monks, and to found a true and knightly dominion which should seek to be acceptable to God and the world without the aid of tinsel and false names. It was from this district, which was snatched from the old Church and stood or fell with Protestantism, that the military greatness of our modern history emerged to reveal itself in world-famed battles.

The present reviewer does not recall having ever read a clearer statement of the essential connection between the rise of Prussia and the Reformation. Prussia is the only country in Europe that owes its aggrandizement absolutely to Protestantism. Others have *become* Protestant, and have used that religion for their political advantage, but Prussian power *is* in its very essence Protestant, and she stands to-day the single instance of a nation that grew to worldly glory solely out of the revolt against the ancient historical tradition of European civilization.

WITH THE ALLIES. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

The author was "with the Allies" both in sympathy and in person, and gives us lively descriptions of scenes and incidents of the War from his own observation, such as the entry of the Germans into Brussels, the burning of Louvain, the Battle of Soissons, and the bombardment of Rheims. His experience when arrested as

a spy, and his visit to Paris where the Germans were nearest to the city, read like some of his best stories. Tribute is rendered to the spirit shown by the English nation and by those Americans who have been occupied in the War Zone, and there is an especially noteworthy chapter on the "Psychology of Courage." Of course, the book will not be pleasing to German sympathizers, but even they will not be bored by it.

BRAMBLE BEES AND OTHERS. By Jean Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50 net.

Nature lovers will welcome another addition to the rapidly growing series of volumes on insect life from the pen of the great French scientist, Jean Henri Fabre. Although the volume is written by one of the greatest students of insect life, it is not dry and pedantic as one might suspect, but, on the contrary, is simply and interestingly written, and substantially supports the author's title of the "Homer of the Insect World."

There is much food for thought in the book. Fabre is one of the most astute students of Natural History the world has known. He accepts no one's opinion, considers theorizing a waste of time, and believes what he sees his insects do, not what someone else says they do. He spurns Darwinism, finds no evidence for the mechanical explanation of life, and says that the facts do not warrant the ascribing of intelligence to the mental life of the insect. Fabre is in good company here, as his well-known Catholic fellow-biologist, Eric Wasmann, S.J., has brilliantly maintained these positions for some years.

Bramble Bees and Others shows Fabre to be a most remarkable observer, not surpassed in this respect even by Darwin; a clean, careful reasoner who confines himself to facts with much better success than Darwin; and a humble, patient scientist, who is never embarrassed when admitting his ignorance.

In speaking of Darwinism, Fabre says: "The law of Natural Selection impresses me with the vastness of its scope; but whenever I try to apply it to actual facts, it leaves me whirling in space, with nothing to help me to interpret realities. It is magnificent in theory, but it is a mere gas bubble in the face of existing conditions. It is majestic, but sterile. Then where is the answer to the riddle of the world? Who knows? Who will ever know?" Such modesty is as becoming as it is unusual in a twentieth century scientist.

Bramble Bees and Others will prove an effective antidote

against the deluge of un-natural history that came upon us toward the close of the twentieth century, and the effects of which have been by no means totally effaced as yet.

As in previous volumes of M. Fabre's works, Mr. Alexander de Mattos has made an excellent translation.

FOUR WEEKS IN THE TRENCHES. By Fritz Kreisler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00 net.

This volume presents a graphic review of the personal reminiscences of the famous violinist. He served as Lieutenant in the Austrian army during the campaign before Lemberg, but was wounded, and had to be discharged, to the intense relief of music lovers in New York. This is really the first authentic account of an eyewitness of the initial struggles on the Austro-Russian frontier. It is short, but contains a great deal of interesting matter. Interspersed with the presentation of the grim horrors of war and of the bloodshed, savagery and death that accompany it, are narratives of touching human interest, and numerous psychological studies of the men living and fighting in the trenches.

THE PRESENT MILITARY SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Major-General Francis Vinton Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

This little book, which is substantially the address General Greene delivered last winter in Portland, Maine, is not to be criticized, but to be pondered over and taken to heart; for the writer speaks with the authority of years of careful study. He is not an alarmist, but he believes in squarely facing facts, no matter how unpleasant these facts may be. And his one purpose is to awaken his fellow-citizens to the need of providing for our military defence. Those who are inclined to disregard Colonel Roosevelt's warnings cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to the calm, quiet, but convincing, utterances of one whose qualifications, personal and official, are beyond dispute. The publication of the lecture is a real service to the country. The next thing is to act upon it.

FIGHTING IN FLANDERS. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.

Mr. Powell here gives us a detailed, accurate and undoubtedly readable account of one little but very important corner of the Great War—the fall of Antwerp and the fighting that led up to

it. He had unusual opportunities for observing these events, and was frequently involved in highly exciting adventures. He saw personally many of the officers and men of the two armies, Belgian and German, during the conflict; and was several times present in the midst of battles. He visited the ruins of Louvain and Aerschot, and describes their desolation and horror only too convincingly. He was in Antwerp while it awaited, confident in its supposed impregnability, the approach of the foe. And he describes the same city in its bombardment and after the flight of its people. At one time dodging bullets on the field, at another assuming the duties of a consul toward all foreigners in the city, he lived through enough excitement to supply a good many novels. In point of fact, his book is far more thrilling and absorbing than the average adventure story, and possesses the advantage of being highly informing at the same time.

PROBLEMS OF CHILD WELFARE. By George B. Mangold, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Both the university student of philanthropy and the general reader wishing to acquire some knowledge of practical sociology, may profitably turn to this comprehensive study. It covers all the principal radiations of the subject, and represents an immense amount of research as well as capacity for selection and the marshaling of facts and data. The book is interesting and very readable, for the writer's tone is, on the whole, more humane and less uncompromisingly scientific than is displayed in much of the child-problem literature of the day. He condemns wastage of life among child weaklings and defectives. He is a champion of the home, and says: "The child without a good home suffers an enormous handicap."

Nevertheless his qualifications as a "modern" thinker are sufficiently evidenced by his free use of the word "unfit" to describe certain classes of humanity, and his obvious conviction that social reform must not be gauged or guided by sentiment, which must be subordinated. His views in regard to religion as a social factor are curious and somewhat hard to coördinate. The wisdom of social progress, he says, has declared in favor of small families, therefore "opposition to a judicious limitation of size of family is reactionary and unsocial;" it springs mainly from religious prejudice, "which has no right to interfere with social reform." Again, social reform demands sex-education, and in this "the church" has

not performed its part, and Sunday-schools will never be successful until, among other reforms, "the emphasis is shifted from dogmatic theology to applied religion." Yet, later, in his summing up, he states that "private enterprise through the church and other moral and social agencies arouses the few to nobler ideals, which then slowly spread through the community, and are finally crystallized into law." Presumably, connection with the source of inspiration is then severed and, freed from this incubus, progress is assured.

Dr. Mangold mentions some problems of which he admits the solution to be difficult. It happens that these difficulties have their origin in human nature's most strongly rooted instincts. It has been the world's experience that in similar crises not transformation but reaction ensues: no such misgivings, however, obtrude themselves upon the author, who tells us that "the state permits no backward step." It would appear that while past ages teem with error, there has been granted to this century a mysterious guarantee of immunity from mistake.

THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA. By John Finley.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

It is not often that history, romance, prophecy, story, statistics, and legend are so happily woven together as they are here. And that is all the more noteworthy as the Middle West is not a region that one usually associates with the picturesque side of historical writing. In these pages its tale becomes of absorbing interest. Explorer, priest, pioneer, visionary, colonist, pass before us as actors in a great human drama, and at the end we feel that the writer has accomplished his purpose of "freshening and brightening for the French the memory of what some of them have seemingly wished to forget, and of visualizing to them the vigorous, hopeful, achieving life that is passing before that Gallic background of venturing and praying."

The full development of the theme assumes the form of a quasi-romantic narrative, the story of stern privations, titantic labors, and frontier struggles. And, alas, with this must come the sad tale of mismanagement and intrigue which finally ruined La Salle's scheme of "New France." The origin and development of the great Western cities, the spirit of Lincoln as typical of the spirit of the great Middle West, the democracy and idealistic altruism that pervade the "Men of Always," all are enthusiastically set forth that the reader

may clearly discern "that the roots of the mighty, virile, healthy, aspiring Western cities are entwined about symbols of French adventure and empire, the sword, the boat and the Crucifix."

THE WAR-BOOK OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF.

Translated by J. H. Morgan, M.A. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.00 net.

This is a different sort of book from most others connected with the War, bearing as it does an official character. Yet we regret to say that, considering the performances of the German Army in Belgium and of the German submarines, portions of the volume can possess no more than an "academic" interest. For instance, the concluding chapter ("Usages of War as Regards Neutral States") would be bitter reading for one who had passed through the awful experiences of Liège, Louvain, and Antwerp. In fact, the German War Office seems to have adopted on paper the regulations of civilized nations generally regarding military operations, but to have shown an astounding readiness to adapt them to their own interests. Even that much cannot be wholly granted, for we question whether many students of international law would accept the teaching that it is lawful to use the inhabitants of a conquered region as shields for protecting the troops of their enemies by putting them on troop trains; and that such persons may also be forced to act as guides for their foes.

AMONG THE CANADIAN ALPS. By Lawrence J. Burpee.

New York: John Lane Co. \$3.00 net.

The Great War in Europe will force many thousands of pleasure seekers to take the western trail through the Canadian Rockies to the coast. We advise every one of them to read this absorbing volume of Mr. Burpee who, more thoroughly than any of his predecessors—and their name is legion—has grasped to the full the fascination of the Canadian Alps. He writes most understandingly of glorious mountains and pine-scented valleys, lakes of turquoise and emerald, rushing crystal streams, waterfalls innumerable, glaciers and snow-fields, rugged cliffs and green-clad slopes; rock-strewn ridges and flower-bedecked meadows, and the clear intoxicating air of the wonderland of the West.

Special chapters are devoted to the national parks of Canada, the country in and about Banff, the Canadian Matterhorn, Mt. Assiniboine, the monarch of the Rockies, Mt. Robson, the incom-

parable Lake Louise, the valley of the Yoho, the caves of Nakimu, and the Moose River Trail.

The volume is beautifully illustrated with four excellent colored plates and forty-five photographs.

JAPAN, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00 net.

Mr. Mabie is most enthusiastic over the Japan of to-day, and most hopeful of the Japan of to-morrow. He tries to prove, in these very optimistic pages, that the Japanese of to-day is not an unscrupulous schemer who will prove a dangerous foe to the Westerners in the future, but one eager to interpret the East to the West, and to win a place among the great powers only to further all that makes for the peace and prosperity of the world.

He tells us Japan's attitude toward nature and religion, her social habits, her history, her tastes and recreations, her ideals, her artistic sense, and her wonderful progress in modern times.

He believes that most of the present-day dislike for Japan in the United States is due to the fact that Japan has ceased to be a museum or a country appealing merely to the artistic instinct, and has entered the area of commercial struggle and become our able, and ambitious competitor.

Mr. Mabie has, to our mind, drawn too rosy a picture of the Japanese people. He says not one word, from beginning to end, of the irreligion, superstition, immorality, fanaticism, and conceit which other less kindly critics mention and perhaps over-emphasize.

THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR. By J. Holland Rose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

This book by the well-known historian and biographer of Napoleon, is a review in eight lectures of the events which have contributed to bring about the hostility between Germany and England: The Transvaal difficulties, Morocco, the Bagdad Railway scheme, and "Pan-Germanism." There is also a chapter on the Kaiser, in which the writer treats of his temperamental characteristics and his religious belief. The author is inclined to recognize the justness of Germany's desire for territory. "Is it surprising that she feels land-hunger? Endowed with a keen sense of national pride, she was certain to experience some such feeling; and we, who have expanded partly by force of arms, partly by a natural overflow of population, shall be foolishly blind if we do not try to understand

the enemy's point of view." He hopes that after the war "the fiat of mankind will. . . . go forth that they shall acquire, if need be, parts of Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and South Brazil. America will realize that the world cannot forever bow down to the Monroe Doctrine, especially as the United States have become a colonizing Power, but that parts of South America may safely be thrown open to systematic colonization by a nation like Germany." This is interesting.

The book covers a good deal of ground, though it runs to less than two hundred pages. Still, though it will not greatly enhance the author's reputation, it is evidently the work of a real student of modern history, and not the hasty production of an amateur dabbler in European diplomacy or the picturesque chat of a newspaper correspondent.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. Volume III. St. Paul's Epistle to the Churches. Part V.—Ephesians and Colossians, by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.; Philemon and Philippians, by Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 40 cents.

In a scholarly introduction the editors give a brief account of the circumstances under which the four Epistles of the Captivity were written, followed by a brief discussion and summary of each Epistle separately.

The English translation, while following in great part the language of the Vulgate, corrects a number of faulty renderings in our traditional English text. The copious footnotes are most helpful and suggestive.

THE LIFE OF SAINT SEVERINUS. By Eugippius. Translated into English for the first time with notes by George W. Robinson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

This translation of the life of St. Severinus is from the recension of the text by Theodor Mommsen, published in Berlin, 1898, in the series of *Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum*. It was written in the beginning of the sixth century at the request of the deacon Paschasius by the Saint's pupil, Eugippius, Abbot of a Neapolitan monastery. It is the only written document we have of the history of the Danubian provinces during the last years of the Roman Occupation. The Saint settled near the present city of Vienna, built a monastery for himself and his companions, and spent

many years ministering to the Christians who were suffering greatly at the hands of the barbarians. He prophesied to Odoacer, King of the Heruli, that he would overthrow the Roman Empire of the West, and persuaded the Alamannic king, Gibold, not to ravage the Roman territory. The translation is very well done.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMANDMENTS OF THE CHURCH.

By Rev. A. Villien. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50 net.

The Abbé Villien, of the Catholic University of Paris, has put in book form his scholarly articles on the origin and development of the precepts of the Church, which first appeared in the pages of the *Revue du Clergé Français*. The learned professor traces each precept to its source, and discusses its history in various times and places. We recommend this book highly.

PULPIT THEMES. Translations of Schoupe's *Adjumenta Orationis Sacri*. By Rev. P. A. Beecher. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$2.75 net.

This volume will be a rich source of helpfulness to every priest engaged in parochial work. The value of Father Schoupe's work is that the outlines are full enough to give ample suggestion and direction for further individual development of the theme. The translation by Father Beecher is thoroughly well done, and many times but adds to the timeliness and practical application of the author's thought. The volume includes almost every dogmatic and moral subject upon which a priest is called to preach, and an index points out where suitable matter may be found for every Sunday and great Feast Day of the year.

A FAR COUNTRY. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The title of this latest novel of Mr. Churchill hardly conveys the notion that it has for its type and lesson the beautiful Gospel story of the Prodigal Son. Such, however, is its meaning and purpose. But the setting is wholly modern and American; its application found primarily in the person of Hugh Paret, the leading character of the story, is meant to be extended to that whole class of clever, strong, unscrupulous men who in our day and country manipulate high finance, control and prevent legislation, to those who, in a word, juggle with the rights and the welfare of the masses. This ethical, instructive and reformatory purpose is

worked out in the autobiography of the aforesaid Hugh Paret. He gives us a presentation of the motives, methods and indeed of the results of those methods, on the part of corporation lawyers, legislators and politicians, high and low, which will surely elicit resentment and denial from them, but which, in truth, might serve as a transcript of facts and "deals" in many a place during the last twenty years in these United States.

We do not mean to give the impression that this novel is a mere preachment, a high-class sample of muck-raking, for it is a vital dramatic story with the elements of love, ambition, success and tragedy woven into the lives of its characters—but, coincident with these personal elements, the great problems of our day and country are discussed and illustrated.

The development of Hugh Paret from an imaginative dreamy child, in a home of stern Calvinism, into a secretive, self-willed youth, and later into an irreligious, unscrupulous lawyer, whose desires will not be denied or put aside, if pertinacity or fraud can compass them, his onward career, his blessings far beyond his deserts in home and powerful friends, in reputation and success, his prostitution of talent and money to outwit the law, to down rivals, to crush the weak—all these are forcefully presented as they turn to ashes, to self-contempt, and cynicism. Indeed, through all these schemes, there is a voice of conscience which, by rebuking him, finally works out his recovery to better and higher things, and brings back from *a far country* the modern prodigal. Let us say, honestly, he is somewhat unconvincing. In the Gospel story we pity and make allowances for the youthful follies, the impulsive dissipation, the ingratitude because it is blended with true contrition and humility born of shame and trial—but it is hard to feel aught but contempt for the calculated depravity, the repeated abandonment of warning and principle, of his latest namesake.

In the wider application of the parable to the whole class of modern prodigals, Paret's associates and imitators, it is made manifest that this whole country has wandered far from its pristine ideals of democracy, has bidden farewell for a time at least to its former simplicity of beliefs and principles, until, alas, it too has wallowed with the swine in the trough of materialism with the attendant evils of corruption, political and domestic, ending in family disruption and civil revolt.

The book is interesting and strong and repays perusal, though there are things in it which a Catholic will find to be unpleasant and

offensive both in its theories and its incidents, as, for example, the long-drawn-out episode where Hugh attempts to win Nancy from even her poor conception of wifely duty, the belittling of authority, and, above all, the impotent futile remedy that a better education will be the sovereign panacea for individual and social wrongs. A better education would assuredly do much, if by that were meant a deepening of moral truth, but mere scientific or intellectual diletanteism is plainly no remedy, will bring no return to right principle, will produce no salvation.

"MEN, NOT ANGELS." By Katharine Tynan. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.10.

This collection of tales, though "told to girls," will not interest them exclusively: there is plenty of charm and amusement for their elders as well.

The author has sought her inspiration on both sides of the Channel, and has given us many pleasing sketches of faith and human love, both of to-day and yesterday. A number of the stories are undoubtedly slight, and a trifle unsatisfying. The author has touched, but touched, as it were, impersonally, the sources of human emotion and motive. There is a certain aloofness in her attitude that fails to bring the reader into direct sympathetic relation with the characters. But it is a greater artistic virtue to limit than to overtax, and there is no lack in the present tales of suggestiveness and delicacy of touch, and of that subtly indispensable thing called atmosphere.

Even to the above stricture there are some delightful exceptions, such as Violet Frank, the would-be Carmelite, and the good Curé who naïvely named his wines for the departed. These alone, drawn with charmingly tender humor, will amply repay the reader for his perusal of the book.

THE REDISCOVERED UNIVERSE. By Daniel Conrad Phillips. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

We wonder how any publisher could have risked his reputation by daring to print so puerile a volume. The writer's attack upon Christianity is written throughout in bad English, and reads for the most part like the ravings of a maniac. The book contains over a score of chapters, but the writer fails to keep to his text in any of them. We are still wondering what he means by the Rediscovered Universe.

THE MUTINY OF THE ELSINORE. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35 net.

If the eager novel reader wishes to enter a Chamber of Horrors, and experience a series of thrills for a couple of hours, we advise him to read this story of a mutiny at sea. The *Elsinore* is a freighter sailing from Baltimore to Valparaiso around Cape Horn. Its crew is composed of the greatest set of scoundrels ever gathered together in fact or fiction. Outside of the "perishing blond" hero and his "vital-bodied" sweetheart and her father, the Captain, the score of characters that figure in the story are all murderers, degenerates, gangsters, thieves, lunatics, and would-be suicides. The only part of the book that we dare commend is the description of the storm off Cape Horn. The story as a whole is coarse, repulsive and pagan.

A CENTURY'S CHANGE IN RELIGION. By George Harris. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

The title of this book is most misleading. The President Emeritus of Amherst College deals only with New England Protestantism, and shows how the old-time Calvinism of one hundred years ago has become in our day out-and-out rationalism and unbelief. In a most superior way the writer tells us that "Christianity has been obscured by dogma, the authority of the church, and asceticism." He also informs us that evolution has banished the Adam of theology with its doctrine of the fall of man, and that modern critical science has delivered us from the bondage of Biblical miracles, the Virgin Birth, the Divinity of Christ, the resurrection of the body, the myth of a personal devil and the like. What would the founders of Andover think of a professor who would sum up Christianity in the Unitarian formula of "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," and teach his pupils that the dogmas of the creeds were man-made?

FROM FETTERS TO FREEDOM. By Rev. Robert Kane, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

In this volume Father Kane, the blind Jesuit orator, has gathered together more than a score of his sermons. They were preached during the past fifteen years in Ireland, on various occasions, at the consecration of a bishop, the dedication of a church, the "clothing" of a nun, the opening of a new pulpit, and the golden jubilee of a church, college or convent. As he says himself:

"These discourses are broadly illustrative of the emerging of Catholic Ireland from the serfdom of the penal laws unto civil, social and religious liberty." The best sermons of the volume are the panegyric of Blessed Oliver Plunket, and the address to the Catholic Truth Society on the Miracles of Lourdes.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, of New York, have sent us two plays, *Louis XI.*, translated from the original of Casimir Delavigne by W. R. Markwell, adapted for performance by male characters only by J. H. Stratford, and *Jane Grey, A Nine Days' Queen*, adapted from Sir Aubrey de Vere's *Mary Tudor* by the Ursulines of New Rochelle, New York. The price of each is twenty-five cents. We recommend both to parish dramatic clubs, colleges, and convents.

M. H. GILL & CO. of Dublin have just published a new translation of the Catechism of Pope Pius X. by Dr. Hagan, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome.

FATHER JOHN HENRY, C.S.S.R., has written *The Earthly Paradise* (St. Louis: B. Herder. 15 cents), a little treatise on vocation for those souls that feel drawn to religious life, but do not possess the inclination or the talent to become teachers. Such souls, he tells us, may become very useful members of religious communities as lay brothers or lay sisters.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Instructions d'un Quart d'Heure, by Abbé J. Pailler. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 4 frs. 50.) The Abbé Pallier has published one hundred fifteen-minute sermons on the Sunday Gospels and Epistles. They are remarkably well written, and full of that simplicity and unction which characterize the best of the modern French pulpit orators.

Qui a été l'Instigateur de la Guerre? by Vindex. (Paris: Maison de la Bonne Presse.) This little brochure of one hundred and twenty-five pages answers the accusation of the modern French anticlerical that the Catholic Church is responsible for the Great War in Europe. It shows conclusively that malice alone could accuse the Pope, the French bishops, priests, and religious of involving France in a war with Germany.

Les Responsabilités de l'Allemagne dans la Guerre de 1914, by P. Saintyves. (Paris: Librairie E. Nourry. 4 frs.) In a volume of some six hundred pages M. Saintyves seeks to prove that the Great War in Europe is due to German militarism, and that France, Russia and England did their utmost to preserve peace during the last days of July, 1914. He pays special attention to Germany's violation of the neutrality of Belgium, and denounces vehemently her alleged violations of the principles of international law.

Les Barbares en Belgique, by Pierre Nothomb. (Paris: Perrin et Cie. 3 frs. 50.) This volume deals exclusively with Germany's violation of the neutrality of Belgium. The Belgian Minister of Justice, M. H. Carton de Wiart, writes a preface praising the author for his vivid portraying of German outrages, and prophesying the victory of the Allies.

Le Mouvement Théologique du XII^e Siècle, by J. de Ghellinck, S.J. (Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 6 frs.) The Abbé Ghellinck has written a detailed and learned account of the status of theological science in the twelfth century. In an introductory chapter he gives a brief account of the development of theology from the end of the patristic age to the close of the eleventh century. He describes the intellectual decadence resulting from the barbarian invasions and the rise of Mohammedanism, and traces the revival of theological thought to the Carolingian schools of the eighth century. The iron age of the tenth century again spelled decadence, but the eleventh set up a new standard of development, which was to reach its acme in the splendid age of thirteenth century scholasticism.

Chapter II. treats of Peter Lombard's *Liber Sententiarum* and its place in the history of the development of the twelfth century; Chapter III. discusses the relation of Peter Lombard's book with the *Sententiæ* of Gundulphus of Bologna; Chapter IV. speaks of the influence of the writings of St. John Damascene upon Western thought; and Chapter V. of the relation of theology with canon law in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Les Saints: Saint Cyprian, by Paul Monceaux; *Saint Athanase*, by Abbé Gustave Bardy; *Saint Justin*, by Abbé M. J. Lagrange, O.P. (Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 2 frs. each.) Paul Monceaux, the Professor of Latin Literature in the *Collège de France*, has published a life of St. Cyprian which is part of his well-known work, *The Literary History of Christian Africa*. The five chapters of this interesting volume deal with the life of St. Cyprian, his apologetic works, his moral treatises and his preaching, his letters, and his literary influence. M. Monceaux brings out in clear perspective the arduous labors of St. Cyprian's most active episcopate.

The Abbé Bardy has written a scholarly and critical study of the life and writings of St. Athanasius, the great defender of the Council of Nice against the Arians of the fourth century. Many of the details of the Saint's life are gathered from his own writings, such as the *Apology* against the Arians, the *Apology* for his flight, the *History* of the Arians, the *Letter* on the synods of Rimini and Seleucia.

We know little of the life of St. Justin save his love of philosophy, his conversion and his martyrdom. Father Lagrange, therefore, treats chiefly of St. Justin's work as an apologist for the faith against Jew (Chapter II.) and pagan (Chapter III.-V.), and his teaching on the Incarnation (Chapter VI.).

NOTE.—On account of the non-arrival of the foreign periodicals, we have been compelled to omit that department this month.—
[ED. C. W.]

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.

In the West, with the exception of a small **Progress of the War.** advance of the Germans in the neighborhood of Ypres, any change that has taken place has been in favor of the Allies, although when compared with the task which they have to accomplish, the gains which have been made by the British and French seem to be almost negligible, especially as the casualties have been very numerous. The expected general offensive has not taken place, and this is the more to be wondered at as the Germans have removed large forces from the West in order to make their onslaught on the Russians in Galicia. A great change has taken place in the spirit in which the conflict is being carried on. The British troops have until recently looked upon their opponents as brave enemies, worthy, on that account, of a soldier's respect; since the sinking of the *Lusitania*, however, and the cowardly use of the asphyxiating gases which have caused so many excruciating deaths, the German soldier has come to be looked upon as a monster, of whom the earth must be freed at any cost.

The serious defeats which Russia has suffered are, of course, a great disappointment to the Allies, inasmuch as they will lengthen the war indefinitely. These defeats are not looked upon as decisive, as they were due to temporary causes over which Russia had no control, nor is there any great expectation that Germany will cripple Russia so seriously as to be able to send large reinforcements to the West. Possibly misfortune may have a good effect upon Russia as she is apt, when successful, to be somewhat domineering and self-seeking. The humiliation she has suffered may make her more willing to come to terms with Rumania about the possession of Bessarabia, and with the other Balkan States about Constantinople. Whether or not any of these States will enter into the war is, at the time these lines are being written, still in doubt. The war party in Greece has, even in the absence of M. Venezelos, secured an overwhelming victory; but it cannot yet be said with certainty what the consequences will be. The exact state of things on the Dardanelles has not been disclosed, nor whether

they will be the scene of Italian action. There still seems to be an opportunity for Greece to be of service, as well to herself as to the Allies. Italy has undertaken the offensive against Austria, and has advanced a considerable distance into Austrian territory, but nothing that can be considered in any way decisive or even indicative of future success has yet taken place.

Great Britain. An apparently sudden upheaval has taken place in Great Britain; one, however, which in no way signified any weakening in the determination on the part of the nation to carry through the war to the end. On the contrary, the change is due to the belief that the Government was not taking the most effectual means to secure success. In fact, the people as a whole have shown themselves more devoted to the cause than the Government, and in the way that is specially characteristic of its people they soon took means to effect a change. The occasion of the change was, in the first place, the dissension which arose in the Admiralty between Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Civil Lord, and Lord Fisher, the First Naval Lord. The former is credited with being overmasterful, and with having tried to act as an autocratic ruler, without regard to the advice of the trained experts of which the Commission of the Admiralty is made up. The details of the matter are, of course, concealed from the public; it is, however, surmised that the attempt made in March to force the Dardanelles by means of the navy alone, without military assistance, was made by Mr. Churchill's orders in opposition to the advice of Lord Fisher. The latter is as confident in the wisdom of his own opinions as is the former, and finding that he was being repeatedly overborne, refused to act further under Mr. Churchill. A conflict thus arose between two men who have in the present war been of the greatest service to the nation. To Mr. Churchill is due the fact that in the first hours of the war the fleet was in complete readiness, and was able to control the situation—a situation the danger of which very few fully realize. To Lord Fisher it is largely due that there was a fleet strong enough to overwhelm that of the enemy. The result of the crisis has been that both Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher have left the Admiralty. Mr. Churchill is indeed a member of the new Cabinet, but in an office of no great weight; Lord Fisher has retired into private life.

The troubles at the Admiralty were the beginning of the storm: the War Office under Lord Kitchener felt its full force. It transpired through the efforts of *The Times* that the lives of soldiers at

the front had been uselessly sacrificed on account of the want of high explosive shells, and that these shells were wanting because Lord Kitchener had neglected to comply with the demands made upon him. The German soldiers have made their trenches as strong as fortresses; the front trenches are strengthened with concrete, and in rear of them are refuges in which the soldiers are sheltered during a bombardment. Explosive shells alone are strong enough to beat down these defences, shrapnel having no effect. This was proved in an assault made by the British on the Aubers Ridge. A bombardment took place, but when the infantry arrived at the trenches, they were found to be intact, and their occupants ready to meet the attack. These facts were made known to the British public by the military correspondent of *The Times*. The result was the crisis to which reference has been made. The Government was not overturned, but of its own accord offered itself to reconstruction. Mr. Asquith remains as Premier, and Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office. Of the twenty-two members the majority, twelve in number, are Liberals, eight are Conservatives, made up of the leading members of that party. There is one representative of the Labor Party. Lord Kitchener also remains at the War Office, but has no political bonds. A place in the Cabinet was offered to the Nationalists, but Mr. Redmond thought it well not to accept the offer. Thus in the tenth month of the war Great Britain has done what France and Belgium did at the beginning: it has formed a national government to meet a national emergency.

The fact that Lord Kitchener remains War Minister indicates that he still retains the confidence of the country. The formation of a new Ministry—that of Munitions—and the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George to fill it, indicates that it has been found necessary to relieve the War Minister of that part of his functions which, through stress of work, he has been unable to accomplish. The deficiency of shells is now the chief thing which stands in the way of beginning that offensive movement against the Germans which both the army and the people are so eager to make. The change of Ministry has removed an obstacle that may have existed at headquarters; it has not, however, removed as yet every obstacle. There still exists among some of the British workmen, and those whose coöperation is most important, what has been called a spirit of deadly complacency. Their general view is that the enemy is already beaten. They have an unqualified contempt for the Germans, derived from their knowledge of the few they have happened to meet. While the soldiers who have been in actual conflict in

the trenches have full confidence, man for man, in their own decisive superiority, the Englishman on the Tyne holds himself to be equal to five Germans, while on the Clyde one Scotsman holds himself to be equal to ten. "We have three million men, and they are equal to twenty-three million Germans." Their boasting is vain, especially as they fail to take into account the great power of the artillery, to say nothing of the poisonous gas which has recently been adopted. This complacency has had the effect of making the workmen unwilling to consent to the relaxation of restrictions upon work, which in the course of years have been imposed by their trade unions, and which are looked upon as safeguards in the conflict between capital and labor. For instance, one of the practices of piece-workers is to drag out an operation for which they think they are getting too low a price, until it takes twice or thrice as long as necessary. Even if such tactics are legitimate under ordinary circumstances, when their effect is to hinder the delivery of munitions necessary for success in war, they become a danger to the nation. But these are, or at least were until quite recently, the practices of the members of some, not however, of all, of the trade unions, the members of which are earning double and triple their ordinary wages. Nor is this all. Those men will not only not work themselves, but they will not allow others to work. The restrictions with regard to unskilled labor are, or were, maintained in the workshops with unabated rigidity. Machines are standing idle with men beside them willing to work, but forbidden by the shop rules of their trade union. Such was the state of things a few weeks ago on the Clyde. The acceptance by Mr. Lloyd George of the Ministry of Munitions in the Coalition Cabinet, with ample powers under the Defence of the Realm Acts, will enable him to bring to an end by force, if not by good-will, selfish procedure which is not only injurious to the country, but a blot upon that democracy by which it is now governed; proceedings as selfish and as obnoxious as ever were those of feudal baron or capitalist millionaire.

When Mr. Lloyd George declared that the country was waging war with three enemies, Germany and Austria and Strong Drink, and that the worst of these was the last, the advocates of total prohibition were encouraged to think that a movement which has made such progress in this country, to say nothing of France and Russia, might at one step be brought to a complete triumph in Great Britain. The Government, however, did not venture even to propose so drastic a measure as the total suppression of

the making and selling of liquor. For one thing, the cost would have been too great. No one thinks of taking such a step without giving compensation on a more or less liberal scale. American methods are looked upon as unjust and confiscatory. Moreover, so many interests were involved, and so much opposition would have been raised, that, in the midst of their many anxieties, ministers felt unable to deal with so complicated a question. Moreover, it seems to have been proved that Mr. Lloyd George's statement of the case was considerably exaggerated. Hence the Government's proposals fell considerably short of the expectations aroused. A heavy surtax on spirits; and on the heavier kinds of beer, super-taxation of wine, power to take over public houses in particular areas, and in such areas complete suppression, with compensation—this was the extent to which the Government went. Even to these comparatively moderate proposals strong opposition was offered, especially by the Irish members, an opposition so strong, indeed, as to force the Government to make a great change in its plan. As finally passed, the proposed surtaxes were abandoned; an act was passed establishing a Board for the Central Control of the Liquor Traffic. This board is empowered to prescribe areas in which the sale of liquor is either severely regulated or even completely suppressed; the practice of treating is forbidden under penalties, and various other regulations are made giving control to the authorities. The sale of immature spirits is absolutely prohibited; whiskey has to be kept in bond for three years before it is offered for sale.

The extent to which the war has led to the exercise of control by the State over business and the life of the people, affords an interesting subject of speculation as to what will be the outcome after the war is over. For many years this movement has been growing stronger and stronger. It has resulted in old age pensions, invalidity and unemployment insurance, the establishment of labor exchanges, and minimum wages in certain trades. Since the war began such ample provision has been made for the dependents of those who have enlisted, that they are receiving more than when the bread-winner was at work. It is not looked upon as possible that a return should be made to the old conditions, especially as it has become evident of what supreme importance is the coöperation of the working classes both in the shops and in the army. A more complete *solidarité* of hitherto divergent and almost hostile classes must, it is thought, be one of the good things resultant from the existent evils, among which will also be a more equitable distribution of the burdens and of the rewards of the present life.

Others entertain even higher expectations. They see in the present war the destruction of all the materialistic conceptions of life—that the nations which have avowedly as nations been living for temporal well-being are now engaged in wantonly, for lack of higher aims, destroying those very good things which had been the supreme object of the life both of nations and individuals. The war, in fact, has killed nineteenth century materialism; this is in the process of committing suicide. Under such circumstances what is to be done? The answer is, of course, that both nations and individuals must place before themselves higher and more worthy aims: that God, as revealed in Christ, must become really, and not as a mere matter of profession, the practical rule and standard of individual and national action.

Meanwhile, as a whole, the people of Great Britain are practically unanimous in their determination to continue the war to a successful issue. There is, it is true, a section of the Socialists known as the Independent Labor Party, whose attitude to the war is so ambiguous as to render it impossible to define exactly where it stands. It is more outspoken in the condemnation of secret diplomacy and of militarism than ardent in support of those objects for which the vast majority of their fellow-countrymen are combined. At most, the adherents of this fraction of a section number only some twenty thousand, and they have but little influence even upon their brother Socialists. Here and there, it is said, workmen may be heard to express indifference as well to the King's rule as to the Kaiser's. But among some forty millions of people there must be some who are not as wise as they should be. Of Ireland the same must be said. Some few people there, according to the testimony of Mr. William Redmond, are asking why Ireland should be fighting in this war; but according to the same testimony, they are very few indeed. The voice of Ireland on the way in which Germany is carrying on the war is heard in the verdict of the jury at the inquest on the victims of the *Lusitania* massacre. "This appalling crime was contrary to international law and the conventions of all civilized nations, and we, therefore, charge the officers of the submarine and the Emperor and Government of Germany, under whose orders they acted, with the crime of willful and wholesale murder before the tribunal of the civilized world." Writing upon this verdict, *The Month*, which is the organ of the English Jesuits, says: "We do not see how any moralist could do otherwise than endorse the verdict passed by the Kinsale jury. . . . Rightly did the Irish jury charge all concerned with this deed. . . . 'with

the crime of willful and wholesale murder before the tribunal of the civilized world'.....There is no question here of a mere breach of international law: this abominable outrage, as well as the killing of fisher-crews in smaller vessels, is a plain violation of the law of God. No sophistry can obscure the fact, nor the guilt of those, unless racial prejudice or ignorance excuse them, who rejoice at it or attempt to palliate it."

In addition to labor troubles and the reorganization of the Government, racing and "war babies" have engaged considerable attention. The feeling against the continuance of races, frequented, as they have been, by crowds of the usual type, and even going so far as to interfere with the movements of troops, has become so strong that the Government has at last intervened to stop them until the end of the war. The reports about the "war babies" have been greatly exaggerated. The Registrar-General's Report shows that there is no more than the normal percentage of illegitimate births. Proposals made that these children should be adopted by the nation were at once frowned down, as well as those for their legitimization. The religious sense of the nation was too strong.

The exact number of the troops raised by the voluntary system is not known, as the Government has for some time been refusing to give the exact figures. Lord Kitchener has, however, lately made a call for three hundred thousand more men; about the securing of them the general opinion is that there will be no difficulty. There is, however, a movement more or less strong in favor of compulsory service of some kind, not necessarily conscription. Even some of the working classes are its advocates. There are many who hesitate to take the responsibility of offering themselves, but who would respond gladly to the call of the Government if it gave them clearly to understand that the country stood in need of their help. There are also shirkers and idlers who outrage the feelings of the wiser and saner part of the community, among whom the desire is growing to send them off, whether they like it or not. If it is true, as has lately been asserted, that the last reserves of the French have been sent to the front, consisting of raw youths in their teens, Great Britain will be called upon to supply reinforcements to the French army, or to undertake the defence of a larger part of the lines in the West.

France. No change has taken place in the determination of the French to carry on the war to a successful issue, nor yet in their confidence in the ultimate attainment of that result. The Government remains

unchanged in *personnel*, except that the organization of the supply of munitions has been entrusted to a member of the Socialist Party, who has been made Under-Secretary of State for War. Priests are serving in the trenches, and are treated with perfect courtesy by the officers and their fellow-soldiers. Other priests devoted exclusively to their ministry, find the revival of the religious spirit so marked that their mind is thrown back to the times of the primitive Church, and to the Christian fervor then existing. The number of returns to the Faith is very large. Men are praying openly and in secret. So much is this the case as to give well-grounded hopes that the nation is being led back to our Saviour.

Into the national life, at all events, there are those who foresee the advent of a new and incalculable element—the purified will of millions of men who have faced death, and have in this way learned to distinguish the spurious from the real. A new world, different from that which existed before the war, a more spiritual, less materialistic, more honest and nobler world is looked upon as at hand. While the first and foremost thought of every Frenchman, civilian as well as soldier, is to free France from the blighting presence of the invader, the next thought of each and all is to extirpate the foe within. Loathing of political intrigue and corruption is almost as strong as that which is felt for the Germans. Combined with this loathing there exists a profound distrust of politicians who are merely politicians. In the army and in its head, General Joffre, the utmost confidence is reposed, as well as in Great Britain as an ally.

The visit paid to Paris by an Irish Nationalist delegation, including representatives of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, has strengthened the bonds which have so long existed between France and Ireland. The delegates were received by President Poincaré and Cardinal Amette, the Archbishop of Paris, to each of whom they presented an address, which recalled the old friendship between the Catholics of Ireland and France, and expressed the deep sympathy and affection felt by Irishmen for the French in the afflictions of this war, and the joy that they should be fighting side by side in the cause of liberty. It is needless to say that the President and the Cardinal replied in the most cordial and appreciative terms.

The financial ability of France to fight on is equal to the national determination. Arrangements have been made with Great Britain which will enable the resources of that country to be brought into coöperation with those of France. The expenses are enormous, but as Germans have already announced to the world the amount

of the indemnity which they are going to demand for the services they have rendered, it has been made clear that any amount the war may cost, if victorious, will be less than what the Germans will ask for in the event of their victory; especially as in the case of the success of the Allies, Germany will be called upon to pay at least a portion of the expenditure. There is, therefore, no reason to hesitate on account of the expense.

Germany.

All reports from Germany indicate that the Germans have still complete confidence in the success of their arms. If anything, they are now more confident than at any period since the war began. There have been periods of doubt and hesitancy. The failure to reach Paris had a chastening effect, which was deepened by the failure to reach Calais. During the winter the outlook was somewhat gloomy. The victories over the Russians in Galicia have, however, made all Germans so sure that they will win, that it is no longer a matter of discussion. They have immense supplies of ammunition, and no longer any anxiety about the food supply. Even the entrance of Italy into the conflict has scarcely shaken this confidence. Their will to believe that they will conquer is as strong as their will to conquer, and is perhaps the most important ground for the latter. The one thing which causes hesitation in accepting as quite genuine the confidence which Germans express about the result of the war, is the fact that the various rumors about peace, and the terms on which it may be possible, emanate not from the Allies, but from sources friendly to Germany, if not German. These rumors are of little importance, but may serve as straws to show the way the wind is blowing. They may, however, be part of an astute plan to throw odium on the Allies.

An entirely new phenomenon has appeared over the German horizon—reverence and respect for scraps of paper. Italy is being vituperated far and wide for an alleged violation of the treaties which constituted the Triple Alliance. “Unheard-of perfidy” is one of the mildest terms used by the violators of Belgium’s neutrality, although whatever the terms of these treaties may have been, they had been denounced weeks before Italy declared war on Austria-Hungary.

Italy.

The application of any high standard of international conduct to Italy would be altogether out of place. For centuries most of

the various states of which the Kingdom consists have been the victims of the foreign violators of their right to independence and self-government, and it was only by a free use of chicanery and intrigue that they obtained their freedom. The main cause of the war is the determination of the people of Italy to complete the liberation of Italians still subject to the Austrian yoke. It is not from this to be inferred that in declaring war against Austria, any right of the latter State under the terms of the Triple Alliance was violated. All who have studied the origin of this war, know that its outbreak was due to the threatened aggression of the Dual-Monarchy upon the independence of Servia. In Italy's opinion this freed her from any obligation to act with the aggressors, and justified her in her maintenance of neutrality. But it is hard to see how it became right to seek for compensations for refraining from taking part in an unjust deed. The right thing for her to have done would have been to have actively opposed the wrongdoing from the very beginning, and not to have been willing to share in the wages of iniquity in the event of the wrongdoers being willing to make satisfactory terms. This, however, is to exact too much of the kingdoms of this world.

No one, as the event has proved, can accuse Italy of having waited to come in on the certainly winning side. The Allies are, of course, convinced of the ultimate result of the war, but Italy has entered during the period when Germany was in the full current of her victories over Russia in Galicia. Since her entrance she has become a party to the compact not to end the war except with the full concurrence of the three Allied Powers—Russia, France, and Great Britain. Italy's entry into the war is due more to the people than to the Government, the official Socialists being the only party that opposed. Although the liberation of their fellow-countrymen is the determining cause of the war, the wrongs inflicted by the Germans on the Belgians contributed in no small degree to the result, the more so as German agents, with their characteristic lack of insight into the minds of other people, were so maladroit as to threaten a like method of frightfulness in the event of a successful invasion of Italy, which they of course take for granted. The disregard of agreement, which has now become habitual, contributed in some degree to the result, for no confidence was felt in the faithful execution of the promises made by Austria-Hungary, or of the guarantee given by Germany.

With Our Readers.

THE papers contributed to our pages on the subject of "Progress" by Dr. Shanahan, considering the discussions that occupy the public platform of the day, are of exceptional timeliness. It is unquestionable that many of the leaders of what is called modern thought have wandered far from the truth in their definition of progress; that such false definition has been accepted by the millions and has in turn put their entire standard of values out of joint with the real purpose and value of life. Progress has been viewed as a sort of necessary law, as a thing to which humankind inevitably tends, and no age has been more loud-voiced in claiming its possession than our own. But it has been roused to something like an examination of conscience by the European War.

This much is encouraging—the complacency of those who considered religious belief an insignificant element has been seriously disturbed, and in part they are seeing the gross falsity of their theories.

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AMONG the public discussions on the subject of progress was a notable symposium of lectures and discussions held in Chicago under the auspices of the City Club. The reports say it was well attended by persons from every walk of life, and that men and women, old and young, from six o'clock till after ten, with but forty minutes intermission, followed the discussions attentively. Professor John Dewey, one of the three principal speakers, stated that there is abundant cause for pessimism in the world-situation to-day: yet, he added, if the right lesson were drawn from the catastrophe the price would be none too high. The fault of the past is that we cherished illusions and false notions of progress. We defined it as change and novelty. We assumed that material prosperity, applied science, invention and technical improvement mean human advance all along the line. We assumed that opportunity for achievement somehow guarantees achievement; that resources, if sufficient, will conserve and utilize themselves for noble ends and purposes. We even believed progress to be automatic; that, as some thinkers put it, it is a law of our very being, that man is necessarily a progressing animal.

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THE truth is, as Professor Dewey puts it, that progress is a retail job—a job to be planned, contrived and worked out. Man is capable of progress, but he can have it only if he works hard for it. Progress is a matter of intelligence, vigorously applied to the problem

and task of progress. Progress is not a matter of emotion: it cannot be achieved by eloquently appealing for altruism as against egoism. Man may be altruistic, but his altruism must be won by intelligent motives and reasons. Man is also selfish and predatory enough to be at war incessantly with his fellows, if we are short-sighted or careless enough to neglect the systematic cultivation of the conditions of progress. If we want peace, we must create the right kind of peace agencies and peace machinery. If we aim at certain results in character or conduct, we must steadily keep those results in view, and study the ways and means of attaining them, and of holding them once we have them. We are reaping the fruits of shallow thinking and indolence. We can have peace, we can have justice; we can have a moral order, we can have beauty in our social life. We have not desired these things ardently, nor striven for them earnestly. As will be seen, Dr. Dewey's words follow very closely the principles laid down in Dr. Shanahan's articles.

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ANOTHER speaker at this meeting, Professor J. H. Hollander, confined himself entirely to the question of industrial progress. One cannot but feel he should have been ruled out of order, not because he did not say things well worth listening to, but because the discussion of industrial progress is not, properly speaking, a discussion of progress. Progress must concern the whole man, and the highest welfare of the entire human race, as far as we can measure or forecast it. Industrial progress affects the question only indirectly; for an unprecedented industrial progress may be a very real and a very strong enemy to human progress, as the history of the last one hundred years unquestionably proves. The betterment of social-economic conditions is the concern of every lover of progress, but he seeks to better them, not because such betterment is the inevitable road to progress, but because it is a condition that will enable those who have the good will to be better men and women. Trade unions, minimum wage laws, vocational training will surely do much to bring about justice and equality upon earth; but it is far too much to say, nor should an economist be interpreted as meaning, that such agencies will eradicate the more distressing and degrading ills of modern society. The most degrading ill of modern society, the one from which springs its gross neglect of human rights, is the sinful indifference of the times to the Commandments of God. Practical atheism, a strong and terrible phrase, is not as absent from our age as many are inclined to think.

Canon Barry said very recently: "In the most enlightened age since civilization began, man has forgotten God. The world has denied its Creator. The nineteenth century, into which most of us now living

were born, put God aside. Some men were atheists, more were agnostics; millions upon millions did not care whether God was or was not, whether they themselves were more than machines doomed like the beasts to perish, whether right differed from wrong, except in name. Profit and pleasure were the only things worth seeking; heaven and hell were fairy tales. Such has been the great deadly sin of modern nations, with its consequences clear as the sun. Luxury and frivolity, moral decay, an infected society, an art and literature abounding in shameful fancies, a world on the down grade."

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IN his contribution to this symposium, Dr. James Henry Richardson, the historian, did not seem to care "whether God existed or not." Civilization and progress are matters entirely human. Investigation; experience; reasoning; untrammelled by any authority or tradition, have enabled us to make wonderful progress during the last two hundred years in industry and material existence. We should seize these same methods and apply them to every other sphere—the moral and religious included. Why permit authority, tradition, and crude superficial conceptions of other men and times, to dominate our thought and action to-day? "We can insure a steady upward and onward trend by carrying the methods of exact science and efficient industry into the realms of social and moral relations."

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DR. ROBERTSON'S words are very similar to those of the Unitarian, Dr. Holmes of New York, who speaking before the Free Religious Association in Boston said: "The coming religion will be essentially scientific. All dogmatism will go. Sacraments and ritual will vanish. It is not faith but character that is the vital essential—not what a man thinks, but what he is that will count." The criticism to be offered on this is that all educators without exception tell us that a man is what he thinks.

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A FURTHER and much happier discussion of progress is contained in a small volume entitled *Whither?* Its contents appeared first in the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and are now published in book form, still anonymously. The aim and purpose of the author are beyond praise—an endeavor to recall the millions from materialism and irreligion to a spiritual view of life and eternity. "Our forefathers," says the author, "had religious faith; they thought and felt in terms of the spirit. The whole emphasis of life has since changed. The modern world thinks and lives and speaks in terms of the body, not of mind and soul. Physical power has become the sole measure of man's efficiency. Images of perfect bodily development are kept

before the young—the Apollo with beauty of sinew and muscle; but the face of the Christ is growing ever more and more dim before our eyes, and is more and more apologetically presented, if presented at all.”

The greatest mistake of the present age is its ignoring of the best in the past—the faith that has sustained human life from generation to generation. Science, “the great intellectual adventure of the last century,” has profited us nothing with regard to origin and duty and destiny. “It has not gained by one hair’s breadth upon the encompassing mystery of our lives.”

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AS an earnest, passionate plea for men to turn from the crass materialism of the age to spiritual truths, the volume is deserving of hearty welcome. The loftiness of its aims makes us the more loath to speak of its too evident shortcomings. The failure of the author to give an effective and appealing message is due to the fact that, while he appeals for a recognition of Christianity, he empties Christianity of all definite meaning. It is puzzling, to say the least, that one should recognize so fully the value of the definite faith of his forefathers; preach its fruits in their lives; implore that the same fruits should be cultivated to-day, and yet decry the soil and the nourishment that made such fruit possible. The author deplores dreary positivism, and yet he sums up the central tenets of the Christian faith as follows: “The universe is a universe of spirit controlled by a great spiritual force for great ends; that for the guidance of stumbling humanity the great spiritual force took human form; that mere human beings, keeping mind and soul intent upon that great example, may work out, through love and sacrifice, immortal meanings in their lives.” Frederic Harrison, it seems to us, would enthusiastically subscribe to such a profession of faith.

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AGAIN, in the summary of the faith of his forefathers, there is not one word of Christ. Indeed this laudable effort to recall men to better things is defaced by shallow thinking, by lamentable insufficiency. The office of man’s intelligence is degraded; he is at his best as an emotional and imaginative being. “Imagination, that power through which alone creative work is done, forever shapes fairer and fairer conceptions.” Reason and reasonable truth have a secondary function. The concept of the Christian faith is humanitarian and naturalistic. That God has revealed definite truths to us which we are to accept because they are His word, and by them direct our life, does not enter essentially into his concept of the Christian faith.

Dogma is therefore unimportant: rather a hindrance than a help. Such an estimate of dogma is of course utterly at variance with the Catholic concept. Non-Catholics have learned to be impatient with

what they call dogma, because with them it has pretended to a claim which it never had. If there be no infallible church, that is, no church with a visible authority, commissioned by God Himself to speak infallibly—and protected by Him in such speaking on every matter of revealed faith—then there is no such thing as dogma, and the Protestant justly grows impatient and intolerant when his church pronounces any teaching to be a dogma. Such a church claims no infallibility, and therefore it has no right to impose upon the mind of man, as infallible truth, any statement or teaching.

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THAT it has attempted to do so is, of course, unquestionable. And because it has attempted it without even claiming the possession of that which alone would give it the right to do so, its children have seen the inconsistency of the proceeding and have rebelled. No reasonable man will accept as dogmatic the decision of a fallible body; and particularly when that body admits its fallibility. The course of Protestant churches in declaring creeds and definitions, and endeavoring to impose them upon their members, was unwarranted from the beginning. The realization of this is being more and more widely recognized. Dogma to the Protestant mind is, therefore, traditionally, the merely human judgment of a number of well-meaning divines, in convention assembled, on a question of Christian belief. There is nothing final or ultimate or certain about the judgment: it is purely human, beginning and ending with men.

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TO the Catholic, dogma is the truth not of man but of God. It comes not from men, nor from human wisdom, but from God. Men are the instruments of its declaration: human wisdom may be a condition, an element that has led to its declaration, but over the human representative, and above human wisdom, God directs and preserves and guides infallibly. Christ is God, and when Christ spoke and taught men He spoke with divine authority and divine wisdom. Upon the acceptance of His definite teaching depended for His hearers their own personal eternal life: "I am come a light into the world; that whosoever believeth in Me, may not remain in darkness" (John xii. 46); "Now this is eternal life: that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3).

And Christ bestowed upon His Church the same power and authority which He Himself claimed and exercised: "He that heareth you (His Church) heareth Me: and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me. And he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me" (Luke x. 16).

CHRIST made this unique claim because He taught the definite truth of God, which truth the intellect of man ought to rejoice in accepting, and the will of man ought to follow at every cost with filial loyalty.

The Catholic Church, because it is the Church of Jesus Christ, makes the same claims. He delivered His truth, upon which depends the eternal life of man, to the Church which He founded, to preserve it and to deliver it to every generation of mankind. He did not leave us orphans; He left to us, infallibly protected, the truth that would unite our souls to God the Father in eternal life.

The dogmas of the Catholic Church are not, therefore, fanciful human inventions, constructions or interpretations. Its dogmas are the word of God, which it is able to know and declare through the power of the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, Whom Christ, our Lord, sent to dwell with the Church and keep it from error even until the consummation of the world. "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you" (John xiv. 26).

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GOD alone is the Life of the soul. The heart knows no rest nor peace, nor guidance, till it rests in Him. But it can never rest in Him until it knows Him and its relations with Him. It is but insulting the intelligence of man and plunging humankind into deeper and deeper darkness to obscure our needs by generalities, by making God synonymous with a great spiritual force and man's relations and duties to Him no clearer than a general, emotional good will. If such be all we know of God, we will eventually know nothing. If God has never spoken to us in definite language that the mind can accept; if God has given us no definite laws that will in a practical, concrete, everyday way guide our life, then God as a positive factor in conduct and discipline will disappear from our life.

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WE make no act of faith in dogma itself, but in dogma because it is revealed by God. And the soul that cannot make its act of faith in dogma, cannot make its act of faith in God. That is why the denial of a definite dogmatic Christian faith leads to wider and wider denial; why the questioning of infallible authority in Christian teaching means ultimately the questioning of all authority; why doubt about the definite message of Jesus Christ leads to doubt about the definite message of God; why the questioning of one dogma soon broadens out into the highway to atheism, for we believe in all and every dogma for one sole reason—the one support for each and all—God Who has revealed them.

THE National Women's Trade Union League of America held its Fifth Biennial Convention in New York, June 7th to 11th, inclusive. Except for executive sessions, the meetings were open to the press and public, and until Friday were held at the headquarters of the New York Women's Trade Union League, 43 East Twenty-second Street. On Friday and Saturday, the League convened in the more commodious Assembly Hall of the Y. W. C. A. Training School, Lexington Avenue and Fifty-second Street, where the delegates were housed. In welcoming the visiting women, the President of the New York League deplored the inadequacy of their present home, and this Convention saw the financial beginning of a Labor Temple for the New York League.

The work of the Women's Trade Union League, as set forth in its monthly organ, *Life and Labor*, is to organize all women workers into trade unions to be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The ninety-one delegates to this Convention represented one hundred thousand working women from many industries and of many nationalities, of all classes, and from different sections of our country.

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THE President of this organization, Mrs. Raymond Robins, of Chicago, in her opening address, gave a comprehensive outline of the work, and touched upon certain phases of the labor problem which, sooner or later, must be solved for the woman worker. She noted the three needs of any great consolidated movement: organization, legislation, and education—since there are yet many thousand women and girls in our sweated industries. Space forbids *seriatim* comment upon this thoughtful speech, or dwelling at length upon the many suggestive resolutions and reports of committees. It is a noteworthy fact of this Convention that the committees were representative of many points of view, and the manner in which the presiding officer brought out these differences, made for sincere and temperate discussion from the floor.

The legislative programme is broad but not visionary. The Trade Union women, since their organization in 1903, have been quick to understand the alliance between laws and labor conditions, and have always stood for Woman's Suffrage. This Convention passed a resolution calling upon men workers in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts to vote and work for the suffrage amendment. The Chairman of the Votes for Women Committee is a Catholic woman, who received a Civics Scholarship from the Wage Workers Suffrage League, and is well posted on political conditions in Chicago and Illinois. From this experience she offered the suggestion to the New York women that all women eligible for citizenship should not delay to secure their naturalization papers.

THE discussion on the Minimum Wage, another tenet of the national organization's platform, was peculiarly interesting. In Missouri nothing has been done regarding this law, because prohibition has been made the chief issue. In Illinois the women are hopeful of the passage of the Minimum Wage Bill. The practical working of this law has shown varying results. The minimum has become, in certain instances, the maximum, and in others it shows better results, and is considered a useful means for promoting organization work. It was, therefore, decided that active propaganda for such a law should be left optional to Local Leagues, since only the local organization was qualified to know local conditions.

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IN the educational field, the spread of Trade Union principles is advocated through teaching in the public schools. It was also recommended that vocational training be made co-educational, and that graduates be placed where Trade Union conditions prevail. It will interest Catholic readers to know that a Catholic woman, who is President of the Chicago League and President of the International Glove Workers, holds President Wilson's appointment as one of the nine persons serving on the Commission on National Aid to Vocational Training—the first woman worker ever so honored.

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THE President's plans, outlined at the last biennial, for the training of the Trade Union woman worker for future work in the cause of labor, or as future organizer for the National League, have since been successfully carried out in the case of three young women. One of these is a Catholic from Kansas City, Missouri. Further work of this kind is now hampered by lack of funds, due to the widespread industrial depression. Further developed, this educational idea would support and release from work for one year those women who show this sort of ability, who are properly accredited by their local or central bodies, or who, if applying personally, must be self-supporting for that time. This course would be partly academic and partly practical, with active field work included. In the small beginning which was made, lectures were given by both men and women prominent in the labor movement, and who constitute the faculty and lecturers of the National Training School. The University of Chicago and the Northwestern University at Evanston coöperated by permitting free access to lecture courses in economics and modern labor problems, and several individual teachers helped in English and other necessary studies. A class in public speaking was attended by about thirty Trade Union women resident in Chicago. The Chicago Local League

has a library of a thousand volumes at the service of the national organization for this and other work, while the Chicago Public Library has offered, provided a week's notice is given, to furnish any book in any language. The entire discussion of the report of the Committee on Education was of great interest and suggestiveness. Mention was made of the women's colleges in England that turned over their buildings for Trade Union work in the long vacations. The education of women workers who are in seasonal trades was considered. The Rand School of Social Science offered a course in New York for the low price of fifteen dollars for five months, and asked to coöperate with this national training plan by local work here. This proposal was declined for the reason that the national organization, through its faculty, must keep in close touch with any student being trained, and, since national headquarters are in Chicago, the work would better be carried on there.

The Convention pledged itself to work towards the achievement of international peace, and towards abolishing secret treaties. It promised more strenuous support to increase the circulation of *Life and Labor*, as in this way only have organized working women been enabled to reach the public.

Notable addresses before the Convention were made by Samuel Gompers and Hugh Frayne, of the American Federation of Labor; by A. P. Bowers, of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor; by J. E. Williams, of the Miners' Arbitration Board; by Andrew Furuseth, whose twenty-one years of work for the seamen has met recently with some success; by Josephine Goldmark of the Consumers' League, and by Leonora O'Reilly, who as the New York Women's Trade Union delegate to The Hague Peace Conference, gave a vivid account of the convening of over thirteen hundred women from warring and neutral countries to work for peace. There were also a number of short addresses from religious, political or union bodies, who sent fraternal delegates, Miss Dodge speaking for the National Young Women's Christian Association, and Miss Holmquist for the Federated Council of the Church of Christ, the Protestant denominations.

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IT was a subject of expressed regret by the many Catholic Trade Union delegates to the Convention—and it must be borne in mind that Catholic women, beside holding many important offices in the national organization, are presidents of five out of the nine Local Leagues—that no Catholic woman present was empowered to speak, and that none of our many women's organizations sent either greetings or fraternal delegates. The next biennial of the National Women's Trade Union League of America will convene in Kansas City, Missouri.

TO those critics who are forever exalting the State as a power before which everything and everybody must bow, as a power which is the arbitrator of morals and the master of almost everything in life, we respectfully commend the notable words of Ex-Senator Elihu Root speaking of the anniversary of Magna Charta. "That charter," said Mr. Root, "asserted the principles of human liberty upon which rests the development of the freedom of the world. It did not ask for, it asserted the rights of Englishmen against their government and superior to their government. Nearly six hundred years later the sons of these Englishmen crystallized that declaration in the Declaration of Independence as the inalienable right of man, to secure which governments are created.

"The charter was not a gift of privilege by a monarch. It was an assertion of rights by men willing to fight for their rights and die for them, and during all these seven hundred years the men to whom this great charter of liberty was granted have been willing to fight for their liberties and to die for them.

"There are but two underlying theories of man in the social relation to the State. One is the theory of the ancient republic under which the State is the starting point from which rights are decided, and the individual holds rights only as a member of the State. That was the theory of Greece and Rome and the Italian republics. The other is the theory of the Great Charter, the Habeas Corpus Act, the Statute of Treasons, the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights, the Massachusetts Body of Liberties, and the Declaration of Independence of the American Republic, that the individual has inalienable rights of which no government may deprive him, but to secure which all government exists."

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IF anyone were asked what organization, what body of citizens, has kept alive the tradition and the championship of such rights; what institution has preached in season and out of season that the individual has rights which every government is obliged to respect; claimed, for example, for the individual, the right of liberty of conscience and full exercise of religious belief; claimed that the family is not to be made and unmade by State law, he would answer at once: The Catholic Church.

We have often wondered why many non-Catholic journals can, at times, make themselves the constructive instruments of tyranny, the betrayers of the rights which our forefathers held so dear, when they condemn Catholics and even charge them with lack of patriotism, because Catholics dare assert that there are rights above government; duties and obligations with which no government may interfere, and which, in turn, are the only safe foundation of a free people.

THE selection of the notorious Sir Edward Carson as Attorney-General in the new British Cabinet is resented by every lover of justice and of fair play. The present British Government in making such a selection has been guilty of a great blunder, and has made heavier its already heavy task. The only redeeming excuse for it which we have heard, is that such an appointment shows Germany how all parties in Great Britain are united in their determination to push the war vigorously. If this were the reason of the appointment, the price paid for such an assurance runs dangerously high, and the one who profits most is the man who made the payment necessary. The choice of the British Government in this instance was, we feel, a needless insult to the people and the friends of Ireland. The career of Sir Edward Carson is well-known to our readers, and there is no need to review it here. *The Christian World*, a Protestant and Liberal journal of England, tells how Carson "has stood during the last few years for open defiance of constituted authority. Yet he is now a law officer of the Crown. He has gloried in being a rebel, and he has preached rebellion. It may be, and probably is, that the Unionists insisted on his inclusion as the price of their support, but it would have been better for the internal peace of the land not to have offended the public sentiment of the larger part of the nation in this way."

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THE *Catholic Times* of Liverpool says editorially, "The appointment is a scandal. It ought to be cancelled. While he (Carson) holds the post, all persecution of sedition and rebellion is a farce and an outrage on fair play." In a contributed article "Home Ruler" writes:

Sir Edward Carson's appointment to the Attorney-Generalship, with a seat in the Cabinet, reduces Mr. Asquith's call for a Coalition Ministry to a problem of contemporary politics. Who could have forced him to accept such a man for such a post? I hope I am as patriotic as any Englishman; I certainly would keep up the war at any and every cost till victory is won. I shrink from any thought of industrial and social progress gained by sword or bayonet, shot or shell, trench work or street-fighting; I would have reform come by due and orderly process of law. But there is Sir Edward Carson, the embodiment of a principle which, if adopted by the masses of the toilers, would secure reform by force!

At the present moment there are thousands of armed men in Ulster who look to him as their leader, and who proclaim their determination to oppose the Home Rule Act, now on the Statute Book, with every means at their hand. While other soldiers go abroad to fight Germany, these Orange warriors remain at home in case they be wanted to fight Great Britain. An amazing spectacle! And yet quite a tame thing compared with the appointment of their chief, Sir Edward Carson, to the post of Attorney-General. If there was one man in the United Kingdom to whom such an office should not have been given, it was Sir Edward Carson. That he should have been made Attorney-General, and

Mr. F. E. Smith, Solicitor-General, is enough to cover the Coalition Government with contempt from all law-abiding, decent-minded citizens.

Mr. Asquith must have been brought very low before he consented to nominate Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith to the posts they now occupy. He must have been as a lath in the hands of the Tories. For he must have known that these two appointments would disgust all his Liberal followers, as they would rejoice all the lawless elements in the country.

Sir Edward Carson's new honor is no honor to Mr. Asquith or to Mr. Bonar Law, to the Liberal Party or to the Tory Party. It is no benefit to the Coalition Government. It will prove to be no benefit to the country. Law should be example as well as precept.

Last week I regretted that Mr. John Redmond could not see his way to join the Coalition Ministry. Now I am glad he could not. Before Sir Edward Carson was appointed, Mr. Redmond decided to stand aloof. After it, we can rejoice that he did so. Ireland has been lucky as well as wise this time. But Ireland must henceforth look to herself: she will get only what she can take and hold. Home Rule is less at this moment than a mere scrap of paper. It may have to be fought for and won all over again. Sir Edward Carson in the British Cabinet does not bring nearer an Irish Parliament on College Green. No vigilance on the part of Irishmen can be too close nor too careful. All the promises to them are conditioned by the end of the war; and at the end of the war there may be not a Liberal left with the conviction or the courage to perform what they promised.

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THE able correspondent H. W. H. of the New York *Evening Post*, calls the appointment "an offence against common decency." "There is not the slightest doubt," he continues, "that Sir Edward Carson's manœuvres in Ulster last year would have secured his conviction under the Treason Felony Act of 1848 if the Government had had the courage to put him in the dock. It is announced to-day that he has been appointed Chief Law Officer of the Crown. One of the chief functions of his new office will be to conduct, on behalf of the Government, all important prosecutions for treason and sedition. No step could possibly have been taken that was more likely to bring the whole administration of the law into contempt. And this at a time when the unusual powers given to the authorities by the Defence of the Realm Acts make it especially desirable that those who are charged with setting the law in motion with regard to public offences shall possess the confidence of the whole country."

The Irish Nationalists were successful in securing the appointment of Ignatius John O'Brien as Lord Chancellor for Ireland.

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of our own celebration, comes the golden jubilee of our esteemed contemporary, *The Ave Maria*. THE CATHOLIC WORLD extends to *The Ave Maria*, and its veteran Editor, Father Hudson, its heartfelt congratulations upon the accomplishments of a half-hundred years of fruitful toil in the patient and hidden apostolate of the press.

For fifty long years *The Ave Maria* has been a sane and helpful influence to Catholic thought and Catholic life. It has sown broadcast through our beloved land, with a free and generous hand, the seeds of Catholic truth, and of Catholic beauty, of devotion to Our Lady, of loyalty to Christ and His Church. The harvest, by God's grace, has been great. Although the sower may never see to the full the "golden sheaves, nor small, nor few," we trust *The Ave Maria* will be blessed upon its anniversary with widespread appreciation and many good wishes. May it live to deepen and extend its influence, and to count its years not by decades but by centuries!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

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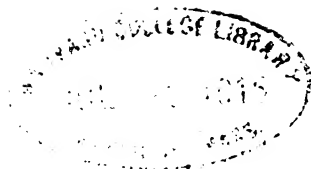
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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CI.

AUGUST, 1915.

No. 605.

THE SACRISTANS.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

I.



HE two churches faced each other, with the open space of the Naumachia between them, in the midst of which was the stone ship, like the one in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome, that gave the place its name.

Santa Venera is a very old place, much older than its name, unless they are right who declare that no such Christian saint ever existed as Venera, and that the name is simply a variant of *venere*, and nothing more nor less than the Italian form of the name of the goddess of love. These people maintain that the hill-town of Aphrodisia stood on this site, and that the church of Santa Venera, in the Naumachia, was a temple of Aphrodite seven hundred years before Christianity had any martyrs. Anyway, the place is admittedly an ancient Greek colony, founded from Colchis, a year or two later than Syracuse. And enthusiasts affirm that the people have Greek faces still, and that their speech is thickly strewn with hellenisms. Throughout Sicily, we are constantly told, there are three strongly-marked types: the Punic, the Greek, the Saracenic; and Santa Venera is in the heart of the Greek sphere.

In all the world no place can be more exquisitely hung between the mountains and the sea—the Ionian sea, where gods sailed and heroes who were the sons of gods. It is not half a mile inland,

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

VOL. CI.—37

but a thousand feet above the saffron belt of shore; and from the Naumachia all the mountain gorges of Calabria, across the strait, are mysteriously visible. No one could believe those are real mountains, lying disclosed, yet veiled, in the light of which our poet sang, such a light as surely, elsewhere, never was on sea or land.

Maso was the sacristan of Santa Venera, and Tito the sacristan of the Pietá; and their churches faced each other. Both had been temples, and in both the old heathen columns had been built into the Christian walls. Maso's church was much the bigger; it was in fact the cathedral, for Santa Venera has a bishop; all the same it was quite a small building, much smaller than any parish church in all Northamptonshire. But Tito's was more fashionable, and, as a consequence, much smarter. One side-altar in the Pietá possessed more artificial flowers than the whole of Santa Venera could boast of, including the high altar; and such facts as these Tito was studious to impress on Maso's recollection.

Tito was, naturally, much better off than Maso: and he liked to show it. Maso got very little beyond his wages, and they were only ten scudi a month—for the church in those parts still keeps its accounts in scudi, though such a coin has not existed for half a century. Only the priests belonging to the church ever said Mass at Santa Venera, and they simply looked on Maso as their own servant; of course they never tipped him.

But several "congregations" were established in the Pietá, such as the *Figlie di Maria*, and the *Santissimi Cuori*. And Tito drew a pleasing revenue from each of them. Moreover, the Madonna of the Pietá was miraculous, and plenty of tourist priests, who wished to give a pious touch of pilgrimage to their holiday, would come and say Mass at her altar. Tito, on these occasions, so managed matters that no such priest could get out of the sacristy without giving him at least a franc for the murky black coffee he would bring him in a thick tumbler. Added to all this there were the candles that the faithful offered to the Madonna that was so notoriously miraculous, and which they had to buy of Tito. They were in four sizes: those at two soldi, which cost Tito two francs the hundred; those at five soldi, which cost him one franc a dozen; those at half a lira, for which he paid two and one-half lire the dozen; and very grand ones at a franc each (painted gilt or ornamented), for which Tito had to pay five lire the dozen.

As Tito always took care the candles should by no means burn out, he managed another very comfortable profit that way. But the

correctness of his business instincts was sufficiently shown by his choosing that the greatest proportion of profit should be on the cheapest candles, of which the sale would naturally be the most extensive.

Maso advertised his comparative poverty by a personal dirtiness that would have astounded any beholder whose ideas of Sicily were drawn from clever English or American novels. Not that Maso himself considered dirtiness any advertisement of anything; he merely regarded cleanliness as foppish. All the same he liked to be thought poorer than he actually was; it made him feel a sort of credit-balance of possession.

Tito, on the other hand, was smart and rather clean to the naked eye: only the hands, face and neck after all are visible to it. These Tito not only washed, but he used scented, very highly scented, soap to them. So that he smelt like a muskrat.

Tito saw no use in opulence, unless one looked affluent; and he endeavored, with some local success, to appear more affluent than he really was. No one had ever seen Maso on the day he was shaved, though he was not understood to grow a beard, any more than the other ecclesiastical persons of Santa Venera. Tito, no doubt, was far from being shaved daily; for even *his* extravagance had its limits, and daily shaving would have seemed a profligate extravagance indeed to the Sicilians of the province of Catania. But on his unshaven days Tito never seemed to be in evidence. Moreover, he always wore a coat, whereas Maso only wore his when he happened to be serving Mass; he had a pair, too, of celluloid cuffs with immense solitaire studs (representing the King and Queen of Italy, a good deal flushed by their regalia), and he wore collars and a blood-colored necktie; shoes also, with intensely pointed toes, while Maso's ragged stockings were very little concealed by a pair of raw-hide sandals.

Finally, Maso was eighty-three, though quite unaware of the fact, and had a wife nearly as old, quite as dirty, more ill-tempered and miserly and ignorant than himself. Tito was a bachelor, and considered himself about seven and twenty.

"Four priests from Malta said Mass at the 'Miraculous' to-day," observed Tito with detachment. He had nothing to do: Maso was cobbling a boot, and Tito liked watching him; it emphasized his own leisure. For Tito, had no trade, outside his sacristanship, though he often earned some francs by waiting at one of the hotels, or at the bar in the Teatro Elena.

So now he leaned against the door post with his fine eyes bent on the mustard-colored boot, with high top for the trousers to button into, at which the old man was working.

"That's where England begins?" observed Maso; and Tito nodded.

"But these were not English," he explained. "Maltese."

Maso raised his head and spat far out into the sunlight; it was his only recreation, and cost nothing.

Tito made a cigarette and lighted it.

"That makes eleven this month," he remarked, "and to-day we have the seventeenth only."

"Eleven francs?"

"No. But fifteen francs fifty. One gave me five francs; he was English, and another two francs fifty. It should have been twenty-five francs fifty; but the ten franc note the American gave me was a bad one."

Maso began to look pleasanter: a friend's disappointment is exhilarating.

"The money is all bad in America," he asserted with a fine independence of data.

"The note was Italian," observed Tito.

Maso smacked the sole of the boot with a flat mallet, as though he were a Prince of Wales declaring that it was well and truly laid. Tito stared over his head into the house, whence came the noise of slipshod feet moving about. He knew it was not Pippa—she was not at all slipshod—without seeing her, for it seemed quite dark in there from where he stood in the hot sunlight; he knew it was her grandmother. All the same he called out.

"It goes well Pippa?"

Old Lucia was as deaf as a post. There came no answer from her; but Maso muttered:

"She is not. She is gone to Giardini. This one is the old she." He did not look up; nor did he speak very plainly, for he had a piece of waxed thread in his mouth. But Tito heard him.

"She is getting very deaf," he observed; as though he were not thinking of Pippa.

"When they become old they are like that," snapped Maso.

He spoke with impatient tolerance, as if he himself were a young fellow still.

"Is it not bad to suck that?" inquired Tito. "Bad for the stomach?"—with a slight tap on his own chest.

"I do it," replied Maso. "It is my custom." He went on with his boot; and Tito looked across the Naumachia to a gap between the houses in which all Calabria was framed. He had not the least idea that it was beautiful.

"To bite the wax thread—that is my custom," continued Maso. "Others smoke paper with minced tobacco inside. The wax thread tastes also bitter. I prefer it."

Suddenly he withdrew the thread from his teeth and hospitably offered it to his visitor. "Taste!" he said. "It is bitter like the wet end of cigars."

But Tito waved a refusal, politely.

"I believe," he declared gravely.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the sun was very hot. He stepped in over Maso's legs; and presently could see Lucia plainly enough as she slopped about the floor. There was a smell of wood smoke and onions and leather, especially the two latter. Tito remembered complacently how much more comfortable his own house was, though he was a bachelor.

All the same, old Lucia considered that she was having a rather special clean-up to-day. She pulled things out of their places and presently pushed them back again; and she turned a few things out of drawers into cupboards. One cupboard opened with some difficulty; inside were a few jars of the common glazed ware made in the place; jars of perfect shapes and satisfying tone of color.

Lucia was short, and the cupboard rather high up; she had to stretch up on tiptoe to grope in it. Presently she pulled a jar down altogether; it fell to the birch floor and was smashed there. In a moment the uneven, broken flooring was strewn with gold coins.

II.

Tito strolled across the Naumachia to his own church. He had nothing to do there; but he had observed casually to Maso that the ladies (*i. e.*, of the *Santissimi Cuori*) had a conference this afternoon, and he must prepare for it. As a matter of fact, he had prepared already. Nor had he any very particular object in lying. It was, as Maso had said, his custom; he did it. Nor would he have been at all affected by the knowledge that the old man never believed him. His custom would have remained unaltered.

"I go," he had said, "to make ready for the Jesuit, the Jesuit of the ladies. He comes from Acireale to-day."

Maso grunted: he did not like Jesuits, though he did not know why: he thought it right. So Tito walked off; and disappeared into the Pietá. He had not taken any notice at all of the gold pieces. Only he had said when the jar smashed: "It will be said I have the 'evil eye!'" and he pretended to make horns against himself. "I go, or Maso will want me to buy him a new jar, and that one I saw had no spout, and was cracked already."

Thus, as he felt, with infinite tact did he cover his immediate retreat, and leave Maso to gather up his money.

Would Lucia get a beating? he wondered. He did not care in the least whether she did or no. He had no grudge against her, and no fancy for her. He was quite indifferent. That his enemies should be hurt would please him, that his friends should get good luck did not annoy him, so long as their luck was not better than his own. For the rest he thought only of himself.

He let himself out of the sacristy door of the church, having first locked the big door towards the Naumachia from inside. As he passed the high altar he did not genuflect: there was no one to see him, and he was bored by all the observances of religion. That was the worst of being a sacristan. He had no religion at all, and it was tiresome to have to pretend to any. He liked his occasional duties at the Teatro Elena much better. For that one thing he had been sorry when his military service was over; during that time he had certainly made no show of religion or morality.

The sacristy door opened on to a narrow, steep path, descending between garden walls to the road down to Giardini. Tito intended to go to meet Pippa as she came back. There was no hurry, and it was shady here between the high walls. Tito enjoyed his leisure, and he was thinking of other pleasant things besides Maso's handsome granddaughter; of those gold pieces, for instance; of the fact that Pippa was the old sacristan's only descendant or relative; and of that trick he had of chewing the wax thread, piece after piece, all day long.

After nearly a quarter of a mile the descent ends in steps, and the steps end in the broad, winding carriage road. Tito lay on the bank and continued to enjoy his leisure. After all, it was unquestionably less trouble to be sacristan of the Pietá than a soldier—and much more remunerative. Over against him Etna hung in the sky; but all her beauties were invisible to him. Beauty is in the eyes. And yet Tito's own eyes were beautiful enough; he was well used to the undisguised admiration artists betrayed for him; and

had often earned easy money as a model. Perhaps in him the pure Greek type was uppermost, but the Saracenic strain that struggled with it only bettered it.

It would be hard to find a more opulent example of physical beauty than Tito—but that he should be a Christian! His very beauty belied his superficial Christianity: it was pagan; classical, with just suspicions of the Arabic, the Oriental. Oddly enough, the man, worthless in fifty ways, had scarcely any personal vanity. He was much vainer of his clothes. He had bought those for himself, and they had cost much; and Tito deeply respected what was expensive. His beauty had been given him, and Tito hardly ever valued a free gift, unless it were money, and even then he cared less for it than for money he had acquired by his own scheming and unscrupulosity.

Besides there were other young men in Santa Venera nearly as handsome as himself, but there were none of his class so smartly dressed. Nevertheless, Tito consciously valued his appearance as an asset, for to be vain of a possession and to be aware of it are two different things. And Tito knew that his assets were not so many that the most obvious of them could be left out of calculation.

For Tito was desperately in want of money. He knew very well that the appearance, rather than the reality, of affluence had all along been his; to a reputation for wealth he had sedulously lived up, than which no process is more hopelessly expensive. And now he was inextricably in debt.

III.

Pippa came up from Giardini, in the blazing noon, unembarrassed by the sun's stare, and unvexed by the fury of his caresses. She neither loitered nor hurried, her limbs moving, as it seemed, of themselves, without her taking any thought of them. And she held herself finely erect, as though a water vessel were balanced on her head, as indeed it often was. The road winds north and south, along the face of the steep, but, whichever way she faced, there was always one of the loveliest views in the world before her. But she noticed it all as little as Tito.

Presently, however, she came close to someone whose trade it was to notice such things, one of the artists who abound here, to whose presence everyone had long grown accustomed. They had come long before the tourists, and now, before the horrible tidal

wave of tourists, they were beginning to recede. This one was a Sicilian, like Pippa herself, but come hither from a Roman studio, up ninety-three steps, in the Capo le Case, not far from where it runs sideways into the Via Sistina.

He sat in a bend of the road that jutted out a little, as on a sort of rock bracket, and had a view of Etna that was incomparable. Scores of people passed up and down every day, but he had been the only one to discover just that particular view, and he was proud of it. A dozen paces up or down, and the picture was quite different.

“*Buon giorno, signorina!*”

Pippa had slowed down perceptibly from the turn of the road whence she caught sight of him. He had seen her long before as she came up the twisting road—she was close to him now, and almost stood still.

“*Giorno!*”

She glanced at his picture: it would not have interested her, but that she knew it would be bought by someone. Anything that brought money was, naturally, important. Signor Enrico Longo quite understood her point of view.

“I shall put it in the *Esposizione dei Belli Arti*,” he said, “and sell it for four hundred lire.”

Pippa made a polite little noise, expressive of not too much surprise, absolute belief and appropriate congratulation. But she did not really suppose he would get so much. She had a sort of scale of exaggerations in her mind, and assessed the selling value of the picture at about two hundred and fifty, which was, alas, about the real figure.

Signor Enrico took a fairly long look at her, and then looked back at his view. He quite felt that it was his, and liked it especially for that reason. But he liked the picture on the canvas best. He only cared for the actual view as it was capable of becoming a picture. His appreciation of the magnificence of beauty in mountain and sea and sky, and Pippa's and Tito's lack of it, were not really very wide apart. To be alive to such beauties was his trade, and it was not theirs; that was all.

They were all three Sicilians, and all three materialists.

Pippa looked at Signor Enrico. He was very handsome, too, for the present, and his eyes would always be divine. But no other feature was perfect, as every feature in Tito was. The artist was thin, and his nose, owing to his thinness, appeared too long; so did his neck. But he was a gentleman, and Pippa balanced it all ac-

curately. And she was quite right in counting Longo a gentleman, though, as a matter of fact, his father was only a small innkeeper at Noto. They had known each other some weeks, and Pippa was certain that Signor Enrico admired her, though, oddly enough, he had never made love to her. Had he attempted to do so, she would have been extremely capable of taking care of herself.

He was looking at his canvas with a quiet satisfaction that was entirely unlike vanity. Except of a certain walking stick he had, he was not in the least vain of anything. It had a watch and a musical box in the top, and must have been extremely expensive: an American who had bought one of his pictures had given it to him. Yet his picture was really beautiful, and he was serenely conscious of complete achievement. It was exactly what he had intended it to be.

"Signorina!"

Pippa attended.

"I would like to paint your portrait."

She laughed. "Why?" she asked with more coquetry than was habitual to her.

"Because it would be a beautiful picture and I should sell it instantly."

"For how much?"

"For six hundred francs," he replied with undisguised flattery.

And Pippa was flattered. "Six hundred francs!" Say he even got half of it. For one's portrait to fetch three hundred francs, and perhaps go to Rome and be seen by all the world in the *Esposizione!*

"If there is an opportunity," she observed, with a doubtfulness that was not intended to discourage; merely to enhance the concession.

IV.

It was just then Tito came round the corner and found them. He had grown tired of waiting, and had found that the bank whereon he lay was overstocked with big black ants, like minute dumb-bells. He was not at all pleased at finding Pippa talking to Signor Longo, so smiled broadly, and they both, being compatriots of his, understood perfectly.

"The signorina," observed the artist, "has promised to let me paint her portrait."

The noon-day *Ave Maria* was just ringing from the convent above them, and Longo began to put his things together; it was time to go up to the inn for dinner.

Tito remarked: "What an honor!" without specifying to whom.

"Why should not I have your portrait, too? Will you also be painted?" asked the painter.

"Why?" inquired Tito, just as Pippa had done, but with less coquetry.

He was really uncertain why Longo should wish to paint him; and, being uncertain, inclined to be suspicious. Perhaps the artist would manage that the portrait should be ugly, and at the same time very like him. Tito did not like that idea, and could not see where it might lead to.

"Oh," said Longo quietly, "I have always wished to paint you. You are the handsomest man I have ever seen."

Tito was taken aback. It was not that his modesty was disconcerted: he was wholly unassailed by any. But he was a very primary person, sure to be disconcerted at first by the unusual. And the direct, obviously sincere, praise of his beauty expressed by the artist was a first experience. To compliments from other artists he was well inured; but they had always been deftly insinuated, only half-expressed, and yet had always conveyed a note of exaggeration. He knew nothing yet of this Northern directness.

As for Longo he was not at all ignorant of the effect of his speech: he quite understood it. He too was Southern, and used to the stale compliment of convention; but had been startled once by receiving from an Englishman a tribute of which his own to Tito had been but the paraphrase. He had been at once so conscious of the effect, that he had resolved, when occasion offered, to try the simple weapon himself. In his way Longo was very clever; and he made some use out of everybody.

"I go to school to everyone," he said, "and they all teach me something. Even the very stupid ones teach me not to be stupid."

But this avowal was to himself; he had no other confidant.

"Will you paint us together? Pippa and me together—you mean that?" demanded Tito.

"If the signorina prefers it thus."

But the signorina was very far from preferring it; that she and Tito should be painted together would, she thought, be equivalent to the most public announcement of their betrothal.

They all three came up the steep road together: Pippa talking very little. Indeed the Signor Enrico bore the weight of the conversation. Tito saw no use in talking to the girl with another man there. And he did not particularly want to talk to Longo. All the same, he did talk a little: otherwise he felt he should think too much, and he did not want the artist to guess what he was thinking about.

At his dinner, however, he gave way to it, thinking with a good deal of compression and intensity. For Tito was capable of dogged effort and concentration of purpose. And, especially, he was conscious that he must make haste. He had felt that already, before finding Pippa and Signor Longo together. But now he realized that it was, more than ever, necessary to be quick.

Less than two months ago he had been certain that Pippa was ready to marry him: so certain that there had seemed to him no instant necessity to ask her. And, on the other hand, he had not then at all made up his mind that Maso had any money worth considering to leave her. He knew that some people declared the old man had saved a fortune; but then they were sure to say that of an old man who was notoriously a miser; and until to-day Tito had much doubted the report. Pippa was so beautiful that he could not bear to think of her marrying any other man: but he wanted money so badly! If she had nothing but her beauty, could he afford it?

Like all Southerners, Tito was practical. He had a keen appreciation of luxuries, and a whole-hearted inclination for pleasures and indulgences; but he was very conscious that there were undoubted pleasures and indulgences beyond his means. Now that it had come to his knowledge, through Lucia's accident, that Maso had plenty to leave his granddaughter, to marry her appeared to Tito no longer an extravagance, but a duty. But he felt no longer so sure of her. If she also were aware of her prospects, it was natural she would rate herself highly. And it suddenly seemed certain to Tito that she had been less favorable to him since this artist had turned up.

V.

For more than fourscore years, Maso had lived and never had been ill. That he should be ill now, therefore, made him angry. He could not understand it. He remembered a good many people dying, and had generally attended their funerals, professionally,

walking beside the hearse in an astonishing black suit, and carrying a big torch of dirty brown wax, to the Campo Santo on the spur of hill just outside the Giardini gate, below the Cappucini. All that had appeared to him very natural. It had put four or five, sometimes ten, francs in his pocket, and had always seemed to him a very sensible arrangement of Providence. But he did not at all see why he should be ill himself, as it had never happened before. And he had a disagreeable conviction that he should die: and that would upset all his habits.

Maso had never been anywhere else; not even to Messina or Catania or Acireale. He had never wanted to visit strange places. They were always, he understood, exceedingly expensive. About fifteen years ago, too, there had been a landslip, and part of the Campo Santo had gone violently down a steep place into the sea; that was just after the rainy spring and the earthquake of 1889. And now there had been another earthquake, and the spring had been intolerably rainy. He could not bear the idea of being in the Campo Santo if a landslip were to send half of it jumping down the hill side to Capo Sant' Andrea again. Yet he felt sure he must be going to die. Otherwise why should he be ill? He felt confident that he was not a person to be ill just for nothing. All the same, he went on as if nothing were going to happen. He continued doing his work in the church exactly as usual, though one or two of the priests noticed he was ill, and advised him to take a holiday.

"When their illustrious Reverences give me a pension!" he retorted, enjoying his own sarcasm sourly.

And Tito offered to do his work for him; but he only said sharply:

"That you may get promoted to my place once you have pushed your toe into it!"

Tito made a face, which the old man saw and chuckled over; it was pleasant to pretend that it would have been promotion for the smart young sacristan of the Piet  to be translated to Santa Venera. So he kept on in the church: and kept on at his cobbling in the dirty front room with its open arch, unglazed, level with the street. But his face grew more ghastly every day, so that, had he closed his eyes and leaned back against the wall, anyone would have said he was dead already; and his temples stuck out nearly as fleshless as a skeleton's. Nevertheless, he went on smacking the sole of the shoes with his wooden mallet, and sucking the bitter wax threads as, he had told Tito, was his custom.

Of Tito he thought almost constantly. Of his wife scarcely at all, and of Pippa not much, except in relation to Tito. Maso had never been romantic, and sixty years of wedded life had thrown no halo round Lucia's squalid old head. Her miserliness was the only endearing quality she retained for him. That she was dirty he would not have noticed, nor did he particularly mind her being ugly, as she had been for forty years and longer; but her deafness was inconvenient and uncalled for. Also he was exasperated with her for having smashed the jar in which he had hidden his beloved savings. As he sat cobbling he never thought of her, except with an occasional brief movement of jealous irritation at her surviving him. Nor, as has been said, was he much occupied about Pippa. He had never, after all, cared a great deal for the girl: and his only real interest in her had begun comparatively lately, when he had perceived that the idea of marrying her had come to Tito. For Maso adored Tito. In all his long dull life Maso had never cared for anyone else except Peppino, the girl's father, who had been born to him and Lucia after fifteen years of marriage. Peppino had been sickly, and had only plucked up strength to marry when he was nearly thirty. That was how Pippa came to be so young. Long before she could remember her father had died; whereupon Maso had devoted himself to saving for the sake of the money itself, which he had at first begun to scrape together for Peppino.

It was all very simple and squalid. What was not simple, was the adoration the old man had gradually conceived for the young rival sacristan. To himself, Maso never acknowledged it, and could not in the least understand it. Perhaps no one could. To do him that much justice, Tito never suspected it, though it is not likely that, if he had, it would have made any difference to his needy selfishness. Maso always snubbed him, and belittled him as well to his face as behind his back. The very things for which the old man secretly admired him, he openly derided and scoffed at: Tito's fine clothes, and smart ways, his schooling, and power of writing as well as speaking Italian, his conceited manners—alas, his lax morality, even his selfishness and self-indulgence. Maso sneered less at his scheming and unscrupulousness, but those also he admired slavishly; and the only person in the world who suspected it was Don Cenzo, the notary. For Don Cenzo was a wise old man and very silent, and he had made Maso's will for him and understood it.

VI.

The day before Maso died, a thing happened which might have been of no ultimate importance, had not Signor Enrico Longo, the artist, chanced to see it. He was standing by the wide arch-door of Maso's workshop, and, undetected by the old man, had been rapidly sketching him: his appearance had become so extraordinary that Longo thought it worth making into a rough study that might be useful. It had not taken long, and he had finished and put the bit of paper away, when Tito came sauntering across the Naumachia, and presently leaned against the opposite door post. His nonchalance was so unstudied that it attracted Longo's attention, and made him discern under it a further excitement. Tito looked more dissipated than usual, which was one of fate's unfairnesses, for he had been lately much steadier. He was as handsome as ever, but his eyes seemed almost too big and brilliant, and there were deep shades of black under them, almost like bruises.

"He won't call the doctor," observed Longo, nodding towards Maso. "I've been telling him that I met Doctor Manchini just now, down the hill there by Castello a Mare; he had been to see someone at the convent, and I nearly told him he should come up here to see Maso."

Maso growled. He did not believe in doctors, and knew they were expensive. Tito was unable to repress entirely a certain relief at his obstinacy. It was not that, however, which Longo particularly noticed: but something that took place immediately afterwards.

Don Taddeo, the carpenter, who was also the undertaker, had a goat, and this animal came along the Naumachia tossing her head conceitedly. Now goats, especially Sicilian goats, have many salient characteristics, but diffidence is never one of them. An inquisitive appetite is: and as she came close to Maso's wooden tray on short legs, that stood outside on the pavement close to his elbow, and at the same level, she thrust her nose into it, in search of anything obviously inedible that might be in it. A bundle of wax threads, cut into rather uneven lengths, seemed to satisfy every requirement, and she seized them hastily in her very prehensile mouth, and made hurriedly off with all the exhilaration of conscious transgression. At that particular moment, Signor Longo's eyes happened to be on Tito's face.

"She has taken them, Maso!" he called out. "Your bunch of wax threads."

The old man looked after her indifferently.

With uplifted head she had paused, fifty yards away, to devour them hastily.

"I chew them, signore," he observed. "It is my custom as I told you Tito. They taste bitter like the wet end of a cigar: and they cost cheaper."

Presently Longo went away. But he lodged with Don Taddeo, and that evening he was informed of the goat's demise, which was the more trying to Taddeo that her condition was at the time most interesting. Half an hour later Maso himself heard of it. Pippa brought back the news: for she had been to see Assunta, Don Taddeo's wife, who had always been rather a friend of hers, and more markedly so during the last few weeks. Assunta was a good-natured woman and liked Signor Longo, whereas she detested Tito, who gave himself airs—as if a sacristan were much higher in ecclesiastical precedence than an undertaker—which Don Taddeo's wife resented vigorously, seeing that her husband had a couple of fields, and the two black horses that drew most people on their last drive out of Santa Venera.

"They are tiresome things," observed Pippa, sympathetically, "and who knows what will poison them. Don Marso, the *farmacista*, had a goat that ate a lot of yellow spurge and was no worse, only his *bambino* that drank the milk died. Whereas your goat eats some wax threads (that belonged, saving your honor, to my grandfather, for his cobbling) and she dies. *Ecco!*"

She thought it well to remind them that the original grievance had been Maso's. From Don Taddeo's, Signor Enrico walked home with her: the first time she had definitely accepted his escort, though often enough they had met in the road and talked, or walked a bit of the way together. In the Corso, they met Tito, and Pippa told him Don Taddeo's goat was dead.

"Don Taddeo, the undertaker, has he got a goat?"

His ignorance seemed to Longo rather elaborate.

"No," he said, "he has not: for it is dead, as Pippa is telling you."

"But he had one: a blue one!" said the girl, who was certain Tito knew very well that the undertaker had a goat.

"It ate a bunch of *Nonno's* wax threads this morning," she explained in a tone of complaint, as though the result were vaguely

discreditable to the family, "and soon after the *Ave Maria* it died."

"*Altro!* It was that goat? I saw it," said Tito.

They walked on, and Tito continued his way in the opposite direction. They were both thinking about his pretending not to know that Don Taddeo had a goat. So when they spoke, it was of another matter.

"Why should it die?" complained Pippa, adhering to her grievance. "A few wax threads!"

"And your grandfather has always chewed them, as he told Tito." Signor Enrico's tone was innocence itself, and his face was as expressionless as he could make it. All the same, Pippa immediately knew what he was thinking of.

"Until now," she observed, "they never did him harm. He has chewed them all his life."

Longo looked more and more innocent.

"All his life, yes," he agreed, "they did him no mischief—until now."

"And now," the girl asked, "what do you think? He is very ill?"

"He will die very soon," the artist declared plainly.

VII.

Maso was dead—yes, and buried, too; for in the hot south the great outward journey of one's soul is followed very quickly by the shorter last journey of one's body. Close by the cracked wall, on the side nearest the precipitous hill at whose foot lies Capo Sant' Andrea and the sea, lies his ugly new grave: in an inevitable position for the next landslide. For Maso had said nothing, and his repulsions on the subject were unconjectured.

Another old sacristan, belonging to the Cappucini, had borrowed his threadbare and greasy black suit to walk by his hearse, partly out of respect for the deceased, and partly to gain two francs fifty. Tito, of course, attended also in his newer black suit, the same he waited in at the restaurant of the Teatro Elena. And naturally Don Taddeo was there, for there is only one undertaker in Santa Venera, talking, as he walked, to his neighbor, the chemist, Don Marco; they spoke a little of old Maso, but more of Don Taddeo's goat, as was natural. And

under the big hibiscus tree in the corner of the Campo Santo stood Signor Longo, the artist, sketching the funeral which he recognized as pictorial. His own country was not without honor to this prophet: and, though a Sicilian, he was keenly alive to the scenic splendors of Sicily. That he loved its marvelous beauties I am not prepared to say, but he thoroughly recognized their utility for reproductive purposes. Up in the dim old house on the Naumachia, Pippa and old Lucia were receiving visits of condolence, and their visitors were bellowing well-aired fragments of philosophy into the widow's deaf ears.

The dead man's bench and tray and stool looked pathetic now their master of more than threescore years had gone from them; but it was not a pathos to appeal to Pippa nor the visitors. When the latter had all gone, the old woman began to move about aimlessly. She was quite lost without Maso. For sixty years she had been used to his ill-tempers and scoldings, and their cessation forever left her helpless. She had never had anything to do but to defend herself against them, and life had become suddenly silent.

She was as unromantic as Maso himself had been; but he had been her husband, and a faithful one, if crabbed and untender; and her life had never been anything but the less significant half of his. You might as well try to cut a raw egg in halves, as divide her existence from that of her lifelong companion. She could not have defined or explained her grief; indeed she had never tried to define or explain anything in her life. Perhaps it was not grief in the common sense at all. But it would suffice to kill her. The habit of living, as it were, half a life, had so grown into her that it would not be possible for her to continue living a separate, independent life all to herself.

Don Cenzo, the notary, who was elderly and wise, perceived this when he came in, half an hour after the other visitors had gone away. He did not tell her about Maso's will: it seemed to him useless to trouble her. But he told Pippa. The old man had left everything to the man who should marry Pippa. He had always taken it for granted that he should himself survive Lucia. But no doubt, said Don Cenzo, Pippa and her husband would look after the old woman.

"But I have no husband!" said the girl with a little laugh.

"Not to-day," replied the notary, "but that will be an affair of to-morrow."

He bowed politely. And he guessed already that Pippa would

not marry Tito, as her grandfather had intended. This slightly shocked him, for he was a lawyer, and had a feeling that the wishes of a testator should be complied with. But when testators express their intentions thus vaguely, they have but themselves to thank if they are defeated. Being a lawyer, he felt that also. And Don Cenzo, like Assunta, disliked Tito.

As for Pippa, she had made up her mind that no power on earth would now make her marry the handsome young sacristan: not even the undeniable power of his beauty. For she had also made up her mind about something she had suddenly read in Signor Enrico's mind, a suspicion of his that, abruptly, had been born a robust certainty in her own. That Signor Longo wanted to marry her, she had also become certain.

At that moment, though she did not know it, the two men were together. Tito had taken off his evening suit, and put on his ordinary clothes, in which he looked much better. He was now in the sacristy of the Pietá, getting out the next day's vestments. To his displeasure and surprise, the man he least desired to see of all men in the world had, uninvited, joined him there.

The front doors of the church opening on the Naumachia were locked, and Signor Enrico knew it. He, therefore, knocked at the sacristy door, and, without waiting for any reply, opened it quickly and went in. For a moment, the two men looked at each other without speaking. Tito had not expected this visit; and his surprise gave the other that much initial advantage. On that Longo counted; and by a further advantage of surprise he intended to proceed. Taking from his pockets a small canvas bag he put it down, close to Tito, on the vesting table of antique polished mahogany, nearly black, but without saying anything.

"What is this?" asked the sacristan, almost involuntarily.

"Money," retorted the artist promptly. "Open and count it." Almost mechanically Tito began to do so.

"But why should I?" he inquired, presently, pausing with the notes in his hand.

"Because it concerns you."

Tito went on counting; the artist watching him, and chiefly occupied with the thought of the man's astonishing beauty. Just as he by no means desired to live in the houses that were best to paint, so was he quite free to recognize the beauty of this man who was altogether hateful. Tito did not count the money to

an end: he could tell exactly how much it was without that. It was, to his standards, a good deal.

"How does it concern me, signore?" he asked, as though pausing, but feebly.

"It is yours."

"Mine? How; what for?"

"To take you to Argentina."

Tito did not drop the money, but he could scarcely hold it without betraying that his hand trembled. He let it rest on the time-smoothed wood. He wanted to look full into Longo's face, but for the life of him he could not, though he felt the other man's eyes fixed on his own. And he wanted to say something; but he dared not: nothing seemed safe; he had no rôle, no programme.

Longo had thought him cleverer and more courageous, too, and began to despise him more and more. This gave his voice, as he went on, a confidence and sense of power, a certainty, that the wretched Tito felt intuitively, and that materially assisted Signor Enrico's success.

"To take you to Argentina. A number of Calabresi are going from Reggio this evening; they are crossing to Messina even now. In the Florio boat, *Empedocle*, they will start this evening at five o'clock. On Friday morning they will reach Naples, and re-ship; that same afternoon in the *Speranza*, they will sail for Buenos Ayres. That is how you will go."

Still Tito could not turn his full face, nor lift his eyes, nor ask "Why?" as he was trying to. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and his mouth itself felt dry. His desire and his inability to speak was exactly like what is experienced in a nightmare. He was always a coward, though no one had known it till now. Perhaps not himself, even. And how brave would he need to have been not to prove a coward now, with a conscience like his! He had two additional reasons for cowardice, that his tormentor, who had guessed so much, could not guess—one physical, one moral, and both added themselves to all the rest to demoralize him utterly.

There was something the matter with his heart besides its blackness. He had become certain of it only lately: more than ever certain since that quick knock had come just now on the door opening on the steep path. It was not that his heart was beating violently: after one horrible leap into his throat it had

ceased, he thought, to beat at all. He longed to put his hand upon his breast and feel, but with those ruthless, untiring eyes upon him he could not.

The moral thing that weighed him down and demoralized him was worse. But of that presently, though he was thinking of it all the time, and its effect was so gatheringly apparent that Longo saw its paralyzing effect, and his pitiless voice hardened, and grew more masterful, more irresistible, so that the listening wretch felt all spirit of resistance oozing hopelessly out of him.

"That is how you will go," insisted the voice. "For Santa Venera is unhealthy for you; as it was for Maso, as it was for Don Taddeo's goat.....and there are other unhealthy places too: Pantalaria and Ponza, for instance; you never heard, perhaps, how unhealthy Pantalaria was for the Empress Messalina the poisoner....."

Tito heard no more. The voice faded into immeasurable distances, and when he came to himself again, Tito was alone.

Then he too went: *exivit et non erat*; he went out and it was night; like his prototype, the other traitor, but Tito's night was not the merciful darkness of nature. Down the hillside he staggered, in the blazing noon with the pitiless staring of the July sun blinding him; but with no sun of hope, no light of any saving love of God or man or woman; for his desire for Pippa had been no more than the mere jealous greed of possession; the vulgar avarice of beauty, as common and not much nobler than the vulgar avarice of money. -

When Pippa told poor dying Maso how Don Taddeo's goat was dead that had eaten the wax threads, Signor Longo was still there, and the old man's eyes were on his face. And into the growing darkness of those eyes that looked so close on death, grew a wistful light, of sadness unspeakable, but nobler than any that had ever gleamed in them. For a time no one spoke. Then Maso bade the women begone, and beckoned Longo to stay by him. No sooner were they alone than the wistful look translated itself into speech, answering the suspicion in the young man's face.

"I did it. I myself," he said eagerly. "No one knows..... no one must know. But I did it. I insured my life, long ago: I thought it could be only for a few years. But I lived and lived: and the money was all going, paying the money of the insurance.

I could not bear it all to go. So I chewed wax threads, and they are *velenosi*, poisonous. Now I die, and there will be no more paying, but a big money from the insurance; Don Cenzo knows what it is. And my will. He made it and he knows that, too. He keeps it, for I cannot read. Thus I did it: thus, I myself."

"Yes, yes. I see," said Longo; knowing well that the dying man lied to save the living; then he called back the women and went away, determined now that he was certain that Tito should go too, go far, and go forever. The women had come back, and would have sat up all night with the old man who was dying, but he drove them fiercely away to bed. All night he sat alone, and early in the morning sent for Tito. To him, too, he told his wistful lie, but never looking at the young man's face.

That was the second thing that demoralized him: to know that Maso himself knew and excused him, knew and loved him. So he staggered blindly down the hillside in the utter night of the fierce noon, while the weird *fichi d'India* clutched at the steep as it leapt downwards to the sea. Hopeless, hopeless! Utterly hopeless, if his final judgment were to lie with us, with sins of our own to make us merciless to the different sins of others. But Perfection does not delegate the function of judgment, and imperfection is not to be judged by imperfection.

ALFRED THE GREAT, PATRON OF LEARNING.

BY BROTHER LEO.



THE cold-blooded critic, unmoved by national bias and making a liberal discount for the indiscriminating appreciation of the *hoi polloi*, may not be disposed to regard King Alfred the Great as a genius; but he cannot refuse to the mighty Saxon the possession of talent so rich and so varied as almost to win the title of genius by reason of its many-sidedness. Alfred, indeed, stands out as one of the most likeable figures in universal history. It is far from surprising, in view of the magnitude of his accomplishments and the singular uprightness of his private life, that for many centuries he assumed almost the proportions of a culture hero in the English mind, that he passed into legend as "the Truth-teller" and "England's Darling," that in the thirteenth century the chronicle which bears the name of John of Brompton styles him "the Giver of Alms, the Hearer of Masses, the Seeker into Things Unknown," and that in the nineteenth century Wordsworth should do homage to the "Lord of the harp and liberating spear." "A saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior all of whose wars were fought in defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained with cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the hour of triumph—there is," says Freeman, "no other name in history to compare with his."

Never did more difficulties confront a young king, and never did king, young or old, conquer them more definitively. The gallant stand at Athelney and the brilliant victory of Ethandun decisively checked the Danish invasions, and the peace of Wedmore secured the independence of Wessex and all England. It is significant that all three momentous events occurred in the same year, 878. Nor did Alfred trust merely to treaties to make sure his success. He fortified London and restored the defence made possible by the walled town; he built ships and equipped fleets, and, despite the fact that his hereditary enemies were professional sea rovers, made England mistress of the seas.

Not less solicitous for the arts of peace, Alfred established

national credit and developed and extended foreign trade. And he succeeded admirably in the even more difficult task of unifying England. "It was part of the work of Alfred," says the late Walter Besant, "unseen and unsuspected, to make it possible to weld the different nations into one; to create little by little the love of country in place of the old loyalty to tribe."

A thoroughgoing reformer in the best sense of the word, Alfred strove against heavy odds in the interests of education, culture and religion. He realized that chiefly by creating an enlightened public opinion could he carry his external successes to a happy fruition; and, like all men with a thirst for knowledge and scant opportunities for slaking it, he was impressed with the importance of sound and ripe scholarship. Like Charlemagne, though to a less extent, he had lacked learning in his youth; and like Charlemagne he surrounded himself with scholars and savants, and availed himself of the opportunities thus afforded to benefit himself and his people. It is not surprising that the legend which attributes the founding of Oxford to Alfred should have persisted so tenaciously. That achievement, though not actually his, was certainly in harmony with his policy. What Augustus did at the period of the reorganization of the Roman Empire, what Leo X. did at the time of the Renaissance, Alfred did for England in the ninth century: from his own land, and from across the seas, he brought learned teachers, and thereby established what might be fittingly called a royal university.

Among the noted scholars who were induced to attach themselves to Alfred's court, was Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the words of his friend and contemporary Asser, "a venerable man and wise." The anonymous author of John of Brompton's chronicle styles him "a right noble man of letters;" and to Simeon of Durham he was faithful and famous, "a reverend man, bright with the fruits of wisdom." Plegmund came to Alfred from Mercia in 884; and, though the exact length of time he spent at court is a matter of uncertainty, the prominence given him in the chronicles justifies the assumption that his influence as a teacher was deep and far-reaching. He was made Archbishop of Canterbury under Pope Formosus in the twenty-first year of King Alfred's reign; and a glimpse at his character and methods is afforded us in the information that in the following year he "consecrated seven bishops in one day." He was the founder of the Saxon Chronicle.

Another native scholar was Werfrith, Bishop of Worcester,

skilled as a linguist, and, says Asser, "well taught in the Divine Scripture." Werfrith lent his learning to the work of furnishing Saxon versions of great books. At the King's suggestion, as indicated in the preface to Alfred's translation of the *Pastoral Care*, he translated the *Dialogues* of Pope Gregory the Great and of his disciple Peter. Though the statement found in John of Brompton's chronicle, that Werfrith translated Boethius into Saxon, is, as Plummer insists, totally unsupported, we have reason to believe that he aided Alfred in the latter's version of *The Consolations of Philosophy*. The Bishop of Worcester probably engaged in teaching at the court school, but his celebrity seems mainly due to his ability as a translator, "giving sense for sense most clearly and elegantly."

From the monastery of St. Bertin's in Flanders came the monk Grimbold, a man of many parts. He was a singer and a musician, a Scripture scholar, and an authority on ecclesiastical law, as well as a teacher of recognized ability. Eventually he became abbot of New Minster at Winchester, where he died in 903. His personal probity is attested by the fact that during his life he enjoyed the reputation of being a "worthy man," and after death was honored as a saint in the English calendar. Dean Hook, though apparently without adequate foundation, states that Alfred had intended to use his influence to place Grimbold in the see of Canterbury instead of Plegmund, but that he changed his plans in view of the existence of a prejudice against foreign-born prelates. Be that as it may, Grimbold seems to have been distinguished for the possession of what to-day is called the artistic temperament. He did not at first take kindly to English ways, and seems to have had no hesitation about discussing his likes and his dislikes. The Oxford legend has it that Grimbold was a veritable storm centre in the early days of the university, when the Saxon teachers strongly resented his continental methods of conducting lectures. The Oxford legend as a whole is, of course, discredited; but it is safe to assume that there must have been some fire where there is so much smoke, and the good monk Grimbold is not the only educational maverick who, through many tribulations, has entered into ultimate honors.

Another of Alfred's scholars, whose path was not one of primrose dalliance, was John the Old Saxon, a monk of Corvey, whose scholarship and virtue found favor in the King's eyes, and eventually made him abbot of the new monastery at Athelney. In

the community were several monks brought by Alfred from Gaul, and these did not take kindly to the Old Saxon's administration. Those were days when the blood coursed tumultuously, even in the veins of the Lord's anointed, and the opposition of the foreign clique did not spend itself in grumblings and petty annoyances. Two of the malcontents—a priest and a deacon—concocted what the chronicler justly designates an atrocious plot. Two serving-men, also Frenchmen, were to kill the abbot as, according to his wont, he prayed alone in the church at night, and then carry out his body and lay it at the door of an infamous woman of the town. The plot might have succeeded in every revolting detail, but for the refusal of the abbot to be killed quietly. When the serving-men rushed upon him with drawn weapons, John, despite his momentary confusion and his uncertainty as to whether they were men or fiends, utilized his fists and his voice to such good purpose that the community was aroused, his adversaries confessed their guilt, and justice triumphed. The offenders, we learn from Asser, “died a death of shame, in torments many a one.”

Less spectacular were the careers of the learned priests, Ethelstan and Werewulf, and that of Alfred's friend, teacher and biographer, Asser. Asser was a monk of St. David's in South Wales who, at the King's request, came to court in 884. Asser's original concession—for, though he honored the King, he was fond of his Welsh home and surroundings, and doubtless had work there that none but he could do—was to spend six months of each year at Alfred's court. A serious illness kept him from active life for more than a year, and delayed his promised attendance on the West Saxon monarch. Alfred manifested anxiety; and Asser, to make up for his long delay, remained at court for upwards of a year.

Asser was a scholar who was a saint, and a saint who was a scholar, and in addition possessed a genial and sympathetic nature which forms the happiest foundation for both sanctity and scholarship. His life of the King, written, presumably, in 893, is a beautiful picture of Alfred and an unconscious self-revelation of the biographer. There is a quaint charm in such passages as that which tells how Asser aided Alfred in making the *Enchiridion*, or book of quotations. The genuineness of Asser's life of Alfred has been attacked, notably by Thomas Wright in 1842; but, though the existence of interpolations bearing on the Oxford legend and other subjects has been admitted, the authenticity of the life as a

whole has been recognized by such eminent scholars as Lappenberg, Lingard, Pauli, and Stevenson. Aside from his life of the King, little is known of Asser. It is probable that eventually he was raised to the episcopate, and he may be the Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, whose death in 910 is recorded in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and whose signature appears in numerous charters granted between 900 and 909.

Such were the men whom the West Saxon King and overlord of England drew to himself and his court, and whose devout lives and deep learning and assured skill as teachers and organizers reflected so much glory and bestowed such permanent influence on his reign. Though of various races and the products of diverse training, they were actuated by a unity of purpose, and they possessed in common exalted ideals. And the great King gave to each of them his aid and his confidence, and drew from each the best that was in him to impart. It was, if you will, an educational syndicate that Alfred established in his court, an organization of culture and scholarship, conserved and controlled by the royal "seeker into things unknown."

The court school founded and maintained by Alfred produced recognized results, as contemporary testimony assures us. Thus, we have it from Asser that Ethelward, the youngest son of the King, "by the divine counsel and by the admirable foresight of the King, was intrusted to the school of literary training, where, with the children of almost all the nobility of the country, and many also who were not noble, he was under the diligent care of teachers. Books in both languages, namely, Latin and Saxon, were diligently read in the school. They also learned to write; so that before they were of an age to practice human arts, namely, hunting and other pursuits which befit noblemen, they became studious and clever in the liberal arts." It was the court school that Alfred had in mind when, in the introductory epistle to his translation of the *Pastoral Care*, he expresses complacency at the progress made in learning since his ascending the throne. "Thanks be to God Almighty," writes the devout monarch, "that we have teachers among us now."

Though like Charlemagne in his endeavor to surround himself with learned and godly men, Alfred was able to do what the great Frankish monarch could not accomplish—he made personal contributions to the national literature. Whatever, other than their historic interest, may be the importance of Alfred's writings to the modern

world, there can be no doubt that they exerted a positive influence on the thought of his time, and left their impress on subsequent culture. Two classes of books we rightly call great: those, like the poems of Homer and the plays of Shakespeare, which are not of an age but for all time, which contain the element of permanence, the spirit of eternal youth; and those which, at a given period and in a given place, fill greatly a great need and constitute in some way or other a real educational agency. To the latter class the books of Alfred belong.

What were the qualifications that King Alfred brought to his self-imposed task of being in a specific sense the educator of his people? Measured according to the standard of his times, he was, at least in his maturity, a well-educated man. As a boy he had made at least one journey to Rome, and had remained there a considerable time. He had also visited, and perhaps for a while lived at, the brilliant court of Charles the Bald, where probably he studied side by side with the precocious and unprincipled Lady Judith, who, at the age of fourteen, became his stepmother under somewhat sensational circumstances. Travel, even more so than to-day, was then a means of education, especially to a young man like Alfred, who made the most of his opportunities and whose opportunities were exceptional. From the time that he decisively overthrew the Danes, Alfred lived in an atmosphere of culture, and up to the end he remained an active, open-minded student of men and of books. The very difficulties and privations he encountered when he ascended the throne, however they may have affected his acquisition of formal learning, were helps to his education in the larger sense of the word; they taught him things that neither books nor scholars could have taught him, and they developed traits of mind and habits of character that fitted him well for teaching in his turn.

Foremost among the translations made by Alfred, was that of Boethius' *Consolations of Philosophy*, a book which, like Plutarch's *Lives*, has proved an inspiration and a formative influence with many men in many climes. Like *Don Quixote* and Raleigh's *History of the World*, it was written in prison, its author having fallen under the suspicion of Theodoric, King of the East Goths. It is not hard to see how this sixth century book, written by a man who had tasted sorrow, appealed to the King whose way was beset with more perils and pains than encumber most royal roads. Rather appositely, *The Consolations* has been called the bridge

between dying paganism and living Christianity. It is a dialogue between the author and philosophy, and it offers consolation for the ills and reverses of life by demonstrating that true happiness is something beyond the changes of fortune, that inward virtue is all, that the truly virtuous man is ever the master of his own fate, the captain of his own soul. It recalls Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, Thomas à Kempis, and St. Francis of Sales, Shakespeare and Goethe. It is, in fine, one of the great books of the world, because it speaks aloud a thought hidden in the heart of humanity. It is an immortal book. And, though it may be too much to say that Alfred put it into an immortal form, even the most cautious critic will concede that Alfred's translation was adequate and effective.

Of a widely different type was another book translated by Alfred, a remarkable combination of historical, geographical and polemical writing—a history of the world. Since the Middle Ages its vogue has declined; but in the ninth century Paulus Orosius was a name to conjure with. The author lived in the days of the Emperor Honorius, was a Spaniard by birth, an ecclesiastic and a friend and disciple of the great St. Augustine, upon whose *City of God* Orosius' history is obviously modeled.

It is misleading to speak of Alfred's version of Orosius as a translation; it is something more. The King made many interpolations, particularly in the sections dealing with geographical matters, in which he, the father of the English navy and the designer of a new type of vessel, always manifested great interest. Among the visitors to his court were Ohthere and Wulfstan, sailors and discoverers. The former was a wealthy and influential Northman, who is remarkable for having made the first Arctic expedition undertaken for the sake of discovery and exploration; the latter, a Dane, had made extensive explorations in the Baltic. In his translation of Orosius, Alfred incorporated the gist of the information received from his sailor friends, thus adding materially to the value of the book as a manual of geography and history.

In setting down his own observations in his translation of Orosius, King Alfred made no distinction between what he had merely translated and what constituted an original contribution. He followed a different course when making his translation of the *Pastoral Care* of Pope Gregory the Great, and spoke in his own person and in his own name in the epistle which forms the preface to the book. Over the *Pastoral Care* itself we need not linger;

but the introductory epistle claims our attention, partly because it is Alfred's original work, partly because it sets forth his views on a subject that even in our day has not ceased to vex the world.

In sixteenth century France, St. John Baptist de la Salle, in opposition to the prevailing method of the day, set up a practical and successful plea for the mother tongue in elementary education. In this prefatory epistle to the *Pastoral Care*, King Alfred, addressing his friend Werfrith, Bishop of Worcester, and writing to the English bishops of the ninth century, makes a similar appeal. It is taking the world a long, long time to reconcile itself to translations, but in our day we have at least grown tolerant of education in the language of the country. For both education in the mother tongue and translations in the vernacular as a means of such education, Alfred here contends. He does not go quite so far as did the eccentric Henry Rochefort of yesterday, who strenuously refused to learn English lest his French style should suffer; but he does insist upon teaching Saxon children in Saxon.

"Therefore," he says, "it seems better to me, if ye think so, for us also to translate some books which are most needful for all men to know into the language which we can all understand; and for you to do what we very easily can if we have quiet enough; so that all the sons of English free men who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn. . . . until they are well able to read English writing."

The children, he claims, should be taught to read English books and English translations of Latin books, and that this elementary stage of education should be common to all children of free birth. Yet, Alfred was no extremist. He hastens to add that Latin studies should follow in the case of boys being prepared for the higher offices in Church and state. In defence of translations, he fought the fight that St. Jerome had so valiantly fought before him, and added that if it is well to have the Holy Scriptures in the "vulgar" tongue, it is well to have also vernacular versions of other great books.

One of the earliest translations made by King Alfred, was that of the Venerable Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of Britain*. The monk of Jarrow had written his great work in Latin, as monks were ever wont to do, and Alfred deemed a vernacular version of it eminently desirable. Unlike his procedure with Orosius, he here clings closely to the original. But he does exercise his authority as an editor by condensing the text, omitting many purely theological

disquisitions, such accounts as that of the Easter controversy and certain documents of secondary importance.

The translations of Boethius, Orosius, St. Gregory, and Bede are the only thoroughly accepted works of King Alfred. As was inevitable, the tradition of the King's literary labors assumed legendary proportions a few generations after his death, until we have Ethelward protesting that nobody knows how many volumes Alfred wrote. He is credited with a treatise on falconry, a book of proverbs, the *Martyr Book*, and a translation of the fables of Æsop. *The Blooms*, a collection of extracts translated from St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, is generally regarded as spurious, though its claims to authenticity were plausibly set forth by Wülker and Hubbard in the last century.

For the most part, the translations made by King Alfred were what we call liberal translations. His aim was to convey the meaning of the original rather than its form, and he frequently altered and embellished and paraphrased. He was ever ready to insert bits of information calculated to enlighten the prospective reader. Thus, where Orosius mentions that Marcus Fabius refused a triumph, Alfred inserts a description of a Roman triumph, and a brief account of the history and functions of the Roman senate. "Even in his most faithful translation," says Sedgfield, "that of the *Cura Pastoralis*, King Alfred is by no means what in these days would be called literal; while in his Boethius it is the exception to find a passage of even a few lines rendered word for word."

All this was part of Alfred's design to make his work of service to the reader. He had considerable ingenuity for inventing and adapting "first aid" devices for students. For one thing, he contrived a lantern, first called into requisition, so the story goes, in connection with the candles by which the King measured his time. Again, we who take chapter headings and tables of contents as a matter of course, may well pause long enough to remember that for these accessories, in all but the most rudimentary form, we are indebted to King Alfred.

In proportion to his historical importance and his influence as a patron of letters, King Alfred does not loom large in subsequent literature. Though numerous poems and dramas have been written around him, few of them possess more than an antiquarian interest. Milton entertained the thought of Alfred as an epic possibility, but eventually chose the theme of *Paradise Lost*. The ponderous Doctor Johnson had it in mind to write the life of Alfred, but

dictionary making and prosperity prevented him from realizing the project. One of the weakest plays by Sheridan Knowles is *Alfred the Great*; and one of the least inspired poems by the late Laureate, Alfred Austin, is *England's Darling*. All in all, it would seem that Alfred the Great is best commemorated in English literature by Wordsworth's sonnet and Mr. Chesterton's *Ballad of the White Horse*.

In the English Chronicle, under the year 891-892, occurs the following entry: "And three Scots came to King Alfred in a boat without oars from Hibernia, whence they had stolen away because, for the love of God, they would be on pilgrimage, they recked not whither. The boat in which they fared was wrought of three hides and a half, and they took with them enough food for seven nights. Then, after seven nights, they came to land in Cornwall, and then went they straight to King Alfred. Thus were they named: Dubslane, Macbeth, and Maelinmum."

To the Gaelic rovers, Dubslane, Macbeth, and Maelinmum, we owe the homage of our thanks; for they have let us into the secret of King Alfred's influence as a patron of learning. That secret was a winning personality. His position in the nation counted for much and his kingly determination counted for more; but the greatest and most enduring factor in his efforts to restore and keep alight the vestal flame before the battered altar of learning, was his royalty of mind and heart that made friends and kept them; that drew Grimbald from Gaul, that wooed Asser from his beloved Wales, that spurred the three rovers from Ireland straightway to his feet. Alfred possessed the power of sweetly inciting others to fruitful effort, of inspiring confidence and affection in scholars and pupils alike. And it is this quality which, more even than the books he translated, and more than the galaxy of learned men that adorned his court, constitutes his true greatness as a patron of letters.

"THE ENLARGING CONCEPTION OF GOD."¹

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.



HE avowed object of this volume of essays is a reconstruction of the concept of God "in terms of the living ideals that control to-day's life."² The method most naturally lending itself to this reconstructive purpose is the intuitive and experimental as distinct from the dogmatic and abstract. The conclusion reached is that God must be conceived as somehow in the stream of social consciousness. He is not a great Concept, He is the great Toiler, Co-worker, Co-Sufferer, Sharer in human life and work.³ He is the God of men of action. Theology must, therefore, be moralized, democratized, socialized.⁴ All must be re-expressed in terms of the ideals and conditions of the times.

Thought thus becomes secondary to the great fact of *life*. And as life is fluent, thought must not remain static. There is no revelation but that which our religious and spiritual experience offers to our interpretative insight. Christ is, therefore, not so much a Mediator as a Co-experimenter in the profundities of the religious consciousness. A sound theology is simply the facts of our personal life writ large.⁵ "The symbolism of the Cross points straight to a sympathetic, suffering God, Whose purposes are bound up with ours and Whose life is poured out in the world's struggle."⁶ "How important, then, that our experience shall comprehend profoundly and sympathetically—yes, vicariously and vitally—the experience and life of that Man Who was and is 'humanity's best Man.'"⁷

Reconstruction is not a term that can honestly be employed in connection with this volume. One does not speak of reconstructing a concept when the purpose is to strip it of all specific meaning, and to destroy the original message which it bore. If men desire to reject the truths of Christianity, let them be candid about it, and not try to conceal under consecrated Christian phrases a view of God and life which is anything but Christian. The late Goldwin Smith characterized all such efforts as "Christianity on rollers," and said he much preferred proclaiming himself an agnostic to talking a language in which he no longer believed. The author of this volume evidently prefers the occupation of a wolf in sheep's

¹By Herbert Alden Youtz. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

²Page 46. ³*Ibid.* ⁴Page 73. ⁵Page 185. ⁶Page 184. ⁷Page 185.

clothing. Goldwin Smith chose the only fitting course. Wolf that he was, he did not wear any fleecy verbal coat of concealment.

Imagine a professor of "Christian" theology declaring that supernaturalism means no more than "the divine presence and power in the human;"⁸ mere immanence, in other words. Can he be unaware of the fact that the Christian conception of God is immanence plus transcendence? That in the thought of Christianity from the beginning, God was never regarded as isolated from the world, but only as distinct from it? That He is immanent without being identical, transcendent without being separate or aloof? And does the author think that in proposing the half-truth of the Divine Immanence, he is helping us to "enlarge" our conception of God? Why does he not say outright that he is a pantheist, instead of hiding behind an ill-disguised medley of Hegel and Bergson, contentiously set forth as a reconstruction of Christian theology? Giving a Bergsonian turn to the Lord's saying, that He came in order to give men a greater abundance of *life*, is an anachronistic interpretation of the Scriptures which reflects no credit on the author's scholarship. One may read anything into a text. The question, however, is whether it is *there* to be read out of it.

The author would humanize God so thoroughly as to banish the Divine, in the genuine Christian sense, from religion and theology. Has he never heard of the supernatural as an assimilation of the life of man to the life of God? And does he realize that by reversing the process, and assimilating the life of God to the life of man, he is lowering God to our level, not uplifting us up to His? "The type of thought which separates God from the world and makes the token of His presence a miraculous occurrence is supernaturalism."⁹ We blush for his scholarship and acquaintance with the history of Christian doctrine when he fathers such a statement as this. Surely, he does not regard the Deists as original founts of Christian teaching. We should very much like to have him quote other sources for supernaturalism of the kind mentioned. In fact, the suspicion grows, as one proceeds, that the author is not any too well acquainted with the views he is criticizing. "*Plena indulgentia quotidie*,"¹⁰ for instance. The Latin is on a par with the author's idea of indulgences, and equally as correct. He insinuates¹¹ that not until recently was metaphor distinguished from meaning in Christian theology. This

⁸Page 37.⁹*Ibid.*¹⁰Page 158.¹¹Page 84.

is in large measure true of Protestant scholasticism, but Protestant scholasticism is the least part of Christian theology, and not a faithful chapter always, either. Let him pummel the Reform doctrines to his heart's content, provided he drop the large adjective "Christian" when speaking of them.

Professor Youtz entertains the superficial opinion that feudalistic government and custom influenced the conceptions of Christian theology.¹² It would be interesting to see some detailed proofs attempted of this assertion which Loofs has shown to be without foundation. And so the story runs. Everything is dismissed that does not correspond with his pragmatic theory of the nature and function of human concepts. On this theory, which he nowhere establishes, but merely illustrates, as if illustrations were proofs of the exclusive truth of his contention, all his criticism depends. It is the dogma by which he destroys dogma; the unestablished prejudgment on which he rests and reposes his colossal work of destruction, euphemistically called "putting new wine in old bottles." We wish he had tested the old wine a little—he does not seem to have done anything more than empty the bottles without previously acquainting himself with their specific contents.

One thing we must point out as showing how ill acquainted the author is with some, at least, of the subjects of his criticism. On page 156 occurs the following: "We are all familiar with the mechanical logic by which J. H. Newman (*sic*) satisfied his soul that there must be somewhere an automatic safety device for religious hearts longing for certainty." The *mechanical logic* of Newman! Shades of the champion of the "illative sense" and "intuition!" Can the author be at all familiar with the intensely psychological Oratorian, to whom logic was as dust, and life, developing life, the thing that chiefly mattered in the quest of truth? The author should reserve his spleen and humor about "automatic safety devices," until he is sure of applying his wit where it will not reveal his lack of knowledge. His characterization of Newman is unworthy and untrue. A writer should take better aim before firing. Else his readers will think that he would rather be critical than right, and this is the impression which the volume under review creates at almost every turn.

We will not say anything about the style. "Dope" and "delivering the goods" are, no doubt, most appropriate concessions to the Zeit-Geist, in a work that recognizes no other Divinity. A

¹²*Ibid.*

reconstruction of the Christian conception of God? Fuss and fustian! It is a whittling-down of the conception to one half of its original stature, in the mind of one who sees in God and Christ and Christianity nothing more than "cosmic means" and helps to man's social regeneration.

These essays of Professor Youtz are here reviewed at length, not because there is anything deep, original, or powerful about them, but because they afford an occasion for exposing the shortcomings of the philosophy to which their production is due. A hurried glance at history will show how such a standpoint as the author's came to be adopted, and how this spirit of "reconstructing" arose.

Kant, wrongly thinking the mind's power of analysis limited to the *banal* statement that A is A, was led to believe that a knowledge of external reality was beyond our ken. An intellect that could do no more than proclaim the identity of A with A was well-nigh useless; and from this falsely supposed limitation of thought as thought, arose the chronic charge that the intellect is static: a charge we are as tired of hearing as Aristides was of being called the "just." Kant failed to see, early enough to be of profit, that the mind can analyze the essential *relations* of a subject as well as its "essence;" and the result was that he regarded all the concepts framed by the intellect as isolated and unrelated: an error which modern psychology has repudiated, and one which Professor Youtz repeatedly condemns, while still retaining the false consequences which Kant drew from it. The fact of the matter, independently of all theories, is the reciprocity and interdependence of all our mental states. The mind is a life, and not a checker-board. Why does Professor Youtz admit this fact, and then assume the contrary as the basis for a destructive principle of criticism? Not concepts, but *his concept* of concepts, we venture to say, should be made the subject of reformation and disavowal.

But let that pass. Kant, as we said, cut the mind off from reality, and for the reason, or rather lack of such, just mentioned. Very well, said Fichte. If the mind cannot reach the reality outside it, why the simplest thing in the world to do is to bring reality into consciousness, and dismiss the thought that there is, can, or need be anything outside at all. The presence of reality *to* consciousness thus became the presence of reality *in* consciousness; and that is how *immanence* became exclusive of transcendence. Not a very creditable origin, surely, of the doctrine which the

author burdens himself to convey—that God is immanent without also being transcendent.

All "externals" had perforce to go in such a view—sacrificed to a supposition. The notions of God, reality, truth, life, revelation, grace, authority had all to be reinterpreted in an immanentist sense. They lost their character as representations of a reality distinct from themselves. There was no "help" now possible from the "outside." The world was *ours*, God was in it and of it—its ideal, its pulsating spirit, its flying goal; and we are God's progressive self-manifestation.

Such is the pedigree of the idea which Professor Youtz invokes to destroy the Christian conception of God. No proof of it is offered. No proof of it was ever attempted by anybody. Fichte merely thought it was the only way of bringing Kant's divorced subject and object together, and that is the sole guarantee, philosophically or historically, which immanence enjoys. So we are asked in the name of this unestablished, haphazard assumption to deprive ourselves of God, grace, salvation, revelation, and the whole world of the Supernatural. *Me miserum!*

*Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.*

"Fichte, I believe in thee," is the new credo to which the Professor of Christian Theology in Auburn Theological Seminary would have us bow and subscribe. All concepts are "outworn" that do not tally with the idea of immanence, first made exclusive and overruling by the German champion of universal *Ich-heit*. The author rings the changes on this idea all through the volume. Grace, he says, is "inhuman" help; and so it is, from the exclusive standpoint of immanence. But that exclusiveness of standpoint is the whole matter at issue, and the author merrily assumes it as a truth established. That is why he decries the idea that the Incarnation is "humiliation." On the contrary, it was a "glory" for God, so he says, to become man, since man represents all the "divine" potentialities there are, have been, or ever will be.

The volume is a very potent illustration of the destructive influence which an uncontrolled, uncriticized, unthreshed general idea may have on the mental life of an individual. It is an object-lesson of the fate awaiting all those who neglect to think their presuppositions out, and to pound them thoroughly in the crucible of criticism before yielding to their sway.

THE ORIGINAL CHILD.

BY KATHERINE KENNEDY.



JANE said, when I invited her to my luncheon, that she owned three children with personalities that did not harmonize, and therefore she must stay home and keep peace at the table. It seemed a foolish sacrifice to me, and I suggested a certain old-fashioned remedy that might enable her children to endure each other's society for one brief repast, but Jane would not consider it. "I believe," she said, "that each child has a right to its own personality, and since I have three that naturally conflict, I must pay the penalty." And such pride was there in her tone that my sympathy died at its birth. It was this clear note of pride that appeared again in Emily's voice, when, on my way from church, I overtook her walking with her two young daughters. She was a pattern for the modern matron, tall and elegant, between two slender slips of herself. As I came up, the children stepped forward and made such a pretty picture walking together in their cloaks and bonnets of blue and brown, that I began to congratulate her on possessing a pair so similar. "They are such perfect companions," I said. Emily laughed softly. "They look like perfect companions, but really they are not. You see," and it was here that laughter gave way to pride, "they are such distinct individualities; they cannot often agree."

I went my way wondering what promise these children gave that prompted the pride in the maternal voice; what great gifts were to be developed that would finally repay them for all the loss they are now enduring; for the games that are started so blithely and wrecked before the end; for the excursions that are planned in happy zeal and abandoned in bad humor; for the hundred and one diversions that depend upon the interest and help of several, and are impossible to one child.

Emily is indeed the modern matron. And, like Jane, she is sacrificing herself and her children in the effort to meet that newest of modern demands, that parents and teachers preserve the individuality of the child. It is an order whose value is spoiled by its vagueness. It should, I think, be accompanied by directions for

the process of preserving. The suggestion that parents first catch the individual trait would be a good beginning. This definite direction would start activity, and activity would surely be a happy change for parents. The sight they now display, as they sit helpless and inert, admiring the erratic and useless sprouts the child nature throws out is half-pathetic, half-absurd. Cultivation is neglected in favor of a wilding growth; the wisdom of Solomon is at last denied, and the new, the amazing, is expected. Does Bobby drag mud into the house and slam doors as he goes: he is but manifesting the initiative and force of a future pathfinder. Does Marion quarrel with regrettable readiness: is it not a sign of the artistic temperament? Such crops of thistles are patiently endured by parents in the hope of a profitable harvest. And while they wait, they console themselves for many bruises by recalling the difficult dispositions of genius; of Carlyle or Goethe or more probably of Whistler. If it be claimed that Shakespeare was amiable, and so, too, was Raphael, we are advised to advance nearer the twentieth century. The mediæval period is one that is not to be trusted for dependable models. But look at Whistler. They cannot be deceived in Whistler. He appears in London, and is a law unto himself in dress and in behavior. He wears a queer hat and a coat that reaches to his heels. He invites people to dinner, and keeps them and the dinner waiting while he splashes audibly in his bath. He is a famous law breaker. He does as he pleases, yet at the same time he justifies himself by producing a pure flower of original act. Even at the cost of much discomfort, reflects the American parent, it would be a brave thing to supply another Whistler for a wanting and expectant country.

But how was Whistler educated for his distinguished part? By what system was his mind trained, and yet left free and unrepressed for his future's work? It is strange but true that Whistler instead of being the product of the *laissez faire* and the elective system, was educated in the most exacting school in the world: the military academy at West Point. Consequently, his mind was not left free and unrepressed, but was vigorously cultivated and directed. It was no doubt due to this stern method, that he showed such a deep respect for established law. It was only in matters of dress and in behavior that Whistler was a law unto himself; in art he was obedient and compliant. He advises no exertion toward the new, the undiscovered. He left us those few poetic words of advice which St. Gaudens afterwards chose for his memorial tablet at

West Point (an endorsement that well doubles their worth): "The story of the beautiful is already complete, hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon and brodered with the birds upon the fan of Hokuson." "The story of the beautiful is already complete"—then may Bobbie step softly and close the door gently, for the way to originality is often through a course of obedience.

"The best of originality is not that it be new," says Carlyle. The best of originality is undoubtedly that it be true and brave; and not recklessly brave but thoughtfully, knowingly brave. It is, I think, generally acknowledged that truth can be cultivated in children, but there is some disagreement as to the way to develop bravery. It is commonly said that corporal punishment produces cowards, and we have mercifully eliminated it. But the small boy still holds a vigorous blow in high regard. While yet in infancy, he learns that his courage in giving, his hardihood in withstanding, gives him rank in the world of small boys. He gets his discipline in spite of our effeminate conclusions. It was the beating received from a bully that aroused the ambition of Sir Isaac Newton, and the act of paying the compliment back in the same hardy coin first convinced the great scientist of his own worth and power.

Originality is a sturdy growth, and one that does not require careful nursing. "Under the mouldiest conventions a man of native force prospers just as well as in the newest world," says Emerson, and the life of Goethe, the most original man of the nineteenth century, fittingly illustrates this assertion. Albert Bielschoveski thus describes the system of the elder Goethe: "His systematic, exacting method forced all his children's individualities into one rigid pedagogical mould; he always demanded tangible evidence of utility, and insisted upon a consistency and perseverance thoroughly distasteful to young children." The advocate of the *laissez faire* idea and the elective system will no doubt say that I quote a glorious exception to prove a rule. And yet, is it not true that a goodly part of every distinct individuality is a certain power of resistance? And is it not also true that resistance is developed by opposing pressure rather than by laxity or freedom? It is not a new thought that entire liberty produces a discouraging inertia. The dear sister of Charles Lamb, commenting on the weakening effect prosperity has had upon his passion for old prints, says: "Now you have nothing to do but walk into Coluaghi's and buy a wilderness of Leonardo's. Yet do you?" And in the same way it might be said of the student confronted with the elective system,

now he has liberty to pursue the studies best fitted to his individual development. Yet does he? And does the college to-day yield a larger number of singular and original characters than it did in Emerson's time?

In her very charming and sensible book on the education of little children, the Dotoressa Montessori recommends her method of discipline especially to her American readers, because it is based upon liberty. Turning to the chapter on discipline, I find this: "When the teachers were weary of my observations, they began to allow the children to do whatever they pleased. . . . Then I had to intervene to show with what absolute rigor it is necessary to hinder and, little by little, suppress all those things that we must not do, so that the child may come to discern clearly between good and evil."

American parents are more consistent, but less wise. Not only parents, but educators as well, hold the words "hinder" and "suppress" in deep disfavor. Theirs is indeed a doctrine of liberty and a process of indiscriminate expansion. They provide an education that does not enable the child to discern clearly between good and evil. The result is that he too often mistakes the erratic for the original, the discordant for the sincere. That is the reason the inharmony among Jane's children causes pride. It is assuredly no foundation for maternal hopes. It is but the ugly product of a gaping space, and yet in such a vacancy Jane might plant something beautiful and lasting; a friendship that would supply such happiness and destroy no talents. A generation ago this would be everyday wisdom, but now it is curiously held that cleverness is opposed to goodness. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." But the modern parent wants his sweet maid clever. He has no ambition to produce a female edition of the famous William Dobbin, whose name implies, as Thackeray intended it should, that the character that is sincere and kind (though admirable) is as graceless as a cart horse. However, after giving the good William full credit for all his sturdy virtues, does he excel in sincerity or loving loyalty that gay and quick-witted heroine, Elizabeth Bennett? Here we have a character in which goodness and cleverness are blended in equal measure. Here, too, we have a character as original as was ever created. This famous and favorite child of Miss Austen's genius may be studied with great profit.

What amazingly original thing does she do to earn her high distinction? She hurries across country roads and fields to care

for her sister who is sick at Netherfield. She enters the breakfast room there and stands upright and serene, in her muddy boots and skirts, before the contemptuous eyes of the elegant ladies who lived there. She matches Darcy's pride with her own in a spirit of brilliant impertinence. With touching resignation, she accepts his harsh criticism of her family, because she sees that his words are true. Her intelligence is revealed in flashes of gay talk. But see her when the news of her sister's shameful elopement reaches her. Her proud lover is in the room, but she is wild to be at home to share the shame, to bear the burden. And later, when the family is relieved by news of the necessary marriage, in the chorus that expresses the family satisfaction, is heard one unselfish cry of compassion. It is Elizabeth's voice, which often has been heard in irony and in sarcasm, which now cries: "Wretched as is his character, we are forced to rejoice, O Lydia." Like Whistler, Miss Austen looked for nothing new. From the story of the beautiful in character, she chose such qualities as the loyalty of Ruth, the gaiety and independence of Rosalind, and added the honesty of her own incomparable mind to fashion the most charming and original heroine in English fiction.

We are told that Miss Austen had a rare genius for selection, and this is a point which should interest those parents who, like Emily and Jane, are engaged in developing the original child. For, after all, the trial which life imposes before awarding her prize is often, not a trial of adventure, but the trial which Shakespeare sets for Portia's lover.

"Ah me, the word to choose!" It is the fair Portia herself who apprehensively murmurs these words as she gazes on the hazardous test which shall decide her fate. The word "choose," she feels, is too closely related to chance. But when Bassanio, the soldier and the scholar, stands before the three caskets, chance is sternly eliminated. He has no need for such mysterious aid: a cultivated mind produces the guides for a wise choice; a scholar's wisdom and a scholar's sober taste prompts his scorn of mere ornament; a soldier's courage dares the threat upon the leaden casket which his cautious predecessors have evaded. It is all logical, it is all reasonable, as Shakespeare shows. Bassanio had been trained to choose. And by whom? In the beginning, no doubt, by some quaint Venetian matron who hated evil and loved the good, and who had, at the same time, not the slightest concern or sympathy with the originality of the child.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF PIUS X.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.



JUST a year ago Pius X., in many respects the most striking and attractive figure amongst the Pontiffs of recent times, was called to his reward. A large volume¹ of close on a thousand pages has been published lately, in which the abundant and remarkable legislation of his reign is given *in extenso*. It seems to be both seasonable, and advisable as well, to bring before the general Catholic public some, at least, of the saintly Pope's bold initiations and notable achievements in Church government.

It was a moment as dramatic as any in ecclesiastical history when, late in the evening of August 3, 1903, Cardinal Gruscha rose in the Conclave assembled to elect a successor to Leo XIII., and communicated Austria's veto against Cardinal Rampolla. Till then the great Cardinal had received the majority of votes, but a few more were needed to make the requisite two-thirds. The exercise of Austria's veto brought about the election of Cardinal Sarto, who assumed the name of Pius X. The new Pope was sixty-eight years of age, of humble birth, without any special attainments, but remarkable for his holy life and his success in all the grades of pastoral ministry. Yet he was destined, during the eleven years of his reign, to modify profoundly old customs, and to inaugurate changes which for many decades to come will perpetuate his memory and his name.

On ascending the Papal throne, Pius X. immediately manifested that simplicity and amiability which had characterized him all through life. He was the declared foe of unnecessary ceremony, and he quietly but firmly put aside the extremely rigid etiquette which until then had prevailed at the Vatican. He refused to allow anyone to kiss his foot; he would not permit persons received in private audience to kneel during the interview; he repeatedly invited even simple priests to his table. When it was pointed out to him that the Pope always used to dine alone, he replied, "If Urban VIII. had the right to make that rule, Pius X. has the right to

¹*Jus Pianum*. By A. M. Micheletti. 974 pp. in 4to. Apud Marietti, Augustæ Taurinorum.

abolish it." He dispensed also with various servants and equipages which he did not believe essential. The Swiss guards were reduced in number; out of a large stud of horses only two were retained for his rare drives in the Vatican gardens. "What does an old man need seven cooks for," he asked, "to make him a bowl of soup?" and the *chefs* too had to go. These changes, small in themselves, were very symptomatic of the new pontificate. They showed that the Pope was modern in the best sense of that word, that he was determined to move with the times, and meet all their good impulses more than half-way. They were also realizations in his own home and life of the beautiful words he had made the device of his reign, "To restore all things in Christ." Nor was his preaching every Sunday in the *Cortile di San Damaso* a less striking or less significant innovation. Not since the days of Innocent VI. (1352-1362) had a Pope preached in public; but Pius X. was anxious to give an example in his own person of that fatherly solicitude towards the flock which afterwards he enjoined on all the pastors of the world.

The Holy Father was barely three months reigning when his decree concerning Church music was promulgated, November 22, 1903. Shortly after he ordered a new edition of the Gregorian chant, and again and again in letters to cardinals, bishops, and noted sacred musicians such as Abbé Haberl and Dom Pothier, he showed unmistakably the importance he attached to these liturgical reforms. The Pope looked on Church music as a prayer, meant to aid the faithful and to stimulate their devotion; he was determined to banish from choirs whatever did not tend directly to that end.

With the same object in view, that of increasing fervor and devotion, the Pope modified considerably existing discipline concerning the reception of Holy Communion. He was particularly anxious that children should be admitted to the Holy Table as early as possible; he wished them, and indeed all the faithful, to aim at daily Communion, for he saw in that Divine Food the preserver of childish innocence and the inspirer of youthful ideal; while with regard to the sick he permitted that those who had been ill a month, and did not show signs of speedy recovery, might receive Holy Communion twice a week without fasting if they lived under the same roof with the Blessed Sacrament, and twice a month if the Sacred Host had to be brought to them in their homes. Only those accustomed to pastoral ministry can fully realize what a boon the Pope thereby conferred on the sick. In the case of many diseases,

such as consumption and fevers, it is almost impossible for the patient to remain all night without a drink, and it was extremely difficult to square practice and theory under the old discipline.

A similar benignant idea—namely, to increase devotion but at the same time harmonize old customs to new needs and conditions—presided over the reform of the breviary, perhaps the most far-reaching change inaugurated under the late Pontiff. Another Pius, fifth of the name, reduced the breviary to the form we are accustomed to see. Two centuries later Benedict XIV., the most learned of all the Popes, intended to subject it to a thorough revision, but time and life failed him. It was reserved to Pius X. to take up, and carry to an admirable, devotional, and successful conclusion, this great undertaking. This latest reform of the breviary embraces two distinct parts. The first is a new division of the Psalter into seven separate parts, so that special prayers are appropriated for each day, and all the hundred and fifty Psalms are recited within the course of each week. This new edition of the Psalter accompanied the Bull *Divino Afflatu*, and came into immediate use some three years ago. Another part (not likely to appear for several years yet), projected by the Pope and put into the hands of a commission by him for adequate study and investigation, is a complete revision of the Lives of the Saints contained in the breviary, and of the Missal as well. Here, again, one cannot help remarking the splendid sanity of our late Holy Father, and the wisdom with which he adapted means to ends. The long Sunday offices of Lent and Advent, under which every busy pastor must have groaned times innumerable, were suppressed altogether, and a short office substituted, which can be said with devotion by the ordinary mortal.

Pius X., though no scholar himself, was yet always mindful of the claims of scholarship, and he was careful to group around him men whose varied erudition and culture might shed lustre on the Church. Indeed he fully merits the name of the Papal Justinian, for what the ancient emperor did for the heterogeneous legislation of his vast dominions, Pius has done for the laws of the Church. Had the Pope attempted nothing more than the Codification of Canon Law, that alone would have sufficed to immortalize his reign. On January 19, 1904, he signed the decree *Arduum Sane*, in which he announced his intention of codifying the canons, and he appointed a Board of Cardinals to take the task in hand. As Secretary to this cardinalatial commission he chose the greatest living canonist,

Monsignor Gasparri, then Archbishop of Cæsarea and Secretary to the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, to-day Cardinal Secretary of State to Benedict XV. A few weeks later a circular letter from the Secretary of State (March 25, 1904), announced to the episcopate of the world the project, and gave the names of certain consultors of international reputation. Shortly after, April 6, 1904, Monsignor Gasparri wrote to all Catholic universities, asking the collaboration of their Professors of Canon Law in drawing up the preliminary sketches for the chapters and divisions of the proposed codification. The work has been progressing since; about eighteen months ago portions of it were sent to bishops, and they were asked to make any suggestions or criticisms they might deem advisable. A considerable time must yet elapse before this gigantic task will be completed; but certain specimens have already seen the light, and have even been put into practice. Among these, so to speak, advance excerpts from the future code may be mentioned: the decree *Ne Temere*, August 2, 1907, which prescribed a new discipline in matrimonial procedures; the decree *Maxima Cura*, which laid down new rules for the removal of pastors; the decree *A Remotissima*, December 31, 1909, which modified the dispositions of Benedict XIII. and Benedict XIV. concerning the visits of bishops to the Holy See, and which also laid down new formulas to be followed by the bishop in the official *Relatio* on his diocese; the catalogue of the privileges of Cardinals, which was published December 20, 1911.

The legislation enacted by the late Pontiff concerning the members of religious orders and students at seminaries is extremely abundant. One would say that he was haunted by the preoccupation of making the members of the clergy, both regular and secular, as perfect as possible. Thus a decree of July 16, 1905, obliged every candidate for orders in Rome to pass an examination before the Cardinal-Vicar. In the following year this regulation was extended to all Italy and the adjacent islands. The decree *Ecclesia Christi*, September 7, 1909 (similar to the decree *Vetuit*, December 22, 1905, for seminarians), strictly forbade to receive as novices or to admit to profession persons expelled from religious or lay colleges for misconduct, those who had been dismissed from an order either as novices or professed, and those professed members who had obtained dispensation from their vows. But nowhere is the Pope's zeal for a saintly and self-sacrificing clergy more clearly seen or more earnestly expressed than in his magnificent *Exhortatio*

ad Clerum Catholicum, August 4, 1908. This encyclical letter, published on the fiftieth anniversary of his own ordination, expresses in the clearest manner the aims and ambitions of his whole pontificate. "Our chief desire is to see entirely worthy of their mission, those who have assumed the burden of the priesthood. . . . Consequently, as soon as we were raised to the supreme pastorate, We thought it Our duty to urge Our venerable brothers, the bishops of the Catholic world, to devote all their care to forming Christ in those whose mission it is to form Christ in others. We begin our exhortation, dear sons, by urging on you that sanctity of life which your dignity requires." The Pope, too, was most anxious that the studies of Religious should be thoroughly adequate for the right fulfillment of their duties later. By a declaration of September 7, 1909, he laid down the proficiency novices should have acquired previous to ordination. In a subsequent decree, December 17, 1909, he maintained still more strongly the doctrine of his former declaration; while by the decree *Ad Explorandum*, August 27, 1910, he signified that he did not consider it expedient to neglect study entirely during the period of noviceship. Another notable pronouncement on the religious life is the decree *Sacrosanta Dei Ecclesia*, January 1, 1911, which regulates the solemn profession of lay members of religious orders. Its main provisions are as follows: (1) the length of the postulate is fixed at a minimum period of two years; (2) the noviceship may not commence until the subject is twenty-one, and is to last at least one year; (3) then follows profession with simple vows for six years; (4) only after these many steps may solemn profession be granted, and this too is null unless the subject has completed his thirtieth year.

Many more pages might be filled without completing the catalogue of the holy Pontiff's activities in the various departments of Church government; for instance, his condemnation of modernism; his endeavors to promote the teaching of the Catechism; his reform of the Curia and the Roman Congregations; his removal of Canada and the United States, which until then had been considered "Mission Countries," from the jurisdiction of the Propaganda, and his bringing them under the regular discipline and procedure of the Church; his wise dispositions for the conduct of future conclaves assembled to elect a Pope. But in order not to encroach too much on space, I shall refer to merely one other point, destined to have far-reaching results and too important to be omitted. By the constitution *Commissum Nobis*, January 20, 1904, he utterly and for-

ever abolished the right of veto which (within certain narrow limits) Austria, France, and Spain had been permitted to exercise over Papal elections. Any person presuming to present such veto, even indirectly, was punished by immediate excommunication, the absolution from which was expressly reserved to the future Pope.

From this brief summary, it is evident that Pius X. possessed, to a high degree, the rare gift of prudent government, and consummate skill in the choice of instruments, and the adaptation of means to ends. Not a distinguished writer like Cardinal Capecelatro, not a deep theologian like Cardinal Satolli, not a trained diplomat and elegant scholar like Cardinal Rampolla, still the *ensemble* of his qualities, the balance and equipoise of his mind were most admirable and effective. His spirituality inflamed the piety of all his children; his zeal and independence prompted him to prune away abuses unsparingly, to promote learning and initiative, to direct Catholic activities into new avenues of endeavor.

And just as remarkable as the wisdom of his rule was the beautiful, kindly simplicity of his life. Unspoiled by power, unchanged by elevation, he ever remained a true and tender-hearted pastor. Fond of children and of the poor, enjoying a chat and an amusing story, deeply attached to his old sisters, amidst all the glories of the Vatican, his heart and life were those of a holy old country curé. And what could be more pathetic or self-sacrificing than his refusal to provide for those sisters he loved so well? He would not lay anything aside for them, but he besought his successor to grant them a small monthly pension for their declining years. That little anecdote mirrors perfectly the unworldliness of Pius X., and his trusting, childlike nature; and no doubt, too, but that it will be told in centuries to come to his honor, and will shine resplendent when more showy deeds have long since been buried in oblivion.

THE CAPTAIN'S RING.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.



LE Mammy sitting in state on the cushioned armchair which had been sent down for her use, from the big house to the comfortable cottage that had been built for her by her former master, Mr. Edward Sewall, with a vivid hued turban upon her head, a bright colored dress of striped gingham, and strings of beads about her neck, was not unlike one of those gorgeous peonies that adorned the garden at the back. Mammy had been a slave, and looked back even yet with a mingling of melancholy and a tinge of regret to "dem agonizing slav'ry days," of which she often sang in a voice, once melodious, but now cracked with age. The truth was that she had known little of the horrors of slavery and felt all its compensations, having been passed from one Catholic family to another in early childhood.

She had been now for a term of years the beloved freed slave of the Sewall family, with whose fortunes she had always identified herself. In particular she had attached herself to the sole daughter, now at home, of the present owner of the Sewall homestead, who had been named from some French ancestor, Marguerite. The girl was of a peculiar whiteness of complexion—thrown into relief by chestnut-brown hair—and it showed almost transparent in the light. Mammy who had been her nurse often told with a chuckle how Marguerite, as a child, had stood before her one day, and looking up into the ebony face had inquired earnestly:

"Mammy, I wonder why you are so black?"

"I dunno, chile," the nurse had replied, "excep' de clay got burned in de cookin'!"

Marguerite, much distressed at the suggestion, had exclaimed, "Oh, poor mammy!" Then she had added, thoughtfully, looking down upon her own milk-white hand which lay near that of the negress, "Praps, Mammy, I wasn't done enough."

"Bless de chile!" Ole Mammy used to say, in telling the story, "you is jes' superfine clay."

And superfine clay Marguerite Sewall was. Not only as to her appearance, which remained delicate and fragile despite her excellent health, but in her qualities of mind and heart. She was still quite young when, by the death of her mother, she became the mistress of her father's luxurious mansion, to every department of which she attended with a scrupulous fidelity, that made it the model establishment of the country. She took earnestly to heart the sorrows and joys of the humblest of their dependents, those who lived under her roof, or those who occupied the adjacent cabins. Idolized by the servants and by such of the freed slaves who still lived upon the Sewall estate, she constituted the chief joy of Edward Sewall himself.

Improved and modernized, the dwelling over which Marguerite presided, was one of those which had been built long ago by the first Catholic settlers who had sailed up the Chesapeake, and had brought to the New World, with the Cross, the first complete exemplar not only of religious liberty, but of religious equality for all. Marguerite's great grandfather had been one of those gallant gentlemen who, under the first Lord Baltimore, had fled from religious persecution in the Old World, and after founding "the land of the sanctuary" for the oppressed of all creeds, had lived to become the victim of Puritan intolerance.

Marguerite Sewall's childhood had been nourished upon those tales of Catholic chivalry which forever illustrates the history of Maryland. She was conversant with the story of *The Ark* and *The Dove*, coming up the broad stream to make peaceful negotiation with the Indians for the lands that had been assigned to them by the British sovereign. She had never tired of hearing of Fathers White and Altham, of the intrepid John Lewger, convert and finally priest; and of Father Fitzherbert boldly defending before the persecuting Council his right to preach and teach in the Name of Christ. She knew the names and the particular exploits of each one of those Catholic gentlemen who had resisted, some of them unto death, the aggression of the infamous Coode and his horde of fanatics who, resembling certain unprincipled agitators of the present day, strove with lying stories to subvert that liberty which the Catholics had established. And amongst them all, Marguerite, as a child, had singled out Henry Darnall, who had borne himself so bravely in those struggles of the past, and who had somehow appealed more than all the rest to her imagination. She had procured a picture of her hero, which was still hanging in her room,

and around that handsome head she had woven all sorts of romances.

This preference on her part had been fostered not a little by old Mammy, who had numberless stories to tell about "de ole families," but most of all concerning the Darnalls, who long ago had been masters of the nearest plantation to the Sewalls, from which, in fact, a whole wilderness had separated them, and had been the intimate friends of the latter. It was on that plantation that Mammy had first seen the light. Her parents had been slaves there, and so she had always felt her allegiance to be divided between the two families.

II.

One exquisite summer evening Marguerite had gone down for a chat with Mammy, which she knew to be one of the old woman's chief pleasures. For few were so willing to listen to all that the latter had to tell of the brave days of old. Mammy's armchair had been brought out of doors, that she might enjoy the balmy flower-scented air. Some hundreds of yards distant they could see, as they sat, the river full of memories, stained with the orange and crimson and fiery scarlet of a gorgeous sunset. Up in the trees above some birds were singing the last peaceful notes that heralded the calm of the night. Mammy, inspired by the view of the river, or the beauty of the scene, began to tell of the days, which her mother had remembered well, when ocean ships could sail up to the very shores of the greater plantations. Merchantmen offered their splendid cargo of gold and gems, rich silk from the Orient, preserves and spices, for the inspection of the planters, sometimes making advantageous sales, but their officers always enjoying that hospitality which knew no limits. The freedom of the great houses was theirs, and in return they often bestowed curious or costly presents.

Marguerite was sitting on a low stool at Mammy's side, listening, for the hundredth time, to one of her nurse's favorite stories. With even more than her usual dramatic eloquence, with many a gesture of her ebony arms and a rolling of her eyes, the old woman told how, one day, had come to the Darnall plantation a large brigantine, sailing under an unknown flag, and displaying so wonderful a cargo that it began to be whispered amongst those who had gathered on the beach, and the slaves who hovered about, that

this must surely be one of those pirates whose nefarious doings were just then filling the imagination of men in the colonies of America, and whose ill-gotten gains were procured by robbery upon the high seas, and often by the murder of some vessel's officers and crew. The captain, a bronzed and bearded man, had something wild and fierce in his aspect, or so it seemed to those who had persuaded themselves of his lawless character.

Mr. Darnall, the elder, who was at that time a paralytic, was so impressed by the tales that were carried to his invalid chair, that he departed from the usual procedure of bidding the ship's captain and his officers welcome to the house. He compromised, however, by dispatching one of the slaves with wine and other refreshments upon a silver salver. The captain, as it appeared, fully understood the reason of the planter's departure from ordinary usage. He drank the wine, however, with a loud and scornful laugh at the terror of the negro who offered it, and when he had finished it he threw into the cup, "in payment," he said, "of his reckoning," a priceless ruby, set in a circlet of richly wrought gold. To the master of the house he sent a message, to the effect that in mistaking an honest privateer for a pirate, he had furthermore offended one who had fought at a Darnall's side, against Ingle and his ship, *The Reformation*. When the proprietor heard this he sent for the captain, but the latter, in high dudgeon, sailed away with his brigantine, his wonderful cargo of rich stuffs and of gold and gems from the Orient, and only the ring remained to tell of his presence. That ring had been religiously preserved in the family to the present time.

As Mammy concluded her story with a flourish, a voice, so near as to cause both the old woman and the young to start, cried with a laugh which concealed enthusiasm, "Those must have been jolly, old days, Mammy."

Now while Mammy had talked, the iridescent glow had faded from the surface of the water, a solitary star had come out tremulously, and the pale gold of a crescent moon showed above the tree tops. In this gathering gloom, startled as were the two women by the voice, they were still more alarmed at the glimpse which they caught of its owner. There stood just behind Mammy's chair a tall and slim young man, with peculiarly clear, gray eyes, a smiling mouth, and a carriage of the head which Marguerite at once recognized, not without a cold chill of fear, that seemed momentarily to paralyze her. For here, standing before her, was apparently the

original of her long-cherished portrait. If the dead could come back to life, surely that was Henry Darnall and no other. Mammy who was looking over her shoulder at the apparition, with inarticulate murmurings of terror, was clearly of the same opinion.

Marguerite, who was by nature and training fearless, almost immediately shook off her tremor, and inwardly laughed at the notion, that the gay and gallant youth of her romance, with his satins and laces and curling locks upon his shoulders, could appear thus before her in a suit of gray tweeds, with a tennis cap set jauntily upon his closely-trimmed hair. She glanced at Mammy, and saw that she, too, had been stricken with amazement, almost terror. She was muttering to herself: "Dat certainly am he. Fore de Lawd, dat ain't no oder." Nor did Marguerite realize that the old woman was thinking of her erstwhile master, while her own mistake had gone back a generation farther.

The young man, quite unconscious of what was passing in Mammy's mind, and unaware of her companion's presence, leaned lightly on the back of the old woman's chair. His question, which had been directed to the negress, and his unceremonious interruption of the conversation, had been due to the fact that he presumed Mammy to be merely discoursing to some pickaninny. But now the young mistress of Sewall Hall asserted herself. She rose from the low seat, fair and stately as a lily; her face more transparently white than ever in the faint ray of the early moon as it moved through purple shadows. Her shimmering, white gown fell about her in soft, graceful folds that added to her ethereal appearance. Her eyes were fixed in inquiry upon the young man's face. It was the intruder's turn to be startled, and more than that, to receive an impression which he never lost of a beauty rare and delicate, thrown into relief by the ebony blackness of Mammy's face. There was, too, a distinction of bearing that accorded well with the surroundings, and a hint, likewise, of something that was spiritual above and beyond the things of earth. There was an instant's pause, then the young man's cap was off and he was bowing low, as his prototype of the portrait might have done, with a hasty apology.

"I am sure I beg your pardon for my interruption, but I really could not help listening to the story, and the truth is I only saw old Mammy. I wanted to ask her if I am on the Sewall plantation?"

Marguerite answered that he was, wondering who this could be that had any doubt upon that subject. The young man, still in awe

of her manner and appearance, which suggested that she had stepped out of a frame from some distant century, continued his explanation with some embarrassment:

"The fact is I came over to call upon Mr. Sewall, who is, I understand, my nearest neighbor, as well as an old friend of our family. I am Henry Darnall."

Such a thrill as passed through Marguerite at the mention of that name, and once more the indescribable feeling that the impossible had happened, and that her century-old hero had sprung into life and youth. Her emotion for an instant was almost as great, as though she had been confronted by a veritable renaissance of the original of that portrait which had been the centre of many a girlish dream.

No modern hero could have produced such an impression upon this girl, who had been brought up aloof and distant, and with a singular indifference, to all the young men of her circle, some of whom were quite ready to offer her their attentions. Of course this modern Henry Darnall could not possibly suspect the train of thought that, for a disturbing moment or two, occupied the girl's mind. He was only conscious of the sweetness of the smile with which she received the announcement of his name, and the cordiality of the handshake with which, as Miss Sewall, she welcomed him to the place. It was that same milk-white hand which had been contrasted in childhood with old Mammy's, according to the latter's narrative, and the young man noted that whiteness as it lay for an instant in his own.

Miss Sewall gave him a cordial invitation to accompany her to the house, where her father would be most happy to meet the son of an old friend. Indeed, though she did not say so, hospitality was so much the law of that region, that even an accredited stranger, with the slightest possible claim on their good will, would have been made welcome. Mammy, meanwhile, who had never taken her eyes off the young man's face, kept muttering to herself: "Massa Henry Darnall what give me, when I was a pickaninny, to Miss Anne for her birthday."

And so the bewildered old woman sat, after Marguerite had bidden her an affectionate "good-night," advising her not to stay out much longer, to which the pleasant-voiced young man added a word of farewell. She watched the two walk away together, unconscious of her mistake. The colors of Mammy's turban, her bright hued dress and the beads about her neck had faded: "All

cats look gray by night," says the French proverb. Even the blackness of her ebony skin seemed neutral tinted in the faint light of the young moon and the sparsely sprinkled stars. She stared after the two who had gone, as long as they were in sight, and until the last glimmer of Missa Marguerite's white dress had disappeared amongst the trees. She was pondering deeply, the generations all confused in her mind; for she was remembering vividly how in another evening, long ago, she had watched another Henry Darnall walking home through a plantation with a pretty, white-robed girl, whom in the negress' thoughts she called Miss Anne, and who, disregarding his suit, had married Edward Sewall, the son of her guardian, and had been the mother of Marguerite.

"De good Lawd knows I must be gettin' ole," she said, "and my eyes can't see clear. But ef that ain't Massa Henry Darnall come back again to court the daughter, like he courted the mother, then my wits is clean gone."

That story of human life, carried on with but little variation from generation to generation, with its tangles and its cross purposes, its vicissitudes, gay and tragic, was too much for her old, tired brain. And growing drowsy with the effort, she called for her son to move her chair in, and let her go to bed. Nor did she say anything to him of that disturbing incident.

"For what's de use of talkin' to dem young folks, who didn't know nuthin' about what a moighty fine race dem Darnalls wuz, mos' as fine as de Sewalls."

Her intuition was correct; for the Darnall homestead had been long shut up and neglected. Henry Darnall, the father of this young man, had gone away at the time of Edward Sewall's marriage, and was supposed to be living in England or France. And now in old Mammy's mind was confusion, and she fell asleep thinking that "only de good Lawd knowed ef that warn't a sperrit dey had seen dat night."

Of course up at the Sewall homestead, the visitor was clearing up all the confusion in a plain, straightforward manner. He told how, at his dying father's request, he had come back from the far coasts of Brittany to open up the old manor house, and to take up the old life. He was familiar with Maryland, her history, the names and characteristics of most of her old families, of which his father had unremittingly talked. Sewall Hall, in particular, where his father had played as a boy and visited on the most intimate terms as a young man, was as well known to him almost as though he

himself had played and visited there. It was not, therefore, in the slightest degree surprising that he should soon find himself, as his father had done, on a footing of the easiest and pleasantest intimacy.

Nor is it to be wondered at that fascinated as he had been from the first by Marguerite, from her spirit-like appearance to him before old Mammy's cabin, and after he had seen her as mistress of her father's house, Henry Darnall should very soon ardently desire to see her installed as the mistress of another manor and an adjacent plantation. In the event of such a union, her father would, it is true, sorely miss her, but another daughter was returning that summer from the Visitation Convent at Georgetown to take her sister's place in the household.

Nor did Marguerite offer the faintest opposition to the young man's suit. She, who had been so distant, so unapproachable with other admirers, until it had been commonly believed thereabouts that she would never marry, accepted from the first, as a foregone conclusion, that she should marry this latest Henry Darnall. She had the curious feeling that she had given him her heart in childhood, and that it had been a plighted troth which she was bound to keep. She scarcely asked herself if the handsome, modern young suitor measured up to that ideal which she had formed of her old hero. Probably she took it for granted that he had, and that under similar circumstances, he would comport himself as loyally and as bravely as had done his ancestor. Of one thing she was certain, that his Catholic faith, which had been nourished in that land of unchangeable fidelity, Brittany, was as ardent, as uncompromising as her own. It, in fact, was one of the subjects upon which the newcomer was moved to the greatest enthusiasm, and that in itself went far to win Marguerite's heart.

The young lover had a slightly weird and uncomfortable feeling when he was told the whole story, and it became clear to him that he had been first loved as someone else. The portrait was shown to him, and he was forced to admit a startling resemblance. He heard, with a mixture of pride and amusement, the story, which, of course, was not new to him, of his grandfather's achievements in the fighting line, in defence not only of the Catholic faith, but of civil liberty as well. He was, however, so infatuated with the lovely girl he had chosen, that he would have accepted her on far harder conditions than that he should, in her fancy, at least, always remain slightly subordinated to another.

So it was on another exquisite evening when old Mammy sat out, more resplendent than ever, in her gaudy turban and striped gown, that Marguerite, kneeling beside her, showed the ring which Henry Darnall had placed on her finger in betrothal. It was a jewel of price, with the glow of Oriental mystery in its depths and its setting of richly wrought gold, quaint and curious in the extreme. It was, in fact, the captain's ring. To Marguerite it was doubly precious, because of its traditions. To Mammy it was an object of awe. She glanced timidly at it, while the clear voice of her young mistress exclaimed:

"To think, Mammy, that I should wear on my finger the captain's ring, and that it should be put there by Henry Darnall, whom I have always loved."

"De captain's ring," cried Mammy, her eyes rolling wildly, with something like terror at the sight; "but as for de young gentleman, bless de chile, you only knowed him sence las' June."

"In my mind," said Marguerite, between laughter and solemnity, "the two seem to be one. It is the same Henry whose picture I have had in my room, and whom I have worshipped all those years."

Then the laughter overcame the solemnity and she added: "But I will confess that this Henry is just a little nearer and dearer, and I suppose, in time, he will make me forget that there ever was another."

"He surely will," old Mammy asseverated heartily, "he mos' sartainly will." Then she added thoughtfully: "De curiouesest thing am, dat between dem two Massa Henry's yours and mine, dere was an older one, dat mos' broke his heart, for your own mother."

Tears gathered in Marguerite's soft eyes at that new romance, of which she had never chanced to hear. But Mammy returning to her former theme exhorted: "Don't you make no mistake, honey! Dis am de real Massa Henry. Dat oder ain't nuthin' but a shadow."

Marguerite, chiding her, with a faint touch of resentment, for what seemed like disloyalty to the past, felt the whiteness of her cheek stained by a glow of pleasure, at the voice of Henry Darnall behind her:

"Well, Mammy," it said, "have you forgiven me for not being my own father?"

"An' dis chile hyar," chuckled Mammy, "lubbin' you, Massa Henry, at first sight, 'cause she took you for your grandpa."

THE STORY OF THE TÁIN BO COOLNEY.¹

(Taken from the version made from original MSS. by Mary A. Hutton.)

BY EMILY HICKEY.

The Finding of the Táin.



MARVAWN, the Swineherd-Saint of Erin, laid on the aged poet, Shencawn, to ask the poets of Erin if any of them could relate the Táin Bo Coolney from beginning to end; but none knew it except in fragments, for the book of it had been lost in Latin lands. And Shencawn, again at Marvawn's bidding, went forth to the search for it, with his band of a hundred and fifty poets, and traveled throughout Erin, but in vain. "And they all were weary, gloomy, downcast, and in sorrow."

They begged of the King of Leinster a boat wherein they might sail to Alba, and this being granted, they went over "the white-blossomed sea," and in Alba searched north, south, east and west, and in vain. Sadly they returned "o'er the proud-voiced ocean" to Ath-Clelea (Dublin) "weary, downcast, and in sorrow." There they behold Neev (Saint) Caillin and they go with him to Marvawn, who tells them that none of the living or of the dead can tell the entire story of the Táin except Fergus Son of Roy. By Marvawn's instructions, they send messengers to the chief Saints

¹*The Táin, an Irish Epic Told in English Verse.* By Mary A. Hutton. This book, the result of ten years' careful and ardent labor, is, the author tells us, "an attempt to tell the whole story of the Táin in a complete and artistic form."

It is with the desire to do something to spread the knowledge to which Mrs. Hutton has so materially contributed, the knowledge of the old classical literature of Ireland, in this, the great chief epic of her ancient days, that the present writer, no scholar,

Only a learner,
Swift one or slow one,

ventures to tell something of the treasure so liberally poured out in ancient time.

As an historical study, the knowledge of this poem is extremely valuable, as long ago it was pointed out by a scholar of a past generation to whom much gratitude is owing: the late Professor Eugene O'Curry. For here we find what the manners and customs were in Ireland somewhere about the beginning of the Christian era; here we have the beliefs that influenced the lives; here the extraordinarily high code of chivalry, side by side with what can only be called ferocity; and these exemplified in one and the same person; here, high intellectual life, the valuing of learning and the acquiring of the art of speaking "white words of wisdom." But, as nothing that can claim the title of art or literature is valuable merely in a sense historical or ethnological, or even ethical, we must consider

of Erin to come and keep a fast to God of three days and nights, "That He may send them Fergus to relate The Táin Bo Coolney wholly." So the chief Saints go forth with the aged poet, and at last find the grave of Fergus, and offer prayers and fasting that Fergus may be sent to them.

The Saints, of each of whom we have a delightful description, are seven in number. Then Shencawn calls on Fergus, because of the Saints' supplications to Jesus Christ, to come forth and tell the great old story.

A mighty mist surrounds them and Fergus comes forth from his grave, beautiful as in his prime of manhood, robed as of yore and armed with his great sword of the golden hilts.

The Saints, in their courtesy, will not hear him until he sits the *Táin* in the light of a great poem around whose central personality, Cucullin, the reputed son of Soaaltim and Dectora, sister to King Conor, but in reality begotten of the strain of the great *dae Danann*, the gods of the underworld, there circles beauty and strength, patriotism, loyalty in friendship and in love, gladness and sorrow. In various of the other characters also are to be found that greatness which is the soul of the epos; that nobility along which we look for the outpouring of its strains.

The word *Táin* means raid, a cattle-driver or foray. In olden days there was in Ireland many a *táin*, for cattle were the principal possession of the chiefs, and the most necessary to own. The power of a chief, as far as possession went, depended on the amount of live-stock that he owned. The land belonged to the tribe, and any man who chose might have "a piece of bog, a piece of arable land, and a piece of wood," which he paid for by service or tribute to his chief; but it was not his to sell or to alienate. Cattle, utensils, clothing and ornaments, were personal possessions. The great necessity, both in peace and war, was to have or to gain possession of flocks and herds, and in war the need would, of course, be far greater than in peace. Hence, as Miss Eleanor Hull says in her admirable *Text-book of Irish Literature*, "Every great war was preceded by a series of cattle-raids, which were designed to collect kine and other live-stock to serve as provisions for the army, and many lengthy campaigns consisted either entirely or for the main part not of a series of battles, but of a series of excursions into the enemy's country, accompanied by the burning of villages, and the carrying off of heads of cattle. To harry for 'wives and kine' was part of the employment of a gentleman." Many as these raids were, however, the Raid of the Brown Bull, the *Donn of Coolney*, is not on a level with any of them. To quote again from Miss Hull: "But in the Epic of Ireland the common topic of a cattle-drive is lifted far above the level of a tribal or a local episode; it takes the form of a mythological warfare, in which gods and god-like heroes alike struggle for mastery. We feel, as we read it, that we are in the presence of ideas that have for the creators of the story a meaning and significance far beyond the actual significance of the events recorded. Though it has its origin in conditions of life familiar to the nation, it is not as a cattle-raid, pure and simple, that we are expected to regard it." And indeed, we are not dealing here with simple conditions of primitive life, but with large utterance, behind which there is an utterance larger still, an utterance which he that hath ears to hear let him hear.

The phonetic spelling adopted by Mrs. Hutton is here used throughout, the usual Middle Irish forms being given in the list appended. I have, however, left the *n* in Coolney, (Cualgne), Mrs. Hutton's *Cooley*, on the authority of another Irish scholar.

Táin is pronounced *Tahn*.

down, for his own courtesy bids him to stand before them: and there, mist-enfolded, the warrior come from the grave, teaches them the history of the Táin as it had been acted in the old days, "Before Neev Patrick brought the faith to Erin."²

The recovered Táin was written by Neev Kieran on "the wonder-working hide of his dun cow," of which he made a noble book that the history "might so be known in after-days in Erin."

I.

Of the rivalry between Maev and Al-yill.—Of the great Bulls of Connaught and of Ulster and their transmigrations.—Of the refusal of Dawra to lend the Donn as Maev had asked.—Of her resolve to begin the foray.

We find as the opening of the Táin Story, what is known as the "bolster-conversation" between Maev, Queen of Connaught, and her husband, Al-yill. It is a true word, says Al-yill to his wife, that it is a good thing to be the wife of a strong man. Maev assents, but asks why he cites the word. He thinks she is in every way better than on the day he came and took her. Not so, says Maev, she was right well in power, strength and riches, before that day; she was not, as her husband says, busied with woman's work, while great prey and spoils were being borne off from her. This assertion of his is strongly denied by Maev, who asserts herself as the noblest and most distinguished of the High-King of Erin's six choice daughters; the noblest in the bestowing of gifts (all through the poem, as in other great early epics, this love of giving is a prominent feature in those accounted great), the strongest in hard battle. When sought again in marriage after the death of her husband, King Tinny—she makes no mention of her relations with Conor—she was sought in marriage, but was hard to please, asking a wondrous bride-price, namely, that her husband must be as open-handed as she herself, like her devoid of fear, and also devoid of jealousy. These conditions she had found fulfilled by Al-yill, who was beautiful in his youth and strength in war, but not strong enough ever to overcome her, or rule her while they lived. She throws at him the taunt that he is a man upon a woman's maintenance, which he indignantly denies; but she cannot be satisfied

²Miss Hutton uses for the most part the later version, found in the *Book of Leinster*. The earlier *Book of the Brown Bull* gives a different account of the Finding of the Táin. We remember Ferguson's splendid use of this rendering in his *Quest of the Táin*.

until it is proved that the worth of her possessions is more than that of her husband's, an assertion of hers which Al-yill stoutly denies. The matter is put to the test, and the treasures of each of them are brought forth for comparison. The "humble treasures," wooden drinking-mugs, two-eared vats, cruses, and iron vessels, washing-troughs and tubs, come first; then the glorious ornaments "radiant work of skillful goldsmiths," "and their apparel purple, blue and green, yellow and black and striped and tawney-gray." All these things are found of equal value on each side. Then come the great sheep flocks, the herds of horses, and the immense droves of swine: all equal in value as possessed by the king and the queen, respectively. The inequality was to be revealed at last for, over the droves of kine, in number and value alike for king and queen, there reigned, on the king's side, a magnificent bull having a white head and white hooves, a triple mane white as snow, and white horns which the Connaught men had tipped with far-shining gold.

This was Findbenna, the "white-horned," calved by a cow of Maev's herds, but gone over to the herds of the king because "he had held it not famous nor illustrious to abide on woman's maintenance."

Nothing of all her possessions now seemed to Maev worth anything; and MacRoth, the queen's messenger, was commanded to find out whether anywhere in Erin there might be a bull equal to the Findbenna, who reigned over Al-yill's herds. MacRoth knows of one, the great Donn of Coolney, in the Ulster Fifth³ of which Dawra is the owner. MacRoth tells Maev of the splendor of this bull, brown-black, with a dark mane and wide red eyes. His high horns are decked with gold. He is of immense strength, impetuous, vehement, swift, courageous. He has the lion's rage, the sea-beast's ardor, the blow of the plunderer, the onset of the wood-bear. He is the sire of immense herds. He can shelter a hundred warriors from heat or cold beneath his far-spreading shade. "Fifty young lads perform their childish games.....on his long level back." His presence obliges ill spirits who would approach his abiding-place to keep far off. "When he fares home to his own *liss* and shelter," the sound of his loud, deep, sweet cranndord (lowing) fills the men of Coolney with music and gladness.

Here perhaps it is worth while to note the stream of description which the old Irish poets delight in pouring forth. Their hyperbole runs here and elsewhere more than easily into wild exaggeration;

³Ireland had five provinces.

and yet there is a force underlying this exaggeration, and it gives the impression of strength and greatness. It is interesting to notice the using of the opposite extreme of Greek and Norse poets; the expression of perfection by defect, as in the blind goddess of justice and the one-eyed Odin.⁴

When MacRoth has finished his description, a Druid "of might and knowledge" who has been standing near, tells Maev the story of the bulls; a story absolutely necessary for the understanding of this cattle-foray, this *Táin* above *Táins*. The bulls, the Findbenna, the white-horned of Connaught, and the Donn, the Brown one of Ulster, are no ordinary bulls, but great forms, the last transmigrations of spirits once enclosed in human shape. At the first, they were two swineherds, herding on two Danann kings. The Danann were the old god-race, who, passing from the everyday world, yet played an important part, as is seen in this poem. Cucullin, the hero of the epic, is of their strain through his father, the great Lugh; and their influence is prominent very often all through the *Táin*.

These swineherds were in perpetual contention, each striving to cast thin-withering spells on the swine of the other until their kings deprived them of their charge. Then they straightway became ravens, whom men could hear in loud hoarse clamor contending at the *Sheemounds*. After this they were huge sea-beasts, dwelling in Suir and Shannon, and again contending. Once more, in human shape, they fought three days and nights; then as two fighting stags, and then as towering phantoms, in watching whose flight men died for dread. Dragons they became, and even little water-worms. Lastly they became bulls, whose meeting in night-lasting, man-appalling combat was decreed by Destiny, as the Druid knew, though he did not know which of them was decreed the victor.

MacRoth is sent to Ulster to borrow the bull for a year, with the promise of a large reward to the owner, in addition to the price of the loan.

MacRoth departs on his mission. On the same day there return from Ulster spies of Maev's who bring her their reports; and Maev tells her daughter, Findabair, that, from what these have told her, she knows that this is the time for the long-prepared-for hosting into Ulster, for now no ill is likely to befall the Connaught invaders.

What is the reason, Findabair asks, of the "marvelous hatred"

⁴In the description of the Donn of Coolney many epithets have here been omitted.

borne by Maev to Ulster? Maev tells her daughter the story of a great and heavy wrong wrought her by Conor, and the arousing in her breast of a great thirst for vengeance, never to be quenched until she should see "red-sworded Conor pale in his death before" her. She knows the bull will be refused, and this will give occasion for the great hosting long prepared to trouble Ulster.

Maev's messenger and his retinue are welcomed in Coolney by the owner of the Donn, and Maev's proposals accepted; but the boast, among the inferiors of the mission, that had the Bull not been yielded he would have been taken, is overheard, and exaggerated in its repetition to Dawra. Dawra's anger is roused, and he wrathfully refuses to lend the Bull. Maev prepares to begin the foray, swearing that the Brown Bull shall be brought to Croohan when Ulster and Crithney are laid waste, and the Ulster women and children are made captives, and the high-fortified green mounds are levelled down.

II.

Of the Kesh of Ulster.—Of Fergus MacRoy and the exile of him, and the love of him for Cucullin, his foster son.—Of the gathering of the Four Fifths of Erin.—Of the finding of tokens of Cucullin, the Hound of Ulster.

The time at which the hosting against Ulster is undertaken marks in Maev a grave lack of that chivalry which we find elsewhere, most notably in Cucullin, the Ulster champion: for this is the time at which the Ulster warriors are lying under the spell of the *Kesh*, the curse of Maha, the victim of merciless cruelty on the part of the Ulstermen. The *Kesh* (*cess*) was "a curse of torment and of pain and weakness," as the pain and weakness of a travailing woman; a curse that for nine generations should descend on the Ulstermen at the time of the greatest need of their prowess. None were to be exempt therefrom except women and children, "and him who should be named Cucullin." It is because of this *Kesh*, under which the Ulstermen, with Conor their king, are lying, that Cucullin comes forward, as a single-handed champion, against the hosts of Maev and her allies. All the Four Fifths of Erin are combined against the Ulster Fifth.

With Maev is joined Fergus MacRoy, the great warrior, once king of Ulster, and wrongfully dispossessed of his kingship by Conor, whom yet he held in reverence and to whom he rendered loyal service.

But he was made to suffer a shameful wrong by this king. His plighted word was broken through Conor's treacherous plan of detaining him and preventing him from guarding Daerdra and the sons of Usna to Avvin Maha, as he had bound himself to do. His honor was outraged by the treacherous assault upon those whom he was pledged to guard, and their murder, at Conor's instance, before they could reach his court. The story is one of the three great sorrows of Irish story-telling. It has been beautifully told by Dr. Joyce and others.

Here it is put into the mouth of the aged woman-poet, Lowercam, who had loved and tended Daerdra. She tells it while the hosts of Maev are waiting for their allies. It is told by Maev's desire, to kindle fresh wrath against Conor in the breast of Fergus.

After the recital of this story, Maev finds Fergus standing on the Great Mound with his face toward Ulster, the Ulster that is his own country, and which he loves with a passion never to be extinguished. It is in this intensity of love for kith and kin, struggling in the exile's breast with his wrathful indignation and thirst for revenge, and in the end gaining the victory, that there lies a great dramatic as well as ethical interest.

So ill has Conor used Fergus that two of his own sons have taken the part of the wronged man, and dwell, as he does, with Maev of Connaught. Before the exiles had come to the Queen's country they had given red battle to the household of Conor: they had put a fringe of fire round Avvin, to burn it, and then gone forth in their rage and wrath with all their folk unopposed by the Ulstermen. "And yet.....though thus they put their own dear land behind them, they could not put behind them their heart love for Ulster."

The great gathering of the clans is told of; the assembling of the Four Fifths of Erin. Maev gives way for a little time to her feelings of doubt, uncertainty and trouble. Her soliloquy may be compared with that of Henry V. before Agincourt. She reflects on the multitudes who to-day are parting from kindred and beloved ones, from territory and heritage, from father and mother. She dreads the groans and sighs and curses they will strike upon her if they do not return whole and unharmed. She has no true certainty of success or even of escape from dark death or capture with shame and wrong and insult.

She goes to her Druid to "ask for prophecy and knowledge." She would know "whether we, at least, ourselves, in safety from

this hosting shall return." The Druid heartens her by telling her how Conor, with all the Ulster chiefs and kings, lies in torment and weakness through the curse of Maha. He tells her the story of the hideous cruelty shown to Maha, a tale already known to Maev. He also says that whoever may or may not return, she herself will come back. Returning from seeing the Druid, Maev meets Fedalma, the prophetess, who, in answer to Maev's questions as to the fate of her great hosts, persists in telling her that she sees them red, crimson-red. In her vision Fedalma sees the great doer of great deeds, the young and fair champion, beautiful in mind and body, who observes toward women courtesy and modesty; Cucullin of Moy Mweerhevna, through whom the invading hosts will all be very red.

Cucullin is the foster son of Fergus, and between these two there is a mighty love, a love that, in the end, is the means of turning the battle-tide completely against Maev. Fergus is appointed leader of the united invading troops; the memory of his great wrongs and his desire for vengeance fitting him specially, it is supposed, for this office in the war against Ulster. But, as he leads the troops eastward, there falls on him "his fervent love for his own land." He knows "each renowned old doon" of her. Men of fame, now retired from war "in resting-houses of old age," "had been his fosterers;" and men famous in battle-breaking had been his comrades, his foster brothers near and dear. Eager striplings in the freshness of their youth had been his foster children: and the thought of one foster son was more than all in his mind. Because of this his love for Cucullin, he sent private warnings to Ulster, and also led the hosts by courses long and devious. This could not but be seen by Maev and Al-yill, and Maev challenged Fergus and reproached him. He warned her to fear the Slaughter-Hound who would spring at her; and, despite her reproaches, threw up the leadership.

When they come to the boundary pillar-stone of Ulster, they find traces of the grazing of horses, and they find also a withe made of a twisted oakling, with an inscription thereon in ogam. The ogam, as the Druids read, tells how the withe signifies "a delay of chieftains," and "misfortunes unto fighters." It was flung, they say, by one man who used one hand only, one eye, one foot, in felling the sapling oak and twisting it into a withe. It was *gass*⁵

⁵A magical prohibition, magically imposed and, if disregarded, involving magical penalties. It answered to a *taboo*. The laying on of a *gass* appears to have been a powerful as well as a dangerous weapon.

to all the hosts to pass the stone without encamping there one night, unless one of their men could make a similar withe, under similiar conditions, Fergus being especially forbidden to make it. Warned by the ogam, the hosts go southward into the forest, instead of proceeding on their way, and spend a bitter night under a heavy fall of snow, next day crossing the boundary and passing into Ulster.

Two of Maev's folk, Inn-yell and Err, ride forward, each hoping that he may find and slay the warrior who has flung the withe, and so gain much praise and fame. Their chariots return to the hosts, bearing the headless bodies of them and of their charioteers.

The invaders, thinking that a great host must be there, send forward Cormac, a son of Conor, who with his brother, Feeaha, had left Ulster with Fergus and three thousand men. Surely, they said, the Ultonians would never slay the son of their king. But, in reaching the ford, only a four-pronged shaft was found, each point holding a severed head: beyond the ford were a chariot's ruts and the hoof-marks of its two steeds. Maev's Druid reads the ogam on the shaft which proclaims its having been set by one man who had used one hand only to cut it with one sword-snap, and to cast it, by the length of its two-thirds, into the earth. Gass was laid on the men of Erin to reach the ford's middle before one man of them, using one hand only, had drawn it out of its bed. It was Fergus, who, under this condition, drew it up. *Bothies* were made, and fires kindled, and Maev made the circuit of the camp, exulting in the knowledge that it was within the Ulster bounds. The three great musicians played on their harps. They played in turn "the mournful Goltree, the deep weeping-song;" "the merry Gantree, the fresh laughing-song," and "the Sooantree, the low, sweet sleeping song." At the sound of the first, twelve men died of grief: and at the sound of the second, men were full of laughter and delight: and when the third sounded forth a sleep of soothing descended on the over-weary men.

III.

Of the praising by Fergus and Faerdeeah of Cucullin, and the telling of his youth and his training and his many marvelous feats, and his wooing of Emer.—Of the feats of Cucullin in single combat on the Táin.

But the great chieftains stayed awake and spoke together in the wide tent of Al-yill. Then Al-yill made guesses as to who it was that brought death to the four who had ever gone in the van.

And the guesses he made were vain, by the showing of Fergus. And Fergus, asked who it might be, said that he knew not, unless, indeed, it might be the little lad, his fosterling and Conor's, Cucullin of the Forge. And as they sat in the tent and feasted pleasantly and drank the sweet, enlivening wine of Croohan, Fergus began to praise passionately and glorify Cucullin, his foster son, whom none could equal in all illustrious qualities. And, at Al-yill's asking, Fergus tells of the wonderful deeds of Cucullin, while he was yet a child; and Cormac and Feeaha, the sons of Conor, in turn take up the tale of the olden, happy days.

We have thus the wonderful story of Cucullin's early youth; how he came to the court of Conor, his mother's brother, the Conor of whom Fergus said that though the king had dealt him a most grievous wrong and a most grievous insult, he averred that not in noble Erin, nor in Alba, was there another hero-king the like of wise red-sworded Conor. Cucullin's mother was a mortal lady, the sister of Conor the king, and her husband, Soaaltim, was the hero's reputed father: but his true father was of the gods, the great *dae Danann*. The lad's championship was told of; his marvelous skill at the sports; his winning of the name of Cucullin, the Hound of Cullan, instead of his name Setanta; his taking of arms on the day on which whosoever should take arms was destined to win great fame and glory, albeit the life of him should be but a short one; his wonderful feats and victories; his going forth from Avvin Maha armed, while yet a child, and his return with the severed heads of his foes upon his chariot, and, fluttering above it, the wild white geese caught by the lad, and, bound behind it, the swift, stalwart stag which he had captured.⁶

Faerdeeah, a young, choice warrior of the men of Domnann, tells of the training of Cucullin by Scawtha, the great woman warrior of the East, who likewise had trained himself in feats of arms. He tells also of the mighty friendship between them; of Cucullin's gallant wooing of Emer; of the prophecy of Scawtha that it was in Destiny that either Cucullin should fall by Faerdeeah or else Faerdeeah by Cucullin; of which prophecy Faerdeeah says: "It were a thing not possible; for this I say to you: A dearer, truer friend I never found than was Cucullin, son of Dectora. Oh, he was half my heart, and I to him was half his heart." He goes on to say that if the Hound were slain by his sword, that sword should indeed be thrust through his own side; and if any folk should come

⁶The story of Cucullin's childhood has been beautifully told by Stondish O'Grady.

between them and incite Faerdeeah to slay Cucullin, he would turn in his fury against that folk and slay them with his strong hand.

At the beginning of Faerdeeah's story there is a fine description of Conor's house.

.....That king's house,
 The long Creev Roe of Conor, was designed
 After the likeness of the Meadhall House
 In Tara. Nine score feet and fifteen feet
 Its length from door to door; and it is built
 Of fitted planks of rich, red yew, and roofed
 With planks of yew thatched o'er with lapping shingles.
 Inside the house from fire-hearth unto wall
 There are nine imdas;⁷ and of these each pillar
 Of bronze has thrice ten feet in height, and each
 Partition is of rich, red boards of yew.
 Within the chief place of that house is placed
 The imda of Conor; and round about it stand
 Pillars of bronze with silvern capitals;
 And on each capital a bird of gold
 Perches; and flashing gems of carbuncle
 They are, which serve for the birds' eyes; and so
 These flash that in that house the day and night
 Seem of like brightness. A tall, narrow band
 Of silver reaches from above the king
 Up toward the roof-tree of the kingly house.
 And what time Conor with his royal hand
 Strikes the resounding silver, all the men
 Of Ulster become silent.

Here is the description of Cucullin:

.....In feats and in swift skill
 He went beyond all others of his time;
 And greatly did the Ulster women love him
 For his swift skill and for his nimble leap,
 For his sweet utterance, and for the beauty
 Of his fresh face, and for his ardent looks,
 And for his wisdom. Many were his gifts;
 For—saving when his battle-rage flamed high—
 He had the gift of wisdom and of reason:
 He had a wondrous gift for feats of skill;
 He had a gift for booanbac and feehill;⁸
 He had the gift of estimating numbers;
 He had the Druid's gift of prophecy;

⁷Sleeping compartments.

⁸Games.

He had the gift of shape in face and form.
 Three faults alone he had. He was too young;
 And older warriors hailing from strange lands
 Would taunt him for his ungrown beard. Besides,
 He was too daring and too beautiful.

And here, in brief, that of Emer, the wealthy brewy's (land-owner's) daughter, whom alone Cucullin would woo, and win after much trial and bitter hardship.

For she had the six gifts: the gift of beauty,
 The gift of a sweet voice, the gift of utterance,
 The gift of needlework, the gift of wisdom,
 The gift of chastity.

There is a beautiful picture of the coming of the lover, in his chariot of fine white wood and woven osiers, drawn by the two great steeds, the gray and the black, which he had tamed; coming in all the glory of youth and fairness, the fairness of intellectual beauty and strength, as well as of bodily perfection. With words that veil to all except the maiden, whose gift is wisdom, the deep meaning which they bear, Cucullin tells Emer whence he has come, and greets her: and to his asking she replies in noble and stately guise; she not being of those who would, unsought, be won. He who wins her must be doer of great deeds; and such will Cucullin be. Each to the other is pledged, and is true, in equal bonds of love and chastity; each refusing all other love.

Henceforth come the warrior-deeds of Cucullin, his encounters in single combat with great chiefs in his keeping of the ford, while the other Ulstermen are as yet under the *Kesh*. At one time "breaking the faith of men," six warriors together come against Cucullin; but the peerless warrior cannot be overcome.

Cucullin's encounter with the More-reega, one of the fearsome triad of war-goddesses, who have the power of changing the woman-shape to that of a carrion bird, is the encounter of preternatural with preternatural, Cucullin being the son of the god Lugh. The war-goddess vows to injure him when he is in combat with one like himself in skill; and Cucullin swears to injure her in return. Both of them keep their word.

"The quick mountain-streams of Coolney" and the torrents and waters of his country are invoked by Cucullin to fight for him; and the river rises and fights against the Four Fifths of Erin, hindering their passage over Glass Crond as it sweeps many of their chariots down its rapid-waved mouth to be whelmed in the sea.

Fire and ravage follow Maev's inroad, despite Cucullin's marvelous, single-handed attack, his sling-staff bringing death to many a one; and Maev gathers in spoil women and boys and girls and cattle.

The great Donn of Coolney, driven forth in triumph and brought to Maev's camp with sixty of his heifers, attacks the camp, and kills many men, going from them straight, whither no man knew.

Maev at last offers terms to Cucullin, whose dread sling is hurled all night against the camp. The terms offered are rejected, and the dubbing of Conor by Maev as a "minor lord," whose service would less advantage than her own, came to be considered "as the saying most mirth-producing, droll, and laughable that e'er was spoken on the Táin." While rejecting Maev's terms, Cucullin asks that Fergus may meet him at early dawn. Maev repeats her offer: complete indemnity for all of his that had been spoiled or taken; a never-ending feast in Croohan, if he will leave Conor and come to serve Al-yill and herself. This is proudly refused: and the death-bearing sling shall not cease being hurled unless all the Ulster women captives and all the Ulster cattle are restored. For all are his who is keeping for them watch and ward.

Maev goes back with Fergus to the camp: gradually, other terms, more and more favorable, are offered and refused. Cucullin's own terms are that every day a man shall meet him at the ford, and while the combat between them is in progress the hosts may move on; but the man once slain, the hosts to keep within their camp until the next day. The object of this is, as Fergus points out to Maev and Al-yill, to keep the united invading army from moving on until the Ultonians rise from their *Kesh*, muster their hosts "and grind you to the sand and earth and gravel." Maev, however, accepts the terms, certain that the "slight, unbearded youth" will be slain by one of her battle-champions.

Fergus goes to bear the contract with securities and warranties enough for the binding of both sides to keep the terms. He is accompanied by Edarcool, a brisk, gay, insolent, arrogant lad, Edarcool, who desires to see Cucullin, and is warned against showing him scorning or disesteem. The meeting of Cucullin and Fergus is full of the beauty of affection, natural and chivalrous. When Fergus leaped from his chariot, "Speak," said he, "art thou true and trusty towards me?"

"Trusty and true I am," Cucullin said, "O dear and welcome, ever-welcome guest!"

He promises Fergus gifts from the bird-flock and the salmon, and drink from the sand-pools, and green river-cress and sweet sea-herbs—and, if Fergus must fight a combat, Cucullin's self will go to meet the foeman, while Laeg, his charioteer, stays to keep watch over the slumber of Fergus.

“ Well do I know, beloved fosterling,”
Said Fergus, “ how it stands with thee, and how
These means are all the best thou canst command
For entertainment of a welcome guest
Now in this Táin.”

But Fergus must deliver his message, accepting the single combat day by day; and as soon as Cucullin binds himself to this, Fergus returns, lest the men of Erin should think he had deceived them “and left them for his fosterling and pupil.”

Edarcool, the silly, scornful lad, remains to insult Cucullin and to insist on a combat with him. Cucullin makes marvelous strokes that place Edarcool on the very extreme edge of death-danger, sparing him the slightest injury. Three warnings he thus gives him but in vain, for the lad will not be warned; and so his delayed death comes to him.

Combat after combat is fought by Cucullin. The fight with Nathcrantil is full of humor: the “prowess-full man” not thinking it worth while to carry his weapons down to the pool, but taking nine little spits of holly, which he hurls at Cucullin. The champion, uninjured, leaps lightly from spit to spit. A flock of birds comes by and Cucullin, bird-like, goes after them to get his share of food, for all he had to eat was fish and birds and the flesh of the deer. Nathcrantil mistakes this for flight in defeat, and returns to boast of having made Cucullin flee. That anyone should make such a boast was like a death-wound to Fergus, and he sends a message of reproach to Cucullin for having fled before Nathcrantil. Cucullin's reply is that he never harms charioteers or messengers or unarmed folk, and that the man had no arms but little wooden spits. If he comes armed to-morrow he will find Cucullin ready and verily not fleeing before him. He gives Nathcrantil his death-wound by the cast of his spear, and is acknowledged by him as the best war-champion in Erin. Nathcrantil asks leave to go and tell his sons where his riches are hidden, pledging himself to come again to die when Cucullin's spear is drawn from his head. Cucullin trusts him: he keeps his word, and the next day the combat is finished.

Faerbay, his fellow-learner, brother-in-arms and comrade, comes against him. They both had been under the teaching of Scawtha, whose pupils were leagued together in closest friendship. Maev had found a weapon to smite asunder the bonds of chivalry and love in the attractions of her daughter, Findabair, who, by her mother's instructions, poured out the royal wine of Croohan and kissed the goblet for the champion she sought to win from his faith. Faerbay, seduced by this princess, comes to put away his league and his sword-friendship with Cucullin; Cucullin in his rage at Faerbay's resolve to refuse the combat moves off from him, treading sharply on a holly shoot which pierced his foot sole. He drags it out and shouts to Faerbay not to go until he has seen what Cucullin has found. "Throw it," said Faerbay, and Cucullin, not caring whether it reached Faerbay or not, threw the sharp spike backward over his shoulder, and it struck Faerbay and killed him. His death was as ignoble as his breaking of comrade-bond.

The laws of chivalry are broken by Maev, for, while waiting for the seven days which the great champion, Lok, puts between him and the avenging of his brother, Long, whom Cucullin has slain, a party of night hunters goes forth night by night, twos, fours, sevens, tens, and eight, all slain by the Ulster Hound. In the combat with Lok, the most important hitherto, the More-reega fulfills her threat of fighting against Cucullin. In the shape of an eel she coils herself around his feet, and though he rises from his fall and strikes the eel, breaking his ribs, Lok has dealt a blow that reddens all the stream with Cucullin's blood. Again, in the shape of a starved she-wolf, she chases cattle toward the ford to overwhelm him. He strikes her eye with a stone, and turns the cattle toward the hills. Once more she comes, in the shape of a red, hornless heifer leading a hundred of her kin to overwhelm him. His stone strikes one of her hind legs, it breaks, and she vanishes. Later on she wins her healing from Cucullin by craft. Lok has had time to deal Cucullin a second blow, and now for the first time he calls for the dread *Gae Bulg*, the spear given him by Scawtha, whose use brought death. It was used now because of the tough hornskin armor worn by Lok. One warrior-boon Lok asks, even that Cucullin should go one pace backward, so that he may not fall backward but forward, and the men of Erin be unable to say of him that he fell in flight. The boon is granted, Lok falling forward, encompassed by the dark mists of death.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SISTER GREGORIA, TO A BIRD AT SUNSET,
SEVILLE, 1686.

(Adapted from the "*Pajarillo*" of the Venerable Madre Sor Gregoria Francisca
de Santa Teresa: nat. 1653; obit. 1736.)

BY THOMAS WALSH.

ENVYING a little bird
His flight to heaven, my heart is stirred,
So hardy is the wing he finds
To breast the banter of the winds,
So lightly pulsing doth he fare
Enamored of the sunset there.
Would I were with thee in thy flight,
Fair plaything of the breeze, to-night,
And from thy heart such impulse know
As speeds thy steadfast pinions so!
For of the Sun Supreme am I
A love-delirious butterfly;
By tender dawns I sip—but claim
The blossom of that Noontide Flame.
Unto thy heart yon crimson tryst
Of sunset glory hath sufficed;
Thy Spirit, glad and free of care,
Doth to its golden lattice fare;
But I who, knowing, love and pine
For One that is the Sphere Divine,
Of griefs my only wings can make,
And flights alone on sighings take.
Do thou, far bird, on tireless wing
Beyond the heavenly archway spring,
And breasting higher, higher, bear
This message of my fond despair:—
To say that all my heart and soul
Aglow have passed beyond control;
Annulled unto my limbs, that I
Live hanging on a single sigh.
Yet when, of visionings distraught,
My soul would seize the raptured thought
To mount away to its delight,
It finds no stirrup for the flight.

ROSWITHA THE NUN.

(A TENTH-CENTURY DRAMATIST.)

BY N. F. DEGIDON.



THE Middle Ages conjure up in the mind of the skeptic and worldling lurid pictures of a big army of women hidden in life-long misery behind the gray walls of convents, when not actually forming a part of the same walls in the grim horrors of death. It is, therefore, more than refreshing to come across a book¹ wherein a broad-minded woman has painted the lives of six mediæval women—two of whom were cloistered nuns—and striking on to a road that has not often been trodden, has had no fears in giving a full picture of the interesting lives of these women, their usefulness as part of a great whole, the intellectual pursuits followed by them, etc. In the volume the place of honor is given to a tenth-century poetess and dramatist wearing the garb of, and living under the rule of, a Benedictine nun. This highly-gifted woman—Roswitha by name—was born in the early part of the tenth century. Tradition connects her with the royal house of Germany when the enlightened Otho the Great reigned. At an early age she entered the convent of Gandersheim in the Hartz Mountains, a house founded in the ninth century by Liudolf, Duke of Saxony, and important enough to entitle its abbess to a seat in the imperial diet. The miraculous foundation of this convent, told in the words of Roswitha herself, runs as follows:

At that time, there was nigh unto the monastery a little wood encircled by shady hills. And there was, moreover, in the wood, a small farm where the swineherds of Liudolf were wont to dwell, and within the enclosure of which the men, during the hours of night, composed to rest their weary bodies until the time when they must needs drive forth to pasture the pigs committed to their care. Here on a time, two days before the Feast of All Saints, these same herdsmen, in the

¹*Of Six Mediæval Women.* By Alice Kemp Welch. New York: The Macmillan Co.

darkness of the night, saw full many bright lights glow in the wood. And they were astonished at the sight, and marveled what could be the purport of this strange vision of blazing light cleaving the darkness of the night with its wondrous brilliance. And all trembling with fear, they related unto their master that which they had seen, showing unto him the place which had been illumined by the light. And he, desiring by very sight thereof to put to proof that which he had heard tell, joined them without the building and began the following night, without sleeping, to keep watch. And after a while he saw the kindling lights, more in number than afore, once again burn with a red glow, in the same place, forsooth, but at an hour somewhat earlier. And this glad sign of happy omen he made known so soon as Phoebus shed his first rays from the sky, and the joyous news spread everywhere. And this could not be kept back from the worthy Duke Liudolf, but swifter than speech did it come to his ears. And he, carefully observing on the hallowed eve of the approaching festival whether, perchance, some further like heavenly vision would clearly show it to be an omen, with much company, kept watch on the wood all night long. And straightway when black night had covered the land with darkness everywhere throughout the wooded valley in which the very noble temple was destined to be built, many lights were perceived, the which, with the shining splendor of their exceeding brightness, cleft asunder the shades of the wood and the darkness of the night alike. And thereupon, standing up and rendering praise to God, they all with one accord declared it meet that the place should be sanctified to the worship of Him Who had filled it with the light. And, moreover, the duke, mindful of his duty to heaven, and with the consent of his dear consort Oda, forthwith ordered the trees to be felled and the brushwood cut away, and the valley to be completely cleared. And this sylvan spot, aforetime the home of fauns and monsters, he thus cleared and made fitting for the glory of God. And before obtaining the money needful for the work, he at once set out the lines of a noble church, as traced by the splendor of the red light.

In such wise was the building of our second monastery, to the glory of God, begun. But stone suitable for the structure could not be found in those parts, and thus the completion of the sanctuary which had been begun suffered delay. But the Abbess Hathumoda, trusting to obtain all things from the Lord by faith, oftentimes, by serving God both night and day with holy zeal, wore herself out with too abundant labor. And with many

of those placed under her care, she besought the solace of speedy help from heaven. And of a sudden she became aware that the divine grace which she sought was present, ready to have compassion on her longings. For as she lay one day prostrate, nigh unto the altar, fasting and giving herself up to prayer, she was bidden of a gentle voice to go forth and follow a bird she would see sitting on the summit of a certain great rock. And she, embracing the command with ready mind, went forth, putting her trust in it with all her heart. And taking with her very skilled masons, she sped swiftly whither the kindly spirit led her, until she was come to the noble sanctuary which had been begun. And there she saw, seated on the lofty summit of the selfsame rock, a white dove, which, flying with outstretched wings, straightway went before her, tempering its flight in wonted way so the virgin walking with her companions might be able to follow in a straight course its aërial track. And when the dove in its flight had come to the place, which we now know was not wanting in great stones, it descended, and with its beak pierced through the ground, where beneath the soil many stones were disclosed. And assured by this sight, the very worthy virgin of Christ bade her companions clear away the heavy mass of earth and lay the spot bare. And this done, supernal and devout piety presiding over the work, a great wealth of mighty stones was brought to view, whence all the needful material for the walls of the monastery, already begun, and of the church could be obtained. Then striving ever more and more with all their hearts, the builders of the temple, destined to be consecrated to the glory of God, labored at the work by night and by day.

The manuscript telling this fascinating story of love and faith was written about A. D. 1000, and was preserved in the Benedictine convent of St. Emmeran, Ratisbon, where the poet-scholar, Conrad, discovered it in the fifteenth century, together with some metrical legends, a fragment of a panegyric on the Emperor Otho, and six dramas by the same author. These latter gave Roswitha so much distinction in the world of letters, that when Celtes published her works in 1501, Albert Dürer received a commission for an ornamental title-page and for a frontispiece for each of the plays. She acknowledges having taken Terence, the poet, for her model as regards manner, though not matter, the reason for which she explains. "There are many," she says—and she does not

exonerate herself—"who, beguiled by the elegant diction of the classics, prefer them to religious writings; whilst there are others who, though generally condemning heathen works, eagerly peruse the poetic creations of Terence because of the special beauty of their language." She then expresses the hope that, by trying to imitate his manner, and at the same time, by dramatizing legends calculated to edify, she may induce readers to turn from the godless contents of his works to the contemplation of virtuous living. Emboldened by this pious hope, she shrank from no difficulties nor details which might have made a more timid soul hesitate, lest her knowledge of human nature might have been misconstrued by skeptical or bigoted minds. For, cloistered nun though she was, this knowledge was wide and deep, and none knew better than she the need there is for helps—natural and supernatural—to keep frail mortals on the right road. It was said that her powers of delineation were almost as great as those of Shakespeare, yet for all her poetic instinct, her plays are the handiwork of the moralist rather than the artist. To quote from Alice Welch's book:

The subject which dominates Roswitha's horizon is chastity. Treated by her with didactic intent, this really resolves itself into a conflict between Christianity and paganism—in other words between chastity and passion, in which Christianity triumphs through the virtue of woman. At the same time Roswitha neither condemns marriage nor generally advocates celibacy. She merely counsels as the more blessed the unmarried state. Yet, even so, we feel that, under her nun's garb, there beats the heart of a sympathetic woman whose emotional self-expression is but tempered by the ideals of her time and surroundings. Self-glorification was permitted no place in her literary work, for while she has no misgivings in composing her dramas, feeling that "herein lies her mission," she states that her only desire in writing them was to make the small creative talent given her by heaven, under the hammer of devotion, a faint sound to the praise of God. She bears testimony to the kindness of two successive abbesses, under whose rule she lived—one of them being the Abbess Gerberg, niece of Otho the Great—for suggestions, information, and encouragement in her literary work, and to the latter especially for necessary information concerning the doings of royalty.

Although Roswitha's fame was chiefly derived from her dra-

matic compositions, the metrical legends seem to have been her earliest efforts. They were based on well-known themes—one being the story out of which the Faust legend was afterwards developed, while of two others—The Passion of St. Pelagius and The Fall and Conversion of Theophilus—the subject matter is still of value. Fearing to profane what she venerated, she allowed herself little imaginative license; nevertheless, from time to time, she evinced in psychological touches a capacity for originality quite phenomenal for her time and environment.

In answer to the self-propounded query as to whether Roswitha's plays were ever performed, the author gives us a picture of the nun's life by simply drawing a comparison between cloistered lives and those lived by the ladies of the time in castle, court, or hall, to wit:

The convents of Saxony, as many elsewhere in the tenth and eleventh centuries, were centres of culture in the nature of endowed colleges. In some of them women resided permanently and, besides their religious exercises, devoted themselves to learning and the arts, for the Church of the Middle Ages took thought for the intellect as well as the soul. In others, no irrevocable vows were made, and, if desired, or necessity arose, the student-inmate was free to return to the world. In others again, though residence was permanent, short leave of absence from time to time was granted by the abbess, and the nun was able to sojourn with her friends or to visit some sister community. But, at Gandersheim, the rule was strict, and a nun, her vows once taken, had to remain within convent walls. Yet even so, life there was perhaps far less circumscribed than in many a castle where the men gave themselves up to war and the chase, and the women, perforce, spun and embroidered and gossiped, since to venture without the walls was fraught with difficulty and sometimes with danger. Even if there were some who cared to read, manuscripts were difficult to come by and costly withal. Wholly different was it in the religious houses. In these, women associated with their equals with whom they could interchange ideas, and the library was well-furnished with manuscripts of classical and Christian writers. One of the first cares of St. Benedict in the case of every newly-founded house was the formation of a library. So held in honor did this tradition become, and so assiduously was it pursued, that the status of a monastery or convent as a centre of learning came to be estimated by its wealth in manuscripts.

Besides the mass of transcribing which such rivalry occasioned, there was illuminating to be done, musical notation to be studied and prepared for the services of the Church, chants and choir-singing to be practised, and the needful time to be devoted to weaving and embroidery—a part of every woman's education. Weaving was a necessity in order to provide the requisite clothing for the inmates, and the large and elaborate hangings used for covering the walls, but embroidery was no mere occupation or even a craft, but, in truth, a fine art. The few specimens still preserved give some idea of the quality of the work, whilst old inventories attest the quantity. Illuminated manuscripts of the Gospels and the Apocalypse were lent from royal treasuries, and their miniatures copied with needle and silk to adorn vestments and altar hangings. It was in an atmosphere such as this that Roswitha passed her days.

Truly a fascinating picture of a busy, interesting, human hive, and, as Gandersheim was of royal foundation, its abbess, in return for certain privileges, was obliged to entertain the king and his retinue whenever he passed that way, naturally bringing with his visit a store of political, intellectual, and other information, as well as interest and diversion from the outside world. Added to this, the abbess of royally founded houses—generally a high-born and influential woman—was, in her position as a ruler of lands as well as communities, brought into direct contact with the court and politics. She seemed to have attached to her rights of overlordship the same privileges and duties as a baron, such as issuing summonses for attendance at her courts, at which she was wont to be represented by a proctor; and at a declaration of war, the duty of providing a prescribed number of knights fell to her. Some abbesses had supreme influence even in imperial affairs, and social and literary influence was not outside their ken.

Truly a shedding of light—white light—on the veil of darkness with which the modern mind has enveloped what it dubs the Dark Ages—the age of fictitious Calcuttean Black Holes, many and dark, where timid women were popularly supposed to have been immured for state or other reasons until kindly reason fled, and plunged them into a nether region where pain or joy, sorrow or fear, were as one. These devoted lives of useful purpose—these full, free lives—where God-given gifts were encouraged in their best expression, coming down to us from a world ten centuries ago, are decidedly

refreshing reading in this age of such wild unrest, wasted effort, time-serving, and utilitarianism.

Conning the simple yet full and beautiful life of Roswitha the Nun—poetess and dramatist—is like a sudden happening upon some calm, cool, green-bowered haven after a long journey in the heat and dust of a hot summer's day.

ON THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

BY ELEANOR DOWNING.

" MARY, uplifted to our sight
In cloudy vesture stainless-white,
Why are thine eyes like stars alight,
Twin flames of charity?"
" Mine eyes are on His glorious face
That shone not on earth's darkened place,
But clothed and crowned me with grace—
The God Who fathered me!"

" Mary, against the sinless glow
Of angel pinions white as snow,
Why are thy fair lips parted so
In ecstasy of love?"
" My lips are parted to His breath
Who breathed on me in Nazareth
And gave me life to live in death—
My Spouse, the spotless Dove!"

" Mary, whose eager feet would spurn
The very clouds, whose pale hands yearn
Toward rifted Heaven, what fires burn
Where once was fixed the sword?"
" The fires I felt when His Child's head
Lay on this mother's heart that bled,
And when it lay there stark and dead—
My little Child, my Lord!"

WHITE EAGLE.

BY L. P. DECONDUN.

VI.

CHELSEA, May, 1913.



OW the time has dragged along since I wrote to you, my dearest. Is it really possible that five weeks have elapsed between my last epistle and this shaky scribble? You see, in spite of my determination, I can scarcely trace a few lines legibly. I am told to be patient and not to tire myself; but do people realize that whether I write or not, my mind fills pages and pages of loving words for you? I know that every mail has brought you news of my progress, because everyone has tried his or her best to save you from anxiety. Not that I much believe in my having been in danger, but pneumonia is always an uncertain illness. What a good thing it only caught me *after* the wedding! I suppose that every pen in the family has described "it" to you down to the smallest details; I should be surprised if they had left you in doubt even about the shade of our glove buttons; but the important part is that the famous knot is tied, and that these young people are to be happy "forever after."

Your mother was just magnificent; her imposing figure left us all in the shade; the only woman who could compete with her was Miss Lowinska. She also was superb and her simplicity perfect. I am getting quite fascinated by this young lady, and, as I told you before, I intend to get thoroughly well acquainted with her.

On that day also, for the first time, did I meet Prince Wladek Lowinski—another remarkable personality. He is about your height and build, and carries himself erect as you do; but there ends the resemblance. His hair, which must have been very dark like his daughter's, is now white, though his eyebrows are still black over intensely blue eyes. He wears a short, slightly pointed beard. He seems to be a silent man, observant to the point of watchfulness, but most thoughtful, and as courteous as a prince should be. I liked him very much. In my opinion he is the type of man who could lead an army, control a furious mob, or sway a crowd with a few words. I can imagine his eyes flashing with enthusiasm or indignation. No wonder he has made his mark in the political world!

I need not tell you what our dear little bride was like, as you must have received ample descriptions of her, but I thought her more graceful and winning than ever.

Millicent was (and is) congratulating herself on the "happy ending of our troubles." She considers herself the right arm of Providence in the "solution of our problem" (these are her expressions). And it certainly appears that she is not far wrong. I need not point out that her satisfaction is very distasteful to your mother. It is even beginning to annoy Nancy. In fact I should not be astonished if a cool breeze was already blowing between those three ladies.

Joan and Max are coming back on Tuesday from their tour in Spain. Their letters are enthusiastic, and these are all duly read to me, as well as emphasized by many reflections. "The beauty of Spain seems to have been quite unappreciated before," was the conclusion drawn by Nancy the other evening; your mother remarked dreamily that she "ought to go again to see the Alhambra, as she evidently had forgotten a great deal about it." The truth is that to this pair of honest lovers—as to many others before them—even the Sahara would be a land of particular charm. At any rate I know *some* who would have thought it so, don't you?

May, 1913.

I had to close my letter abruptly the other day, my darling, as the nurse insisted upon my resting. However, I consoled myself with the thought that I had been able to address the envelope, and that this, to you, will mean almost more than the enclosure. This afternoon I am a great deal stronger; I have been down for several days now, and able to receive a few of our friends. It was nice to see their pleased affectionate faces again. Even Willie R——, who asked by telephone whether he would be admitted, was here for a short while. Dear Willie, I always enjoy him so much; he is so honest and genial. By what he called a "lucky chance for him," the two previous visitors vanished and we remained *en tête-à-tête*. This is to tell you that he rushed headlong to the subject near his heart. He had heard that the day before Mab and Pattie Stevenson had called on me, and that, when Miss Lowinska had come for them, she had seen me for a few minutes. Therefore, he had to see me also, and get a little chance of mentioning the name of *the* idol.

"Do you know, Mrs. Camberwell," he said straight out, "I scarcely dare to speak of her to anyone but you. I so much realize the distance between this splendid girl and myself. That is the worst of it. If I could acquire the conceit of some of the fellows one meets every day, and who do not think the world is good enough for them, I should do much better."

"Surely, Willie, you cannot envy those empty headed fellows," I protested.

"But I do. Now, any of them with half of what I am and the

quarter of what I own, would cut another figure than Willie R——. You must admit that."

"No, I don't, though I admit that you never show the best of yourself except to your intimate friends, and these are precisely the people you need not trouble about."

But he shook his head.

"I hope you will permit me to differ from you there," he observed. "It is with my friends that the best in me should come out."

"Well! (I smiled) in a sense perhaps; but what I want to say is that without being foolishly conceited, you ought to understand that you are in no way inferior to the people you place so much above you. Socially, for instance, is there such an abyss between Prince Lowinski and yourself?"

"My dear Mrs. Camberwell, a bottomless abyss! Why, that man is a genius."

"Be it so! How do you know what you don't happen to be a genius of another kind? Are you not an R.A. to start with?"

"Oh, rubbish! what's an R.A. in these days, let me ask you?"

"Well! I am not quite sure, but it ought to be the beginning of somebody, at any rate. And as for Maryña's father being a Prince, the title of Prince in Russia does not exactly represent what it would in England."

"I know that, but he is a Pole and not a Russian; there is royal blood in many an old Polish family."

"Even so, yours does not date from yesterday either; no, my dear Willie, this is not where I see the difficulty of a match between Miss Lowinska and you. I find it in your different natures. I can't imagine how they would ever amalgamate unless—"

Willie's eyes had opened wide with anxious inquiry, and his *pince-nez* seemed very insecure.

"Why—why do you think that? I would just do any mortal thing she could wish."

"Ah! yes, but that is not it. You do not look at life from the same angle for one thing."

"I do not follow you. Are you referring to her tremendous patriotism? But I am just as attached to England as she may be to her country, and I consider the Poles a magnificent race. I should enter into all her views."

"Would you also enter into her plans if she wished to join in some hopeless plot to free Poland, though there might be danger there?"

"Oh! surely, you can't quite mean that?"

"Well, perhaps not altogether. Still you can see how she is united in feelings, hopes and ambitions with her father, who counts his own life as nothing where his country is concerned. If he was to

lift a finger, his daughter would follow in his footsteps. Would you be ready then to throw in your lot with hers?"

"Now, Mrs. Camberwell, you are trying to discourage me. This kind of thing is not done nowadays. At least, women have no need to mix themselves up with politics, and they are not put to death in such a wholesale manner."

"Are you quite sure that it could not happen again? Have you forgotten how peace was approximately restored to the Russian Empire less than ten years ago?"

"I wonder," said Willie instead of answering, "why you first tell me or hint to me that I am almost good enough to dare to win the girl, while in the same breath you are piling up obstacles in my way?"

I could not help smiling. "My poor Willie," I said, "my reason is merely a woman's reason. I would be more than glad if you won her for a wife, but it would be unkind to encourage you to do so with your eyes shut, and I see that you have not the slightest notion of her inner personality."

"Oh! well, of course, up to this I have merely taken her for a rational being, and I had no idea that anyone could make her out a fanatic. What I remarked in her was her intelligence, her great charm, her artistic soul (as, mind you, she is an artist if ever there was one; I wish you could see the group she has just finished modeling!), but I have noticed nothing abnormal in her. When you spoke of different planes, etc., I thought you were going to mention religion."

"You thought right. That is another important difference which would have to be settled."

"Oh! on that point, you do not suppose that I would interfere. That is a matter on which everyone should be free."

"Quite so; but is it a matter on which husband and wife should be divided?"

"I daresay not. That is why I tell you that I would object to nothing she might think or do about it."

"Does it not strike you, Willie, that this might not be sufficient for her?"

"Why, what else could she want?"

"My dear friend, this is chiefly where you both look, as I said, from different angles. What do you honestly think of religion, Willie?"

"I? Oh! I—I think it is a very useful thing on the whole: a normal think I should say. Personally I consider it even a very logical thing. I don't believe in a *chance world*, you know. I admit the existence of a God."

"Could you bring yourself to say 'of God' in the general Christian sense of the word?" I asked laughing. He laughed too.

"Oh! yes. I could do that. Is it not funny how there is always a tendency to being ashamed of one's opinion on these matters? But I have a bad chance against you, Mrs. Camberwell, so I may as well own up."

"Far better. Now try to imagine that the religious belief, which is evidently of secondary importance to you, should be considered by your wife as her greatest possible treasure. Is it not evident that she would wish you to share it with her; specially if she was convinced beyond any doubt that unless you are able to do so, you must be satisfied with a few uncertain years together in this world, and then the possibility of a final parting."

"Oh! as for a parting, proofs—"

"I know what you are going to say; but if she thoroughly believed in the possibility of that parting—I am not even calling it a certainty—does it not mean that she would have her daily life saddened by the prospect of such a risk? So that even if you allowed her to lead you about with a string, it could not make her a pin the happier. This is, of course, if she truly loved you. Have I made myself clear?"

"Oh! yes, you have, and I don't deny that you are right to a great extent; but you must remember that convictions don't grow merely to suit one's convenience. I could not take your religious views, for instance, simply because I wish to do so, and it's not in my nature to either ape at things or pretend what I do not feel."

"I know that perfectly, and it is the very thing I pointed out to you at the start. These are the difficulties standing in your path."

Poor fellow! He shook his head quite sadly and kept silent a few seconds. Then he hesitated and cleared his throat.

"I am sure I have tired you out," he began, "you ought to send me away."

"Not before I hear what is at the back of your mind," I objected smiling a little. "Come, you had better make a full confession, since you have had such a good start to-day."

"Oh! it is not a confession. It is only the bit of news I had come to tell you about. In fact, it is the small occurrence which had caused my hopes to rise; now I fear that it does not amount to much."

"But, my dear Willie," I said regretfully, "I never intended to discourage you altogether. On the contrary, I want you to make a better effort, if you can, or rather an effort in the right direction."

"Well, it was this," he went on without replying directly, "she wanted some information, which anyone else could have given her, and she chose to ask me for it."

"You mean, I presume, Miss Lowinska?"

"I do."

"Of course it depends on the sort of information."

"That's it. It was about a convent. I fancied when she spoke to me about a thing of the kind, it was a pretty sure sign that she believed I would understand her views."

"Oh!"

"You don't think so?"

"I can hardly tell. Perhaps she did not know your religious opinions."

"Yes, she did; I took good care that she would not make any mistake about that."

"But what sort of information was it?"

"It was only an address," he replied hesitatingly, "but she was quite willing that I should take her to it myself, which I did, the next day. I called for her—and her eternal chaperon—and took them both to that place, then I called back for them half an hour later and was asked to come in."

"This does not tell me a great deal, my good friend."

"I am coming to it. One evening at somebody's or other's while speaking to me she had mentioned that a cousin of hers, a nun from Paris, had been sent to a convent of the same Order in Chelsea. As I live in Chelsea she had concluded I could tell her where to find it. I pounced on the opportunity. I happened to have seen the place, but if I had not, I would have hunted for it the whole night if need be."

"Well, when I was asked into the parlor, she introduced me as she would have a friend, not a mere acquaintance, and both her cousin and another nun who, she told me afterwards, had been her cousin's secretary in former times, were absolutely perfect to me. Do you think they would have acted like that towards an outsider? I am an outsider of course, but I mean—"

"I am afraid, my poor Willie, they would. What else could they be but polite and even friendly?"

"Oh! they were friendly, delightfully friendly, that's why I should have thought—well, I suppose, I made another mistake. Do you know, I am sorry than I'd care to tell. I had hoped that this meant a first step towards understanding and intimacy, and I could have taken to those people at once, nuns or not nuns. Miss Lowinska's cousin, an elderly lady, was most interesting. She seemed to have a pretty good insight into life, though I wonder how she got it in this place."

"But," I observed, "you don't suppose she was born there, do you?"

"Very likely not," he admitted, "since she and the other lady only arrived a fortnight ago. By the way this other lady is much

younger, and a Russian. Quite a different type; there is something of the Mongolian race in her; narrower black eyes, and a broader, flatter face. Clever too, I should say. What I can't make out is what clever women do in that sort of convent. They are clean lost to the rest of the world; they don't teach, they don't take care of the sick. Now, Mrs. Camberwell, is that what you Catholics call contemplatives?"

"Not exactly. These nuns lead a more active life, and have some intercourse with the world. The contemplatives have practically none."

"I see; but—please don't be offended—I can't imagine what on earth is the sense of Contemplative Orders at all."

"My dear Willie, the contemplatives are the very heart of our Church; they keep her in steady contact with God. Some of us would not go very far without them."

"But need they separate themselves from the world to pray, if they like?"

"I am afraid they have to. The duty they undertake is not an easy one, and requires their entire power of concentration. They must not be hampered by frivolous noisy people like us. It is very much the case of: 'Don't speak to the man at the wheel,' you know."

Poor Willie looked mystified, and, as you see, our conversation had taken a deeper turn than we had anticipated. But I was getting tired, and I felt almost glad when it was brought to an end.

Joan and your mother had arrived, and after exchanging a few words with them, Willie R—— left us. But apropos of your mother, do you know that there is something I cannot make out about her, since Max and Joan have returned? She is indeed an angel of goodness to Joan, who is beginning to idolize her, but when they are both here, there is a look on your mother's face which puzzles me. It is as if she felt (it seems senseless to write this) "uncomfortable" before me. I hope she does not regret her confidences at C——. She was her own self all through my illness. What could be the matter with her now? It is her expression which is changed. When I glance at her unexpectedly, her eyes waver; and, still, when we are speaking she looks at me quite naturally and is always at her ease. Joan has noticed nothing, and even Nancy tells me that I am dreaming. Am I though, I wonder!

June, 1913.

Shall I tell you, my Reginald, that it is a horrid nuisance to be still convalescent! Every single soul on earth fancies it is his or her duty to forbid me something. When I was in the middle of my last letter, your mother came and put her hand across it.

"My dear Nemo," she said, "this is enough; please end it and come to the sofa. Reginald will be more grateful to me for stopping you than to you for tiring yourself."

And fancy, Rex! I was just writing about her. If she had but known it, her very fingers covered her name. I glanced down at that long white hand of hers, then up into her face, and she smiled, a little whimsically, I thought.

"Now hurry," she said, in her half-authoritative, half-affectionate tone, "three lines to finish, I won't allow more."

And she turned to settle the cushions. Of course I had to obey; then I went and lay down like a lamb. She sat in a big easy chair opposite to me, and put her book aside. We could hear the tea things jingling on their way upstairs.

Reginald, dearest, I have often wondered if it is because you are so completely *mine*, and because she is your mother, that she has such a strong attraction for me. Most people agree in making "bugbears" of mothers-in-law, but nothing can be less like a "bear's" attitude than Mrs. Camberwell's towards me. On that particular evening I looked forward to an hour or two of her company; I also wanted to find out whether my recent impressions about her were realities, but I did not get the opportunity of doing so. No sooner had we begun tea than Max appeared. Joan and Nancy had gone shopping, and would dine with their father, so he thought we might take pity on him and show ourselves hospitable. As usual, now, he was in high spirits.

"Do you know, oh! most precious one," he began (this being his pompous way of addressing me since my illness), "do you know that you have been troubling our minds of late? Mother here, and indeed all of us, have come to the conclusion that you need a thorough change to set you up. Have you anything to say to the contrary?"

"It depends on the sort of change, my dear fellow."

"Well! there it is. Mr. O'Dwyer is going to Ireland for a month or two; Nancy is not. What about the two of you taking a trip to France or Holland or somewhere?"

I confess, Rex dear, that I thought the idea delightful and said so. Immediately Max grew enthusiastic.

"Very good, then. Shall I ring them up and tell them it is settled?"

"Oh! don't be foolish, Max, and sit down. It isn't settled at all; I don't know where Nancy wishes to go."

"Nancy is ready to go wherever you like. She spoke of Paris, but that's idiotic. In summer Paris is empty."

"That is precisely why it is not 'idiotic.' I agree with Nancy; we might go there."

"But you will be roasted."

"Nonsense; it is not at the Equator. What do you think, mother?"

Mrs. Camberwell was watching Max with an amused smile.

"Has Max any better place to propose?" she asked.

"Why, certainly," he exclaimed, "Trouville, Berk Plage, the Mont St. Michel, thousands of others, Royat, the Mont Doré."

Your mother began to laugh.

"There truly, Nemo," she said, "you would be saved from solitude. Half the world would be with you as well as most of the American tourists overflowing from the French capital. If this is what you want."

"No, indeed," I interrupted, "if Nancy has no objection, it will be Paris."

And we went on arguing, laughing and planning. Somehow my principal reason for looking forward to this trip with a sense of pleasurable anticipation is that it must help the time to pass until your return. Also in Paris I cannot but find many echoes of our happy times there together.

CHelsea, June, 1913.

What do you think, dear, happened yesterday afternoon? Nancy had lunched here, and we had finally arranged every detail of our journey, when two unexpected callers were announced, Prince Lowinski and his daughter. And what do you suppose they had come for? Simply to offer us the use of their house in the Avenue de Ségur. They insisted in putting it at our disposal.

"The best of hotels," remarked the Prince, was but poor comfort for a convalescent. Their house was always ready for them, as the servants remained there permanently, and they would consider it a mark of friendship on our part if we consented to take advantage of it.

They had heard through Max of our project, and they had thought of this plan; hoping we had made no other arrangement as yet. All this was so friendly, so sincere, that we could find no reason for refusing their offer, and there and then everything was decided. Miss Lowinska told us that we should be received by one of their relatives who always lived in Paris, and had more or less the management of their home.

"She is so kind and motherly," she added, "I am sure you will both like her; and if she does not make a small Samson of Mrs. Camberwell before many weeks are over, I shall be greatly astonished."

Then the conversation passed to other topics, and when Nancy had engaged the attention of the Prince, I found an opportunity of questioning Miss Lowinska about the latest happenings in her artistic circle. I knew that Mab Stevenson had recently exhibited some fine

work, and I had a faint hope of getting Willie R——'s name on the "tapis." It was not as easy a matter as you would think; one does not drive Miss Lowinska in a given direction unless she is willing to take it. However, after a few useless attempts I asked her where Willie R—— had seen a modeled group of hers which he had admired greatly. She seemed to attach a very moderate importance to my question.

"My last group," she said tranquilly. "Yes, it is rather good; both my father and I are pleased with it. I daresay Mr. R—— saw it in Mr. Rhodan's studio. I generally work there."

"Do you mean to say Edward Rhodan's studio?"

"Yes, why?"

"Oh! nothing, really; but Rhodan is not a favorite of ours. He is such a—well, honestly he is such an objectionable man."

"Do you think so? What is the matter with him?"

Her question was so straightforward, and she looked at me so judicially, that I felt at a loss for a suitable reply.

"I have no special accusation to bring against him," I began. "He is neither a thief nor a murderer, but we dislike his cynicism, his sneering ways, his malevolent tongue; and I don't know whether we have more contempt for his long locks and affected careless habits, or for his conceit."

"But these are accusations, Mrs. Camberwell, are they not?"

Her large blue eyes were so calmly fixed on me that I leaned back in my chair and laughed.

"I am afraid they are," I acknowledged, "I cannot help it. If ever you get an opportunity of hearing his private opinions you will side with us."

"I have heard a great many of them. I have worked with him for a long time."

"Surely you cannot tell me that you approve of him?"

The girl hesitated; her expression was serious.

"The man is an agnostic," she said quietly, "he cannot judge as we do. He is also an artist."

"Oh!" I interrupted, "do you call his distorted productions 'art'? If some of them were not merely absurd they would be revolting. Willie R—— was saying—"

But she shook her head.

"He is an artist," she persisted, "or rather could be, if he did not rely so absolutely on his judgment. If his soul could perceive God, and if his mind could appreciate higher work, he might become a great man."

"You believe it?"

"I do, I have learned much from him."

"Have you really?" I asked, and I fancy my tone betrayed some disappointment as her grave face relaxed into a smile.

"Mrs. Camberwell," she said charmingly, "you are frightfully prejudiced. Poor Mr. Rhodan! Why! his name sounds almost like Rodin."

"I know; we call him either 'Rodinet' or the 'Rodent.'"

This time she laughed heartily. Nothing was left on that handsome face but perfect girlish amusement.

"Oh!" she said, "you are all very bad. Poor man! no wonder I felt he needed a champion."

"Well! don't be too keen in your championship. He is a most uncanny creature!"

"Do you think he might bewitch me?"

"I can't say. He is clever, and his arguments are dangerously subtle."

The girl opened her lips for a quick retort, but her father had stood up, and had turned to me, so she could only afterwards hold out her hand with a teasing little smile.

"Dear Mrs. Camberwell," she said, her eyes twinkling with merriment, "I am so thankful for your warning. Now I can safely work another month with Edward Rhodan; 'forewarned is forearmed' isn't it?"

What could I answer to this?

As she was at the door she turned round again; her tall fine figure outlined on the pale gray tone of the wall, her great eyes still full of fun. "Shall I tell him that, before leaving London, you would like to come to his studio to see my work? Yes, I had better; and I shall be there to welcome you. Good-bye."

She disappeared after the Prince; and I had failed in hearing a single word from her about Willie.

VII.

CHELSEA, June, 1913.

We are leaving to-morrow morning for Paris, Rex dear. I feel perfectly well and rested; Nancy is in capital spirits; all our luggage is ready. I, myself, fastened the shoulder-strap on my pet traveling bag. (Do you remember *when* and *where* that strap was bought?) And again, last but not least, I have one of your dear letters to take with me. It came last night, sweetheart, and is so cheering and faithful and strong! But listen to something which, indeed, you will know before many hours have passed. From the first instant that I awoke this morning I had the idea of cabling to let you know where and when I was going. You see it was so disappointing to think of your believing me in London, and being unable to write directly to

me. Now it is done; Mary has gone with my cablegram and before our steamer enters Boulogne harbor to-morrow, your loving thoughts will be there to welcome me. Reginald, it makes everything a hundred times sweeter!

Dear me! what an amount of sentimentality would be extracted from our letters by sober friends if their eyes ran over them! I daresay they would enjoy it, and sneer a little at this side light on poor me, but try to imagine their bewilderment if they could read what your mighty pen traces without a blush. My big darling, your reputation for stern wisdom, for high intellectuality, for unerring judgment would be gone in a flash. Have you ever thought of such a possible calamity when you trusted your epistles to so many hands? But I am more foolish than ever to-day; I seem unable to write two sensible sentences, and I believe it is the cablegram's fault. It has made me feel so light-hearted that I could almost fancy myself back in our sunniest hours. Do you remember the evening when we had unconsciously paid each other a number of ridiculous compliments while waiting for the carriage to take us to the L——? You thought I looked "nice" and I said you looked "princely," and we had gone through the whole scale on this theme when the absurdity of it struck us so forcibly that we had to laugh like two children. The only excuse you could find was that, at any rate, we seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with each other. And so we were, and so we are still, thank God! While I am writing, a slanting ray of sun is on my desk, creeping slowly towards me, and at the end of each line, when my hand comes near it, it tips my opal for a second. I wish you could see it flash! The little "red light" shoots through it like an arrow!

But enough of this. I told you in one of my letters that Miss Lowinska had threatened me with an invitation from Edward Rhodan. It came three days ago, and with it a note from her promising that she would ask no one else but Mrs. Camberwell and Joan (unless I choose to bring anybody with me), and that nothing would be allowed to tire me. It was so frank and friendly of her that I decided on the spot to get Willie R—— to come with us. (I am getting as bad as Millicent.)

The day was truly glorious, and when we went up Mr. Rhodan's staircase, great beams of light were pouring on us from the open door of what he calls his "workshop." I must confess that it resembles in no way the interesting studio of Willie R——; nothing in it is given up to artistic effect. Blocks of stone, rough planks, lumps of fresh clay had been pushed into corners. Queerly shaped vases, evidently baked for experimental purposes, were the only ornaments (if they could be called so). At any rate they had been promoted

to this title by the sheaves of flowers which Miss Lowinska had placed in them. In the best light stood several busts, some curiously carved masks of faces, partly man, partly beast, with some repulsive shapes of problematic or allegorical monsters; and apart from those were set two or three small groups, a wounded eagle and a half-finished modeling of Prince Lowinski's head. These last few had no need to be labeled; they were as far removed in beauty from the works of Rhodan as if a gulf lay between them. True, the sculptor's creation, displayed intense power, but there was this, Reginald: his power seemed ready equipped for evil; it was unwholesome. That the girl, while working here, breathed this atmosphere unhurt, denoted in her not only great mental purity, but a moral strength equal, if not superior, to that of this man. She was impervious to his surroundings. (The poor chaperon, I suppose, was the person to be pitied through the tedious hours of waiting.)

However, after the first awkward moments, I had to acknowledge that in Miss Lowinska's presence Rhodan became less objectionable. Joan found him "original and amusing," though "terribly untidy!" As for Willie R——, he never thinks anything at all of these points, and he had eyes only for Miss Lowinska, but your mother felt as I did.

"Horrid man!" she muttered when sitting near me, "what an influence for that child!"

I wish you could have seen "that child." She positively towered above Rhodan, and looked taller than ever in her linen over-all falling straight from the shoulder. The masses of her dark hair were slightly loosened, her eyes were shining, her lips parted with enthusiasm. It was she who pointed out to us the pieces of greater value in the man's work while he was doing what he could to be entertaining and telling Joan some would-be witty stories. But when we insisted on getting interested in her own productions, she discussed them with the same impartiality and the same pleasure. She did not show a particle of affectation. No wonder Willie R—— drank in every word she uttered, and nodded approvingly (*pince-nez* and all) to every second remark she made. Shall I confess that I am getting so much interested in this pair that I am beginning to minimize Millicent's mistakes about another couple. Matchmaking must be a catching fever. And you know, Rex dear, they are very attractive young people, both good and gifted and handsome. Max told me the other day that Willie was twenty-nine; just the right age.

Miss Lowinska was in her element. She appeared less stately, perhaps, than in an outdoor or evening gown, but far more charming. There was a touch of the schoolgirl in her new mood; her repartees were so frank and witty. One wondered where her usual gravity had vanished too. I think she puzzled Joan a great deal; and I also fear that

the youngest Mrs. Camberwell felt a little bit "superior." There was an odd, faint line at the corner of this lady's mouth which spoke of disapproval; and, between us, it was rather funny, considering the ripe years of this criticizing "matron." In any case, at no time and at no age, could these two natures ever meet. Maryña Lowinska would constantly look over Joan's head without being aware of it; and Joan would keep Miss Lowinska under a microscope without ever learning how to look at her.

But Willie! Oh, Rex, if you had seen him! I don't think the dear fellow will ever forget this little party. His "star" was so delightfully simple, so entirely herself and so full of teasing fun. She also ordered these two men about as if they were her younger brothers, and they both enjoyed it. (I should say that Willie "loved" it.) By the way, I managed at last to bring the subject of the convent before Maryña. I asked her why, of all people, she had selected Willie R—— to take her there. She looked at me with surprised eyes.

"Why should I not?" she asked.

A straight question like that is always embarrassing; I answered something vague about his not being a Catholic, but the eyes never flinched.

"Does that make any difference?" she inquired.

"No, not exactly; but—as a rule—"

"Have you rules against it in England?"

"Of course not."

"Then I do not see. Did he tell you that he objected to anything?"

"No, it is not that. But here, we would not much care to bring people of another persuasion to a convent or a church unless they themselves expressed a wish to go."

"I can't understand why. If they do not like it they are free to refuse. Mr. R—— did not."

"Indeed, I know that."

"Then isn't it all right? My cousin is a woman in a thousand, you know. She was one of our best writers, and he is broadminded enough to appreciate her views."

"Is that why you brought him to see her?"

"Oh, no! The idea of it never even crossed my mind. Circumstances did all; but I don't regret it."

"Well! perhaps we won't either."

"Really, Mrs. Camberwell, you are almost unkind," she remarked, with a smile of reproach. "Are you hinting to me that, though Mr. R—— came quite willingly, people might blame him for it or accuse me of proselytism? But honestly how could one interfere with the beliefs of a person who has no creed?"

For a second I almost believed I detected a gleam of mischief in that smile; but no, she really was hopeless, so I again answered vaguely and left things as they were. Poor Willie, I wonder if I ought to leave him in his present little Paradise. Perhaps I may as well; he will come out of it soon enough if he must.

The amusing part of the visit is that, so far as Rhodan was in question, we came away as prejudiced as we went in; all except Joan. Your mother's opinion and mine could be rendered by the same words:

"Captivating girl; detestable man!"

Willie was all smiles and absent-mindedness. If he succeeded, when he left us, in finding his street, then his house and after that the door of it, he accomplished a great feat.

But Joan! Joan had been improving the shining hour, and between Edward Rhodan and the mouse-like chaperon she had gathered an amount of knowledge. She was able to tell us that Rhodan was not "as bad as he looked," that he was "quite original and interesting;" that Miss Lowinska might have a very large fortune of her own, but was not the heiress people took her for. She had a brother, older than herself, in St. Petersburg, where he was working for some university degree. Still, I did not think her quite her own self; she laughed too willingly, and when she looked up, she raised her eyelids in that slow determined way of hers which has the faculty of irritating me.

As your mother had her motor, they left me at my door, but Joan came up for some books.

"Please, madam," said Mary when we went in, "there was a telephone message for Mrs. Max Camberwell. Mr. Max said that if she cared to stay here till six o'clock he would call for her."

Joan's head gave a scarcely perceptible toss of impatience, which I took care not to see.

"I am very sorry, Nemo," she said, "but I think I had better go back now. You won't be lonely, you have heaps of things to do; you always have, and Max is so uncertain. Indeed it is well that mother and I are such willing companions; we are not often bored by his presence."

So the shoe was beginning to pinch: Max must have taken my advice "to the letter." Well! so much the better, since it is producing the desired result; and there is no doubt that both Mrs. Camberwell and Joan are getting more and more intimate and fond of each other. I had not been back twenty minutes when both Millicent and Dick Marchmont turned up; she, as ever, all vivacity and affectionate demonstration; he abhorring being caged in a house, and soon becoming restless in his slow way, turning aimlessly round the room, putting on his "binocle" to look at pictures which he has known

for years; standing with his back before the fireless chimney place and putting now and then a word (occasionally to the point) in our conversation. Somehow Dick Marchmont always puts me in good humor. As for Millicent, she was all aglow with the news that Miss Lowinska had "dragged" Willie R—— "to a convent," though aggrieved that I knew it already. (But I did not tell her how I had heard it.)

"You see," she pursued in a tone of authority, "it was a most unheard-of step to take, and I am positive that Willie R—— was aghast at those proceedings. It is not his "genre;" but Maryña is such an extraordinary being. Attractive, certainly, but fanatical to a degree, and with no proper intellectual training."

"Is that your opinion?"

"Most distinctly. And Willie R—— hates fuss and exaltation of all kinds; besides not caring a pin-point about creeds."

"I never supposed he went there for a religious purpose," I said smiling. "He might have gone for quite another reason."

"Ridiculous! If you mean for this girl's sake it would be useless."

"May I ask you why?"

"Oh! these are private matters; but I believe Prince Lowinska has very settled views about his daughter. If Willie is entertaining any hope in that direction I pity him. On the other hand, I think Maryña is above encouraging anybody, and this is why I say that her leading him to a convent is sheer proselytism. You know what Catholics are."

"Perhaps," unexpectedly interrupted Dick, in his most serene voice, "you might make an effort to recollect Nemo's own persuasion before insulting her."

And he grinned at Millicent who had looked round when he had began speaking, but who shrugged her shoulders and faced me again as if Dick was a negligible quantity.

"Nemo is not a fanatic," she replied firmly. "While that girl is blinded by superstition."

"I wouldn't have thought so," I remarked. "Is she really as dangerous as this?"

"Ah! that's it; you don't know. But, my dear, I have had her three weeks with me in Scotland, and there I had an insight into the workings of her brain. She is limited in her ideas, and obstinate as a mule on some out-of-fashion old principles, while she swallows, wholesale, statements that a child of five would reject. She is a hopeless obscurantist."

"Is that why you wanted her to teach you theology and scholastic philosophy when you wired to town for a small shop of religious

books?" inquired Dick putting on an innocent expression. "Or wait—do I make a mistake? Was it, on the contrary, *you* who undertook to teach her the proper view to take of the authorities of her Church."

"Dick you are unbearable!"

"Awfully sorry, I am sure," answered Dick, affecting contrition; "but there are points I never get quite clear. For instance which of you desired to become a Carthusian?"

This time, Millicent's eyes flashed, though, I regret to say, without any other effect on Dick than that of broadening his smile.

"I wish," she snapped out, "that you would show a little sense."

"I always do," said Dick meekly, "the sense of the ridiculous."

And, as for an instant, she stared at him speechless, he added with the most perfect look of apology:

"I need it so often, you see."

There was an unavoidable pause. I was conscious of Dick watching me with wicked delight, while I was struggling against choking laughter. Millicent, I knew, was furious, but she had any amount of self-control. She turned her chair more deliberately towards me and began afresh, her voice ringing with contempt.

"I was going to say this, Nemo (there was the faintest sound of tittering, and I was obliged to study my rings with the utmost care); I was going to say this," she repeated severely: "that though Catholics refuse to make concessions to us Protestants, most of them have the tact to leave us alone; but this girl drives roughshod over everyone; she will allow no thoughts but her own to come to light. She is intolerable!"

"My dear Millicent, I do not follow you. Did Miss Lowinska refuse to listen to your theories?"

"Oh!" muttered Dick, gazing peacefully through the window, "that mightn't be a crime."

"Dick," interrupted his wife, "you are getting distinctly rude." Dick's arms fell by his sides with unutterable distress.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that a man could be so misunderstood? My dear—why! I have been agreeing with you from my very heart. Now, listen to this, Mrs. Camberwell (he turned to me with a sudden fire, thereby neatly stopping the words on Millicent's lips); surely my greatest ambition is to convey to you—and to the world at large—that Miss Lowinska's iniquities are—oh! are—very glaring. She was lunching with us a week ago, when our 'dear' friend Rhodan—I know that you are like me, devoted to him—did his little best to trap her into some sort of religious discussion. Well! she simply and figuratively made a football of his artistic and unctuous person."

"Dick!" (Millicent's tone was refrigerating to the extreme.) "I object to these expressions."

"Oh, very good! Well, she smashed him into atoms, ground him into powder! Surely this is an unpardonable sin!"

Millicent drew a deep breath; she was trying hard to keep her temper.

"I observed before that I objected to these terms," she said incisively; "besides the girl was not trapped."

"Oh! (humbly astonished) I beg your pardon."

"You need not." (Her eyes were like gray steel.) "What I said to you, Nemo, or rather (emphatically) what I attempted to say, was that the girl argued with such unheard of daring finality ("It was *final* enough," came to me in a loud sigh) that Edward Rhodan had to leave her the last word, for politeness' sake." ("High time for him to learn manners!" mumbled the same voice.) "The fact is," concluded Millicent, "that she hates the man because she is jealous of his genius." ("Neat discovery, that!" whispered the irrepressible Dick.) I was doing my utmost to remain serious, but my tone was wonderfully subdued while I attempted to answer.

"You see, Millicent," I stammered, looking attentively at the designs on the carpet, "your statement is rather a surprise. I was giving my opinion of Mr. Rhodan to Miss Lowinska, a few days ago, and she disagreed with me; she stood up for him quite frankly. Besides I don't think it is in her to envy anyone, and why should she work with him if she dislikes him so much?"

"Because he is the cleverest master she can get," retorted Millicent, "and she knows it very well."

"Then why does Rhodan consent to teach her?"

"Oh! I really don't know," she exclaimed with exasperation; "the best of people are idiots at times."

"So they are! so they are!" chimed in Dick; "and so we are too, I expect, in tiring Mrs. Camberwell with such appalling revelations. What about retiring discreetly, Millicent? The motor is snorting and stamping at the door for the last five minutes. It has finished its bag of oats I presume."

Millicent stood up like a resigned martyr.

"Does Reginald ever attempt to be witty?" she asked with a heavy sigh.

"No," said I, "it would be a loss of time."

"Dear me!" she replied, her eyebrows raised in feigned astonishment, "what a comfort for you!"

But at that moment our three pairs of eyes met and we openly burst out laughing. They left me the best of friends, though still teasing each other. What a funny couple they make! But there

is no doubt of this: Maryña Lowinska has been placed in Millicent's black books. Let us hope she will survive.

In the Train, July, 1913.

My dearest, I am in France again! The sun is dazzling; the sky is so far above us that the great light tones it to the palest blue; the train is as narrow and shaking as ever on this side of the Channel, and we are rushing at full speed towards Paris. The last time, my Rex, you were here, bending under this low roof, trying to keep the sun out by lowering the little blinds which no power on earth could keep down, and attempting in vain to find some fresh air in the draughts of dust blowing in. You seemed so big, and you looked so cramped, in the narrow space allowed by the French railway companies. To-day it is different with Nancy who is almost as thin a person as I am; besides we have the whole compartment to ourselves.

This morning we had such a rush. (I see you smiling and thinking that I would be greatly changed if it had not been the case.) However when we reached Charing Cross, Max flew to register our boxes while Nancy saw to the tickets, or the porters, or something, and I was to keep an eye on the man who took charge of our hand luggage. But it was by no means an easy matter. In the hurrying crowd I lost him twice; then I was asked for my ticket, which was in Nancy's possession; our reserved corners were not to be discovered anywhere, and the signal was on the point of being given. Need I tell you how I missed your big strides, your swift way of guiding me, and of stopping officials and porters with a word. Indeed I was getting drowned in that heaving sea when suddenly a hand touched my shoulder:

"If you will follow me, Mrs. Camberwell, I will see you to your carriage. Miss O'Dwyer is waiting for you."

It was Prince Lowinski who had come with his daughter to see us off, and who, thanks to his height, I suppose, had seen how to rescue me. I cannot tell you how grateful I was! In a few seconds I was safe in our reserved compartment, our tickets punched, our rugs in the rack, and we were warmly shaking hands with our friends.

Then the flag went up, there was a little jerk and we glided away. When we were out of the station, and slowly recovering, Nancy who was sitting opposite to me looked up laughing.

"Such an exit," she remarked; "we *are* a pair! If Prince Lowinski had not found you, I should have had to jump out and let our luggage take the journey alone. Max was only in time to get the boxes in the van, and he had to stand there and see them put in. I think this is a promising beginning."

Keen, Irish merriment sparkled in her clear eyes; I began to forget my panic.

"I hope," I said with a rather doubtful smile, "that our worst difficulties are over."

"Over! Are you dreaming? Why! there will be, most likely, an insufficient number of berths on the boat (and neither you nor I can attempt staying on deck); then, there will be the Custom House at Boulogne, the other Custom House in Paris; the impossibility of finding a French porter, and quantities of unexpected complications."

"Nancy, you are provoking. You want to make me regret our venture."

"Not at all, I want to make you enjoy every bit of it. Now that you are prepared you will chiefly notice the ridiculous side of things. What makes people 'panicky' is that they won't foresee possibilities."

"I am sorry to contradict you, but it is precisely my foreseeing so many of them which makes me lose my head at once."

This however was not troubling me then. Nancy's good humor was so communicative that no one could resist it; and when it actually happened that, the sea being rough, everybody rushed to the saloon and we had the greatest difficulty in securing our two berths, we took it gaily enough. That is to say, until we left the harbor; after that even Nancy felt rather melancholy. Happily the passage only lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and the sight of the French shore brought us to life again. At Boulogne we had no difficulty with either porters or *douaniers*, and we were soon able to climb the ladder-like steps of the train. What well-trained acrobats the French people must be to get into any of these railway carriages in a hurry. Not very far from us a corpulent old gentleman had to be pulled in by the hand, while a porter actually shoved him up with his shoulder. It is true that the carriage was off the platform and that the porter was small, still—

And now, Nancy is fast asleep—tired I suppose after this disagreeable crossing—and I, my dearest, am scribbling away. The country is very fine; rich fields, bright tidy little villages with their churches, most of them old and picturesque; now and then a stretch of water, and trees, trees, trees! Tall poplars near the rivers, and numbers of other trees which I have no time to recognize. But they come, and still they come! If you were here I would say willingly what was written long ago: "France is the most beautiful country outside of heaven."

Amiens! We are slowing up a little. I wonder if we shall stop. Nancy is still asleep, but I am glad of it. I feel nearer to you when I am alone. No, we are not stopping, but gathering speed again. Do you remember Amiens, and how delighted we were at finding some Beauvais pottery in a shop there? I must get some more in Paris.

Nancy is awake at last. I must stop writing, but I shall not close

this letter until we have reached our destination this evening. We are due at the Gare du Nord at half-past five.

Same day, 9 o'clock. Paris.

Rex dear, I can scarcely realize where Nancy and I are to-night. It seems all so strange and pleasant, and yet unlike any experiences I have had before. But let me begin at the beginning.

Of course we had the ordinary racing to the Custom House, and endless waiting for our turn; but nothing belonging to us was opened, and so we left it with a contented heart. Our porter, a small wiry Hercules, found us a taxi, gave the address and wished us "good luck." He did well to do so, for if you had seen our heavy boxes piled in a trembling pyramid near the driver, and if you had felt the plunging and swaying of the vehicle, even you would have doubted our escaping disaster. At each new jerk, each heartrending bump, each exchange of sarcastic remarks between our man and his fellows, I felt certain that the rampart of trunks would either crush him, or us, or some of the people in the crowd of open carriages jammed around us. Nancy was giving way to one fit of laughter after another until I felt like shaking her; but nothing I could say made the slightest impression. At last we turned into the Avenue de Ségur, and there on comparatively even pavement and a deserted thoroughfare we ended our journey peacefully. It seemed a very short time after this that we were sitting before the daintiest of teas with Madame Stablewska as hostess. And what a perfect hostess, Reginald! She had met us when we arrived in the most kindly manner; everything had been prepared here for our greatest comfort, my bedroom is a princely one, and Nancy's is charming.

Now what shall I describe to you first; the lady or the house? I suppose the lady; only I am not quite sure that I can exactly convey to you what she really is like. Madame Stablewska is slight and small; she has a very pale, oval face with jet black eyes, regular features and the most beautiful hands. She is dressed in severe black, and might be about fifty years of age. Her daughter, who lives here also, is perhaps twenty or a little more, very much like her mother, but with masses of fair hair and eyes of a sort of grayish blue; not at all like the deep sapphire of Maryña's. She is tall and would be graceful if it were not that she moves a little slowly at times, as if she were suffering with rheumatism, only she does not appear to be in pain. As for Madame Stablewska it was a slight shock to find that she could not speak above a whisper; and, at first, it kept us under the impression that our own voices were painfully loud, but I suppose we will get accustomed to it.

Now I come to the house. It is an interesting house, but in some

ways peculiar. The entrance is not built on the old French pattern of the porte cochère and inner square yard. The beautifully carved door opens directly on a hall laid with marble slabs, over which the concierge seem to reign supreme. From there, one flight of stone steps takes you to a large anteroom, around which are several oak doors, but I do not know yet where they lead. The first floor proper is occupied by the large reception rooms, which at this time are shrouded in linen covers. On the second floor is the library, between the Prince's private apartment and a delightful moderate-sized drawing-room. After passing between a corridor, lined on both sides with bookshelves, one comes into a long narrow room, extending behind the Prince's apartment and the drawing-room. In the middle, at the back is a broad fireplace, and at each extremity a window. Extending into the rear of both apartment and drawing-room are two recesses. From these recesses doors open into both rooms. If a worker in one of these recesses saw a visitor who was not welcome to him, he could disappear unobserved through one of these doors.

The last story of this house has not been left, as is the case in France, to the servants' occupation. Instead, the whole length and breadth of it has been made into a magnificent room, with oak panels and rafters, old tapestries and an antique, projecting mantel shelf, under which are wide benches and shaded electric lights. The whole length of wall facing the south is a succession of windows, under which runs a window seat piled with cushions. Two big columns support the ceiling in the centre of the room. In one corner is an inlaid bureau and a collection of precious books; further up a carved oak couch with priceless rugs. This afternoon we took our tea in the sunniest end, near the huge fireplace.

Dinner was a hushed little function in the subdued light of the dining-room. Mademoiselle Stablewska tried to keep up a conversation, but we had not yet become accustomed to the enforced quietness of her mother, and we seconded her badly. Besides, all was still very unfamiliar; even the shadowy form of the dome of the Invalides near us, and the fantastic, transparent shape of the Eiffel tower in the distance, seemed part of a theatrical decoration on which the opened French window permitted us to glance.

And now, my own Rex, I am ending this scribble in the oak room while Mademoiselle Helena is playing some Polish airs for Nancy, whose interest in music to-night seems to me in proportion to her fear of a *tête-à-tête* with Madame Stablewska. Is it not astonishing that such a little thing as the loss of one's voice could make such a difference? My dearest, in a few days, you will get another big budget. To-night I am dead tired. Good night, dear, and God bless you!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

POEMS OF EMILE VERHAEREN. Translated by Alma Strettell. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.00 net.

Emile Verhaeren is a poet whose greatest gifts are imagination and strength. He has been called "the Belgian Whitman," a characterization utterly absurd, for he lacks Whitman's distinguishing virtues of sympathy and democracy, as well as his distinguishing vices of sentimental pantheism and deliberate obscenity. There is, it is true, gross immorality described with repulsive accuracy in *Les Filamandes*, and other early volumes of verse, but Verhaeren (unlike Whitman) discovered at any rate the artistic inappropriateness of an obsession of sensuality before he had progressed far in his literary career. And in this regard the volume of translations now under consideration is not open to censure.

Miss Alma Strettell has made faithful but awkward English versions of nineteen of Verhaeren's poems, taking them from the volumes entitled *Les Villages Illusoires*, *Les Heures Claires*, *Les Apparus dans mes Chemins*, and *La Multiple Splendeur*. No true friend of the poet will regret the omission of selections from such early indiscretions as *Les Moines* and *Les Débâcles*, but it is unfortunate that some of his recent poems have not been included, some of the poems which, like *La Cathédrale*, seem to show that from his nation's grief he has learned the pride of humility and the wisdom of folly.

Only three of the poems in this little book are new to the English-speaking public. The others were published in the nineties, when Mr. Arthur Symons was trying to extend in England the fame of Verhaeren and other continental poets. Of the three new poems, one, *The Glory of the Heavens*, is particularly interesting because it is the work of a man who at the time shut his eyes before the Cause of the glory of the heavens, and said that therefore It did not exist. He spends much fine rhetoric in praise of the stars, but he spends it in vain, for his highest acknowledged thought about them is that they are "the intricate tangle of marvelous problems." It is a pathetic, a tragic thing, this effort to find beauty without God; the reader turns hastily from its cold splendor to the warm radiance of Father Gerard Hopkin's *The Star Night*.

But Verhaeren has always been honest in his infidelity. He has not, like his compatriot, Maeterlinck, been vague merely for the sake of vagueness. In his earliest poems, his coarseness was repulsive, but it was frank, it was not blasphemously decked in religious robes, as in Maeterlinck's morbid immoralities. And there are indications, even in the little volume now at hand, that the poet who was taught his art by the Jesuits of Sainte Barbe, is coming to see that these teachers knew more about "The Glory of the Heavens" than any poet, however gifted, has ever found out for himself.

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CONSTITUTION AND OTHER ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The distinguished senior Senator from Massachusetts has given us in this volume a collection of political papers to which he has added various addresses and essays, the whole making a book at once thoughtful and pleasant.

He continues, thereby, that fine tradition of scholarship, that capacity for the enunciation of high thoughts and fit diction, which have so long and so happily characterized many of his predecessors in the exalted position he now fills.

The first five papers consist of an earnest, well-reasoned contention against new legislation, either proposed of late years, or in some places already adopted, namely, the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall of Judges. In his opinion these measures are fraught with present and future evils. They tend to destroy the representative element of our government, to submit to popular and hasty misjudgment matters of highest consequence, to foster unduly the will of minorities, to put the power of ruling into the hands of demagogues, and so expose the country to repeated changes of law, to the mercy of factions.

So far from being new or original discoveries, the brilliant outcome of twentieth century thought, Mr. Lodge very calmly yet unmistakably proves their existence and fatal presence in history both ancient and modern.

With a mind open to the changes which new circumstances may impel, he is wisely conservative, and is at pains to show that the proposals are not only faulty in their presentation, but unnecessary, as having a place already both in our theory and practice of government. The Initiative is provided for in the first ten amendments to

the Constitution; the Referendum has existed and has been freely used in the various States by constitutional amendments, in city charters, in laws, and in local franchises. The Recall of Judges by popular vote finds no favor in his eyes, as it tends to lessen the independence of judges, to make them subservient to popular passions. Three of the papers are monographs on Lincoln, Calhoun, Thomas Brackett Reed, written with distinction and great finish. The two concluding essays are literary in character and very pleasant reading.

**MANUALE THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS SECUNDUM PRINCIPIA
S. THOMÆ AQUINATIS.** By D. M. Prümmer, O.P.

Three volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$7.50 net.

A university professor once stated to the writer that one of the evils of our time was the publication of needless textbooks of moral theology. Few of them had any reason to exist, for they failed to treat the questions of the day, and did nothing to bring up to date the old questions treated by the moralists of the golden age of the science.

Father Prümmer would not have come under this scholar's condemnation, for he is thoroughly up to date, and is by no means content to copy blindly the writings of his forbears. He rightly complains of those modern moralists who pay too little attention to principles, and too much to casuistry pure and simple. He is perfectly well aware that casuistry is necessary in law, medicine and morals, but it should not usurp the whole field of study. A good grasp of the first principles of a science will often make a knotty problem easy of solution.

One feature of these volumes is frequent quotation from the pages of St. Thomas. Still, while following the master closely, Father Prümmer does not forget to cite the theologians of other schools, like St. Alphonsus, Hugo of St. Victor, St. Raymond of Pennafort, St. Bonaventure, and many of the moderns. The student of theology will certainly find these volumes most helpful.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN ESSAYS. Chosen by
Brander Matthews. New York: Oxford University Press.
\$1.25.

Professor Matthews of Columbia has gathered together over a score of American essayists from Franklin (1706-1790) to Roosevelt, and introduced them to us in a most felicitous preface.

In this introduction he complains of the unfortunate and mis-

leading antithesis between "American" and "English" literature, for he says rightly that the literature of a language is one and indivisible, and that the nativity or the domicile of those who make it matters nothing. "The works of Anthony Hamilton and Rousseau, Madame de Staël and M. Maeterlinck are not more indisputably a part of the literature of the French language than the works of Franklin and Emerson, of Hawthorne and Poe, are part of the literature of the English language." However, American writers have an indefinable and intangible flavor which distinguishes them clearly from their English cousins. Their outlook upon life is different, and their social atmosphere and organization is different in many particulars. He thus characterizes the true essay style: "We find in the best of these American essays the familiar style and the everyday vocabulary, the apparent simplicity and the seeming absence of effort, the horror of pedantry and the scorn of affectation;the flavor of good talk and the sprightly conversation that may sparkle in front of a wood fire and that often vanishes with the curling smoke."

In making his selection, he tells us that he excluded purely literary criticism, the set oration, and all fiction. Within these lines of selection there are, however, many regrettable omissions, of such names as Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Agnes Repplier—but who can afford to be critical of taste in anthologies? It is an excellent volume to put in the hands of students.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS. With Introductions and Commentary. By Joseph MacRory. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$2.75 net.

Catholic students of the Sacred Scriptures will be grateful to Dr. MacRory for his excellent commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians. The work is chiefly intended as a textbook for the students of his own classes of Sacred Scripture at Maynooth College, so that he aims at brevity and clearness, and omits the discussion of questions that would interest only the advanced scholar.

The First Epistle is most valuable to us on account of its teaching on Christian marriage, the Holy Eucharist, its praise of charity, its mention of the charismata of the early Church, its proofs of the resurrection of Jesus Christ and of the just; the Second is important for the insight it gives into the character and personal history of the Apostle.

It would have been better to have printed a critical Greek text along with the Latin, and Pustet's 1914 edition of Hetzenauer's Latin Vulgate would have been preferable to the Turin edition of 1883 which he uses.

THE PERSONALITY OF CHRIST. By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

The Abbot Vonier tells us that his book is an unconventional rendering of the most important portions of the third part of the *Summa* of St. Thomas, which contains his treatise on the Incarnation. While our devotional, apologetical and exegetical treatises on the life of Christ are most numerous, we are not so well provided in English with strictly theological works. This volume is an attempt to fill up the gap.

There is nothing new in this volume for the theologian, but the educated layman will find it a treasure-house of exact and profound thinking. Christians of the early days of Christianity were most deeply interested in Christ's Personality and in Christ's psychology, for the Eastern mind rejoiced in metaphysical subtleties, and "found it more congenial to analyze its God than to analyze itself. Western doctrinal upheavals have always been more or less about practical things, about good works, about sanctity, about sacraments." Our Christology comes entirely from the East.

This volume should be read in conjunction with the English translation of the *Summa*, which the English Dominicans are now publishing.

MEMOIRS OF FATHER MAZZUCHELLI, O.P. Translated from the Italian by Sister Mary Benedicta Kennedy, of Saint Clara Convent, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Chicago: W. F. Hall Printing Co. \$1.50.

These memoirs of the famous Dominican missionary of the Northwest were first published in Milan in 1844. They cover the years 1828 to 1844, and give a very clear-cut picture of the beginnings of Catholicism in Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois. We read with the greatest interest of his missions among the Menomines, the Winnebagos, the Ottawas, and other tribes; the establishing of the first churches in Dubuque, Iowa City, Davenport, Burlington, and Galena; his controversies with Protestant ministers, and his many conversions of non-Catholics; and the activity of such saintly heroes as Baraga of Marquette,

Henni of Milwaukee, Loras of Dubuque, Cretin and Galtier of St. Paul. Archbishop Ireland has written a long introduction which sums up accurately the character and work of Father Mazzuchelli.

WHAT CAN I KNOW? By George Trumbull Ladd, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

This philosophical treatise is practically a new and popular presentation of Professor Ladd's well-known book, *The Philosophy of Knowledge*. Dr. Ladd's philosophical works—he has already published over twenty volumes—are always clear-cut, scholarly, carefully written, and suggestive. We are glad to find many things in this volume with which we are in cordial agreement. Occasionally we must dissent from him as, for example, when he declares that the theistic arguments based on the principle of causality are logically unsound and of no practical utility.

We look forward with great interest to the reading of Dr. Ladd's other volumes. The one on Duty (*What Ought I To Do?*) just published; on Faith (*What Shall I Believe?*), and Hope (*What May I Hope?*) promised in the near future.

THE CHRISTIAN EUCHARIST AND THE PAGAN CULTS. By William M. Groton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20 net.

The lectures in this volume were given under the auspices of the John Bohlen Lectureship, founded in Philadelphia in 1874. The lecturer discusses, particularly with regard to the Holy Eucharist, the modern rationalistic dogma that "much, if not all, of Christian sacramentalism had its origin in the cultic ideas and practices of paganism." Dr. Groton holds, against modern unbelief, that the Eucharist did not come directly from the Mystery-Religions, nor from any of the pagan cults such as Gnosticism, Mithraism, and the like, but was an institution of our Saviour. It is impossible to tell from his confused pages what he himself really believes, but he unquestionably fails to see Transubstantiation either in the sixth chapter of St. John or in the words of our Saviour at the Last Supper. He apparently has never heard of Cardinal Wiseman's interpretation of John vi. 63, and has not read Monsignor Batiffol's two volumes on the Eucharist in primitive Christianity. He seems to hold the absurd notion that Transubstantiation is equivalent to the pagan belief in magic, and that the Catholic Church's over-emphasis on the social and sacramental side of religion finally made

it "stand almost wholly for salvation through an institution by sacraments." The result, we are told, was that "Catholicism lost its control over the most intelligent and progressive of its subjects." This is history with a vengeance.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS ADDIS AND ROBERT EMMET, WITH THEIR ANCESTORS AND IMMEDIATE FAMILY. By Thomas Addis Emmet, LL.D. Two volumes. New York: The Emmet Press. \$10.00.

Dr. Emmet has put all true Irishmen forever in his debt by the publication of these two elaborate histories of his famous relatives. The author rightly contends that this work is not a mere compilation as would appear at first sight, but a work of original and laborious research. He had the advantage of learning the facts recorded at first hand, chiefly from his grandmother and Dr. Macneven. His collection of documents and illustrations are important, not only as family records, but from an historical standpoint.

The author says well: "The fact must now be accepted that Thomas Addis Emmet, more than any other leader in the early part of the movement of 1798, left an indelible and individual impression on Irish affairs, while. . . . Robert Emmet, although he failed from adverse circumstances, was the originator of everything in the Fenian movement which made it most formidable."

In a long historical preface, Dr. Emmet speaks his mind plainly about England's "selfishness, and absence of all principle of either honesty or fair play toward her neighbor," and gives the proper setting for a true understanding of the lives of the two famous brothers.

A complete bibliography and an excellent index accompany these volumes.

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Edited by Edward Hamilton Daly. Volume XIII. New York: Published by the Society.

The thirteenth volume of the *Journal* of the American Irish Historical Society contains the reports of all its officers, and the addresses and historical papers of the year 1914. The most interesting part of the volume is the list of Irish immigrants to Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, gathered from shipping statistics, marriage and burial records, land grants, and

the like. Worthy of special comment are the papers of Dr. Coyle on General Michael Corcoran, of James M. Graham on Irish loyalty to American institutions, of M. J. O'Brien on William Heron, the schoolmaster of Greenfield, Connecticut, and the speeches at the unveiling of the Barry statue in Washington.

THE GLORY OF BELGIUM. By Roger Ingpen. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$5.00.

After a brief sketch of the history of Belgium, the author describes in an entertaining fashion its old churches, palaces, town halls, belfries and its rich treasure of the early masters. He voyages in turn through Bruges, Antwerp, Malines, Ghent, Tournai, Ypres, Liège, Charleroi, Namur, Dinant, Louvain and Brussels. Many of the buildings he describes have since been destroyed by the ravages of war. The many illustrations in color by W. L. Bruckman are excellent.

SAFEGUARDS FOR CITY YOUTH AT WORK AND AT PLAY.

By Louise de Koven Bowen. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

An unusually well-written document is this unpretending, concise account of the origin, system and achievements of the Chicago Juvenile Protective Association by its President. Her purpose, most adequately fulfilled, is to set forth clearly the conditions which make for the degradation of morals in the youth of the large cities, and what legislative measures must be secured to ameliorate them. She records the results of the investigations of the Association, and leaves it to be inferred from the extent and variety of the material how great must have been the labors and devotion of the workers who amassed it.

We are explicitly told that the intention of the Association is formative rather than reformatory. It is surprising, therefore, as well as disappointing, to find in this recital of efforts for protection no account taken, nor mention made, of the sure protection afforded by the transformative power of personal religion. The author leaves us little room for doubt that she subscribes almost unreservedly to the dangerous doctrine of irresponsible helplessness; nor does she note any forms of temptation from within. A natural desire for recreation offers an opening to the evil forces without: from these the girl must be protected, partly by providing recreation at once more acceptable to her taste and

more beneficial to her morals. All is exterior. One wonders just what the finished formation will be like, granting that the formative forces continue without staleness or depreciation. Vigilant legislation, inspired by unceasing abundance of humane wisdom and disinterested zeal—on this must ever rest the maintenance of blamelessness attained through lack of opportunity.

POVERTY AND WASTE. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Withers has written a thoughtful little treatise on the problem of modern poverty, full of suggestions as to what may be done by the ordinary private citizen towards bringing about a better state of things in the business affairs of the world. The solving of the discontent of our time is not, he thinks, to be done by the government, as Socialism maintains, but by the individual, "who as consumer and buyer of goods and services is the cause of much of the poverty that is a blot upon our civilization." According to him, the two evils that now stand in the way of a better share of the workers in the good things of the earth, are the dearness and scarcity of capital, and the dearness and scarcity of food and raw materials. We all can correct these evils by spending less on luxuries, and living more sensible lives, in accordance with a more genuine standard of comfort.

ASPECTS OF MODERN DRAMA. By Frank Wadleigh Chandler. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Instead of discussing the work of different dramatists according to their country or age, our author in these lectures prefers to illustrate the dramatic treatment of such characters as the wayward woman (Wilde's *Salome*, and Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*) and the priestly hero (Jones' *Saints and Sinners*, and Kennedy's *The Servant in the House*); of such motives as the tyranny of love (Stringberg's *The Father*); the influence of heredity and environment (Tchekhov's *Uncle Vanya*), and the ideal of honor (Echegaray's *The Great Galeto*); of such situations as are commonly involved in plays presenting scenes from married life (Brieux's *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont*); of such a plot as the eternal triangle of husband, wife and a third (D'Annunzio's *Francesca de Rimini*); of such social problems as those of sex, divorce, racial antagonisms, and the relation of the rich and poor (Hervieu's *The Labyrinth*, Galsworthy's *The Silver Box*); and of

such artistic varieties as the naturalistic, the romantic, the symbolic, and the poetical drama (Hauptmann's *Weavers*, Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice*, Rostand's *Chanticleer*, and Stephen Phillips' *Paolo and Francesca*).

The author's analysis of some two hundred and eighty difficult plays, together with his bibliography of such plays, and the critical works discussing them, will prove of great value to the college student.

PLAYS. By Leonid Andreyeff. Translated by C. L. Meader and F. N. Scott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.

Three plays are given in this volume, *The Black Maskers*, *The Life of Man*, and *The Sabine Women*. The last is a one-act political satire, too local to be of general interest. The other two bear witness impressively to the powers of the dramatist, who is of the school of the new *théâtre pansyche*, the presentation of thought rather than plot and action. Both plays are highly symbolical, and are permeated by the Russian spirit of tragic melancholy. Though there is none of the modern symbolist's confusion of the moral order, the tone is still entirely non-Christian in representing man as a victim or a rebel, uncheered by hope. While many touches of beauty and striking pictures are found, the treatment is massive in its simplicity, and attains to such heights that one feels no theme would be wholly beyond the reach of the author's lofty imagination. It is the more deeply regrettable that the sombre warp of his genius precludes response to the world's need of spiritual health and joy.

The translation shows the elusive evidence of fidelity to the original in the use of English, which is strong and simple, without lapsing into obscureness or banal colloquialism. The main content is prefaced by an interesting essay on the plays and the author's views by V. V. Brusyanin.

BRITISH AND GERMAN IDEALS. Reprinted from the September, 1914, and March, 1915, numbers of *The Round Table*.

Under this title we have reprinted from *The Round Table* three articles which furnish a critical exposition of Prussianism and its effects on Germany, Europe, and the world. The first and second papers are a rapid survey of German political history since 1848. The writer traces the War to the idea of German national ascendancy which, after the triumphant struggle of autocracy with the

democratic principle, was the *idée fixe* of Berlin. This idea it is which has moulded the whole German nation into a megalomaniac unit, to be worked this way or that according to the will of its rulers; which has governed the repeated blows of the autocracy at social democracy, which has given birth to the schools of thought of the Treitschkes and the Bernhardis; which has indicated the navy acts of recent years, and inaugurated a foreign policy which made notorious the Tangier, Bosnian and Agadir crises as examples of a dangerous "mailed fist" attitude in world politics, boding ill for the rights of any nation unable to protect itself. This aim at domination, as opposed to equilibrium, meant little less than an attempt to crush liberty in Europe, and thus imposes on the world a duty of self-defence, a duty too long neglected by those whose blindness throughout the last four decades made the present international conflict inevitable.

The occasion of the War, the Sarajévo tragedy, is discussed in the third paper. The writer's indictment of the Slav policy of the Dual Empire throws much blame and responsibility on the Magyar hegemony over the other races of Hungary.

The book gives a good deal of information on European history that is most necessary just now, but on a few points the criticisms, coming from Englishmen, suggest an obvious remark about people in glass houses. Nor need we add that when the writer of the first article states that few war books arrive at the fundamental truth of the matter, he describes a state of affairs which readers with German sympathies will judge these essays to leave quite unchanged. Open controversies cannot compel unanimity.

ETCHING AND OTHER GRAPHIC ARTS. By George T. Plowman. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

As the majority of useful books on etching are either out of print or very expensive, this treatise of Mr. Plowman's will be welcomed by every art lover.

The first part of the volume is devoted to the subjects necessary to a complete understanding of etching, namely, pencil and pen drawing, lithography, wood and line engraving, etching, dry-point, and the like. The second part is more technical, for it tells the beginner how to prepare the plate for the acid, how to draw on the plate, how to bite the plate, how to rework the ground and to print.

The book is derived from notes taken by the author during the last three years in England and on the Continent. He acknowledges

his indebtedness to Sir Frank Short of the Royal College of Art in South Kensington, England, by whom he was initiated into the mysteries of acid and ground.

SOME IMAGIST POETS. An Anthology. 75 cents net.

JAPANESE LYRICS. Translated by Lafcadio Hearn. The New Poetry Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents.

After looking through such a volume as this of the *Imagist Poets*, one is reminded of a little dialogue in a recent English novel. Two Oxford students are discussing the newest literary bantling of the undergraduates, and "Isn't it most awful rot?" asks the one who has not read it. To which the one who has replies serenely, "Some of it."

It is very easy to ridicule the absurdities of "imagism," or "cubism" or "futurism," or any of the other vagaries of ultra-modern art and literature. It is equally easy, and still more amusing, to welcome each new fad as some mysterious revelation—to "give the age its head," as Mr. Gilbert Chesterton puts it. What is not easy is the sober course of sane yet sympathetic criticism. Now the "imagists," as a professed school of poetry, have been with us somewhat less than a year and a half. Their first volume, *Des Imagistes*, appeared without much explanation. The present collection, contributed to by Amy Lowell, Richard Aldington, John Gould Fletcher, "H. D.," F. S. Flint, and D. H. Lawrence, gives their poetic "platform," to borrow a term from modern politics. It is, briefly, a determination to use the language of ordinary speech, chosen with exactitude; to "create new rhythms as the expression of new moods;" to allow free choice of subject; to present a definite and exact image in each poem; to "produce poetry that is hard and clear; and—to concentrate.

There is nothing very radical in all this. Wordsworth preached and practised the poetry of common speech; French verse has always been highly concentrated, and very "clear"—if not hard; while multitudes of minor poets, since the days of Whitman, have believed passionately in complete liberty (not to say, license!) of verse-form and subject. So it would seem the only tenet which may be called distinctive (and even this suggests the pictorial Pre-Raphaelites!) is the desire to present an *image*—most lyrists having been mainly concerned with presenting an emotion or a mood. By their images, then, these verses must stand or fall. Most of them, in the present volume, are undeniably vivid: many are grotesque

or strained. When we are told that a red rose is clear, "cut in rock, hard as the descent of hail," we cannot be expected to take the poet very seriously. On the other hand, when Amy Lowell speaks of the heart that is weary of being "squeezed into little ink-drops" and posted in a letter, or of thoughts locked up tight until they chink like bullion, we feel the strength, albeit the "conceit" also, of such imagery. *The Bombardment*, merely a piece of graphic prose, has no real place in the present collection: and the "school" is perhaps not responsible for the morbid pessimism and somewhat puerile revolt of several of its contributors. Imagism, in the large, may be considered a protest against poetry that is either a cloud of abstractions or an avalanche of words; and if the present volume has slight claim to immortality, it is at least not sterile.

It is meet enough to couple with this very new poetry a sister-collection of verses from old Japan. Lovers of Lafcadio Hearn's fastidious Orientalism will welcome these songs gathered from his several volumes; but, apart from his own critical context, it must be admitted that their slight and subtle impressionism carries little appeal to the Occidental mind. There has been no attempt to reproduce the Japanese rhythm, nor, indeed, is metre of any kind attempted; so that the Englished "lyrics," which include love songs, lullabies, strange bits of insect and goblin poetry, and a fragmentary version of the River of Heaven myth, come to us merely in snatches of delicate, and often rather difficult, prose. Their value is mainly for those already familiar with Japanese lore.

STAMMERING AND COGNATE DEFECTS OF SPEECH. By C. S. Bluemel. Two volumes. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. \$5.00 net.

The first volume of this excellent treatise discusses the causality and psychology of stammering, while the second reviews and criticizes the systems at present employed in treating stammering here and abroad. The author has made no attempt to undertake an historical review, for he thinks this field has been effectively covered by Hunt in his well-known work: *Stammering and Stuttering*.

The author calls special attention to the great number of fraudulent "Stammering Schools" in the United States, which have extorted thousands of dollars from the ignorant on the promise of a thorough and speedy cure. If the simple measures he suggests

in his second volume (Chapter VIII.) were adopted by mothers when their children were very young, stammering would practically disappear in a few decades.

SOME TEXTUAL DIFFICULTIES IN SHAKESPEARE. By Charles D. Stewart. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.35 net.

In this volume Mr. Stewart has endeavored—for the most part successfully—to explain some twoscore of the most difficult passages in Shakespeare's plays. Some of the passages he discusses are: "That runaway's eyes may wink" of *Romeo and Juliet*; "The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body" of *Hamlet*; "I see that men make ropes in such a scar" of *All's Well That Ends Well*; "Ignorance itself is a plummet over me" of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; "Qualitie calmie custure me" of *Henry V.*; "To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind" of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; "As those that fear they hope, and know they fear" of *As You Like It*; "Her C's, her U's, her T's" of *Twelfth Night*.

ARUNDEL. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

Arundel is a story of modern life in English middle class suburbia. Edward Holroyd, Mr. Benson's rather dull hero, becomes engaged to Edith Hancock, a soulless girl of his own set, when suddenly the lively and vivacious Elizabeth Fanshawe appears upon the scene from India. The hero, a great music lover, at once falls violently in love with Elizabeth's piano playing, and incidentally becomes enamored of the piano player. True to the rules of modern romance, she tells him that she loves him in return, but that honor requires him to be true to his engagement with her cousin. How he keeps loyal, how Elizabeth lies to save Edith from unhappiness, how Edith solves the problem by dying in good season—we leave the reader to learn for himself.

The novel is full of excellent character sketches, although we hope these men and women are not characteristically English. A meaner assemblage were never gathered together in any village of the world. Edith is a matter of fact girl on the lookout for a man with money to make her comfortable. She is not cast in a very high mould, for she refuses to release her fiancé from his engagement, even though she is convinced he no longer loves her. Edward

is "an idealist at heart," but a man dulled by the routine of daily business and the croquet and bridge playing of gossipy ultra respectable Heathmoor. Edith's mother, the placid and comfortable Mrs. Hancock, is a woman utterly selfish, unspeakably mean, and absolutely brainless. Her religion is mere externalism, and her one object in life is her own ease and comfort. Elizabeth's mother, Mrs. Fanshawe, is a mere society butterfly, pleasure-loving, lazy, insincere and unmoral. Elizabeth herself, the only character in the book with one spark of loveableness, is a worldly agnostic, who goes to church merely to satisfy public opinion, and whose moral code embraces the Protestant formula, "the end justifies the means." Mr. Martin, the golf-playing Anglican vicar, is absolutely devoid of all strength of character; he is ever preaching short, encouraging sermons, which totally ignore sin and exalt to the skies the worldly spirit of respectability, selfishness and self-complacency.

BEALBY. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.35.

In *Bealby*, Mr. Wells has given up for a time the problem novel, and written an amusing sketch of a runaway steward's boy. In his brief but strenuous career, little Bealby manages to spoil a most important week-end party, change a dignified Lord-Chancellor into a raving maniac, spoil, to all appearances, the career of an ambitious army officer, flee the clutches of a wily and designing tramp, and defy a whole village intent upon his capture. The story is well written, and fairly bubbling over with fun and frolic from the first page to the last.

THE HOUSE. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.35 net.

Henry Bordeaux has styled novel-writing the first of all the literary arts, because "it comprises autobiography, metaphysics, realism, and poetry." His latest book is a striking proof of his thesis. It describes the life of François Rambert, bred in all the good traditions of Catholic France by a perfect father and mother, and led away from them by an unbelieving, anticlerical grandfather. The philosophy of the book is manifest in the writer's strong denunciation of the modern French apostasy from the Faith, which leads the youthful hero, just awakening to self-love and independence, into the vortex of irreligion and sensuality. We have realism

in François' puppy love for the young gypsy girl Nazzarena, in his initiation at the free and easy *Café des Navigateurs*, and in the well-drawn characters of Tem Bessette and Mimi Pachoux. We have poetry in our author's vivid picturing of his one pet theme, the Home, in all the beauty of its loyalty, faith, sacrifice, and love. The Home is triumphant at last, and the rebellious François is won back to its faith and love at the deathbed of his sturdy and devout father. *La Maison (The House)* repeats *Les Roquevillards (The Will to Live)*, and *Les Yeux qui s'Ouvrent (The Awakening)*, but the style is more lively and clear cut. Bordeaux is one of the best novelists of contemporary France.

UNDER WHICH FLAG? A Romance of the Bourbon Restoration. By Edith Staniforth. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00.

Nothing in this novel lifts it out of the rank and file, though the period in which it is laid is a newer field for historical fiction than usual. The author is well acquainted with the history of the times and, indeed, inserts so much of it that her work oscillates between a textbook and a romance. The story is ill-constructed, and does not hold the attention; there is no interest of characterization, and the dialogue is unimaginative and conventional. The books gives the impression of having been written to voice the author's anti-Napoleon sentiments.

PROBLEMS OF COMMUNITY LIFE. An Outline of Applied Sociology. By Seba Eldridge. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Eldridge says in his preface that "the analysis of community life here presented was undertaken in the belief that working and living conditions in New York had not received the systematic study requisite to relatively complete knowledge and control of them; and in the hope that it would serve as an introduction to scientific, comprehensive treatment of this character."

We consider Mr. Eldridge utterly unfit to solve the problems of community life. He is an out-and-out pagan, advocating the "sterilization of the feeble-minded and the criminal, the liberalization of marriage customs and laws in accordance with varying sex demands," etc. It is difficult at times to tell what the author is driving at, for he fights shy of all sentence structure, and makes his volume look like a dictionary or a telephone book. Despite the publishers' announcement, we do not think this work will ever

be regarded as an indispensable textbook in our high schools or colleges.

THE CURSE OF CASTLE EAGLE. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.25.

Many of our readers who read *The Curse of Castle Eagle* in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, will welcome this novel in book form. The story tells how the beautiful Meg Hildebrand lifted the curse from the House of Turloughmore. According to the curse, every Lord Turloughmore must die a bloody death. The story tells of the saving of the shipwrecked father, who breaks the curse by dying in his bed, and the successful wooing of the charming heroine by Lord Erris.

PRESCRIPTIONS. A Collection of Extracts from Dr. Richard C. Cabot's *What Men Live By*. Selected by Edith Motter Lamb. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cents.

Readers holding Dr. Cabot's book in high regard, and looking over this little volume of extracts, will not all concur in the editor's certainty, as indicated in her foreword, that benefit will derive from its publication. This is not to impugn her literary sagacity and sincerity of intention, nor by any means to intimate that the work could have been more successfully accomplished by other hands. *What Men Live By* should, we think, be judged only in its entirety, which is so moderate in size that there are not many who could not find time to read it. The content, though composed of four treatises on "Work," "Play," "Love," and "Worship," respectively, is compact of thought connected and colored by a spirit of definite worship, which does not wait for consideration in its assigned place as fourth in the sequence, but underlies and sustains the whole fabric. This is not duly apparent in the extracts taken from the first three, and thereby they lose their deepest significance. The effect is misleading, and has already had the result that the charge of pantheism has been brought against the book by a verdict based solely on *Prescriptions*.

POEMS. By Armel O'Connor. With a frontispiece in color by Alice Rocke. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

We have only words of praise for this slender volume of verse. The work is remarkable for sincerity and precision of thought, and for beauty and delicacy of expression. With the exception of

two or three rather vague and wordy poems, the great majority of Mr. O'Connor's verses deserve quoting. We were particularly impressed by the sweet devotional hymns to Our Lady—"Our Lady of the Doves," "Our Lady's Vigil," "Mater Dei"—and by the sad strains of "Sorrow's Voice" and "Broken Hearts."

SERMON MATTER. By Rev. F. Girardey, C.S.S.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50 net.

Father Girardey has, in the present volume, suggested outlines of sermons on the love of God, the love of our neighbor, the Blessed Eucharist, the Sacrament of Penance, and the seven capital sins. The author is well known as a preacher of ability, and a writer of a number of excellent devotional works. This book will prove helpful to the young priest on the lookout for sermon material, although we trust that it will not be a substitute for the real labor of sermon preparation.

THE FRIAR PREACHER: YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Translated from the French of Père Jacquin, O.P., by Father Hugh Pope, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

In this small, but entertaining volume, Père Jacquin sets forth briefly the origins, the objects, and the ideals of the Dominican Order. After a preliminary chapter on the work actually accomplished by St. Dominic himself, he treats of the Dominican ideal, and declares the true object of this Order to be theological doctrinal teaching, whether in the pulpit or in the professor's chair. The translation is excellent.

MEMOIRS OF ZI PRE' (Uncle Priest). By E. M. Dunne, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents net.

The Bishop of Peoria has written an excellent treatise on Catholic doctrine in the form of a lively controversy between the young theologian Pasqualino and the apostate Italian proselytizer, Antonio. The most interesting part of the volume deals with Bishop Dunne's experiences among the Italians of the Angel Guardian Parish in Chicago, where for years he was a most successful pastor.

LES CLOCHES DES MORTS. By the Author of *By the Grey Sea*. St. Louis: B. Herder. 45 cents net.

This book is not, as the title would indicate, written in French, but in English, and, apparently, by an Englishman. It records, in

gentle, ruminative style, a visit paid over-seas to the tomb of a loved one, long departed.

Scattered through its pages are many clear-sighted observations and words of wisdom. Perhaps too much is ventured by the writer in attempting to record his spiritual experiences at the well-loved grave, for such emotions are, in reality, personal, and lose somewhat of their contour in the telling. Such a description will not, however, be without its message of comfort and assurance to "those who mourn."

THE CONVERSION OF CÆSARE PUTTI. By W. Hall-Patch. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents.

This book of some forty pages gives us a pen picture of sixteenth century Rome. It brings out clearly the winning personality of St. Philip Neri, and describes his conversion of the bandit, Cæsare Putti.

THE LIVING TOUCH. By Dorothy Kerin. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00 net.

Miss Kerin in these pages gives an account of her professed miraculous restoration to health when in the last stage of phthisis. Although she supports her story by a number of testimonies of doctors, nurses and relatives, the whole affair strikes us as unreal. The many messages given her by the Lord and His angels appear to us to be the imaginings of a neurotic pietist.

FIRST BOOK FOR ITALIANS. By Bernard H. Burke. Boston: Edward E. Rabb & Co.

The little volume published as a "first aid" to the Italian seeking to learn English, is the outcome of the author's experience in the conducting of evening classes among immigrants. It is arranged especially with a view to concentrating attention on like-sounding words, at each new stage of progress, so that phonetic difficulties may be overcome more easily. The vocabulary is simple, and the spirit of the volume very practical.

A POPULAR LIFE OF ST. TERESA. Translated from the French of Abbé Marie Joseph. By Annie Porter. New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents.

We are indebted to Miss Porter for a good translation of the Abbé Joseph's popular life of St. Teresa of Jesus. The story of

the Saint's labors, miracles, and writings is told in a simple and entertaining manner.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST. By Lucius Hopkins Miller, Assistant Professor of Biblical Instruction at Princeton University. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.00 net.

Professor Miller tells us in his preface that "the hardest problem of all is to maintain one's Christian spirit in the midst of the hurly-burly of our distracted modern life." He then sets about writing a book for the liberals of our day who cannot accept the official interpretation of Christian truth. In the course of it our author denies the Trinity, the Virgin Birth, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the Resurrection, the authenticity and genuinity of the Gospels, and the like. He reminds us of the surgeon who cured his patient of cancer by cutting off his head.

WHAT IS THE SACRED HEART? Translated from the French of the Abbé Felix Anizan by Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Co.

Father Fitzpatrick has translated the well-known treatise of the Abbé Anizan on the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Chapter I. treats of the object of the devotion, while Chapter II. gives the theological definition of the Sacred Heart. The ruling idea of the whole book is that this devotion is nothing else than devotion to Jesus Himself, revealing Himself to us through the evidences of His love, and showing us His heart as symbol of that love. The book, although theologically accurate, is utterly lacking in distinction of style.

GETTING A WRONG START. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

This anonymous autobiography has the sub-title: "The Confessions of a Successful Failure." It purports to be the life-story of a present-day writer of successful fiction, and its author gives us to understand that it was written at great sacrifice of his inclinations in response to his conviction that he had a message of assistance to others who, like himself, class themselves as failures. The numbers and hardships of this pathetic class increase so much under the conditions of our cruelly "efficient" age, that a manual of self-help would be a boon, and our hopes are aroused.

The book is a rambling, incoherent record of experiences, not detailed enough to be interesting of themselves, in various occu-

pations taken up and abandoned, until at length the speaker began to write fiction, in which he achieved a measure of the success which had been hitherto denied him. He deploras, with monotonous frequency, the handicap of inheritance under which he struggled, yet he points to no connection between his unfortunate temperament and his repeated "wrong starts." He urges those of like temperament to look within until they realize the truth, but he does not advise them as to what they shall do next. In fact, he avows his belief that the determining factors in man's life are two, which are not in his control, luck and heredity. In conclusion, he gives his personal assurance that they will one day find the foot of their rainbow, and faintly recommends something resembling prayer to a vague outside power which he calls "the something plus."

The book is not long, but it is much too long for any sort of effectiveness. Condensed by two-thirds, it might be more intelligible.

WE have received from Benziger Brothers (New York) the following selection of juvenile books at 35 cents each: *The Mad Knight* (The Adventures of Don Quixote), adapted from the German of Otto V. Schaching by K. Devir; *Daddy Dan*, by Mary T. Waggaman; *The Madcap Set at St. Anne's*, by Marion J. Brunowe; *The Little Apostle on Crutches*, by Henriette E. Delamare; *Miralda*, a story of the negro plantations in Cuba, by Katherine Mary Johnston; *The Haldeman Children*, by Mary E. Mannix; *The Young Color Guard*, by Mary E. Bonesteel; *The Little Lady of the Hall*, by Nora Ryeman.

IN the July issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the price of the English translation of *The Life of Saint Severinus*, by George W. Robinson, published by the Harvard University Press, was stated to be \$2.50: the correct price is \$1.50.

NOTE.—On account of the non-arrival of the foreign periodicals, we have been compelled to omit that department this month.—[Ed. C. W.]

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.

The offensive movement of the French and **Progress of the War.** British forces, which has so long been looked for, has not yet begun, and is said to be indefinitely postponed perhaps until next spring. On the other hand, the German drive for Calais, by way of Ypres, and for Paris, by way of St. Mihiel, are also still to come. Slight advances have been made by the British; those by the French have been more important. The push towards Lens is, however, still a long way from its goal. In Alsace-Lorraine some gains have been made. Small though these gains have been, the advantage has been on the side of the Allies. On the Eastern front the opposite must be said. While the attempt on Riga has failed, the Germans hold a considerable extent of ground in Courland, including the seaport of Libau. No change of any moment has taken place in the relative positions of the adversaries in the lines held in Poland in front of Warsaw. But a vast change has taken place in Galicia. On the third of June, Przemyśl was re-taken by the German and Austrian forces, and on the twenty-second Lemberg was re-occupied by the second Austrian army under General Böhm-Ermolli. The Russians retired in good order towards the line of the Bug, but have not been followed by the Germans in great force, and still remain in Austrian territory. The main line of attack of the Austro-German armies has been diverted towards Warsaw. It is expected that another attempt to capture the capital of Russian Poland will be made.

Although the loss of Lemberg and of almost the whole of Galicia is a serious reverse, it has not proved a disaster, nor even a defeat of the first magnitude. If the Russian armies had been smashed or even separated, the Germans would have attained the real object of the campaign. Neither of these results has been obtained. Major Moraht, the Military Correspondent of the

Berliner Tageblatt, has written to disabuse the world of the idea that the fall of Lemberg was a decisive military event. The Russians have been forced to give up the possession of a certain amount of territory only in order to take up another line. The fighting power of its armies remain unimpaired and its *morale* unshaken, thus preventing that transfer of troops to the Western front which is essential to success against the French. The resiliency of Russia has been exemplified many times before, and already signs are being shown that such will be the case again. "Russia," as has been well said, "retreats, but she falls back upon her supports; Germany advances, but she lengthens her line of communications. The Germans gain ground, but they lose men. They gain time, but Russia can afford to wait. Can Germany?"

A warfare is still being carried on between Russians and Turks in the Caucasus, but little is known as to the results; they may be taken as indecisive. In the neighborhood of the Persian Gulf, Turkish efforts to drive back the British-Indian forces have met with no success. No further attempt has been made upon Egypt. In the Dardanelles the conflict is still going on with small and slow gains for the Allies. Italy has gone slowly, but has secured most of the passes on her frontier which the Treaty of 1866 had given to Austria. Thereby she has freed herself from the danger of an invasion which the possession of these passes had given to her enemy. Trieste, however, has not yet fallen, nor even Görz. By the final surrender to General Botha of the German forces in Southwest Africa, an extent of territory half as large again as the German Empire in Europe has been lost to Germany and added to the British Empire. In Cameroon the contest is still going on. German East Africa is the sole colony of Germany which remains intact, but an enemy is hovering on its borders, and has already secured some few points on the Lake.

France.

The nation still holds an undaunted and undivided front to the enemy. Even the Socialists, among whom both in Germany and Great Britain there are found a few who, in greater or less degree, are in favor of making peace overtures of one kind or another, have refused to associate themselves with these endeavors. Replying to a request made by advocates in Great Britain for the holding of a Peace Conference at The Hague, the Secretary of the

National Committee of the French Section of the Workers' International gave as its definite answer the resolution passed by the Permanent Administrative Commission, that such a meeting was not materially possible nor morally desirable. Even the women of France are so united that none could be found to attend that Peace Conference at The Hague to which Miss Jane Addams went, and which was attended by delegates from both Great Britain and Germany. The deepest feeling and determination of French men and women of all classes and creeds is that French soil must be freed of its invaders before even talk about peace is to be thought of. Even boys are so eager for service that there are instances of their having taken special means to render themselves fit to enter the army. As a matter of fact, there is no sign that public sentiment in France is wearying of the war. To quote the words of the President of the *Fédération des Comités de l'Alliance Française dans les Iles Britanniques*: "We Frenchmen know too well what would become of our country if we were vanquished, and therefore we are absolutely determined to fight to a finish. Whatever political party or religious creed we belong to, we, one and all, are united in a complete confidence in our civilian and military leaders, and in our firm will and trust finally to conquer."

The priests have borne themselves so nobly that they have earned the title of the Knightly Priests of France. Those taking part in the war number some twenty thousand, drawn both from the secular clergy and Religious Orders. Carthusians, Jesuits, Dominicans, Salesians, Norbertines, Benedictines are found taking an active part in the service of their country. Men high in office in the Church are privates in the army, and there are instances of priests having military command over dignitaries of the Church. The young men are serving in the first line, the older men are employed as stretcher-bearers and hospital orderlies. The military chaplains are always men over forty-eight years of age, and their work is entirely ecclesiastical. Those serving as combatants have entered upon their work with such zest that their service is looked upon as of the finest order, even by officers who are known to have a decided anti-Catholic bias. A general of this reputation always chose priests for difficult ambulance work, on the ground that they were always "steady under fire, indifferent to death, untiringly energetic and unfailingly cheerful." Hence their moral influence among the men is immense, and endless anecdotes are told of their courage, good humor, and splendid fighting spirit. There

are numberless incidents of soldier-priests who have saved the lives of their comrades at the risk of their own. A wonderful influence for good may be expected at the end of the war, the priests having so manifestly followed in the footsteps of Him Who was among His disciples as one Who served. A fuller account of the work accomplished by the French clergy is found in a little book of the Comtesse de Courson, entitled *The Soldier Priests of France*.

The thrift of the French people is well known, and was exemplified, after the Franco-German War, by the way in which they paid from their savings the milliards exacted by Bismarck for the beating he had inflicted on them. One of the wonders of the present war is that, relatively speaking, very little poverty and very little sickness are found among the French people. Trade, at least in the large stores in the centre of Paris, is brisk and cheerful. In the country the fields are being cultivated up to, and sometimes within, the range of the German shells. The cost of living has not gone up more than thirty per cent, while that of luxuries has gone down. The wealth of France is said to be fabulous. The savings, which in 1870 the people used to pay the war indemnity, are now being used to keep things going until Germany is sufficiently beaten to make her pay the indemnity. The loans which have been issued by the Government for defraying the expenses of the war, are being taken up in ever-increasing proportion by the public as a whole, as distinguished from the financiers. For the first loan the public subscribed hardly one-half, while for the second it subscribed three times the amount allotted to the banks, thereby showing the ever-growing confidence of the people in the Government, and a determination to continue the war to the end. The cost allotted for fourteen months of war is, roughly speaking, four billions four hundred millions.

As time goes on confidence and trust grow stronger between France and Great Britain. In the first days of the war distrust of Great Britain was widespread and openly expressed in France. This passed away, however, as soon as war was declared on Germany by Great Britain. But, on the other hand, doubt existed among the British, not of the good faith and integrity of the French, but of their steadfastness and even of their capability to resist and to hold firm. France, it was often said, was decadent. It might resist for a spurt, but would it hold out? The experience of the past twelve months has demonstrated to both nations, and to the world, how baseless these mutual apprehensions

were. France, with Belgium, has borne so bravely the heaviest part of this formidable struggle without complaining, and even proudly, that her ally no longer has any fear. On France's part, it need not be said, there is no dread of Great Britain's proving faithless, or even inefficient. In the words of the *Temps*, speaking of the result of the munitions agitation: "The spectacle presented by Great Britain to-day is such as to remove the last doubts as to the degree of military power which our British ally is in process of attaining. The enlistment of all the resources of the country may be compared, as regards its efficacy and the additional aid which it will bring to the common cause, to the support of a new ally."

France realized more quickly than Great Britain the fact that this war depends for its success upon the organization of labor as much as upon the valor of the soldier. "Business as usual" has been unknown in French factories. Every peaceful activity has been abandoned if it conflicted with the proper conduct of the war. Everything has given way to the necessity imposed upon the nation of driving out the invader—trade union agreements, labor regulations, factory legislation, rules of pay have all been suspended, if their suspension has contributed to the war output of the country. The men themselves have been the first to recognize the urgency of the hour, and the first to approve of the sacrifices they have been called upon to make. The country was from the beginning of the war divided into districts, and officials were placed in control to indicate the wants of the Government, and to call upon the manufacturers to supply those wants. The latter can requisition labor as they require it, and by a recent law even workmen serving as soldiers can be called back to the workshops. These measures have had good results. Notwithstanding the fact that eighty per cent of the metals needed for munitions is ordinarily derived from districts now in the occupation of the enemy, France has been able to keep her supply going without it. Fresh resources have been discovered, new processes created, and every problem which arose has been met. Steps have recently been taken further to mobilize the scientific forces of the country. A committee of technical officers, who have been fighting in the trenches and have in this way learned the requirements of this kind of warfare, has been formed to help inventors and their research work, and thus to baffle the ingenuity of the Germans. A second committee keeps manufacturers in touch with the needs of the army.

Germany.

Confidence in success is still the dominating note in Germany. It is indeed no longer "we shall win," or "we cannot lose," but "we must win," expressing the grim resolve to put forth every ounce of energy, and to apply every resource of intelligence to bring this result about. Some justification for this confidence may be found if one judges by recent happenings alone. Their armies are now, with but the smallest exception, fighting or firmly planted on the soil of their enemies, especially after the recent stupendous victories over the Russians in Galicia. But if it is remembered that at the beginning of the war they were even more confident than they now are, that in a few weeks they would be in Paris, and that at that time their strength was overwhelmingly greater than it is to-day, in comparison with that of their opponents, it will be seen that their confidence is no guarantee of their success. It is largely based on misinformation and a misunderstanding of the minds of other people. Germany, is in fact, now in a state of siege, and almost isolated. But it is as determined as ever not to yield, and, so far as can be learned about this, there is no dissenting voice.

The only point on which conflict of opinion has arisen, or at least has been made manifest, is the terms on which peace is to be made. In spite of all their pacific professions, the Social Democrats at the beginning fell into line with the rest of their countrymen in taking up arms for what they were taught was the defence of their country. This they did, however, upon the condition said to have been openly expressed that no annexation of foreign territory was contemplated, or would be admitted. Now the rest of their fellow-countrymen are advocating the annexation of Belgium and the taking possession of a part of the coast of Northern France. They have even fixed the exact point which is to form the boundary of the extended Germany, that is to say, Berck-Plage, an old Flemish fishing village fifteen miles southwest of Boulogne. German professors have decided that the Flemings are really Germans, and this renders it necessary to take possession of all the districts ever occupied by them. The Social Democrats, by a more or less large majority, acquiesce in these proposals, but a minority has given expression to its dissent. A manifesto signed by three Social Democrats, called by the semi-official *North-German Gazette* the leaders of the party, appeared in the *Vorwärts*. It is therein declared that the Socialist Party has always fought unanimously the policy of conquest and annexation, and the sharpest protest is

uttered against all the efforts that are being made by economists and the members of non-Socialist parties to do violence to the territory of others. This purpose, they declare, will prolong the war indefinitely, and put off that peace—and this is the most interesting part of the manifesto—"for which the whole people so ardently yearns. The people desire no annexations. The people desire peace." For the publication of this manifesto the *Vorwärts* was suppressed by the Government, but this, of course, does not affect the truth of the statements which it made. An organ of the Prussian Conservative Party has shared with the *Vorwärts* the fate of suppression, although in this case it was only for a time. An article by the notorious Count Reventlow was the cause, an article which is generally considered to have been written at the instigation of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, or as an expression of his views. As the suppression was due to the Chancellor, there seems to be reason to think that the diplomatists of Germany are not in sympathy with the militarists. On which side the Kaiser is to be placed, can be said with no certainty. He is reported to have written that he could have peace to-morrow, if such were his wish, and to have fallen down on his knees by the side of dead German soldiers exclaiming, "It is not by my will that these men have died." It is to be feared, however, that the decision no longer rests with the Kaiser.

The hopes of success still entertained, notwithstanding the appalling losses which have been sustained—at the beginning of June the German casualty lists filled a book of nearly seven thousand closely-printed pages—rests largely on what is called the "splendid triumphs" of German inventive genius. The use of asphyxiating gas is not apologized for: on the contrary, it is gloried in. In fact, it is asserted that its use is at present only in an experimental stage. It will, it is expected, be a substitute for high explosive shells, as it is more easily transported, and has a more deadly effect. "A few tanks of gas will do the work of a thousand shells." Great hopes are placed, also, in the new and much larger submarines which it is said are being built. It was really impossible, from the German point of view, that the American demand should be granted. The naval supremacy of Great Britain and the starvation of England are the objects most dearly desired. In fact, it is believed by many in Germany that both these objects are on the point of being accomplished. The truth really is that so large have been the importations of wheat since the "blockade"

began, that the price of bread has just been reduced, as well as the rates of freight; while as for the navy, not since the first months of the war has a single British man-of-war been lost in British waters. In their Zeppelins also the Germans still place unbounded faith, if not in their present shape, at all events in their super-Zeppelins which are promised. To many Germans there is no doubt but that the time is at hand when a phalanx of Zeppelins and *aéroplanes*, advancing four abreast in battle formation, will sweep over Britain in a night and destroy the chief arsenals and factories, and above all London. Nor is the projected invasion of England yet given up in despair. After Russia has been defeated, a supreme effort is to be made to reach Calais. When it has been taken it will form a base for the invasion. The new guns, which have a range of over twenty-six miles, will sweep the Channel clear of hostile ships, and cover a landing of troops. Small aluminum boats will be transported, in which to embark these troops; submarines will guard them. A landing once effected all will be over. "When William the Conqueror came over from Normandy, it never occurred to the inhabitants of London to offer any resistance, and this," such is the prophecy of certain Germans, "will be the case again." The mere recounting of such extravagancies seems childish were it not for the fact that these ideas are being widely cherished, forming, in fact, the ground in the minds of many for continuing the war.

A word must be said about the financial arrangements of Germany. These cannot be explained by a writer whose knowledge of this subject is very limited; but experts apply to the system adopted since the war the epithet "*Munchausen*," and declare that in the event of defeat, bankruptcy, almost universal, is inevitable, and that this is widely recognized in Germany. An authority of weight in banking circles affirms that if peace were made to-morrow, Austria-Hungary, would immediately become bankrupt, although she might pay a dividend of eleven per cent to her creditors. Germany would also be bankrupt, though in her case the dividend might be as high as fifteen or sixteen per cent. Victory over all her enemies and a huge indemnity form the only way of escape. This forms another motive for the continuance of hostilities. It is upon Great Britain that the burden of paying this indemnity will fall, as her Allies will not have the means. Germans are busy at the present time in making calculations of the sum to be levied upon the British. Germany received from France two and

one-half times the total cost of the campaign of 1870-71. Reckoning on this basis, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey should receive something like twenty thousand millions at the present time, and if the war is long continued, the cost would be doubled. Every German, it is said by well-informed observers, believes that England will pay this huge sum, not all at once—that would be impossible. An invasion and occupation of England are therefore essential. The greatest enemy of Great Britain will hardly deny that she is justified in making every effort to escape such a fate.

Russia.

The reverses in Galicia have led to a reconstruction of the Cabinet. The War Minister has disappeared, a circumstance which has led to jubilation in Berlin. Other changes have been made and more are contemplated, all of which are said to be in a Liberal direction. As the loss of Lemberg has in no way diminished the *morale* of the army, so likewise, as regards the civil government and the people in general, it has not weakened in the slightest degree the determination to carry on the war until the desired result has been attained. The Tsar has issued a Rescript in which the nation is summoned to increased efforts in the prospect of a prolonged war. The Tsar declares that he has made this call in response to the appeals made to him by the people, appeals which promise their coöperation in supplying that lack of munitions which was the sole reason of the recent defeats. The national unanimity makes a brilliant result certain. Peace is impossible, the Tsar declares, before the enemy is crushed. Russia's strength is inexhaustible if the harmonious work of all is secured. The Duma is summoned before the usual time, in order that the Legislature and the representatives of industry may do what Germany did long years before the war, and what France and Great Britain have been doing since—the organization of all the resources of the country for the one end.

Up to the present time, the Finns have not been called upon to join the army. This was due to the fact that they were legally exempt. The call which has now been issued, and which, as issued, in no way violates the constitutional rights of the Grand Duchy, has now been made. It is not expected that any difficulty will arise. At the same time, a small cloud appears on the horizon in the shape of anti-Russian agitation in Sweden. The cause of this

movement is the suspicion which is felt in certain circles that Russia is seeking a port on the coast of Sweden, which for the whole year is free from ice. The enormous advantage the possession of such a port would prove to Russia, makes it clear how strong the temptation must be to violate Swedish neutrality. As things are now, for every dollar Russia spends in foreign purchases, she receives only eighty cents in value. Uninterrupted commerce with the rest of the world would set this and other matters right. But so far as is known, Swedish apprehensions are without foundation. But there may be Finns who, as a consequence of Russian treatment in the past, may be willing to sympathize with the movement. This is, however, nothing more than a conjecture.

In all the Balkan States, except Serbia and
The Balkan States. Montenegro, a secret diplomatic campaign is being carried on. Germany, as well as the Allies, has its friends and supporters in each and all. Political parties are divided on the question whether to remain neutral or to take part with France, Great Britain and Italy. Popular sentiment is said to be in favor of the Entente Powers. The Governments are still hesitating, however, and for various reasons. Their resources are small, and so far it is not quite clear to them that Germany will be beaten. The officers of the General Staff at Athens, Sofia and Bukarest are almost cowed by the idea which they have formed of German military efficiency. The mutual distrust of each other is another factor, and one of supreme importance. Rumania is afraid of Bulgaria; Bulgaria is afraid both of Greece and Rumania, while Greece is afraid of Bulgaria. In the last-named State, M. Venezelos has returned to an active participation in the political life of the nation. The party which supports him is now in a large majority in the new Parliament, which was to meet on the twentieth of the past month. He is one of the few statesmen of the continent who has proved his capacity for great achievements. It may be that he will find a way of reconciling the Balkan States, and of laying the foundation of lasting prosperity.

With Our Readers.

"THE AMERICAN HEBREW" AND "THE CATHOLIC WORLD."

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE, A.M.

THE AMERICAN HEBREW, a Jewish weekly, has taken up the question of secondary education that was outlined in the article, *A Serious Problem*, which appeared in the May number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Although the article was of moment primarily to Catholics, it pointed out a state of affairs that might well take up the attention of the Jewish people. But instead of realizing the true import of the article, the editor of *The American Hebrew* has unfortunately misinterpreted the intention of the writer, and has considered *A Serious Problem* an attack upon the Jew. Under the caption *Catholic World Writer Discusses "Menace of the Jew" from Educational Viewpoint*, he presents a lengthy quotation from the article, and, in an editorial, comments adversely upon it. He considers the statements concerning the Jewish students in our high schools unfair, prejudiced and "unworthy of any man who wishes his words to be considered as coming from a reliable source." He prints also a letter from a correspondent who, in ignorance of the meaning of the word, brands the article as "scurrilous" and dictated by race prejudice.

Controversies are at all times unpleasant, but the editor of *The American Hebrew* has so mistaken the purpose of the article that it is necessary to lay aside any such consideration and take up the issue. The writer does so only in the hope that he may correct the misinterpretation of the article. Justice and regard for the truth compel him to endeavor to right *The American Hebrew* in its wrongly conceived idea of the attitude of the writer.

In this article which has incurred the censure of *The American Hebrew*, the writer outlined the conditions existing in our secondary education, particularly here in New York City. For many years our Catholic people have striven to build and perfect a system of elementary education which might give their children true training in soul and intellect. And in this they have succeeded admirably. Meanwhile, secondary education has, it would seem, been neglected. Although New York is a cosmopolitan city, possessing about five million people of every race and creed, its high schools are attended in overwhelming majorities by the boys of Jewish parents. The Jewish race comprises about twenty-five per cent of the city's population, yet the Jewish

students represent seventy-five per cent of the enrollment in the city high schools. These pupils, who are thus taking advantage of the training afforded, will in later years have greater power to shape thought and to influence public opinion than will our Catholic youth, who seem now to be neglecting the finer equipment that secondary education gives. We cannot look forward with security to such a time. Because of the false ideals which modern life has raised, these students are with little difficulty weaned from the ideals of Judaism. They are especially susceptible to the attractions seductively offered by present-day materialistic philosophy, and become Socialists of pronounced types. With the refining influence of religion gone, they set up standards which are based on essentially materialistic principles. It is our work and duty to give our Catholic boys the advantage of secondary education so that, thus adequately equipped, they may be enabled to meet the demands and exigencies of later life.

In presenting these facts for consideration, it was the purpose of the writer to draw the attention of Catholics to this state of affairs which exists to-day in secondary education. It was his intention to rouse Catholics to the realization that they were neglecting to provide adequately for the future welfare of their boys.

This problem, which is essentially a Catholic one, arises not from the fact that the Jewish boys *are* attending our city high schools, but because our Catholic boys are *not*.

In no sense did the article take its rise from race prejudice, nor in any way was it meant to be an attack on the Jewish people as such. It carried no complaint because the Jews are using the means for education which a liberal city offers; it found no fault because the Hebrews are exercising their constitutional rights as citizens. It did state, however, that the apparent apathy of Catholics toward higher education was a matter of serious moment. It did point out that there is cause to fear the influence in later years of these boys now in our high schools, because they are fast laying aside the restraints of their religion and, though Jews in name and race, are becoming Socialists in creed and practice.

This undoubtedly does constitute a serious problem for the Catholic, but even a more serious one for the Jew. No man who cares for the faith of his fathers, can watch with complacency the operation of forces which are destroying that faith in his younger sons. The orthodox Jew loves his religion. The heritage of Moses and Elias and the other prophets is dear to him, and makes his life rich in ceremony and ritual. When, therefore, he is warned that influences are working insidiously to win his children from their religion, he should instantly take a determined stand not against those who point out the danger, but against the evil itself.

We would wish that the editor of *The American Hebrew* had done this. Instead, unfortunately, he has turned his energies against the writer. After drawing certain conclusions which cannot be justified in reason, he protests most vehemently against the statement that in the discussion of ethical questions the Jewish students by "their words constantly show that they recognize no code of morals, and are governed by no motives higher than those originating from fear of detection and consequent loss in money." The statement clearly conveys the idea intended—not that these Jewish boys are without any morals and therefore immoral, but that their conception of their duties as social beings has no higher origin than the consideration of worldly gain or loss.

Although this meaning is patent, the editor of *The American Hebrew* has failed to grasp it. He writes: "When, however, Mr. McKee contends that Jewish students in their discussion of casualistic problems 'constantly show that they recognize no code of morals,' we have no hesitation in stigmatizing his statement as made out of the whole cloth." Is the editor quite fair in limiting his quotation to the words he has used? We are sure that he is actuated by motives of fairness. But in so using the words of the article, he gives the impression to his readers that the writer thinks their sons to be totally depraved and base. It is self-evident from the full statement that no such idea was to be conveyed. It is a misfortune that the editor of *The American Hebrew* has, through lack of deliberation, we think, misinterpreted the meaning of the words and given an impression that is misleading.

In making this assertion, that these students for the most part are moved only by materialistic motives, the writer spoke, not from hearsay, but from an intimate study and knowledge of these boys. It is an incontrovertible fact that the flamboyant attractions offered by specious modern philosophies, which are founded on purely materialistic bases, are winning over in great numbers the children of orthodox Jewish parents, causing them to lay aside and forget the ideals of Judaism. This condition is only a logical result of a pernicious influence which the Jewish people are now recognizing and combating. They are beginning to see that the complexities of modern life are drawing their children from the observance of the Jewish ritual, while the irreligious training received in the public schools is robbing them of their faith. In an address before the Jewish Religious School Teachers' Association, Pittsburgh, Pa., which *The American Hebrew* reports in full, Mrs. Abram Simon, pleading for Jewish religious education, says: "With us to-day the whole problem seems to present something of the restraints of a new servitude. It is not spontaneous and joyous. . . . We are interested in religious education because

secular education is not sufficient, because knowledge and information are not character building, because accumulation does not deepen faith, strengthen the will, and prepare the child for its place in the social milieu" (page 54, *The American Hebrew*, May 21, 1915).

This is a clear statement of the effects of irreligious education. Others have brought this truth home to the hearts of the Jewish people till now they realize, when the effects are so marked, that no sublime ideals can be inculcated or cherished in a system of education that is pagan and materialistic in its principles and practice. That the havoc has been wrought, and is being wrought, among the younger generation of Jews, is a fact that is contemplated and deplored by every serious-minded Hebrew. At the laying of the corner-stone of the Yorkville Institute (I quote the report of *The American Hebrew*), Professor Mordecai M. Kaplan, of the Jewish Theological Seminary, declared that it has never been so hard to lead a Jewish life as it is to-day. He continued: "We must give the Jew new power to face the problems and complexities he has to face. We are facing the greatest crisis in Jewish history. The Jew has been aroused in safeguarding the young of the race to hand down our cherished traditions, and it is our duty to transmit enlightenment to our children" (page 57, *The American Hebrew*, May 21, 1915).

Is the truth spoken by a Jew different when uttered by a Christian? The editor of *The American Hebrew* accuses the writer of unfairness, and even untruth, for stating that the influence of Judaism on the younger generation has weakened, and has left the Jewish boy in the formative age receptive of materialistic conceptions of conduct. Yet the preceding quotations which have been taken from the very paper in which he complains, prove that the Jew realizes that all is not well in Israel. A close study of the boy of Yiddish-speaking parents, shows that oftentimes in his ambition to advance in wealth and position, he lays aside the faith and ritual of his fathers. The rabbis know this and are fighting against it. The parents know this, and are trying to combat it. By having their boys attend Hebrew school every Saturday, and by every other possible means, they are endeavoring to counteract the influences which are taking their boys away from Judaism, and leaving them with no guidance except the dictates of exigency or worldly respect.

This is a sad fact, but what is sadder still and more alarming is that this type of boy, when he gives up Judaism, makes himself amenable to no religious influence whatever, but in the majority of instances becomes the advocate of ultra-socialistic doctrines. The editor of *The American Hebrew*, in commenting on a statement that embodied this, replies that it is not a crime to be a Socialist. We agree with him heartily. We never held or implied that it was. But

we do hold, as every clear-visioned person must hold, that of the forces exerting an influence in modern life to-day, Socialism is the most pernicious, and must be combated with unrelenting vigor if we are to preserve the ideals that make life worth living. Were Socialism merely a scheme to adjust conditions among the poor, to aid in furthering the brotherhood of man or to relieve the distressed, there would be less cause for opposing it. But such is not the case. Socialism is not merely economic in its purpose. Under the guise of pleading the cause of the oppressed, it aims to destroy the rights of the individual. Under the cloak of the equality of man, it works for the downfall of religion, the destruction of the home, the subversion of law, and the ruin of the whole social fabric. Where Socialism is at work, there, we can be sure, is danger to the sacred principles that safeguard our social existence.

When this is comprehended, and the study of Socialism intensifies this conclusion, no man who loves his religion, his home and his state can remain idle and watch supinely the growth of any such insidious power that would bring about his destruction as a social entity. These are the reasons why the Catholic Church opposes the encroachment of Socialism. She is keenly sensitive to the threatening danger.

The American Hebrew has no quarrel with the writer. In no way has the writer "indicted these students of the crime of Judaism." It is rather because they have lost, or are losing, their Judaism. He makes no complaint because they are Jews, nor would he arouse race prejudice. He does see a danger in later years from the influence of these boys, not because they are *Jews*, but because they are becoming in vast numbers the protagonists of a system that can never be tolerated so long as man would desire to cling to the traditions of his fathers. No matter who they be, Jew or Gentile, the true Catholic can expect little from those who would further a scheme which aims to subvert religion, law and state. And by the same token, he is bound to oppose this influence and those who would advance it.

It is a matter of regret that, in discussing this question, the editor of *The American Hebrew* does not rise above the level of the prejudiced controversialist. Beclouding the issue, he writes: "Catholics have consistently kept aloof from educational establishments, the teaching of which they cannot control in their own direction, and the separation of Church and state in America so far leads to certain difficulties in Catholics utilizing American educational institutions. But the principle is so ingrained in American life that one is surprised to find an American, even though he is a Catholic, complaining so bitterly about it."

Perhaps at some time in the far distant future, when the days

shall be filled with joy and the nights with gladness, when the hills shall come down to the seas and the streams shall grow dry with dust, perhaps when the deserts shall bloom and the valleys shall be filled, perhaps then there will be a discussion on *some* subject wherein the Catholic will not have to hear the old cry about the "separation of Church and state." Perhaps then he will speak on some question without having to hear that the Catholic Church is endeavoring to carry away the White House, steal the National Treasury, and run off with the machinery of government. Perhaps such a blissful time will come, but, like the millennium, it is only a vague possibility; for misunderstanding is more lasting than the hills and prejudice more abiding.

The charge that "Catholics have consistently kept aloof from educational establishments, the teaching of which they cannot control in their own direction," has no justification in fact or reason. The Catholic Church has not kept aloof from educational institutions because she cannot control the teaching in her own direction. When the Catholic Church took the stand she has taken in matters of education, she did so for reasons that are noble and irreproachable. Long ago the Catholic Church realized that the education which fits the child merely for material life is unworthy and pernicious. Rather than see her children exposed to this danger, growing up impervious to the higher dictates of religion, she has recognized no sacrifice too great, no cost too large in providing a true education for them. Rather than see them leading lives that are not governed by definite religious principles, she supports five thousand four hundred and eighty-eight schools, besides paying her full share in taxes for public education.

The Catholic Church makes this enormous sacrifice because she fears the danger from irreligious education. The editor of *The American Hebrew*, we are sure, also recognizes that danger. Many Jews, such as Mrs. Abram Simon, Samuel I. Hyman, and Professor Kaplan are crying out in unison against the evils which threaten the Jew and his faith because of the lack of religion in education, and striving to remedy them.

The editor of *The American Hebrew* fails further to understand the purpose of *A Serious Problem*. "It is to be regretted," he writes, "that Mr. McKee cries even before he is hurt, if he regards the fair competition of Jewish lads as 'A Serious Problem.'" The writer has not the slightest fear for Catholic students in fair competition with Jewish lads or with any other pupils. Catholic children have shown at all times the highest degree of scholarship, and whenever they have matched their training against the ability of others, they have always been eminently successful. Catholic boys have repeatedly carried off the honors in the national contests for oratory, and only recently parochial school children took first and third places in a spelling match

that was participated in by competitors from all the Brooklyn schools, public and private. These are but isolated examples, yet they show conclusively that the Catholic fears no fair competition. What the Catholic does fear is not the competition of Jewish boys, but the after-influence of Jewish boys who soon lose sight of the ideals of their religion, and become adherents of materialistic principles that are dangerous and antagonistic to the cherished ideals of life.

The purpose of *A Serious Problem* was to rouse Catholics to the realization that life to-day makes many more demands upon their children than it did upon the children of a generation ago, and consequently calls for higher training and finer equipment. That the article and its purpose have been misunderstood is a source of regret. But if the editor of *The American Hebrew* thinks deeply over the facts that have been presented he will see that *A Serious Problem*, while essentially a Catholic question, is in some phases his problem also. Perhaps then, too, he will come to the realization that in the writer he has not found one who "indicts Judaism," but one who is using his energies to combat the pernicious influences of Socialism and other materialistic philosophies—influences against which the Jew, if he is to preserve the faith of Israel, must ultimately take his place with the Catholic who already is in the trenches.

THE whole burden of Dr. Shanahan's articles on *Progress* was to show that while human progress is a fact, it is not an inevitable law of human history. "Progress," wrote Dr. Shanahan, "does indeed, nay, must by its very nature add to the past, and perfect it; we are not questioning the fact of growth by addition, we are simply denying the theory that this growth is a thing unfailing." And again, "Look where you may in history, nothing even remotely suggestive of an unchecked universal tendency toward perfection will cross your line of vision." "Humanity is deserving of separate and distinct consideration as being amenable to laws, peculiarly its own, which mark it off from the rest of Nature—that 'diapason ending full in man.'"

In spite of these statements, printed in cold type, we have received the subjoined article, which represents Dr. Shanahan as saying just exactly the opposite of what he did say. The writer is a counselor-at-law. We publish it as an illustration of how an intelligent man can misread not only Dr. Shanahan, but also history, both past and present. His insight into the mind of the Holy Father is as discerning and accurate as his understanding of the articles on *Progress* in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

PROGRESS.

BY W. P. FENNELL.

A friend handed me a copy of the last issue of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. I was charmed with the scholarly article on *Progress*, by Mr. Shanahan, S.T.D. Like a property man in a theatre, he sets his stage furniture to advantage, and then brings on the *dramatis personæ*. He introduces some charming Greek ladies, with whom most of us have scarcely even a speaking acquaintance. One of them, the leading lady, in a learned discourse, informs us that there is such a thing as retrogression as well as progression.

But why spend so much learning on so self-evident a proposition, and miss the point in the end? When one speaks of progress he should first, in his own mind at least, settle what or whom he means to progress. Granting that all human souls, as infused into the fœtus are alike, we must admit the possibility of individual enlightenment by grace, inspiration or cultivation from Adam to the new-born infant. In theology, let us admit that St. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas are not moderns; in philosophy, that Aristotle and Plato were not educated at Vassar; in art that Raphael and Michael Angelo did not produce the Katzenjammer Kids: does it really follow that religion, philosophy and art have made no progress since the days of the old Masters?

If religion, considered objectively, has made no progress since St. Peter preached on the street corners in Rome, we might as well give it up as a failure. If Christian philosophy has furnished no lamp to shed a ray of light on the gropings after truth of the pagan philosophers, in what respect is it better? If the productions of art have not been multiplied and exhibited to more people, for what purpose were they created? for themselves?

This points out Mr. Shanahan's mistake. He speaks of progress subjectively, as if it was something in itself, whereas it is nothing. You might as well speak of growth in the abstract, as of progress. Religion, philosophy and art are nothing abstracted from those whose lives or destinies they are supposed to influence. Taking the human race as a whole, has there been no progress since Adam and Eve fled from the Garden of Eden clothed in fig leaves? Is there no difference between an ox cart and an automobile? Is wireless telegraphy no improvement on the Royal Mail Stage Coach?

The only point Mr. Shanahan scores is that democracy is not a modern discovery; but he overlooked the fact that it was the Church, following the Roman Empire, that squelched it, and that it did not revive until the French Revolution. The war in Europe to-day is a war to the death between Imperialism and Democracy. On which side is the Church? Is she progressive?

In my opinion, if the German Kaiser would propose to the Pope that in exchange for his moral influence he, if victorious in this war, would reëstablish the Catholic religion as the State Church in the German Empire and restore the temporal power of the Pope, the Pope would enter into such an alliance. Or, on the other hand, if France and Italy would say to the Pope that they were ready to do penance for their sins of apostasy and return to the Church if the Church would throw its influence on their side, I believe the Pope would do it. In other words, he would do what he believed to be for the best interests of the Church, whether it advanced Imperialism or Democracy. Is that progress?

However interesting the *subject may be*, the unfortunate *object* is Man. Are we going to lose all that Democracy has fought for since the French Revolution and bow down to Cæsar, or not? Would you call that progress?

THE CATHOLIC READING CIRCLE.

BY JOHN KEITH.

A SHORT time ago I came upon a most interesting article in one of the back numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, entitled *A Plea for Reading Circles*, in which the writer deplores the passing of the Catholic Reading Circles which flourished some years ago in this country, and which, for some unexplained cause, have seemingly passed into a state of innocuous desuetude. The writer in question pleads most eloquently for a revival of the old-time interest in Reading Circles, and sets forth at length both the reasons and the necessity for a renewal of the former activities in this direction.

And it is a plea which ought not to go unheeded. That the Catholic Reading Circle, in its day, was a most potent factor among the laity cannot be gainsaid. The old spirit of bigotry is again abroad, and time-honored ghosts are once more being paraded before a gullible public by misdirected anti-Catholic zealots; above the tumult, the clear, calm voices of the leaders in the Church may be heard, urging upon the laity the need to equip themselves with a fuller knowledge and better understanding of things Catholic. May we not look to Catholic Reading Circles to play an important part in bringing about this desired result? Indeed, no more effective means could be adopted to bring home to the Catholic laity the knowledge and intelligence which the times demand of them. Clergy and laity alike recognize the urgent need of some intelligent and systematic effort along these lines, and in view of these conditions it would seem that the Catholic Reading Circle should again come into its own, and take its place in the forefront of Catholic intellectual activities.

We are being vilified, abused and insulted daily. Through the press, from the pulpit and the lecture-platform, still more from the undignified soap-box, irresponsible and unscrupulous calumniators pour forth vials of filth and abuse against things Catholic. We have been patient and forbearing under most galling circumstances; and we must continue to be patient, but let us not be apathetic lest our inactivity and silence be construed against us. Let us arouse ourselves from our lethargy and become active, under this galling fire, let us qualify as an intelligent laity, let us organize as able defenders of our cause, and thus lend to the clergy and to the Catholic press the support which is their due.

Our assailants are organized. They are carrying on a systematic and carefully-planned campaign of vilification. It is not the scattered, promiscuous gun-fire of a few individuals working independently of each other, but the concentrated and persistent firing of an organized

and well-financed body, and for the success of their campaign they are relying, as they must rely, upon ignorance and prejudice and our own indifference.

The remedy, an effective antidote for all this bigotry and calumny—so say venerable churchmen who have weathered more than one such storm—is intelligence concerning our Church, her teachings and her history. The Church has an answer for every question which may be propounded, an explanation for every doctrine she teaches. What, then, is there for us to do? Simply and earnestly to inform ourselves, that we may give the necessary answers and explanations when confronted by the honest inquirer whose curiosity has become aroused by the ceaseless activity of abuse. And this most beneficent result may be accomplished through the medium of the Catholic Reading Circle. Were we to see a flourishing Reading Circle in each city and town throughout the land, intelligently directed and affiliated with some central organization, I venture to say that the ghost of bigotry would be speedily laid at rest again, for it would be a reflection upon the intelligence of our fair-minded non-Catholic fellow-citizens (and, thank God, the great and overwhelming majority of them answer to that description) to suppose that calumniators, whose only weapons are lies and filth, will continue to find an audience once the facts have been placed at their disposal.

And how can the truth be more quickly and effectively brought home to them than through the instrumentality of the intelligent Catholic layman, with whom they come in daily contact in business and social circles? The non-Catholic seldom, if ever, comes within range of the Catholic sermon, and he seldom, if ever, reads the Catholic book or periodical, so that he is almost wholly dependent upon the Catholic layman for information and instruction concerning the matters at issue. But he gets the other side. The vilifiers take good care that he does. Their vile sheets come to him through the mail; they are left at his door, handed to him in public conveyances, and otherwise forced upon his attention; and glaring announcements of “no Popery” lectures, and sensational headlines, promising something exciting and out of the ordinary, lure him occasionally to the lecture hall or within range of the soap-box, from whence issue broadsides of filth and abuse.

There the Stars and Stripes are fluttered before him, and Rome is declared to be the enemy of the Flag; the Pope, he is told, is about to strike a deathblow to American Freedom and the Republic is imperilled; the millions of seemingly peaceful and patriotic Catholic citizens are but wolves in sheep's clothing, playing a part in a most diabolical conspiracy to overthrow the government. And our non-Catholic perhaps goes home wondering if, after all, there is not some truth in these wild assertions, and, by and by, he may come to see

in his peaceful Catholic neighbor a menace to American institutions, forgetful that the blood of Catholics helped to make the nation free, and that Catholics have always been among the first to respond whenever the nation's sons have been called to the colors.

It is then for us, the Catholic laity, to rouse ourselves from our attitude of indifference, and to respond readily and heartily to the call which has come to us above the tumult; and it is little indeed that our leaders ask of us. Would we brook the charge that we are not loyal sons of the Church? Are we then prepared to state to the questioner the reasons why we are loyal to the Church? Are we familiar with the doctrines which the Church teaches, with her history and her attitude generally? Are we prepared to refute calumnies, to explain matters concerning our Faith which may be called in question? Scarcely any of us are thus qualified. We must acknowledge our deficiencies in these respects. We are convinced that the position of the Church is unassailable, but have we the facts and the arguments ready at hand when we need them? Are they immediately available to us? Do we even know where to find them? Or must we refer the inquirer to our clergy, with regard to whom he maintains a respectful distance? We need not be theologians, nor highly-skilled logicians, but we do need to be solidly educated in at least the fundamentals of Catholic knowledge, and alive to the arguments in behalf of the religion we profess, if we would escape the charge of ignorance and hope to combat the influences which are at work against us.

All this may largely be accomplished by means of the Reading Circle, properly directed and with a few earnest workers as a nucleus. Its real function will consist not so much in placing before those who attend its sessions the knowledge which they seek, as in directing them to, and making them familiar with, the sources from whence that knowledge may be derived, and developing in them the habit of study and research.

A golden harvest awaits those who will undertake this work sincerely and earnestly. The harvest is great, but the reapers have indeed been few. Let us, then, become active and turn to account the God-given opportunities which daily knock at our doors.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Sister Gertrude Mary. Translated from the French by a Nun of St. Bride's Abbey. 90 cents. *Little Manual of St. Rita.* By T. S. McGrath. 50 cents. *Compendium Sacrae Liturgiæ.* Scripset P. Innocentius Wapelhorst, O.F.M. \$2.50 net. *Little Communicants' Prayer Book.* By Rev. P. J. Sloan. 20 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Reflections of a Non-Combatant. By M. D. Petre. 75 cents net.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

Abused Russia. By C. C. Young, M.D. \$1.35.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

The Church and the Sex Problem. The War's Lesson. Pamphlets. 5 cents.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

The Popes and Science. By James J. Walsh, LL.D. \$2.00 net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Some Love Songs of Petrarch. By William D. Foulke, LL.D. \$1.15.

THE PLIMPTON PRESS, Norwood, Mass.:

Life of Sister Rosalie. By Hon. J. D. Fallon, LL.D.

REV. DIRECTOR HOLY CHILDHOOD ASSOCIATION, Pittsburgh, Pa.:

The Children. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Phonetic Method of Hearing Confessions of the Slavic Peoples in Cases of Emergency. 20 cents net. *Prayers of the Gael.* By R. MacCrócaigh. 45 cents net. *The Venerable John Ogilvie, S.J.* By D. Conway. 30 cents net. *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians.* By Rev. J. MacRory. \$2.75 net.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago, Ill.:

Shall I Be a Daily Communicant? By Rev. F. Cassilly, S.J. 30 cents.

THE AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

Children's Early and Frequent Communion. By Rev. J. Husslein, S.J. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Histoire Anecdotique de La Guerre de 1914-1915. Par Franc-Nohain et Paul Delay. Fascicule 5. 0.60.

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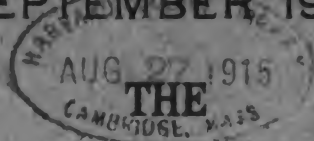
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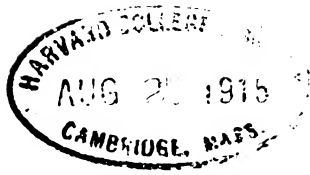
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The Paulist Press 120-122 West 60th St. New York



THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. CI.

SEPTEMBER, 1915.

No. 606.

IVAN MESTROVIC, THE SERBIAN SCULPTOR.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



HERE has lately appeared on the horizon of the art world a new star of the first magnitude. It is Ivan Mestrovic, the Serbian sculptor. For the past generation the realm of sculpture has been dominated by M. Auguste Rodin. But now there comes upon the scene a young Serbo-Croat, the son of a Dalmatian peasant, a rising genius of whose work M. Rodin has said: "*C'était mon rêve.*"

The range of M. Mestrovic was revealed some four years ago at the international exhibition in Rome. Now an even more representative collection is being introduced to a still wider public at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. As yet, no one has ventured to question the genius of the artist. Critics, professors, students, artists, and probably everybody else agree that the art is great and fascinating. But as to whether the genius has been legitimately applied, there is the fiercest conflict of opinion. The eminent critic, Sir Claude Phillips, declares that this is one of the most important manifestations of modern art that Europe has in these later years been called upon to face and to judge. Professor Selwyn Image, the Slade Professor of Art at the University of Oxford, maintains, on the other hand, that it is willful, inchoate, amorphous, and even monstrous. The following study is an attempt to describe the character of the work, and to appreciate the situation which it has created.

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

VOL. CI.—46

The first condition of a right understanding of the art of Mestrovic is a knowledge of his nationality and the circumstances of his early life. The history and the fortunes of the Serbian race are the chief source of his inspiration. He is above all things a patriot and a prophet, and he has given almost the whole of his artistic life and accomplishments to the furtherance of his nation's aspirations. Consequently his work is informed through and through with this one ruling spirit.

His parents were natives of Dalmatia and lived at Otavice, a small village near Drnis, where they kept a mountain farm. But every year they used to spend some time in Croatia-Slavonia; and it was at Urpolje in this province, in the year 1883, that the future artist was born. His early years were spent as a shepherd boy on his father's farm. During the long lonely days whilst tending the sheep on the hills, he began to dream and to carve. Some of his early essays, rude images in wood and stone, which he gave to his friends, are now carefully preserved in the museum at Knin. He dreamed of the past glories of the Serbian race. He was assiduous in reading the Serb-Croat ballads—indeed they were his only reading—and in collecting them from oral tradition. These were the means by which the legends of the race came to him.

Another source of his inspiration was the ancient Slavonic liturgy. He was a Catholic, and was thus in direct touch with the distant past. This largely accounts for the distinct archaic characteristic which is so evident in his work. Nationality is his first motive. But fulfilling his nationality is the deeper motive of Catholic Christianity.

By the time he had arrived at the age of eighteen, his natural talent had so developed as to call for more special attention. His father then sent him to Spalato as apprentice to a marble worker. From Spalato, by the aid of a bursary from the town council, he passed to Vienna, where he entered upon a full course of study at the Academy of Arts. This gave him every facility for gaining a complete knowledge of technique. But it did something more. It brought him under the influence of *l'art nouveau*, which was in the height of its fashion during the period of Mestrovic's student days. The young student in fact became a keen enthusiast for the *Sezession*. From his second year at Vienna, down to the present day, he has always sent something to its annual exhibition.

After Vienna he went to Paris. Here he stayed three years, 1907 to 1910, exhibiting each year at the Fall Salon. As a matter

of course he was attracted to M. Rodin. The two sculptors soon became friends. Rodin gave to Mestrovic an unstinted admiration and the warmest encouragement, whilst Mestrovic on his part showed himself an ardent disciple. Yet amidst all the powerful impressions which Mestrovic received from his Viennese and Parisian experiences, he maintained his simple personality and Slav character paramount.

The rising sculptor was now sufficiently important to venture on an exhibition of his own collected works. This took place at the *Sezession* in Vienna. Afterwards, in a joint exhibition with the Croat painter Racki, he showed his work to his own countrymen at Agram. In 1911 he gathered round him a number of Serbian associates and pupils and, with their help, made up the famous collection for the Serbian Pavilion at the International Exhibition in Rome. He called it a collection of fragments, the completion of which would be a sort of Slav Parthenon or Valhalla. Serbia had always taken a leading part in the Southern Slav movement, consisting as it does of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Hence it came about that Mestrovic, a Croat from Dalmatia, identified himself so wholeheartedly with Serbia.

In order to give his work unity and solidarity, and thus give unity and solidarity to the Slav movement, the artist took for his central conception a huge temple. He was going to utter the praise of fallen heroes and mourning women, and he chose for their setting a national temple, which he still hopes will some day be built on the plain of Kosovo. This is the name of the battlefield where, in the year 1389, the Serbs were defeated by the Turks. Mestrovic describes his conception thus:

As my first master was a blind beggar, it was only natural for me to follow the school indicated by him. And, whatever difference there may be in our method of expression, the aim that informs our songs is identical: to sing of suffering so that others may bear their sufferings with more strength. My conception of the Temple of Kosovo originates thus in the Serbian and Yugoslav national songs which express the destiny, the desires, the hopes, the poetry of Slav mysticism, the resistance to oppression, and the ardent aspiration towards justice and human liberty. The primitive accent and the largeness of conception of our national songs, and their innate spirit of combativeness, were so familiar to me that it seemed feasible to me to express them in stone as well. I cannot conceal that I

conceived the ambition to try to place upon a strictly national basis our Yugoslav art, which lacks a special and characteristic tradition. And therefore the national song, emanating from the people without any foreign influence, imposed itself upon me as a model.

With such an aim Mestrovic's art must needs either plumb the depths of human sorrow and tragedy, or fail completely. As regards his chief aim he has most surely not failed, for he has compelled the attention of the world. Whatever defects he may have are accidental. They may bring him adverse criticism from artists, professors, journalists, or the general public. But they leave his prophetic power unquestioned.

On the twenty-eighth of June, 1389, the success of the Turks at the battle of Kosovo, the "Field of the Blackbirds," plunged the Serbian empire into a long servitude. Heroes there were, but they failed to conquer the foe. Greatest amongst them, Milos Obilic, penetrated the Turkish camp and slew the Sultan Murad. One indeed maintained a semi-independence in Northern Macedonia, and, under the name of Marko Kraljevic, is known as the hero of a hundred exploits. Treachery there was in the person of Vuk Brankovic. All this is material for the apotheosis of the spirit of combativeness. But behind the line of battle there is the scene of mourning women. Widows and mothers, therefore, personify the centuries of oppression. They lament not only husbands and sons, but also the crushing of a young culture, by which the Slav races were just beginning to feel their way towards an active communion with Western civilization. Now, after five centuries of what they believe to be unjust oppression, comes the liberation. The new Serbia has found its hero in Kara George. The field of Kosovo was avenged on the field of Kumanovo. In October, 1912, the Serbian army rode victorious into Uskub, its ancient capital, and thus dawned the day of a brighter future for the Serbian people. Since, however, the movement pertains to the whole of the Southern Slav race, and not merely to the Serbians; and since there remains so much unredeemed territory, the situation is still regarded as unsatisfactory. There are well-informed sympathizers who think that unless Serbia can unite the whole of her kindred races, it were better that both she and Montenegro should be annexed to the Austrian Empire.

This last struggle of the Serbian people has coincided with

Mestrovic's activities. He has been caught in the movement and acclaimed a leader. He has responded to the call, and placed his genius at the service of his country. He gathers up the dead bones of the past, and breathes a new life into them. Expressing himself in sculpture, he puts both his work and himself at the disposal of those who direct his country's fortunes—the diplomats and the statesmen. His artistic creed is not that of art for art's sake, but rather art for life's sake, the life of the Southern Slav race. Realizing that their life is bound up with that of their more powerful allies in the European conflict, they wish to be better known and better understood by them. So they take up Mestrovic and his art as a concrete expression and embodiment of their culture, and send him as a messenger to the English people.

We may grant at once, then, that the admission of this strange art into the halls of the Victoria and Albert Museum, was not prompted solely by artistic reasons. The gathering of ambassadors and diplomats at the opening ceremony indicated a strong political force behind the artistic endeavor. The expenses of the exhibition were defrayed by the Southern Slav Committee, an agency which exists for the promotion of political ideals. There is nothing wrong, but rather everything right and just, in the association of national art and national political life. Only we need to remember the point in our appraisal of the work of the artist. It is possible that Mestrovic's work is so immature that it would not have been patronized by the British Government, except in the present political situation. Nevertheless, it is great enough to justify the hospitality accorded to it under the circumstances.

It is not a new idea that sculpture should find its setting in architectural design. The Parthenon and our churches all follow the principle. But the practice of gathering great works of art into museums has rather obscured the idea. Mestrovic brings it forward again and emphasizes it, for the Temple of Kosovo has to be the setting for his statuary. For the present he is content to show us a wooden model of the Temple. It is not remarkable for any particular development of architectural composition, nor yet for any new or striking beauty. It is meant rather to be impressive by reason of its vastness, elemental simplicity and rugged forcefulness. It takes elements from the Egyptian, Doric, and Byzantine styles, all, however, brought into a harmonic unity by Mestrovic's personality. Those of us who have read Paul Claudel's famous study on *The Evolution of the Church*, will know what is meant

by the sacramentality of architecture. This principle is most vividly realized in Mestrovic's Temple. The building speaks directly to us of the great spiritual truth of the aspirations of the Slav people, and, as exemplified in them, of the aspirations of humanity.

The Temple of Kosovo may be described as a building in cruciform shape, consisting of an octagonal sanctuary, with three chapels and a long atrium. It is surmounted by four octagonal domes, which diminish upwards in steps like the pyramids. There is also a square tower, of five stages, tapering slightly as it rises. It is to be built in granite or marble. On either side of the main entrance, and in various parts of the building, are the figures of lions, horses, and hawks, all symbols of the combative spirit which has filled and must continue to fill the Slav peoples. Then, as central figure of the sanctuary, is the Great Sphinx. This was intended to be a sepulchral monument to one of the Croat poets, Silvije Kranjcevic. But now the artist wishes to place it in the sanctuary of his Temple to symbolize the destinies of the Southern Slav race. We must not grow impatient if these suggestions seem indefinite, for the idea is poetic, and may be developed according as spiritual values demand.

Important amongst the figures which are to adorn the Temple are twelve caryatids, the representation of women dressed in long robes, and serving as columns to support the superstructure. They stand for twelve types of Serbian womanhood. Their architectural function of supporting the building is symbolic of their noble suffering in bearing with five centuries of Turkish domination. They are, however, wholly distinct in style from the ancient caryatids. They are alive with the modern note of enhanced individuality and subjectiveness. They are not universal types. They are provincial, rather, symbolizing, as they do, the various Southern Slav countries, Serbia, Montenegro, "Old Serbia," Bosnia-Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia-Slavonia, Istria and Slovenia, and the Voivodina. Nor yet again are they successful in producing the impression of age-long patience. The individuality is so delicate, and the suffering so acute, that the figures seem scarcely able to bear their burden for an hour. You feel that you want to relieve them. The incongruity arises probably through attempting to express two incompatible ideas by one word, the suffering of defeat and the striving for victory.

More successful is a series of independent groups entitled "The Widows of Kosovo." They consist of two groups in marble and four figures in plaster. The ideas which they represent are more

compatible. One of the marble groups may be taken as an example—two widows, a mother and her daughter. They mourn together the disaster of the decisive battle, and one tries to console the other. Here perhaps Mestrovic is at his greatest. It would be hard to conceive a more powerful description of the depth of woe to which humanity could fall, or a more noble presentment of the intense passion of maternity. Here too may be discerned the real value of Mestrovic's modern tendencies. Ancient art in its endeavor to attain the ideal type, sought to eliminate individuating differences. The result was a fine and noble, but cold expression. Mestrovic maintains in a certain measure the tendency towards an ideal type, but at the same time accentuates the lines which indicate individuality enough (sometimes more than enough) to redeem the subject from the impersonal. He strikes an equipoise. And thus the saying is justified which declares that he is so thoroughly modern as to be nearly ancient. In the two "Widows of Kosovo," he is graceful and yet strong, gentle and yet firm. The traits of individuality and generality are so nicely balanced that the observer is impressed by both.

Far different is the colossal torso of Milos Obilic. This is a challenge flung out to every phase of art which has gone before. This surely must have had a large share in drawing forth the confession from M. Rodin: "This was my dream;" for it carries the argument of Rodin a good step further.

Milos Obilic is the hero who slew the Sultan Murad. In the Serbian folk-songs he is described as "the most noble and vehement of heroes." And this is exactly how Mestrovic portrays him. He makes him the chief personality in his great epic, and characterizes him with the note of rhythmic violence. You can almost see him stride along in his strength to throw his enemy and tear him. Rodin, by copying from a moving model, succeeded, as none before him, in creating the impression of movement in sculpture. His "John the Baptist" was his most important attempt therein. But Mestrovic creates the impression of dynamic fury. The erect but twisted body of Milos Obilic is a perfect torrent of energy, yet withal controlled and directed to its one aim of crushing the enemy.

But, alas! Mestrovic, in his following of Rodin, has adopted his principle of trying to get effect by leaving the statue unfinished. Milos Obilic is a hero with his arms cut off above the elbows and his legs cut off below the knees. The purpose of this principle is to produce the impression of mystery. We see the unfinished figure,

and we are left wondering as to what the finished one would be like. And as the range of our imagination is practically unlimited, the effort to complete the figure produces a sensation of infinity. But this is not mysticism. A real mystery is a truth which is partly concealed and partly revealed; and the revealed part is a symbol of the concealed part. Not so, however, with the torso. The trunk of the body is not a symbol of the missing arms and legs. Attempts have been made to complete the torso of the Venus of Milo, with the result that there are as many different completions as there are artists. It is purely a matter of guess-work, and the range of the guessing is infinite. To make a torso with the purpose of causing a void in the imagination, is to act exactly as Mr. Sam Weller did with his love-letter: "My dear Mary, I will now conclude." And when his father asked him if that wasn't rather a sudden pull up, he replied that it was not. It would make the lady wish there was more, and that was the great art of letter-writing. So the making of torsos for the purpose of producing an artistic effect by reason of their incompleteness, must be written down as a trick. We might be tempted to say that it was an evasion of one of the chief problems of sculpture, except that both Mestrovic and Rodin have proved in their complete statues that they do know how to meet the problem of the composition of arms and legs. No, it is not a sign of incompetence or limited ability. It is merely the modern mistake as to the nature of true mysticism. Mysticism is not that which merely mystifies you. It is that which, through the symbolism of the world of sense, leads you on to a knowledge of the unseen world of the spirit.

On these grounds, too, we must take exception to another magnificent piece of work, described as the torso of a hero, a definite and particular hero, moreover, the famous Strahinic Ban. He is said to have been renowned for his manly beauty; and yet the artist is content with a presentation only of the breast and belly. There is nothing whatever to indicate the quality of a hero. Heroism is a moral quality which in so far as it reveals itself through physiology, does so chiefly through the expression of the face. But here the face is quite absent. The torso is finely modeled, and the rhythmic rise and fall of the muscles might very appropriately be described as a symphony of light and shade, a mere study in preparation for the making of a hero. But the torso, as it is, might just as well stand for an acrobat or a prize fighter. When Rodin carved a splendid pugilist and called him "*Le Penseur*," he gave us an

opportunity of judging what he considered to be a thinker. Mestrovic evades this responsibility.

Some of the pieces are professedly fragments intended to be completed in due time. These we can judge for what they are and as far as they go. Thus there are three typical heads which meet the question evaded by the torsos. They show the modern method of dealing with character.

First, there is the "Colossal Head of Milos," a design in plaster for a huge statue to be placed in the central hall of the Temple of Kosovo. Then there is a gigantic head entitled "Serge, the Frowning Hero." He is taken from a Serb ballad where he is described as

This angry hero of the frown
Who spits six Turks upon his lance
And flings them backward o'er his head
Across the river Sitnica,
Six at a stroke and six again.

And there is a study of the head of "Marko Kraljevic." He obtained a foremost place in Serb legend and poetry by reason of the fact that he kept up an opposition to Turkish rule, in a small and independent state, after the battle of Kosovo. He is taken to be the very embodiment of the national spirit of the Serb.

When the average visitor sees these pieces his invariable remark is, "How brutal!" or "How ugly!" The professional critic who is in a manner pledged in favor of modern art, would describe them as half-barbaric and half-classic, or passionate in feeling and bold in design and execution. The "Serge" with his frown would be a tremendous concentration of ferocity and bitterness. But whichever way the critic places his words, there is always underlying them the admission that the figure has that quality which is popularly understood as ugliness. Mestrovic has followed the fashion set up by Rodin and the *Sezession*, the cult of the ugly.

Rodin has made a long apology for this. He claims that everything in nature is beautiful for the artist. He despises the opinion of the vulgar crowd. The crowd will call ugly that which is difformed, that which is sickly, that which suggests the idea of weakness and suffering, that which is contrary to regularity, the sign and condition of health and strength. According to them a hunch-back or a bandy-leg is ugly. But a great artist transfigures these uglinesses. With the stroke of his magic wand he transforms them all into beauty. There is a half-truth in this apology. The great

artist or the great writer can certainly put noble character into his figures. He can portray patience, beautiful patience, in the visage of a hunchback. He can depict love, beautiful love, in the countenance of a bandy-leg. But it is the patience and the love which are beautiful, not the curved spine and crooked leg.

So is it with Mestrovic's statuary. His heroes are beautiful as regards their psychic values. They do express a colossal psychic force, the force of anger in a just cause, the force of will to conquer the oppressor. But as regards their material or rather physical values, they are ugly, inexpressibly ugly. Of course it so happens that Mestrovic is narrating a sad history; and we might have excused the ugliness on the grounds that there are so many ugly incidents in that history. But we know that he has been brought up under the *Sezession* and Rodin, and so we feel that he has fallen into a deplorable fashion. The portrayal of physical ugliness does come within the sphere of legitimate art. We do not want to see life held up as something all pretty and sweet. But neither do we want it shown as all ugly and miserable. It is the direct cult of the ugly against which we protest. If it is the function of art to portray life, it is also its function to minister to life. And the life which we want is the healthy and beautiful, not the morbid and ugly. If the morbid and ugly must come in, in order to bring about the healthy and the beautiful, then we prefer it to be done as quickly and sparingly as possible. Nor do we want to be humbugged by the extremists who talk of "the beauty of ugliness."

There is indeed plenty of room in art for the artist who wishes to excel in individuality and personality. There is, for instance, the whole sphere of portraiture. And here Mestrovic does avail himself of the advantage and privilege of the modern sculptor over the ancient. Whilst not for a moment departing from his archaic principles, simplicity of line and directness of expression, he introduces into his portraits a strong emphasis on the individuating notes. If you want to make a universal type, it is the individuating notes which you must tone down or eliminate. Mestrovic seems to have discovered an equipoise. Whilst following the broad lines of generalization, he manages to accentuate them so as to suggest the personal traits required. Thus he gives a portrait in bronze of Leonardo Bistolfi, the famous Italian sculptor. It is first and foremost the picture of a human being whom you might expect to meet at dinner somewhere in Italy. And yet it might stand as a general type of the thinker and poet. If it were called

"*Le Penseur*," the title would fit it more appropriately than it does the well-known statue of Rodin.

Of fascinating interest is Mestrovic's portrait of the great Rodin himself. There is the full personality of the man whom students have been proud to shake hands with and loved to applaud. Yet is he eternalized. With a grim satirical smile he sits leaning on his elbows like a figure of Buddha, immovable for ever and ever.

In the portrait of the artist's mother we have the universality of tenderness and charm individualized in a Croatian peasant woman. The same note occurs, as it were, an octave higher, in the "Portrait of a Lady." Where the artist failed in his caryatids, he succeeds in his portraits. Being essentially modern, he is unable to get away from the individual. In portraiture there is no need to. Hence being in his own proper sphere, he is able to work in his psychic values without appearing to make the effort. These portraits do express the nobility of woman in bearing a weight of suffering.

The portrait of the artist's wife shows us whither he has gone for his model. She is the type of nearly all his women. But here he was simply making a portrait without too much prepossession concerning the fortunes of Serbia and the human race. And the effect is a feeling of relief, a little respite from the painful patience of the heroic women and the tearing fury of the heroic men.

An artist so deeply imbued with the sacramental principle, as Mestrovic was, would naturally, sooner or later, turn his attention to directly religious subjects. And here he meets us with the most amazing proposals. There are three reliefs in plaster, not casts, but direct carvings: "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," "The Annunciation," and "The Virgin and Child with St. John." It is the "Annunciation" which rivets our attention. Our Lady is figured as a simple girl, sitting upright, asleep on a chair. But the angel, which is of Syrian origin, is one the like of whom was never, never seen before. Having the body of an eagle and the face of a man, he points upwards with one hand, whilst the other he holds to his face as if concentrating the force of his message to Our Lady. It is as if he were compressing the energy of a tremendous shout into a small whisper. It rudely disturbs all our former notions of what the Annunciation may have been like. Yet, however alien it may be to our habits of thought and feeling, it does give the impression, vividly and impressively, that the angel is announcing some stupendous truth. The sweetness that we are

accustomed to look for in a devotional picture is here quite absent. Instead we have impressiveness. The shock makes us reflect and ask ourselves what was the message of Gabriel.

The artist is less disturbing in his "Pieta," a relief in bronze. But here he has not plunged about in his own originality. The influence of Donatello is strongly marked, but Mestrovic has read into Donatello some of his own Slav vigor and directness. The same also must be said of the "Deposition from the Cross." This is a relief in wood, in which the artist subordinates himself to the tradition of the past, and yet without entirely sacrificing his own characteristics. It must be by contributions such as this, which might well do for an altar-piece, that Mestrovic will build himself into the feelings of the multitude.

Right at the other extreme is his "Christ on the Cross." This is something absolutely independent of all tradition, in fact so absolutely original as to be eccentric. It is a completely emaciated figure with the head turned sideways, but erect and in profile. It is in sympathy with the renewed consciousness of the human aspect of the Passion. It gathers up the sorrows of Serbia and the sorrows of humanity, and gives them to the Man of Sorrows. The anguish is acute. We feel it as we look at the figure. There is no respite. And that is where it would fail if it were set up in one of our churches as an object of devotion. There is no equipoise, no glimmer of the radiance of victory which shall rise on the other side of the Hill of Calvary. All is present human suffering, nor is there any hope of its alleviation.

M. Mestrovic, therefore, is not an artist for the people. Nor yet again is he a master for students in art. Already the students of the South Kensington schools have been warned against him by their professors. And rightly so, too, for as yet he is but a pioneer who is submitting his discoveries to experts. He is an artist for artists. His individual judgment must impose itself on the collective judgment of the profession before it can be considered authoritative.

Moreover, we must remember that all art—music, sculpture, painting, dancing, drama, literature—is passing through a state of transition. The age, too, is lacking in inspiration. Art has been lying fallow. Mestrovic, however, must be acclaimed above all else to be a prophet and a seer. His Catholic mind has shown him that art is sacramental, that it is the spirit value which counts most, that flesh values count only in so far as they minister to the spirit. In

this point his genius is sure to produce a profound impression on the art of the future.

This same principle, too, has shown him how to strike the due equipoise between the static and the dynamic. It is with pity that we remember the Futurist attempt to express movement by repeating several figures and smudging one into the other. But now, in the heroes of Mestrovic, we have solid everlasting marble so treated as to express and impress the sensation of violent fury, all however held within volitional control. So also, but in less measure, has the principle helped him towards a due equipoise between the abstract type and the concrete individual. As yet, however, he has a strong bias towards enhanced individualism. And it is precisely this which accounts for his eccentricities, issuing in a cult of the ugly and the imperfect. He is as yet, however, a young man, hardly thirty-three, with a promise of a brilliant future. It seems almost impossible that, with his breadth of mind and keen perception, he should not realize the necessity of the individual correcting his eccentricities by reference to the universal judgment. Then we may hope that he will become one of the grand masters of the future art problem, which is to enhance individual life and happiness in such a way as to harmonize with and enrich universal life and happiness.

THE CATHOLIC RENAISSANCE IN FRANCE.

BY CHARLES BAUSSAN.



THE war, already known as the Great War, and which will fully deserve the title in history, were it only for the terrific number of its soldiers and its slain, burst like a thunderbolt over sleeping France. For France not only did not wish war; she did not expect it. She had closed her ears to every warning. She was not prepared. Military authorities and diplomats pointed in vain to the gathering storm in the east. The government and the people would not see; they believed obstinately and blindly in peace.

Only a few weeks before war was declared, the government, aroused at last, but too late, to the impending danger, succeeded in having the Chamber of Deputies revive the three years' military service. Yet even after the vote was taken, the measure was discussed and attacked as useless and injurious to the economic development of the country: so surely did war seem a chimera, an incredible thing! Up to the very last minute, one may say until the first shot was fired, the French were confident of peace. Consequently when Germany, after invading Belgium, threw herself suddenly upon France, the shock was terrible. Feeling intensified when the French army failed to arrest the invasion at the frontier, and the formidable and apparently irresistible tide surged on towards Paris. The force of the blow, the presence of a peril sudden, pressing, unavoidable, permitting neither hesitation nor delay, facing an issue upon which hung the life or death of a nation, produced a reaction as instantaneous as its cause, a reaction that shook to its depths the soul of the French. All the forces of the race awoke and lived again, among them that Catholic Faith which for centuries upon centuries had impregnated the soul of the people, from which, in spite of appearances, it had never been eradicated.

Perhaps, had the danger been passing, the feeling might have been passing also. But the crisis was not of a day; it continued, it still exists. The victory of the Marne definitely arrested the progress of the invader; the troops constantly reënforced and relieved, more and more inured to service and better equipped,

remain an impenetrable defence. Nevertheless the Germans still occupy nine departments, and are still within sixty miles of Paris. What deadly struggles, what untold anguish the French have still to face! But struggles and anguish are the strongest bonds of union, the most forceful exhortations to perseverance.

If the great moral upheaval of such a war has been the determining cause of an incontestable evolution in the religious spirit of France, how did the change come about and what is its significance? Upon what sort of material did the powerful blow of misfortune strike, and what has it made of it? From the religious point of view, what were the Frenchman's opinions before the war; what are they now? God Who creates life can restore life; if He wills, He can raise the dead; His power, His mercy are boundless. He created the sun, He illumines the darkness with faith. Moreover, it frequently is not the least of His miracles, nor of His mercies, that He does not extinguish the smouldering light. In France, God Himself had shielded the flickering glimmer of faith even in souls who no longer saw it.

Much the same thing has happened throughout France as one sometimes sees at the bedside of a sick child. The crucifix is there upon the wall, the mother has not forgotten how to pray, once upon a time the father prayed also: now in their hour of agony, when life and death hang in the balance, their eyes turn again to the Crucified One. For even before the war, France was not anti-Christian. Strangers often misjudge her, judge her too hastily, too superficially by a word or a joke, instead of looking beneath the disguise for the heart's core. It is only just, however, to admit that the Frenchman has only himself to thank for his bad reputation. He calumniates himself, takes pleasure in accusing himself of more sins than he commits: how can he complain of the opinions resulting from this hypocrisy, this pretense of evil?

French literature by no means depicts true French society. Novels are written to suit the taste of those who read them. Millions of men and women—and, generally speaking, they are the very ones who have preserved their morals and their faith—never open one of these books. The novelists do not take them into account; few ever introduce them upon his scene or choose his heroes from among them. Rarely do these writers tell a beautiful story of the common life, the simple life of faith of those who work, who pray, who bring up their children, who from the cradle to the grave have no history—except that common to us all.

The immoral literature which stigmatizes France is not always the work of French writers. France is not represented by a certain class of books written in French, neither is her government representative. Undoubtedly it is difficult for the outsider to make this distinction; the fact remains that for three-quarters of a century France has been governed by a minority. To make this clear, one should review her political history from the days of the Revolution, at least. Suffice it to recall that up to the present time the parties favorable to religion have in politics torn each other to pieces; moreover, the French voter so fears novelty that he prefers, on the whole, to keep things as they are. He votes for the Republic because he is a conservative. That the country is in the hands of an anti-clerical government is the deplorable result of political divisions and misunderstandings; it does not warrant the conclusion that the spirit of the country itself is anti-religious.

Furthermore, in favoring anti-religious laws, even the worst enemies of the Catholic Church plead that these are directed only against what they call the domination of the clergy, or clericalism, and not against beliefs. This very hypocrisy is an acknowledgment that the country has not abandoned its Faith. So truly does the spirit of religion live in the nation that one sees men like M. Caillaux, for instance, noted for their lack of sympathy with religion, subsidizing Catholic works in order to obtain votes.

To be brief, the religious situation in France before the war might be summed up thus:

First, there were the *devout Catholics*, a real power, far stronger than is thought; a numerous and irreproachable clergy, hundreds of religious congregations, a laity not only Catholic in name, but practical and pious. This body prayed and worked. Patiently, day by day, it sowed; the seed awaited the sun.

Second, besides the devout Catholics there was a considerable number of *lukewarm Catholics* practising their religion occasionally, occupied chiefly with business and pleasure.

Third, over and above these the great mass of *indifferents* who gave no thought to religion, except at birth, at marriage, at death.

Fourth, a *small hostile minority*, anti-clericals who waged war upon Catholicism.

Religious hostility was the exception, the great mass of *indifferents* kept the traditions of the Faith in their thoughts and feelings, in their mental and moral habits: on certain feasts—Easter, Christmas, All Saints, the Assumption, etc., they went to church; on the

whole they neglected religion more or less completely, seeing no need for it; they were easily influenced by prejudices against priests and their influence, but most of all were they given over to material preoccupations, the joys of life. To this love of worldly pleasures may be attributed also the lukewarmness of the great majority of Catholics.

Christian faith had been planted in French souls, but two causes tended to kill it in some, to arrest its development in others; two weeds choked the good seed—anti-clericalism and materialism. The war has rooted out these two weeds and cast them into the flames. Thanks to the war, millions of Frenchmen have seen the priest at close range, and anti-clericalism has died a natural death. Millions of Frenchmen have lived in the presence of death; death hangs over them, touches them at every instant. Their sight is opened to the life beyond; they have learned to value less the pleasures of this world.

To comprehend fully the scope and the force of this living sermon, one must realize that there are twenty-five thousand priests with the armies, not only in the hospitals and ambulances, but at the front; not only as chaplains, hospital attendants, stretcher-bearers, but as combatants, officers, non-commissioned officers, privates in all the troops. The priest has no need to preach; his presence speaks louder than words. And who placed him in this position; who forced him into military service? His enemies. When they strapped the knapsack on the priest's back, the anti-clericals killed anti-clericalism.

Here is the priest doing military service! Here along the railways he may be seen on guard, wearing his soutane, his gun over his shoulder. The military trains pass; the guards of the *wagons*, the soldiers going to the front throw up their *képis* and shout, "*Bravo, le curé!*" Religious poured into the barracks; exiles came from afar to defend the land that drove them forth. They remembered only that she was the land of their birth. Jesuits, Assumptionists, Carthusians and Dominicans, Benedictines, Capuchins, monks of every order and from every place, were greeted with applause. Yesterday anti-clericalism called them "foreigners to the nation," but anti-clericalism lied. These men are comrades, brothers at arms, brothers come home to their father's house, to live and die with their own!

Sometimes the priest figures as an officer leading his men to victory, as shown by Forain in one of his sketches. Sometimes he

is a comrade, digging trenches, sharing fraternally with the workman and the peasant the jokes and the mud of the trenches, the dangers of shot and shell, joys, sorrows, life, death. Is a volunteer needed; someone to face certain or almost certain death to carry an order under fire? The priest is the first, or among the first, to volunteer. When he is not actually fighting, he is the stretcher-bearer who carries off the wounded, the hospital attendant who cares for them; he is first and foremost the chaplain who hears their confessions, absolves them, consoles them, and to the dying man, destitute of all, he gives all. Before, during, after the battle, up to the last hour, he is the example, the comforter, the supreme friend. "I will always cherish a special veneration for priests," writes Captain B——, "because of the magnificent way in which they have done their duty as Frenchmen in this terrible war, and because they have made believers take heart." Would you like to see for yourselves how the priest acts?

Abbé Teulade was a professor at the Institute of Saint Félix de Beaucaire. He was enlisted as a common soldier. He is at the front. In his trench morning and evening prayers are recited in common. From time to time the *Kyrie*, the *Gloria*, and the *Credo* are chanted, and the Rosary said. Sometimes the abbé hears confessions all day and all night. It was announced one day that the colonel had fallen, close to the enemy's trenches. "Boys," said the commanding officer, "we cannot let him fall into the hands of the Germans." And he asked for a rescue party willing to brave the enemy's fire. A squad started out, but was met by such a deadly hail that the officer recalled it, fearing to sacrifice too many of his men. "If, however, one of you has the courage to face death," he said, "he may go." One man stepped out of the platoon, the Abbé Teulade. The commander embraced him weeping. The priest ran forward, shells rained upon him; four shots went through his cap, two more carried off his *képi*. At last he reached the colonel, lifted him to his shoulder and returned. Bullets rained upon him. He had almost gained the French lines when he was struck, and rolled upon the ground with his precious burden. His comrades rushed forward and rescued them. Abbé Teulade was only wounded. While they were dressing his wounds, a young lieutenant knelt down beside him. "Monsieur l'abbé," he said, "for a long time I have not believed in, nor practised my religion. You have converted me. I beg of you to hear my confession in the presence of my subordinates." Before the soldiers the priest heard his

lieutenant's confession, and gave him absolution with his bleeding hand. Patriotism has preached an effective sermon to the soldier's heart.

But what of materialism? What of the love of pleasure? Once more let us turn our gaze upon the war. What retreat, as the soldiers truly say, what sermon on death could so vividly portray the nothingness of human life as this ever-present death, this rain of bullets, this hail of horrible shells, this battle lasting not a few hours, but a year, raging ceaselessly, one might say, day and night? Crouching in the trenches from morning till night, and from night till morning, a man sees and thinks of but one thing—death. He sees life from a very different angle than before; the necessity and the certainty of a future life loom large before him; all else seems vanity. When Christ would restore to life the daughter of Jairus, He first drove out the musicians. He has done the same for France. This is what the war has accomplished for souls. The reality, extent and efficiency of its work is attested alike by friend and foe.

Canon Cabanel of Montpellier tells the story of his reception in the trenches: "On my arrival I was greeted by cries of 'Oh, the chaplain! how good of you to come out here!' 'Out here' were the outposts in the very teeth of the enemy. I replied, 'Are you not here, my friends? Long live God and France!' 'Yes,' they answered, '*Vive Dieu et vive la France!*' Some were so touched they shed tears of gratitude. I took them by the hand, I blessed, I absolved them, and left behind me, I am sure, a new light of hope in the hearts of my children."

A stretcher-bearer, Abbé Moreau, who is in Flanders, describes a military Mass offered in a ruined church with shells falling all around. Officers, soldiers and civilians sought to drown the noise of the shot by the chant of the *Credo*. " 'This evening, if nothing unforeseen occurs,' announced the chaplain, 'we will have a short Vespers, beads and Benediction.' In the interim," continues the stretcher-bearer, "we carried off the wounded and spent our few free moments in what we call here 'taverns,' because we have a fire there, plus something to drink—chickory without sugar, pretentiously called coffee.

At Traubach, in Alsace, a sergeant hospital attendant, M. Putot, a curate of Champagny (Doubs), on the eve of All Saints heard the confessions of a large number of officers and men. "The following morning," he says, "there were at least four hundred

soldier communicants out of a thousand men. The church was scarcely ever left empty during the day."

"I frequently have the opportunity to give absolution and Holy Communion," writes a young priest of Ardèche, a private. "Lately I had the happiness of saying Mass. Most of my comrades wished to assist at it. Some of them wear medals and crosses outwardly, fastened on their breasts or their *képis*."

Abbé Salvan, a professor at the *Petit Séminaire* of Montauban, is a sergeant at the front. One day in the trench with his division he saw a poor little soldier crawl out of a neighboring trench where there was no priest. Under a rain of shot, flat on his stomach, he reached the entrance to the sergeant-priest's trench and whispered:

"Are you there, Salvan?"

"Yes, what do you want? You'll be shot down! If the Germans see you it's all up with you."

"Don't talk so much. Tell me, can you hear my confession?"

"Yes, immediately."

"But I dare not kneel up. They will bowl me over."

"It's not necessary. Stay as you are."

And there as he was, lying on the edge of the trench, the little soldier made his confession and received absolution; then like a great worm, he crawled slowly, slowly back and regained his trench.

The home letters of the soldiers, full of simple confidences, show how the thought of religion accompanies and dominates every other. A Dauphinois peasant wrote his wife: "One of our comrades says the Mass, a priest from Vienne who belongs to my company. Next Sunday another soldier and myself are going to try to serve Mass. I will pray hard for you and the children. And I will be thinking how, four hundred miles apart, both father and son are altar boys."

Another one says: "I see you are all praying for me; I thank you for it. I am praying, too, for in such critical moments as I have been through, when there is nothing left to hope for from man, the fire of Faith, kindled in my childish heart by a far-seeing, Christian mother, was rekindled and inflamed, and unconsciously my lips uttered a prayer, asking of Him, Who is the Master of us all, and of the Virgin their blessed protection."

A soldier from Normandy says: "Crowds gather round the hastily erected altars on the battlefields, a recollected crowd, a crowd that prays—and sometimes weeps."

Another tells of a *Requiem* for the regiment's dead: "At the

end of the ceremony the officers, led by their colonel, received Holy Communion, a fine example for all present."

A general Communion at an open-air Mass for the dead said over the still fresh graves of his comrades, is described by a soldier from Toulouse. He says: "If among those present some had been incredulous fools in the past, they were so no longer. From the general to the youngest trooper, from the wildest to the wisest, they were as one man. Shells burst at a little distance, but no one budged. Believe me, in these times no one thinks about his neighbor; he just does what his conscience dictates. The officers were the first to kneel around the priest, and then, one after the other, we all knelt on both knees on the wet ground to receive Communion. No one did it because he had to, but because he wanted to."

The same impression is given by another soldier: "Before the war a great many fellows were ashamed to kneel down and make the Sign of the Cross. You don't find any of these around now. On Sundays if we are where we can hear Mass, there is never room enough. Afterwards everyone is lighthearted; it gives us courage; we feel ourselves a great deal stronger."

"I never lie down at night, nor wake up in the morning, without saying a prayer," says a man from Orleans. "We all, all of my division, received absolution in the trenches, while the howitzers shelled us. The bravest man was the priest, for standing above the trench, he risked being shot down at any minute. But what of that! That doesn't scare the priests. Among all those I have met, I have not seen one coward."

"I never believed that a prayer could give such strength to a man," writes a quartermaster.

André Charpentier, a journalist, wrote back to the *Hôtel-Dieu* at Orange where he had been nursed for a wound: "For the first time in my life I realized what the Christian faith was, the belief in the beyond with all its hopes; I feel I now understand my title of Catholic, and that I can never again forget it. Heretofore I would allow people to blackguard religion. Now I could not tolerate that. I will not come back a bigot, far from it, but I can never again be a skeptic. To see death close at hand cutting down those about us at every stroke, makes one dreadfully clear-sighted as to the true aspect of things."

"Marching between shot and shell," says another, "all throw themselves on the mercy of God."

The truth is human respect is no more, and converts do not

hide their conversions. A man from Languedoc describes to his parish priest the change effected in himself, thus: "The day I left I heard Mass to please my wife and my mother, but I tell you frankly I now regret acting from that motive. As a man hears the boom of the cannon and the whistle of the grape shot, when from time to time he sees a comrade fall, or stumbles upon an unknown corpse in the fields; during long days of waiting and terrible nights of suffering in the holes of the trenches, he thinks and he reflects.

"Yes, he thinks of the fireside and the sweet home life, and he reflects seriously on the time ill-spent, of the hours, which might have been happy, wasted or frittered away in wrongdoing. But now what a change! I am not the same man. I do my duty as a Frenchman, as a soldier without parade or fear, and likewise I do my duty as a Christian, morning and night I say fervently the little prayer and the aspiration you taught me. On my return I will be a good Christian and go regularly to my duties." And he adds a postscript: "You can show my letter to anyone you please. I have weighed and pondered well every word I have written, and, moreover, when I get back my conduct will prove it."

This religious awakening in the army is so general, so public, it causes great anxiety to the organs of anti-clericalism, as, for instance, *La Lanterne* and *L'Humanité*. They wish steps taken to prevent the religious propaganda in the hospitals and among the troops; they demand "the laicization of the front." Is this not a positive acknowledgment of the strength of the Catholic movement?

A militant Socialist of the eighteenth division recognizes this fact in a letter published by *L'Humanité*: "I was able to make a number of psychological studies. Conventions, prejudices had fallen off, leaving life stripped. Men showed themselves for what they really were, brave or cowardly, noble or base, unselfish or egotistical. And I could appreciate the religious awakening so much noticed to-day, and so much talked about.

"Whether we halted, whether we rested, the night after a battle or after a march, the mind was never at rest. The vision of the wounded was ever before our eyes, the groans of the dying sounded in our ears, the thought of self, of wife, of children haunted us. Will my turn come next? Ah, then is the moment of self-examination, then a man, separated from the world of things by this rupture of equilibrium called war, travels back to his childhood. The influence of early education asserts itself. And so it is that

normally, logically, I may say, is brought about the return to religious ideas.

"Men without ideals, who have abandoned all Christian practices, in the midst of such a catastrophe feel their littleness. No longer enslaved and driven by economic forces, craving an ideal to support them in these terrible times, *they turn to religion*..... This neo-religious movement looked serious to me at first. It has been exploited, protected, promoted by the chaplains and some of the majors, and *frankly I believe that some of it will persist when the war is over.*"

This is an enemy's confession. He speaks as an enemy, he seeks to explain; nevertheless, he recognizes and confirms the reality and durability of the Catholic renaissance.

The English, fighting side by side with the French troops in France, are struck with the religious feeling they have witnessed, and feel its effects. A Protestant officer in the British army a short time ago was expressing his admiration, and added: "My orderly who is a Wesleyan, says he is going to study that religion, for it looks to him like the true one."

In fact there is quite a movement towards Catholicism among the officers and men of the British Expeditionary Force. The example of the French army, and the faith of the people about them, have attracted them. Like the Wesleyan orderly, many of them are inquiring into the Catholic religion and go to church.

The soldiers have evidently learned the lesson of the war; now the soldiers in France to-day number thousands of men, in fact, with the exception of invalids, all the men between nineteen and forty-eight are soldiers. But it does not end there. The soldiers are not the only ones who have learned the lesson. The stentorian voice of events has resounded throughout the land and in every soul. When the first cannon was fired, and indeed before that, as soon as there were rumors of the cannon's thunder, there was an immense impetus towards prayer. The churches were filled, the number of confessions and Communions increased greatly everywhere. Many persons—some of them personally known to me—who had abandoned the practice of religion, returned to the Sacraments.

Not a single parish, even in the tiniest village, but offers a Mass at least once a week for France and the army; many parishes offer two Masses, and everywhere, besides the Masses, there are prayers, the beads, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every

day, or at least several times a week, sometimes even twice a day, and always for the same intention. These Masses and prayers are well attended, and during all the long months of the war the first fervor has not abated. The thought of fathers, husbands, sons, brothers exposed to such great and continuous danger brings souls back to God, and draws them closer and closer to Him. The truly religious tone of the letters from the dear absent ones finds an echo in every heart.

The intellectual circles whence emanated the evil of irreligion, are not what they were twenty years ago. A marked change was noticeable even before the war. The younger artistic and literary set of the twentieth century are rather more Catholic in their tendencies and sentiments and even in their practice. To mention only those who have been killed by the enemy, Piguy, Lotti, Laurentie, Renan's grandson, and a good many others, were all Catholics. When Delpech, the son of the former grandmaster of the Freemasons, was picked up dead on the battlefield, a religious medal was found on his person.

It looks as if events, in giving the lie so entirely to their theories and sympathies, had effected a change in minds blinded by materialistic philosophy, as we hear M. Bergson stating to the Academy of Sciences last January: "It will be necessary after the war to revise the tendencies in the mechanical arts and in science which *are not regulated by moral ideas*. It is evident to all that the material development of civilization when it pretends to be sufficient unto itself, and still more when it places itself at the service of base sentiments and unhealthy ambitions, may lead to the most abominable barbarism."

The youthful intellectuals have outstripped M. Bergson. With the cannon for teacher, even those who were not started on the way before the war have arrived at *Faith*, the true teacher of morality and of all civilization. There they have met with the artisan and the peasant. This sentiment is expressed very concisely by a student of the Superior Normal School, where the best of the university students are prepared. He was wounded, and during his convalescence wrote: "The sight of the battlefield transformed us. The daily harvest of death made us meditate. . . . The war cured us of the disease of the century. . . . We now return to the God of our early years, to the God of our mothers, to the *Good God*."

We cannot value matters of conscience as we would commercial transactions; exact statistics of a religious revival, which we

cannot fully analyze, would be impossible. It is far too soon! We can, however, give a few figures. From August to December, 1913, there were sixty-nine thousand eight hundred Communions in the parish church of Notre Dame at Versailles; during the same period in 1914 there were eighty-seven thousand, a gain of eighteen thousand over the preceding year.

Will this Catholic renaissance endure? The converts themselves say that it will, and everyone is convinced of it, not only the clergy, not only Catholics, but also their enemies, as seen in the warning of the militant Socialist to *L'Humanité*. It will endure because it rests upon a Christian foundation, serious and solid, and was occasioned by a blow so terrible, so general and prolonged that it has made a profound impression.

The attitude of the French prisoners in Germany is a prognosis of perseverance. They are no longer threatened with the danger of immediate death. Notwithstanding this they believe and practise their religion, and conversions are taking place among those not already converted. One of the chaplains, Abbé Duriez says: "We say Mass every day, and our chapels are always filled. In the evening we have prayers, hymns, the Way of the Cross. . . . There is much good to be done, and many are returning to their duties. On Christmas we had more than three thousand Communions, and one thousand and twenty-five men approached the Sacraments at New Year."

Out of the two hundred and forty officers, prisoners at Ingolstadt, more than two-thirds practise their religion. In the camp at Altengrabou, near Magdeburg, the same movement is widespread and deep-seated. "There are four priests among the prisoners," relates the Abbé A—— who has just returned, "they show them the greatest sympathy. Many have come back to God. And these conversions are sincere and lasting in their effects. These men, removed from danger, in full possession of their reason, with a full realization of their duty, adhere to the resolutions made in the hour of peril."

The Catholic renaissance in France is, therefore, certain. But what will be its consequences? What forecast may we make? As far as it is possible to reckon the future by the present, judging by what we see and hear at the present time, we have reason to assert that the changed point of view in France will produce a complete change in the religious situation when the war is over. It is already spoken of everywhere, and especially among the work-

ing people. It is the universal cry. Henceforth France will not give place to an anti-religious policy. Assuredly the sectaries—the inimical minority—will not disarm. One should not be astonished to see them open an active campaign against Catholics. Formerly, by means of skillful calumnies, they might have drawn in their wake the whole mass of *indifferents*. But to-day that great mass is no longer indifferent; that is the major point. By means of the war, it has formed a religious opinion. Most of the thousands of soldiers, who during days never to be forgotten, have lived with the priest and with death, believe and practise their religion to-day; even those who have not found faith and piety, have only sympathy and respect for priests and religion; there is not one among them who would favor an anti-clerical policy; not one who would permit it. It would be like firing on their comrades in the trenches.

Now all the men between nineteen and forty-eight, excepting invalids, are soldiers. With their parents who are older, and their brothers and sons who are younger and who, naturally, will think as they do, they include all, or nearly all, the men in France; the whole, or nearly the whole, of the electorate. Almost no one will follow the anti-clericals, and if the government makes common cause with this minority, it will be swept away with it. The situation to-day is so evident the government will take good care not to do anything so fatal to its own interests.

Whatever may be the personal convictions of those in power now, they will have to conform to the spirit of the country or resign their places to others. In this respect the government is the prisoner of events and must obey them. France is practically Catholic again, and Alsace-Lorraine, in becoming French, insists upon keeping its religious liberties. On that side, also, the government will be obliged to respect Catholic belief: every patriot will see to it. This is already understood. What is called “the compact of Thann” is now an historic fact. On the twenty-ninth of November, 1914, in the little town of Thann, under the tricolor flag of reunion, General Joffre announced to the Alsatians, in the name of the government: “France brings to you with the liberties she has always respected, respect for your personal liberties, the liberties of the Alsatians, of your traditions, of your convictions, of your customs.”¹

¹*Bulletin des Armées*, 1 décembre, 1914. The *Bulletin des Armées* is an official publication. The government, therefore, made itself responsible for the declaration of the Commander-in-Chief.

A few months later, on February 24, 1915, at Saint Armain, President Poincaré, in the presence of all the Alsatian mayors of that neighborhood, solemnly *repeated and confirmed the declaration of Thann*. He presided at a class in a public school taught by Sisters; he decorated a Religious who had done nothing more than educate children. It has, therefore, been solemnly announced and accepted that Alsace is to have religious liberty: liberty of instruction, liberty of worship, normal relations with Rome. And these same liberties, would they be denied on the other side of the Vosges? Would there be two Frances: an Alsatian Catholic France and another non-Catholic France? Is this likely? Is it possible with the new state of mind? For instance, in the future will not the current flow irresistibly towards renewed diplomatic relations with the Vatican, will not all allow themselves to be carried along by it gently and noiselessly?

Furthermore, many signs point to a religious peace. To the pastors of Meurthe and Moselle, the prefect, M. Mirmon, who up to that time had passed for an anti-clerical, stated plainly: "We will rebuild your churches." And when M. Poincaré visited the places devastated by the Germans, he approved M. Mirmon's speech and confirmed his promise. The government will rebuild the churches! There was a time when it talked of closing them: but we are a long way off from that! The execution of the laws against the Congregations is stopped. Who would dream of taking it up again? Who would wish to exile again those who rushed to their country's defence?

The war has united the French. When the President of the Republic went in person to express to the bombarded city of Arras the affectionate sympathy of the country, he was seen *walking in the street between the bishop and the prefect*. May we not see in this a symbol of reconciliation? May we not say with reason of Catholic France the words which come to the lips when, after the winter, one sees the buds appearing on the tips of the branches bursting with sap: "The spring is at hand."

THE PATRONESS OF THE POOR.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.



FEW periods of human history have been more fruitful than the thirteenth century—that hour of faith, romance and glory, those tumultuous hundred years of science, saints and sinners. True, the pageants are less than a dream and the crusader with his captain-prince long since dust with the dust of kindred. Thrones are vanished, crowns are lost and, in the twilight of the years, the sometime great loom up, if at all, wraith-like and silent. Not so Our Lady's Torch—St. Dominic; that sweet tongue of poverty, St. Francis of Assisi. Who has not heard of the Angelic Doctor; St. Anthony, hope of the Paduans; SS. Louis of France, Bonaventure, Nicholas of Tolentino, Edmund of Canterbury!

And the women! It was an age of illustrious women. Consider the variety: SS. Clare, Margaret of Cortona, Rose of Viterbo, Isabella of France, Hedwige of Poland, Elizabeth of Portugal, Gertrude of Germany, Agnes of Bohemia, and that Princess-Saint, Elizabeth of Hungary. The stories of their lives have been recounted many times, but there is one that always teases to be told again. It is, in certain aspects, the sweetest and saddest of them all—so naïve and humanly tender, so brief yet spiritually fruitful, that it must needs be a bloodless heart that is left unmoved at the telling.

In the year 1207 there was born of Queen Gertrude, wife of Andrew II., King of Hungary, a daughter. She was baptized with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, and was named Elizabeth. Like St. Frances of Rome and St. Rita of Cascia, this daughter of a king gave early signs of the quality of her soul, being regarded throughout her father's kingdom as a child of special grace and brilliant destiny. At the age of four she was affianced to a son of the Landgrave of Thuringia, in the land of the Germans, where, in a fortress-like château that crowned the austere heights of the Wartburg, the little princess began her strangely ordered life among a foreign people.

Elizabeth, prayerful beyond her years, was charitable almost to a fault. So moved was her tender heart at sight of the pleading

poor that she laid siege to the Landgrave's purse, and ransacked the castle kitchens. Here was a trait that rudely shocked the pride and dignity of the courtiers. The officers of the court murmured against this unseemly bias of a king's daughter, who was destined one day to be duchess of the realm. To make matters worse, the young princess began to show an unusual spirit of self-sacrifice. Sundays and feast days found her doffing gloves, jewels and laces, that she might assist at Mass with an humble exterior and a recollected heart. It is related that on a certain Feast of the Assumption, the Duchess Sophia ordered her daughter Agnes and the little princess to don their most costly robes and wear their jewels and crowns, that they might fittingly take part in the services of the day at the Church of Our Lady at Eisenach. The ducal party had scarcely taken their places in the church when Elizabeth, at sight of a large crucifix, became so affected that she removed her crown and, prostrating herself, hid her face in her little hands and wept freely. Roundly censured by the Duchess Sophia for acting like a country-woman, the child, still in tears, answered that she felt it a mockery to wear a crown of gold and precious jewels in the presence of her thorn-crowned Saviour.

In the spring of 1207, the Landgrave died. Louis, the then eldest son, became Duke of Thuringia, sharing the government of the country with his mother, the Duchess Sophia, and his brothers, Henry and Conrad. It was a critical hour for the little princess. Where, heretofore, out of deference to the Landgrave, she had been tolerated, she was now openly derided and reproached, her charity and pious practices bringing down upon her innocent head the scorn and sarcasm of the worldly-wise. Her obviously increasing love for the young duke added fuel to the flame, rousing in the innermost circles of the court a panic of dread. Agnes, the beautiful sister of Louis, became antagonistic to the point of open insult, charging the tender-hearted Elizabeth with having mistaken her vocation, which was clearly not that of a duchess, but of a kitchen drudge. The Duchess Sophia, with more tact but not less feeling, tried to persuade the child to enter a convent. It was clear that the real business forward was the exile of this alleged socially-impossible girl from the Court of Thuringia.

But her betrothed, faithful to the end, preserved a memorably pure and unswervable love for the gift God gave him. The companionship between Louis and the little princess flowered into the tenderest of affections. Then, as to the end of their brief lives, he was to her "my dear brother," and she to him "my sweet sister."

A few years later, the young duke, aged twenty-one, made the Princess Elizabeth, aged fourteen, his wife and the first duchess of the realm.

Elizabeth, as a wife, was specially gifted to charm the heart of a husband. Added to the singular purity of her life was the fascination of her exterior beauty. Her features were fine and regular, her complexion a clear brown, her hair was black, and her figure of "unrivalled grace and elegance." Her deportment, in keeping with her birth and character, was dignified, gracious and simple. But it was her eyes that chiefly held and enslaved the attention—dark, limpid, lustrous eyes, swimming with tenderness, trust and mercy.

The world for the Duchess Elizabeth was one with her young lord. She loved him with childlike vivacity, instant obedience waiting upon a gesture, a look, a known preference. At table, in spite of a contrary custom, she would be seated no place except at the side of her husband. She left no effort untried to control his heart and please his eyes. She studied his likes and dislikes; scrupulously guarded herself against all that might make for his annoyance or impatience. He, in turn, moved by her devotion, hastened to join himself to her virtues and piety.

When the young duke was obliged by important matters of state to journey beyond the frontiers whither he could not take her, Elizabeth would doff her royal robes and, donning the costume of a widow, spend the interval of his absence in vigils, prayers, and penances. But, at the first hint of her lord's return, she would hasten to adorn herself, and with love a-leap in her eyes, joy in her heart, run, radiant with beauty, to meet him. It was, no doubt, a revelation to the sophisticated court—this spectacle of a truly happy and amazingly devoted couple; a thought-provoking picture for the great lords and ladies to contemplate.

Yet, in excessive love lie peril and grief, for love is a gift from God, and the gifts of God are held always on difficult terms. Elizabeth, aware of the depth of her love for her husband, and keenly conscious of its Source, not only treasured it as a priceless possession, but publicly acknowledged her gratitude by increasing the perfection of her life. The first intrusion of an unworthy thought into the field of affection is the beginning of the end of happiness. Against such an invasion, Elizabeth fought with all the strength of her young and susceptible heart. Of that battle, with its privations, alarms and courages, you may read at length in any

of her biographies. The pertinent thought here is that, as in the case of all other great saints, Elizabeth's austerities to self, her painful approaches toward God, her constant reprisals upon passion, mood and frailty, served only to increase her gaiety, accent her tenderness, and heighten her exterior charms. Intolerant of all affected piety or grief, she held that a long face at prayers was, in a sense, an insult; that our glance toward heaven should be accompanied with glad eyes and a cheerful heart.

It was at this time that the sweet violence of the son of Peter Bernadone, sweeping town and country, had shocked into consciousness the faith of thousands of men and women, and made necessary the establishment of the celebrated Third Order and, its inspired complement, the Order of the Poor Clares. The success of the Third Order was instant and its exemplification widespread. It attracted the highest and stooped for the lowliest. Its membership was made up of representatives of all walks of life: priest, prince, and peasant; queen, dame, and housewife. At no time was the sense of the phrase "in the world but not of it" so generally and strikingly visible as in that tumultuous year of 1221.

Among the first to welcome the spirit of St. Francis was the Duchess Elizabeth. She sought her husband's permission to be enrolled in this army of mortification and mercy. The permission granted, she became a memorable exponent of the spirit of the Seraph of Assisi.

On March 22, 1222, in the château of the Kreuzburg, not far from Marburg, Elizabeth, at the age of sixteen, became the mother of her first child, a son, who was named Herman. During the next three years, at the ducal residence on the Wartburg, three daughters were given her. These were named, respectively, Sophia, Sophia the younger, and Gertrude. After each of these occasions, Elizabeth, clad in a plain woolen robe, would take the new-born in her arms and make her way barefooted down a mountain path to the Church of St. Catherine, outside the walls of Eisenach. There, placing the infant, together with some offerings, upon the altar, she would ask God to bless her gifts, and receive her child among His friends and servants.

Elizabeth's confessor, a certain Master Conrad, poor, pious, but strict to the point of harshness, forbade the duchess to partake of any food bought with certain money then being taken from the poor in the form of a tax. Elizabeth, with much ingenuity, obeyed the command, often leaving the most abundantly served table hungry. One is prepared to hear that the old antagonisms of the

officers burst forth anew. The duke himself did not escape a tart reminder and some very plain words.

Elizabeth's charity and piety flamed brighter than ever. Her husband's resources proving insufficient, she gave away her personal gems and jewels. And, not content with almsgiving, she sought out the sick and the wretched that she might expend upon them the excess love in her soul. No distance was too great, no road too rough, between her and the wards of Christ. The young duchess delighted to go on her errands of mercy in secret. And it is related that, one day, having set forth, carrying under her cloak a quantity of food for distribution to the poor, she came face to face with her husband, who was on his way home from the hunt. Surprised to see his wife toiling, heavily burdened, along an unfrequented mountain path, he said to her: "Let us see what you carry." And drawing aside her cloak, he was astonished to see in the folds of her dress a mass of beautiful roses, red and white. It was no longer the season of flowers.

No object of Elizabeth's charity received more compassion than those specially afflicted creatures, the lepers. She was instantly and irresistibly drawn to them. Where the hand of God lay heaviest, there the tenderness of this young woman was greatest. Even the injunctions of her spiritual director, Conrad, were sometimes lost sight of in the face of these piecemeal victims of death. One little leper, abandoned by everyone, she took to her castle, bathed and anointed his reeking ulcers, and laid him on the royal couch. When the protesting and terror-stricken Sophia led her son to see the mad deed of his wife, Louis, the eyes of his soul opened, saw stretched on the sheets the figure of the Crucified Christ.

Then came the famine. Death and desolation swept the country. The people were forced to eat roots and wild berries and the flesh of dead beasts. Elizabeth, in spite of the protests of the officers, threw open the treasury and granaries of the castle, in an attempt to relieve the horrors of the hour.

Louis, returning from Italy, was met by a committee of the officers, who, fearing his anger at loss of money and provisions, related at length the story of their unheeded counsels. "Is my dear wife well?" asked the young duke. "That is all I care to know. The rest matters not." Elizabeth, apprised of her husband's return, came running to him and threw herself into his arms. "Dear sister," he asked, "what has become of thy poor people during this sad year?" And she said to him: "I have given to God what was His, and He hath taken care of what belonged to

thee and to me." An answer that contains the golden thought that only the wise of heart understand and only the saintly put in practice.

After a few brief days, came a ringing call to arms by Emperor Frederic II. Under the banner of the Cross, with the old cry: "God wills it!" Christianity gathered for the mid-fifth of those strangely resulting world-duels—the Crusades. Over the story of those frenzied outpourings, who has not lingered thoughtful, wondering, amazed? Louis made his vow and received the cross. And then the thought of his wife, who was with child at the time, swept his heart. He delayed the telling of his enrollment, hiding his badge in a pocket of his purse. But one evening, in a moment of tender familiarity, Elizabeth unloosened her husband's belt and, searching his purse, drew forth the cross! As its meaning flashed upon her mind, she fell senseless at his feet.

The duke, having arranged for the government of the duchy, confided his wife to the particular care of the Duchess Sophia and his brothers, Henry and Conrad. Two days' journey beyond the frontiers of Thuringia, whither, in spite of her condition and the counsel of friends, Elizabeth, her heart breaking with sorrow, had accompanied her husband, the moment of final parting arrived. The duke showed his wife a ring with which he was wont to seal his private papers, telling her to believe whatever should be said by the person bringing it to her. Then, asking her to remember their happy life and fond love, he bespoke her prayers, bade farewell, and rode away. Elizabeth, sobbing in the arms of her ladies, followed him with her glance till he had gone from view. When, at last, she turned homeward, it was with a foreboding at heart that she was never again to see him alive. At the castle she laid aside her royal robes and put on the dress of a widow. That dress was never again exchanged for princely garments. Louis was stricken with fever while embarking at Brindisi. A few days later, at the age of twenty-seven, in the flower of his youth, he lay dead in the port of Otranto.

Elizabeth had scarcely recovered from confinement with her fourth child, Gertrude, when a messenger with signet ring and story arrived at the castle on the Wartburg. It was the Duchess Sophia that carried the sad disclosure to the unsuspecting mother. It was a cruel blow, and, for a few heartrending moments, sealed the lips of the stricken woman with violent silence. When speech returned, she ran through the corridors, crying out, "He is dead! He is dead!" They found her sobbing piteously against a wall in the

refectory. Evening stars and morning light were never again the same.

Evening stars had scarcely whitened through the dusk when Henry, inflamed by unworthy counsels, despoiled Elizabeth of her rights and possessions, and, on a mid-winter's day, drove her, with her children and two maids, beyond the castle walls. The outcasts crept down the mountain side to the city of Eisenach. Conspiracy had been there before them. Door after door was shut in their faces. It was only when the keeper of a sordid wayside tavern had been appealed to, that humanity relented. An out-house, whence swine had been driven, was offered the little band for shelter against the night winds. At the sound of the matin bell in the Franciscan convent, Elizabeth and her frightened group went forward through the bleak night for sanctuary. There, gripped with cold and faint with hunger, they sat until sometime next day when, at sight of her starving children, the distracted mother once more braved the inhospitable streets. But go where she would, ask whom she might, there were neither crumbs to be had, nor a roof to be found. The hand that had, a few years before, thrown open the treasury of the castle for the relief of the people of Eisenach, was now, in its own hour of need, outstretched in vain.

Those thoughtless poor! Their attitude became that of the old beggar woman who, meeting Elizabeth midway the muddy stream of the Lobersbach, pushed her from the stepping stones into the water, with the scornful declaration: "Lie there! While you were duchess, you wouldn't live as one. Now you're poor and lying in mud. And I wouldn't stoop to lift you." A biting, sharp sentence, quick with the spirit of the world.

There is a wealth of material, dealing with the supernatural, connected with this period of the Saint's life, over which whoso wills may with profit linger. It was the Duchess Sophia that first came to the relief of Elizabeth. All pleading with Henry and Conrad proving vain, the dowager duchess sent word in secret to Elizabeth's maternal aunt, the Abbess of Kitzingen. The latter had her niece and children taken across the frontiers of Franconia and lodged in the abbey. Later, at command of her uncle, the Prince-Bishop of Bamberg, Elizabeth took up her residence in the castle of Potenstein, not far from Bayreuth.

The bishop, pondering the age—twenty—and the striking beauty of his niece, sought to persuade her to make a second marriage, offering for her consideration none other than Emperor

Frederic II., then a widower. But Elizabeth, who had promised her widowhood to God, remained steadfast against his lordship's arguments. Her uncle's importunities, doubtless, were many and strong. Elizabeth, perhaps as a respite, made a visitation to the castle of her ancestors, then a monastery on a ridge of the Alps overlooking Bavaria. Thence she was suddenly recalled to Bamberg to receive the remains of her husband, which the Thuringian knights were bringing with them on their return from the Crusade.

As the tender-hearted Elizabeth looked upon all that was left of him that had shared with her the springtime of life, she became inconsolable. Kindly hands led her away from the bleached bones. And when the knights gathered around her in the little grassy cloister near the cathedral, she spoke of her children, her life at Eisenach, and the acts of Henry. The knights at once besought the bishop to confide his niece and her children to their care and protection. His lordship acceding, Elizabeth re-crossed the frontiers to bury her dead in his loved abbey of Reinhartsbrunn.

Sophia, with Henry and Conrad and half the dukedom, hastened to the abbey to pay their last respects to their sometime prince. In the presence of the dead Louis and his war-seasoned knights, a sense of the dramatic must have thrilled the hearts of the courtiers. Knighthood and oppression faced each other. And the result? A public address, promising instant and merciless retribution on the oppressors of Elizabeth and her children, staggered with its force and meaning not only the conscience-stricken Henry, but the other conspirators as well. Herman, under the regency of his uncle, was at once proclaimed Duke of Thuringia, and Elizabeth returned to the Wartburg. But her excessive love for poverty, her pious practices, and her absence from all court ceremonies, soon roused in the courtiers sentiments of contempt and revenge. They neither spoke to nor visited her; snubbed her at every opportunity; passed her by, murmuring of a "mad woman and a fool."

Elizabeth, dominated by a desire for complete detachment, resolved to bind herself by vows to the life of a tertiary. Her wish was accomplished when, one Good Friday, in the Franciscan church at Marburg, she laid her hands on the bare altar-stone, and renounced her will, her children, her relations, and all the pomps and pleasures of the world. Her hair was cut. She was clothed in a gray robe and girdled with a cord. Thus garbed, and barefooted, the royal princess of Hungary went forth, like a mendicant, into the city streets. The castle on the Wartburg, so little hospitable

to the saintly princess, knew her no more. Three centuries later a revolting monk found refuge and a welcome within its walls.

It was one thing for the ducal residence to be finally free of a "mad woman and a fool;" it was quite another to have the prestige of the House of Thuringia besmirched by this same mad woman tramping barefooted about the streets of Marburg. Calumny, scorn and insult were visited upon the memory and person of the woman that had deliberately turned her back upon the legitimate pleasures of life—honors, home and children. But the sting of it all, as likewise the mystery, was the unfailing sweetness and serenity wherewith these heroic renuncements were carried off. So great and so well-noised abroad was Elizabeth's charity that Marburg became crowded with the needy and afflicted. Money, food and clothing were the least of her gifts; above these, like stars above a battlefield, were her constant example and kindly counsel that freshened faith, kindled hope, and made peace in troubled hearts.

The story of these last days of the Saint's life is one of incredible docility, astounding patience, and insuperable humility. It is likewise one filled with striking examples of virtue divinely rewarded, of bleak spaces of spiritual languors, and not a few instances of crushing doubts. Of Elizabeth's life in Marburg, much might be said, as much has been written. The shadows were, indeed, profound. But the lights, the splendors!

Two years had elapsed since Elizabeth had donned the gray robe of the Order of St. Francis. Toward midnight of November 19, 1231, in the twenty-fourth year of her age, Elizabeth of Hungary, with the words "Silence! silence!" on her lips, passed on to meet, in another kingdom, the Love that had raptured the souls of herself and her lost crusader.

A truly remarkable life—affianced at four, a wife at fourteen, at sixteen a mother, a widow at twenty, and at twenty-four a Saint! In the white, yet ardent love of her girlish heart for Louis; in the exquisite purity of her married life; in the heroic renuncements, the unconquerable charity, the Christ-like forgiveness of her widowhood, St. Elizabeth of Hungary is a startling revelation even to the Christian world. No other story so teases the imagination, or so grips the heart with sweet humanness, as that of this Princess-Saint. The memory of it lingers in one's mind like the perfume of a favorite flower, hintful of vanished gardens and of dawns in the springtime of life.

THE FIDDLER.

BY MARY C. MAGUIRE.



IT was a little Irish village in the West, between the mountains and the sea, that lay within half a mile of each other. It was old world even for Connaught, and the people were of the old race. They were strangely wise, there away from the outside world, and they all had a simple joy in life that was wanting in the big town I had left. I had been a week there, and had made friends with half the village, before I met the fiddler. It was at a "spree," to which old Mickey Flynn invited me, that I first saw her—for the fiddler was a woman.

I entered the clean-swept kitchen, where the lads and lasses were all gathered, and took a seat of honor in the corner, near old Mickey himself. Jig, jig went the fiddle, and delighted eyes were watching Lanty O'Brien, the strolling dancing-master, as he stamped out a jig on the half-door that had been placed in the middle of the earthen floor. My eyes traveled all round the circle of beaming faces, till they reached the player. A woman was seated on a chair at the bottom of the kitchen with a yellow fiddle under her chin, playing away with all her might. She was an ordinary looking peasant woman, with a kindly weather-beaten face. Little wisps of stiff, red hair stuck out round her forehead; her eyes followed the gyrations of Lanty's feet, and her whole body kept time with her music.

Old Mickey Flynn saw my interested gaze. "That's Mary Brady," said he, "she's a fine hand at the fiddle. Her father was the greatest fiddler in the province of Connaught; troth you might have heard tell of blind Brady, the fiddler. He was famed over everywhere. The quality often used to go to his house, up there on the mountain, to hear him play; you could stand to your knees in snow listening to him. But he was the drunken rascal too. And blind as he was, mind you, he could put the comether on all the girls, and in the end he married the purtiest wan in the countryside. That was Mary's mother."

I listened interestedly. Lanty O'Brien had finished his exhibition of step-dancing, and the boys and girls were taking their places on the floor. The player, to give them more room, moved her chair

nearer my direction, and I met the smiling gaze of her eyes, which held a wonderful, dreamy light.

"Her father taught her the fiddle?"

"Yes, and she's been playin' since she was the height of my knee. Only for her, now, what would the youngsters do for a dance? But they daren't send round the hat for her. She'd never play for them again, she's so proud."

I was eager to hear more.

"She's not married?"

"Oh, no, there was no one she'd take; though, like her father, she had a way with her. And plenty of boys wanted her. But when any of them would want her to be his housekeeper, she'd laugh in his face."

"'Do you think,' she'd say, 'I'd lave my fine house on the mountain side, where I've nothing to do but tend myself and herd the sheep to marry ye and grow old in no time?' The boys left her alone after a while. She lives by herself at the side of the mountain beyond—you've often passed her house. It's where her father lived when he wasn't trampin' around with the fiddle. She has a patch of grass there for a few sheep, and she does have the finest lambs in the country. She's a great woman, is Mary, but she's curious. Her father was a curious man."

"I think sometimes she's not all there," said Mickey's daughter-in-law, who was standing near.

Mickey turned to her. "Arragh, let no body hear you sayin' that. Didn't old Father Pat—God be good to him—say she had more wisdom than himself. She comes from a knowledgeable family, too, on her mother's side. Two cures have descended to her: she has the cure of the sprain and the cure of the rose. Troth, Molly Brady would be missed if she died, and that's more than can be said of all the women." There was a pause in the dancing. Some of the boys went out, to cool themselves, presumably, after the violent exercise. Mary let down the fiddle.

"Mary, will you play some of them slow tunes your father used to play, till the young lady hears them?" Mickey requested her.

With a smile she raised the yellow fiddle to her chin again, and played some of the simple old airs in a way I had never heard before. I listened with delight. The wailing airs came out clear and sweet, unadorned and bald in their simplicity. Then she branched off into a melody that was different; little rollicking notes chased each other, the music rang out gay like laughter. It struck me with a wonderful familiarity. Then I remembered suddenly

I had heard it a fortnight before in a crowded hall, where a great violinist had played his own compositions to an enthusiastic audience.

I went towards her. "Where did you hear that?" I asked her when she had finished. "I heard a great man play that. He composed it himself."

She looked at me in surprise. "My father made that tune himself. 'Twas him I learned it from."

"I heard it played quite recently by a great violinist, Paul O'Donnell."

"Paul!" Her face became transfigured. "Have you seen Paul, our Paul, Paul O'Donnell? Is he a great fiddler?"

"Och," cried Mickey Flynn, "can it be Paul O'Donnell the lady manes? The gossoon that used to lade your father around; the gossoon the gentleman took away?"

Mary's eyes were fastened on my face. "Aye, it's Paul," she said. "No other. Who else would it be?"

"This gentleman," I said in amazement, "is a great musician; he plays and composes himself."

"Och, it's surely the same Paul O'Donnell," said Mickey. "He used to lade ould Owen Brady about the country. He was the son of a neighbor, he explained to me, and all his people were dead, so Owen Brady took him round with him because he had a hankerin' after the fiddle. He was with him for years, till he was a grown lad of twenty. Then a gentleman, who was stoppin' at the castle, heard him play, and he took him away with him to get him trained. He said he would be great. Aye, it's surely the same Paul. He used to have the clothes off his back tore climbin' trees and stalin' apples. And ye say he's a great man now?"

A curious group had gathered around. I remembered hearing that the great violinist had been a peasant lad from a western village.

"Yes, he's a great man," I answered, "and it must be the same Paul."

Mary's face was all illumined. Soon the dancing began again, and she plied the bow merrily, but her eyes seldom left my face. The "spree" broke up early, and when I rose to take my steps home towards the cottage where I was stopping, Mary rose eagerly too.

"I will lave you home," she said, "I'm goin' that way, and though it's moonlight, ye might be lonesome by yerself."

She carefully put the fiddle under her shawl, and we walked away together.

It was more to herself than to me she said at last: "Paul will soon be comin' home now. Is he a great fiddler?" she asked me.

"One of the greatest in the world."

The smile deepened in her eyes. "Yes," she went on, "the gentleman said he would be a great fiddler. Paul was always a great fiddler. Even my father said that, and it's more nor he ever said of me, though he taught us both together. Paul's a long time gone now, eighteen years next month, but the gentleman told us he would be a long time away. He said he would have to go out to foreign parts to study. But Paul said no matter how long he'd have to stay away, he'd come back in the end."

"He said he would come back?" I guessed what was coming next.

"Yes, them were his last words when I left him at the train. Paul and me were goin' to be married before he went away, though no one knew it but ourselves." When the gentleman came and coaxed him away, Paul wanted to marry me before he'd go; but the gentleman said it would be better to wait till he'd come back." She laughed a little. "Paul was afraid I'd marry some of the other boys while he was away. I'll have to whitewash the house to-morrow. He might come any day now."

I felt a choking sensation in my throat. Before my eyes there rose the vision of Paul O'Donnell, courted, flattered, lionized by fashionable society. Then I looked at the woman before me, with the freckled face, the strong frame, the toil-hardened hands. To her Paul O'Donnell was still the ragged boy who had wooed her eighteen years before; to her simple soul he remained the same.

I walked on beside her in silence till we came to her cottage. I went in with her. She hung up the fiddle and looked around the kitchen with a smile on her face. "I will begin the whitewashing early in the morning," she said, as if to herself. Then she accompanied me over to the cottage I had rented for the summer.

When I entered I found a letter awaiting me. I felt as if I were about to watch the unveiling of a tragedy as I read: "You'll have Paul O'Donnell, the violinist, quite close to you. Will Blake, whose place is near the village where you are, tells me he is going over to stop with him for a rest, as his health is broken down. It appears that Mr. O'Donnell was born somewhere in that neighborhood."

A few days afterwards I was going down the mountain path, when the strains of a fiddle borne to me on the evening breeze drew me towards Mary's cottage. I passed in. Mary was seated on a

low stool playing away. When I entered she rose and came towards me, her face pale, the pupils of her eyes large and shining.

"Paul has come," she said.

"Yes."

"I saw him; he did not see me. He was driving from the station with Master Will to the Castle. He's a grand gentleman; but sure enough, it's Paul. Lanty O'Brien showed me the paper yesterday where it said Paul was coming to stop with Master Will." Her voice was anxious; there was a beseeching note in it as she said, "He will come soon now," as if she was seeking assurance from me.

"He's ill," I said lamely. "He may not be able to come to you yet." Her shining eyes seemed to pierce my soul.

"Yes," she said, "he was very white and all muffled up. He looked as if he was in a decline—Paul that used to be so strong."

Almost a week went by. The weather and my work had kept me indoors. Then one day, passing the Castle gate-house, I saw Paul O'Donnell, looking very white and thin, walking slowly down the avenue leaning on the arm of the daughter of the house. Their laughter reached me as I passed. With a dim foreboding I crossed to Mary's cottage in the evening. The door was closed and no smoke rose from the chimney. I raised the latch and entered. Mary was sitting on a low stool near the empty hearth, her head bent on her hands. She was not conscious of my entrance until I went up to her and laid my hand on her shoulder. Then she turned her face up to me. It was white and drawn; her eyes had a strange look. I knew that from the dream she had dreamed for eighteen years, she had at last awakened.

"Did he come?"

Her answer came in slow, disconnected phrases.

"He did not come. He sent for me to-day. I went to the Castle. He was there with Miss Maud and Master Will. He was a grand gentleman—a grand gentleman. Paul become a grand gentleman. He was glad to see me. He said, only he was sick, he'd have come up to see me to the house. He talked of old times, and laughed and joked, and asked me why I never got married. He didn't remember. Then he asked me to wish him and Miss Maud luck, because they were, they were—"

I felt a blinding rush of tears to my eyes. I looked at the neat black dress, the little ribbon at the throat, at the stiff red hair that had been sleeked back over her head. Then my eyes wandered to the newly whitewashed walls.

She had dreamed her love-dream in her little mountain home for eighteen years. It had grown on her, and in the great simplicity of her soul she had never doubted the fulfillment. This was her awakening. After a while I left her alone. When I returned to the city a few days later, I felt that I had learned a great deal in that little village between the mountains and the sea.

THE TEST.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Love has moods: and I am cold,
Very cold ofttimes to Thee;
Fain to slip from Thy dear hold
To my follies and be free.

Yet I love: Thou knowest all.
I am Thine in heat and chill;
Thou, Thou hast my heart in thrall,
All my life and all my will.

Thou, Immortal Lover, sure
Knowest the way that lovers have,
Now so cold, afraid, unsure,
Now afire with love, and brave.

If I loved less it might be
That the way was smoother, less
Of the heavenly joys for me
And the cast-down bitterness.

I am cold—be that Love's proof!—
And I burn—the proof again!—
I would not be smooth but rough,
Lest the smoother love should wane.

Give me earth or Heaven—and yet
If it is Love's test to swing
'Twixt the earth and Heaven set—
I—I ask no other thing.

A GREAT BIBLICAL SCHOLAR.

(ABBÉ VIGOUROUX.)

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.



ON February 21, 1915, there passed away in Paris one of the most learned members of the Company of St. Sulpice, Monsieur F. Vigouroux, a priest who for fifty years had directed Catholic Biblical studies, and who, since 1913, had been Secretary to the Pontifical Biblical Commission.

Born in 1837 in the little township of Nant, Abbé Vigouroux, on the completion of his clerical studies, became a Sulpician, and received as first post the duty of teaching philosophy at the Seminary of Autun. Two years later, in 1864, he was appointed professor at Issy in the suburbs of Paris, where the philosophy course is given preparatory to theology at St. Sulpice (Paris), and where, too, the Sulpician novitiate *La Solitude* is situated. He taught philosophy until 1868, when he was appointed Professor of Scripture at the Paris Seminary in succession to M. Le Hir, the favorite teacher of Renan, lately deceased. Although Abbé Vigouroux had no special taste or aptitude for philosophy, he recognized that its study had been most useful to him for apologetic work in Scripture, since the errors of non-Catholics most frequently have their root in false systems of philosophy or defective reasoning processes. "The true source," he says somewhere, "of the difficulties urged against Scripture is, to speak accurately, not historical criticism, but a false system of philosophy which is condemned by right reason."

Appointed at the early age of thirty-one to present the *Grand Cours* of Scripture and Hebrew in the chief academy of his Congregation, he almost immediately made his mark in the learned world. His memory was prodigious, his power of work inexhaustible, and his facility in acquiring languages, particularly Eastern languages, nothing short of marvelous. Like all Sulpicians he was extremely economical of his time. On his study door was an enameled plate bearing the words, "Knock and come in without waiting for an answer." On entering you saw him bending over his desk writing or verifying references. He never raised his head until you stood beside him; then he looked up quickly, and gave you a ready welcome. It was this rigid economy of time, this utilizing and turning

to account every stray moment, which enabled him to compose so many and such valuable works on the Holy Scriptures. His *Manuel Biblique, ou Cours d'Écriture Sainte à l'Usage des Séminaires* has been in the hands of seminarians throughout the Catholic world for the past thirty-five years, and has been translated into Spanish, Italian and Russian. Of the four volumes constituting the entire work, only the first two are his; the latter two, dealing with the New Testament, being due to his colleague, Abbé Bacuez, to whom he was also indebted for the original idea of the manual. Abbé Bacuez, for many years Vice-President of the Paris Seminary, was an ascetic writer of uncommon merit and unction, as abundantly proved by his beautiful treatises on the *Divine Office* and the *Mass*; Professor also of Scripture, he had long deplored the want of a proper textbook for clerical students. At last, after much hesitation, he undertook to fill the void himself, but feeling unequal to complete the task unaided, he asked his younger confrère to treat the preliminary questions and the problems of the Old Testament, while he reserved for himself the explanation of the New. M. Vigouroux's two volumes first appeared in 1879, and had an immediate success; they have now reached their thirteenth edition, and something like sixty-seven thousand copies have been sold. This success will seem all the more surprising when it is remembered how very small is the circle of readers to whom such publications appeal. In the course of the author's long life, this is the only textbook he ever wrote; all his other numerous publications were works of erudition.

Thus in 1891 he undertook to produce a *Dictionary of the Bible*. His aim was that it should be "Catholic and at the same time scientific"—perfectly able to hold its own with works like Smith's or Hasting's *Dictionary*, but thoroughly in accord with Catholic sentiment and the teachings of our holy Faith. He surrounded himself with numerous co-workers, but he was the main-spring of the enterprise, and he revised and criticized all their contributions. "Each collaborator," says Abbé Fillion, "after writing his article, sent it to M. Vigouroux, who, armed with his red pencil, read it attentively, pruned down its excesses, corrected its imperfections, added bibliographical and other indications, took sometimes the trouble to improve the style, and sent the manuscript to the printer. He then revised the first proof after it had been corrected by the author, sometimes a second, sometimes even a third if he thought it necessary." When one recollects that the *Dictionary* consists of five enormous quarto volumes, one can form some dim

idea of the labor involved in reading the proofs of each successive article two and three times. This colossal monument of Catholic erudition took twenty years in the building (1891-1912); and when completed the master-workman's feelings must have been somewhat akin to Cardinal Ximenes' on the successful termination of his great polyglot Bible. Leo XIII. honored this work with a special brief of commendation, in which the Pontiff extols the rare learning of the author, "his keen critical acumen, tempered with moderation, and his filial submission to the teachings of the Church."

But this work, vast and absorbing as it was, was far from exhausting the activities of the indefatigable Sulpician. For many years he had noted the lack of a polyglot Bible, convenient in size, reasonable in price, and of Catholic provenance. The great polyglots of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were all enormous tomes, and so expensive as to be beyond the means of all but the wealthiest. Seminarians and young priests could never dream of buying them; while the more modern polyglots were, without exception, the compilation of non-Catholic editors. Abbé Vigouroux undertook to supply the deficiency by publishing a new polyglot, not for specialists, but for serious students, whose studies would be enormously helped by having several versions in juxtaposition in a handy form and at a reasonable price. This work appeared at Paris between 1900-1909, and sold for the very moderate price of thirty dollars. It contains in four parallel columns the Hebrew text (in a beautifully clear and bold impression), the Greek Septuagint, the Vulgate, and the French translation of Abbé Glaire. Short but substantial footnotes, numerous illustrations, and several maps and plans add enormously to the interest and value of the work. In short these eight volumes are a veritable Scriptural library, and they bring within easy reach of all what, previously, was utterly inaccessible. "In putting," says Monsignor Mignot in his preface to the first volume, "his polyglot into the hands of seminarians, M. Vigouroux does not expect to transform them all into Hebrew and Greek scholars of the first water; he knows that specialists of real weight and authority are rare everywhere. He wishes particularly to raise the level of Biblical studies in seminaries, and to furnish those gifted with special aptitudes the means of increasing their knowledge and competence."

"Having used the polyglot for several years, I may be permitted to venture a personal opinion concerning it. It is worth, in my judgment, its weight in gold, but contains, nevertheless, two no-

table flaws. The Greek type is both too small and too fine; more especially is this true of the variant readings, a prolonged consideration of which is most trying. When one turns from the polyglot to the magnificent publications in Porson type of Swete or Westcott, the relief is instantaneous, and one is forced to recognize that there is in the former a desideratum—a want that becomes every day more apparent to ageing and failing eyesight. Again, I would have replaced the French version of Glaire, which is of no particular value to students, by a literal Latin translation of the Hebrew text. Such a translation would have helped learners enormously in the acquisition of Hebrew, and coming directly *vis-à-vis* the Vulgate would have permitted them to seize at a glance the differences between the two. This objection, however, has been forestalled by M. Vigouroux himself, who says that such a proceeding would have increased beyond reasonable bounds the price of his polyglot. ‘This work,’ he adds, ‘will help, we hope, to form *savants*; but it could not, without completely changing its nature, furnish them with all the materials they will need later, and which they must then seek in special publications.’ ”

Perhaps the most erudite and the most admirable production of the veteran scholar’s brain and pen is *La Bible et les Découvertes Modernes en Palestine, en Égypte et en Assyrie*, with its companion volume on the New Testament, *Le Nouveau Testament et les Découvertes Archéologiques Modernes*; the former, in four volumes, with maps and plans, reached a sixth edition in 1896; of the latter, a one-volume book, only two editions have hitherto been published. The object of this work is to show that the discoveries made during the past hundred years in the East, the buried cities, the ruins, the coins, the inscriptions, even the domestic and homely objects brought to light by explorers, prove in the most unexpected yet peremptory manner the absolute veracity and exactness of the Bible. This theme was peculiarly suited to the genius and mind-temper of M. Vigouroux; his extraordinary learning had, so to speak, adequate space to manœuvre to advantage; while his extensive travels in the East, and exact knowledge of the places described *in situ*, made him a most entertaining and competent cicerone. All these volumes have been translated into German.

During the long years M. Vigouroux taught at St. Sulpice, one of his most important duties was to expose the false theories of rationalistic commentators to his pupils, and to furnish them with an adequate refutation of the same. His notes and lectures, fed by

incessant reading and research, increased yearly in bulk and value, and his pupils were anxious to possess them in more permanent form than the merely *viva voce* delivery of the class-room. About 1885, he began to give these precious lessons to the world under the title, *Les Livres Saints et la Critique Rationaliste*. The work consisted of five volumes, and reached its fifth edition in 1902. In the first two volumes he exposes the false systems and objections of atheists, rationalists and agnostics from the very earliest times of the Church, the days of Celsus and Porphyry, down to those of Ewald and Renan. In the three last volumes these false systems are refuted in detail. He concludes: "The revelation contained in the Bible is invulnerable; it is the work of God, which nothing can destroy or overturn; against it the united efforts of human passions will ever strive in vain; it has always resisted, and will always resist, the assaults of enemies; it will triumph over all their attacks." M. Vigouroux's work does not reach beyond the middle of the nineteenth century; in the midst of his many occupations he was unable to find time to expose and refute the later offshoots of German rationalism in its dissolving speculations on the word of God. But this lacuna has been admirably filled by the book of his colleague, M. Fillion, entitled *Étapes du Rationalisme dans ses Attaques contre les Évangiles et la Vie de Notre Seigneur*.

It was in 1897 that I first saw M. Vigouroux, a few days after entering the Seminary of Issy. I well remember that a comrade pointed him out to me as "the most learned of the Sulpicians, and indeed one of the greatest scholars in Europe." Extremely young and impressionable then, I gazed on him with respectful astonishment; to me he was the wonder-worker who had written the *Manuel Biblique*, which had just been put into my hands, and which, with its teeming footnotes in half a dozen languages, I despaired of ever mastering. At that time he was just sixty years of age; a low-sized man with a red face and plump figure; his blue eyes were mild and faded, and they looked out on the world with a sort of gentle astonishment through thick spectacles; he invariably wore a small black skull-cap, and gray wisps of hair straggled from under it. His soutane and *camail* (the deep tippet French priests wear) were shabby, and *not* immaculately clean. His whole appearance was commonplace and entirely unmagetic, and you would have sworn that he was a village pastor, who never read anything beyond his breviary and current works of piety. He was also a very

silent man, speaking little even among his Sulpician brethren. He preferred solitary reverie, pacing slowly through the magnificent shady alleys of Issy's park. Every Wednesday throughout the year the students of St. Sulpice enjoyed a holiday at Issy, which served as a country house to the Paris Seminary. On these occasions no less than five hundred young people assembled together, and as we were very boisterous, and the rule was suspended for the afternoon, pandemonium generally reigned. But the noise and games and chattering did not seem to disturb the *savant*; he merely shrugged his shoulders with truly Gallic nonchalance, buried himself in his erudite meditations, and thought out new schemes of scholarship.

Dinner both at the Paris and the Issy house was always served at noon. The meal and the subsequent visit to the Blessed Sacrament terminated about a quarter to one, and immediately after M. Vigouroux wended his way on foot to the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, the largest library in the world, where the almost incredible number of three million volumes is gathered together. He used to remain there until four or five in the evening, and in this vast arsenal he found the innumerable books in ancient and modern languages necessary for the prosecution of his scholarly labors. Up to 1890 he taught at St. Sulpice; then he was appointed Professor of Exegesis at the *Institut Catholique*, where he remained twelve years. In class he had one curious and characteristic gesture. If a student proposed an objection, before answering he invariably laid his index finger against the side of his nose, and rubbed the olfactory member reflectively! In 1903, Leo XIII., who admired him greatly, summoned him to Rome to act as Secretary to the Biblical Commission which the Pontiff had just established. When in Rome he resided at the *Procure de St. Sulpice*, which is almost next door to the Canadian College on the *Via Quattro Fontane*. The summer months from June till October he still spent in Paris, presiding over the various publications he was interested in, and frequenting the *Bibliothèque Nationale* as of old. During the years of his secretaryship the Biblical Commission handed down thirteen important decisions, warning Catholics against certain modernistic errors, and indicating the paths they might follow in perfect safety. In March, 1913, just a few months after completing the *Dictionary of the Bible*, he experienced a heavy stroke of paralysis, which rendered useless all the right side. At his age cure was out of the question, but

the unremitting care of loving friends succeeded in prolonging his life for more than a year. His greatest trial was his inability to say Mass; but he kept intact all his rich mental gifts, and spent his days in prayer, varied now and then by a little reading. The end came on February 21, 1915, when he passed to his reward.

Abbé Vigouroux was a perfect pattern of the Catholic scholar. His erudition and attainments were really profound, and daily increased by unremitting reading; he neglected no trouble, no research, no study, no matter how arid or prolonged, to get at the root of a question. Every day, every hour of his existence was laborious, employed unstintingly in the quest for truth. He was as modest and unassuming as he was learned. Some scholars, and not a few who are anything but scholars, adopt so readily the attitude of Court of Final Appeal! They affect to believe that their opinion is infallible, and their *ipse dixit* an adequate answer to every question. He never dogmatized; he never strove to force his views on others, and wherever the Church left her children full freedom, he thought it vain and improper for individuals to attempt to curtail it. In his work there was no trace of self; his device and motto was *Matri Ecclesiæ*. When little more than a boy, he vowed his life to explaining and defending Catholic truth, and no thought of gain or personal advantage ever sullied the virginal austerity of that youthful immolation. Though blessed with such astonishing success, the trusted adviser of two great Popes, to whose presence he always had ready access, he never dreamed of seeking, even indirectly, honors for himself. He remained to the last the humble, retiring Sulpician priest, anxious to promote the Church's interests, eager to help others, ever ready to put his knowledge and gifts at the disposal of confrères and pupils. In the ecclesiastical world of Paris, where *savants* abound, he was revered as an oracle, and numerous visitors approached him every day to obtain his opinion and advice on exegesis and delicate problems of Scriptural and textual criticism. He who sought nothing for himself, frequently, both in Paris and Rome, obtained favors for others; and more than one personality in the world of letters to-day owes his advancement to the recommendation of M. Vigouroux. His learned works will long preserve his memory green, and will transmit to future generations, together with his knowledge, his love and veneration for the inspired Word of God.

THE STORY OF THE TAIN BO COOLNEY.

(Taken from the version made from original MSS. by Mary A. Hutton.)

BY EMILY HICKEY.

IV.

Of the dejection of Cucullin, weary and wounded sore.—Of the havoc wrought by Maev's foray.—Of her capture and driving of the Donn of Coolney.—Of the coming to Cucullin of Lugh, his father, of the Thooaha dae Danann, and of his healing.—Of his contortion.—Of the Bressla More.—Of the combat with Fergus.—Of the fleeing before Fergus, with the promise of Fergus to flee before him at the last great battle of the Táin.—Of the coming of nine-and-twenty against Cucullin.



GREAT dejection comes over Cucullin. Sore wearied and sharply anguished by his wounds, he sends Laeg, his charioteer, with a message to Conor praying him to come and help him in his sorrowful plight. He is alone, in evil, greatly wounded, friendless, except for his charioteer. "Were but a few to arrive, we still might fight. There is not music in one horn alone; but from a number of horns of differing sound you get sweet music. You get no flaming from one single stick, but two or three will cause the torch to flame."

But the appeal to Conor to "come forth with his ranged hosts" was useless, for the words of Laeg were as a warning to the dead. Not yet might Ulster rise from its *Kesh*.

Maev's foray is carried on, her joyful triumph is great, now that Cucullin is lying low, with the dressings of healing upon his wounds. She fires the lands, and does immeasurable ill, taking captive lads and women, horses, cattle, raiment, silver and gold. She burns down the great houses and levels the high fortified green mounds. She dare not go to Avvin Maha, nor to any *doon* of the Ulster warriors lying in their *Kesh*; for were anyone to wound a warrior in that *Kesh*, the *Kesh* would leap straight to the wounder.

When Cucullin, feeble as he was, rose from his low bed of sickness on Laeg's return and went forth to fend his land of Coolney, he saw something that was to him the veriest shame and insult; even

the Donn of Coolney with fifty of his heifers, running, and being driven by the men who had taken him. Cucullin slew the chief man of them, but the Donn of Coolney was driven to the camp of Maev. And to Cucullin this was the worst dishonor and baffling that was put upon him on the Táin.

Cucullin, from his post on a high green grave-hill, looked out and saw the fiery shining of the foemen's gold lance-heads and other weapons, and seeing the great number of his enemies, and knowing his wounds unhealed and his weakness, was overborne by rage and anger. He shook his shield and brandished his spears and whirled his sword, and sent out his terrible hero-cry, and the Bananahs and the Bocanahs and the Glen-Folk and spirits of the air answered him for the horror of that cry. And the war-goddess went through the hosts, and there was a mighty trembling and many men died of that horror.

The *Bressla More* of Cucullin, the great breaking of the foe, was now to come; the last of his single-handed exploits. But the hero, wounded and weak, in anguish of body and mind, must be prepared for the fresh great feat. There came to him one fair and tall and noble, with a face shining glorious as the sun, splendidly clad, and armed as a warrior. Laeg the charioteer watches him as, unsaluted and unsaluting, he comes through the foemen's camp, invisible to them. The glorious warrior comes to Cucullin with praise of his manly prowess: to which the young man replies in the spirit of virile modesty, "It was not much!"

It is his father, of the Dae Danann who, hundreds of years before, had led his hosts to the dread battle wherein the Fomorians had been worsted and slain. The warrior sings his low rich *faerdord*¹ which brings deep sleep to his son, and healing herbs are laid upon the sore wounds, with powerful incantations of speedy curing, so that Cucullin grew whole again in that sleep, and the great warrior from the *Shee-mound* kept watch over him all the three days and nights of that magic slumber of healing.

The young lads of Ulster, Cucullin's comrades, were grieved to think of their comrade's plight, alone and unhelped, and a third part of them went forth to Moy Mweerhevna. Al-yill sees the band, the fresh troop of the young Ulster children come to help Cucullin. "Let a troop go out," he says, "without Cucullin's knowledge and destroy them: for if they meet him, ye will not resist him." The Ulster boys approach the hosts and thrice attack

¹Probably a deep bass crooning to induce sleep.

them with their "childish playing-clubs," slaying thrice their own number; until at last the little lads are overpowered and fall.

Cucullin's deep swoon was broken by the spell of awakening sung over him by the warrior from the *Shee*; for his wounds were cleansed and he was whole again. At the call he arises with "strength and freshness in his spirit!" He learns from Lugh the fate of his young comrades, and a great cry of passionate sorrow breaks from him. He begs of Lugh to remain with him, that together they may avenge the Ulster lads. But he is to go alone, though helped by invisible might against those who shall have no power upon his life.

Lugh gives him the "Covering of Concealment," sent him by Mannanawn, goes forth from him and is seen no more.

Now for the scythed chariot and the warrior's gear! Swords, spears and darts he takes, of each light, small ones, with one great one, deedful and dreadful. Eight shields he has, with one curved black-red shield of strength and largeness; and he wears a noble crested helmet, out of each angle whereof a cry would be cried forth like the battle-cry of a hundred warriors: for the Bananahs and Bocanahs, and Demons of the air, and the Glen-Folk, cried before it and around it when the blood of warriors would shower swiftly past it.

Now upon Cucullin came that strange thing wherefrom he was named the Ree-astartha, the Contorted One. In this he became a man of many shapes, strange and awful; his frame trembled and was troubled around him, and frame and visage alike were horribly twisted and contorted. No longer in appearance the fair adolescent youth, he was terrible to conceive of, and yet more terrible to see. When the time of the contortion was over he leaped upon his awful scythed chariot, the iron wheels plowing the ground, making a Bive's circuit, as of the War-goddess. The men of the Four Fifths of Erin might not scatter nor flee before him until he had avenged the Ulster lads. Terrible slaughter he works on the foe. It is the *Shessra of the Bressla More*, the sixfold slaughter of the Great Destroying; uncounted slaughter of the folk of little reckoning, and the mowing down of many chiefs. Cucullin goes forth with no reddening on himself or his gillie or his steeds. He shows his fair form splendid in its comeliness, to the hosts who had seen the dread Druidic form which he had worn at night: and the hosts wonder at the glory and the beauty of him.

Maev was sore troubled to find a champion whom she could, by

gifts or blame, prevail upon to go forth and slay the Hound. She fixes on four, of whom Fergus is one. The terms of the single combat are renewed, and Maeve beseeches the men of Erin to go forth, and beseeches them in vain. She implores Fergus to meet Cucullin in combat, calling to his mind the shame and dishonor brought upon him by Conor, and the immense kindness which he has received from her and Al-yill: she taunts him with shirking the peril of battle and fearing to meet the Ree-astartha. Fergus hears her in silence and goes back to a sleepless night. "His debt and bond to Maeve were heavy on him and oppressed him! And it seemed bitter to him so to be dependent on that queen." The thought of his foster son brings heavy tears, and his servants dare not try to console him or counsel him.

At earliest dawn he goes to the ford, and Cucullin meets him; and on either side there is joylessness. The scabbard that Fergus wears is swordless; Cucullin sees this, and Fergus says:

"It is indifferent to me, O my pupil:
For even if my sword were here with me,
It should not reach thee. If I would ply it
On thee, my pupil, he who has that sword
Would yield it to me gladly."

For Al-yill has taken the sword, and Fergus has not reclaimed it. "O my pupil! O my knee-foster child! Will a wild doe make war on her own fawn? Or will a brother make war on his young brother? Or shall I make war on my own pupil?"

What he asks of Cucullin, adjuring him by the nurture and training that he has given him, is that in the sight of the hosts of Erin, the Hound should flee before him. It is a hard request; but it is granted; Fergus promising that in the last great battle of the Táin if Cucullin is wounded and shall bid Fergus to flee before him, Fergus shall obey. Cucullin goes, as in flight and defeat, and Fergus turns back, for he can bear no more, and when Maeve calls to him to follow Cucullin and not let him escape, he laughs savagely and refuses.

The next combat was one shamefully unjust as well as unchivalrous. Maeve's counsel, agreed with by kings and chiefs, was to send for Calateen of deadly arts; with his seven-and-twenty sons and his grandson, each of them bearing poison and poisoned weapons that had but to "redden" and cause death. And none of these men ever aimed falsely or cast an erring cast. It was

needful that this should be confirmed in the presence of Fergus, and he could not dispute it; for the ground taken was that Calateen, his sons and grandson were but one man! "His sons were merely limbs of his own limbs, and parts of his own parts, and it was right that Calateen should have the host and fullness of his own body."

The nine-and-twenty unswerving darts are sent forth and plunge to the middle in the battle shield of Cucullin. While he is lopping and hewing the darts with his sword, for the unloading of his shield, the men approach him, placing their right hands upon him to force him down to the sand and gravel. The great sigh that could be heard of all unsleeping men of Ulster went forth from Cucullin, and the men pressed him down till his face touched the sand and gravel of the ford. Feeaha, Conor's son, one of the troop of Ulster exiles, had come down to watch the combat and "there came on him his thong and tie of Ulster love and friendship," and with one sweeping blow of his sword he struck off the right hands of the foemen, and the men fell back. And promising that never should the blow struck by Feeaha be known, for its knowledge would be death-bringing, Cucullin slays the nine-and-twenty foes,

V.

Of the combat of Cucullin with Faerdeeah.—Of the craft of Maev whereby that combat was fought, and of her sore deceiving of Faerdeeah that she might make him break the bonds of love and brotherhood-in-arms.—Of the four days' fight, after Cucullin had essayed in vain to persuade Faerdeeah to refuse it.—Of the death of Faerdeeah and the bitter sorrow of Cucullin.

It was Faerdeeah, the fellow-pupil, friend and brother-in-arms of Cucullin, like him trained by the great woman-warrior, Scawtha, whom Maev's counsellors fixed on to meet Cucullin at the ford. Taught by the one teacher, their modes of fight were alike; only that Cucullin owned the art of the *Gae Bulg*, the spear that brought destroying; and Faerdeeah owned a conganess, a tough, protecting armor, not easily to be pierced by edged weapon: both these were the gifts of Scawtha. When the envoys are sent for Faerdeeah, he refuses to come with them, well knowing the cause of their being sent, "to make him fight in fierce encounter with his own dear friend, his loved companion and brother-in-arms." Men of irony and calumny are sent to bring him reproach, disgrace and contumely: their venom would kill him, at least within a little space. So Faerdeeah comes

to Maev, "for he desired to fall in battle-glory, not by shafts of coward ridicule." But his resolve is never to combat with his friend. He is brought to the feast, and Findabair, in obedience to her mother, works for his ensnaring, as for that of others. She brims his cup with wine from Gaul, and with each cup she gives him three kisses. She carries him red apples, and tells him that, of all the men of Erin, she would choose him for her love. Then Maev offers him great gifts and honor and Findabair to wife, if he will meet Cucullin and slay him at the ford of danger. Faerdeeah refuses, and is again plied with wine, and it is urged upon him, that as Cucullin fights for his native Ulster, even so should Faerdeeah fight for Connaught.

Faerdeeah hearkens, and again refuses to fight his brother-in-arms. Then Maev taunts him with lack of valor; and Faerdeeah grows red and pale, for there was nothing so hard to him to bear as "mockery and raillery and scorn." Yet he refuses again, and again his horn is brimmed, and when he has drunk the Gaulish wine, Maev deceives him with sneering words of her own invention which she says Cucullin has spoken of him. The wrath of Faerdeeah rose when the words of deception were spoken, and the wine wrought its work upon him, and he believed that his prowess had been scorned of Cucullin. So he swore to meet him, and Maev bound herself to fulfill her promises, in mighty bonds of six great princes, and called in the "sun and the moon and stars and colors and the falling dew," that all these great powers should punish her if she should break her word. And Faerdeeah bound himself in like manner to the combat with Cucullin.

That night sorrow came upon Faerdeeah's people for thinking how one of these two battle-breakers must fall, and how it would be their own dear lord: for surely it would be a thing impossible that Cucullin should be overthrown.

In the misty morning Faerdeeah awoke, and all that the wine had wrought upon him had gone from him, and now he was scourged and weighed upon by the trouble and the sorrow of the combat he had vowed. Reaching the ford before sunrise, for he cannot endure to wait, and not finding Cucullin, he says that Cucullin, dreading his prowess, has abandoned the ford. His gillie tells him that this is unkind and disloyal, and reminds him how, in the old days, Cucullin had slain a hundred men in regaining for Faerdeeah his battle-sword left with the enemy "o'er the edge-borders of the Tyrrhene Sea;" and how Cucullin had slain the churl steward who

had struck Faerdeeah and flung him forth. Faerdeeah bids his gillie to keep silence. It is now too late. Had he spoken thus last night, notwithstanding the Croohan wine and the boasting of Cucullin (he believes Maev's falsehoods), he would not have come to the combat. The gillie must desist, and spread the blankets and skins of the chariot that he may rest and sleep; for last night he has not slept nor rested, because of the thought and the trouble of the coming combat. And so Faerdeeah sleeps. Now Cucullin would not rise till full daylight, lest the foe might say that fear had driven away his sleep from him. He comes down in his chariot, amid the shoutings of the Air-Spirits and the cries of his father's folk, the Thooaha dae Danann.

The champions face each other, and Cucullin, in answer to Faerdeeah's welcome, reminds him that the land is his, not Faerdeeah's, and that the word of welcome were more fitly spoken by him. He is here defending his own people and their wives and the youth and little ones and flocks and herds, all that are left unslain or uncaptured. Faerdeeah taunts him with having been his subordinate when they were with Scawtha the warrioress. Cucullin replies that it was thus because he was the younger. He bids Faerdeeah to withdraw in time, or else his life shall end. Faerdeeah replies in rage, and then Cucullin breaks into tender reproach and entreaty.

"O my Faerdeeah, why didst thou listen to the fair-haired queen?" He reminds him of the old friendship, and begs that its bond may not be broken. "There is not in the world one at whose hest I would do ill to thee." There is a pause, and then Faerdeeah says that it is too late. Cucullin gives him the choice of weapons and they contend all day, except for a space of desisting, using the little missive darts, weapons they had used at the game when they were with Scawtha. At the fall of evening they cease and throw the weapons to their charioteers, and each lays his arms around the other's neck and kisses him with "three kisses, ardently and fervently." That night their horses remain together in the one paddock and their charioteers stay by the one fire; and the two combatants lie each on a bed of newly-gathered rushes; and the folk of cure and healing come to them and apply to their wounds herbs of healing and of cure. And of all salves and healing things provided for Cucullin's wounds he sends half to Faerdeeah; and of all the nourishing and inspiriting things brought to Faerdeeah; he sends half "to freshen and delight and help Cucullin."

The combat goes on next day, Cucullin having the choice of weapons; and at evening they cease, and embrace each other and give each other again the three fervent kisses.

And Cucullin says:

....." Faerdeeah,
My loving heart is as one clot of blood;
Almost my spirit has departed from me.....
Let us withdraw from this and strive no more.
I have no heart or strength for feats of valor,
Fighting with thee, Faerdeeah, my dear friend."

But the bonds wherewith Faerdeeah has bound himself to Maev are in his memory, and he replies:

"O Hound of Valor, Hound of Battle-triumph,
It is too late. We may not now draw back.
But one of us must fall, or both must fall
In contest at this ford. And well we know
What must be, must be."

Again they rest, and their horses and their charioteers are together, and the men of healing come and put powerful spells and charms upon their grievous wounds, and again Cucullin and Faerdeeah share all that is sent to each in spells and charms and pleasant and inspiriting drink.

The third day's fight is fought with "heavy and hard-smiting swords" from early morning till evenfall; and the champions part "two sorrowful disheartened ones that night." And their steeds are not that night in the one paddock; and their gillies do not lie by one fire.

The fourth day, as Faerdeeah knew, must end the combat, and one or both must fall. The fight of that last day was indeed "illustrious and awful," and after many hours the rage and battle-fury seethed in their hearts, "so that each knew no more that he was fighting his friend and comrade; but each thought only of the strife and combat!"

In this fourth day's fight, Cucullin's Distortion came upon him, and those who were watching the fight saw him as "some giant, terrible, strange and discolored." After a long struggle, Faerdeeah had for a little while the advantage, and the ford was reddened with Cucullin's blood. Then Cucullin could no longer refrain from using the weapon that would make conquest sure to him,

and the *Gae Bulg* was cast as Faerdeeah, piercing through all his armor.

“That is henceforth enough,
O Hound of beautiful and wondrous feats.
I fall by that.”

The mists of death come over Faerdeeah, and Cucullin bears him in his arms, and lays him on the ground. The battle-fury is past, and he bends over the dead body in “a thick cloud of faintness and of pain.” In vain Laeg, the charioteer, entreats his master to hasten thence, and heal his wounds, and by and by have great exultant joy: but the hero does not heed him, but mourns over the beloved slain comrade, sent against him, as he knows, by deceit and treachery.

“Oh, dear to me
Thy ruddy freshness, dear thy shapely form,
Thy pure blue eye and yellow-streaming hair,
Thy gifts of wisdom and of eloquence!
Oh, woe that thou shouldst die while I remain!”

It is the cry of the bereaved through all the ages of humanity and in all its climes. The cry of the Ultonian warrior over his friend rings as rings the cry of the warrior-poet of Israel over his son, “Would God that I had died for thee!”

VI.

Of the desperate wounds of Cucullin.—Of his sending of Soaaltime to Arvin Maha to bid the Ulstermen come forth.—Of the waking of Ulster from the Kesh, and the arising and the gathering of the kings and chiefs.—Of the sounds and sights in the ears and eyes of MacRoth, and of their meaning.—Of the glory of Conor, the High-King.—Of the great cry of Cucullin, who is bound down on his bed of healing.—Of the clashing together of the two hosts.

There came from Ulster help and healing to Cucullin by the hands of a few men who came to bathe his wounds; for the invisible Thooaha dae Danann “were strowing plants and herbs of health and healing” into the waters, and their green checkered each bright stream. So he was helped, and his wounds were washed and freed from venom before they were dressed, and so Cucullin’s life was kept within him. A little more, and he would have died of the awful hurts of the combat with Faerdeeah.

The Ulster warriors were now beginning to rise from their *Kesh*, and feats of arms were doing; though as yet the King and the chiefs in Avvin Maha could not arise. Sooaltim, the reputed father of Cucullin, comes to him in his lone forest-hiding, and wails above him, seeing him full of wounds; and Cucullin entreats him to go to Avvin Maha and tell the Ulstermen that now they must come after their wives and babes and driven ones; for he is unfit to guard them any longer. He has faced the Four Fifths of Erin for many a moon, and has slain many men of them; and the Faith of Men has not been kept with him. He is wounded in all his body. Let them come now in their vengeance; and come forthwith: or never will these things be avenged "Until the Breast of Judgment and of Doom."

Sooaltim rode to Avvin Maha, bearing the warning to Ulster, and finding no answer; for it was *gass* to speak before the King should speak; and to the King it was *gass* to speak before his Druids had spoken. Sooaltim's voice rose again: "In Ulster men are slain! O men of Ulster! Women are carried captive! Kine are driven!" Then Cathbad, the great Druid, spoke, yet spoke as one who still was dreaning; and he asked who was slain, and who was captured, and who was driven! Sooaltim told him of the foray of Maev and Al-yill, and all the loss and woe and mischief they had wrought, and how Cucullin, all alone, had stayed and hindered the great Fifths of Erin, and how they had broken the Faith of Men with him; and how he was lying crushed and broken and bleeding. And Sooaltim called for vengeance because of these things. Conor the King said that the words were true, and all the men in Avvin spoke with one accord and said that the thing was true. And Conor, after a little while, arose, and, yet as in a dream, spoke out of the dullness and confusion of his *Kesh*, and vowed to bring back every captured woman and each of the captured kine. Then Conor sent messages to the great kings and princes and hero-chiefs; and they arose, and there was a great mustering and assembling.

There came visions that stirred the great leaders, men of Ulster and men of Erin, and troubled them; and they sang in words foretelling the mighty battle to be fought with reddening of the earth, at morn, upon a day that was drawing very near. And that night there was the seeing of spectres and of loathly shapes in the darkness and gloom.

The gathering of the Ulstermen was terrible and dread. Time after time, MacRoith, the Connaught royal messenger, was sent forth to the great wide plain of Meath to look for traces of the coming

of the men of Ulster. He heard a roaring as though the sky came down upon the earth; or the boundless sea overflowed the forehead of the world; or that there were a mighty earthquake; or at least the huge forest trees were falling, each on each. And he saw that the wild beasts of the forest were fleeing forth, "so that the heath and grass of the wide plain might not be seen beneath them." When Maev asked Fergus the meaning of this, he told her that the northern warriors, awoken from their *Kesh*, were hewing a chariot road with sword and axe through the old forest; and the wild beasts were fleeing forth in fright and covering the plain.

MacRoth went forth again, and saw, as it were, a hovering, long, gray mist; and out of it rose great eminences, and great caves were in the forefront, and at their openings wind-blown fair linen cloths, or drifting fairy snow. And fluttering through the mist he seemed to see strange birds of divers kinds; and then the mist appeared spangled with sparks of fire or stars. And he heard a roar of booming and crying, and shrill sharp snaps and thuds, ringings and cheers.

Fergus tells how MacRoth has seen as a gray mist the fierce breath of men and steeds; and the heads of kings and of mighty men have appeared as it were little darkling heights; the nostrils of men and of steeds, distended in deeply in-breathing the free air, have appeared as dens and deep caverns, and the white foam and froth flung from the bridle-bits of fiery steeds had seemed like fairy snow, and the quick turves and sods shot from the hooves of these steeds had been like unto varied flocks of birds. All the mingled uproar was the loud shield-cry of the mighty shields, and the hissing of spears and the ring of swords, and all the noise of the weapons of a great full-armored host; and above it all the ceaseless tread of the warriors marching forward with eyes that gleamed beneath their helmets like sparks of fire or stars.

".....And this I say to you,
There ne'er have been, and ne'er will be again
Men like to those Ultonian men for fury
And battle-anger and the rage of war,"

says Fergus; and to Maev's boast of the good youths and fighting-men on her side, he replies that not in Erin nor in all the world may there be found hosts to quell the Ultonians whose rage has been aroused. Great men are told of in great description: clad in glorious raiment, armed with splendid armor, surrounded each by

his own household troop, the leaders stand forth. First and foremost, the special band of King Conor, who raise a mighty mound for their lord to sit on as he waits for the full gathering of the tribes. Conor is "tall and thinly built, courteous and proud, of princeliest way and style, accustomed to command and to restrain, and awful was his kingly gleaming eye. His yellow bush of crisped drooping hair" and his trimly forked beard, as well as the crimson *foan* (mantle), the gold pin above the breast, and the *layna*, or body-sark, of purest white, were all of princely mode. His white shield bears the figures of monstrous beasts; his sword has hilts of gold, and he carries a wide gray spear. The kingly man takes discreet advice from the wide-browed gentle Shenca, "who owns the sweetest oratory and eloquence of all the men of Erin: he whose words of eloquence and oratory calm the hosts of Ulster; he who, with these words, might calm the war and tumult of the world." Many and many a band comes up to the Hill of Slane; and one band comes with a clamor of grief, as bereaved men and orphaned. These are the lion-like men of Moy Mweerhevna, and they are sorrowful in their goings because they are bereft of their own young native king, Cucullin of the red sword.

A grievous cry comes to MacRoth's ears, a cry not from amid the hosts; the cry of Cucullin who, striving to rise and share in the fight, is being forcibly bound down upon his bed of healing by the men of Ulster. Two poison-tongued staring she-satirists go forth from the camp of the Four Fifths, and bewail beside Cucullin, crying to him of the routing of Ulster and the slaying of Conor and of Fergus.

The More-reega comes that night between the two camps, inciting the one against the other. She cries out how the raven shall feast on the morrow; how the blue-swathed *bives* shall scream, and how memorable and feastful on the morrow will be the fields of Gawrig and Il Gawrig.

Cucullin is lying on his sick-bed on a high hill nook among the whitening thorn bushes; he is held down so that he may not stir. Throughout the night he has heard the blood-cries from the bitter throat of the More-reega. At dawn he calls to Laeg, adjuring him to tell him all that shall happen that day on either side.

Roused by the cry of Laeg, whom Cucullin has sent to bid them rise, the men of Ulster, in obedience to their kings and chiefs and princes, rise as one man, and rush from their tents unclad, with their sharp-edged weapons in their hands. But, at Conor's bidding,

Shenca speaks the word of knowledge and wisdom which bids the men to wait for the faring forth to battle until the sun, the omen and strength of happy fortune, shall have risen.

Ere long the two hosts clash together in the combat.

VII.

Of the prowess of Fergus.—Of his blows upon the shield of Conor and the moaning of the shield.—Of his turning away of his battle-wrath from the King and from the Ulstermen.—Of his three Strokes of Dread upon the hill-summits.—Of Cucullin's breaking of his bonds and his coming in his terrible chariot, at the moaning of the shield of his King.—Of his combat with Fergus, and of the fleeing of Fergus before him, according to his promise.—Of the defeat of Maev.—Of the end of the Findbenna and the Donn of Coolney.

Urged on by Maev's taunts of the loss of his great renown and power, Fergus vows that his sword shall play upon the Ultonians; he goes forth, and the great sword, the *Calad-colg*, clears a gap of a hundred of the foe. And that sword sang upon the men of Ulster, so that the battle was thrice routed toward the north before him; until the men of Erin were driven back by the three great battle-castles bristling with swords and spears. Then Conor spoke to his household men, the inward heart of the Red Branch, and bade them keep this place while he went to learn who had routed and driven the battle. And as Conor went forth in the fight, the sword of Fergus struck a shield. This was the *O-hawn*, Conor's great shield, and Fergus struck three slaughter-blows against it; and it moaned. And at the moaning of the shield of Conor all the three waves of Erin, Rury and Cleena and Thoo-ig Inver moaned in answer; and all the shields of the Ulstermen moaned in answer to the moaning of the shield of their King.

The hero-power and strength of the King maintained his shield against Fergus, and Fergus marveled who it might be that could hold his shield against him thus in the day of his vengeance.

With words of insult and injury and with threats, Conor proclaimed himself the High-King of Ulster.

Then Fergus, amid all his rage and battle-fury, remembered the words he once had spoken, that even if Conor should betray him and violate his honor and his safeguard (to the sons of Usna), he would not seek to slay him, albeit none other man should beat him thus without winning red death at his hands. And indeed, even had that

promise never been, it would have seemed to Fergus an evil thing to seek to slay that King whom he had loved, the High-King of his own dear land. He turned away his anger from Conor and turned it against the Ulster hosts. He hurled back the *Calad-colg* that he might strike the three enchanted blows of death and judgment which that sword, in a true warrior's hands, could strike, putting on the curve and length and sheen of a rainbow. And after those three blows, the dead among the Ulstermen should outnumber the living. But Cormac, the exiled son of Conor, rushed to Fergus and clasped him round and urged him to think of the honor of his native land, even in the day of his vengeance, and not to slay the Ulstermen with those three dread strokes. And at his entreaty Fergus turned his sword sideways, and the three enchanted blows of doom struck away the summits of the three Meath hills for an everlasting sign of shame and reproach to Ulster.

Cucullin hears the moaning of Conor's shield. Who dares thus to smite the shield of his dear guardian while yet Cucullin lives? And Laeg, who is watching the battle, says it is the best of warriors, Fergus, who has now got back his great *Shee-sword*. Cucullin can no longer be restrained; unwillingly Laeg loosens his bonds, and Cucullin leaps free from them, and blood streams anew from his many wounds. None of his armor has been left with him; only his chariot is there. He goes forth in his chariot, striking and felling the men of Erin until he comes to the place where Fergus is. "Come hitherward, my master Fergus!"

If Fergus will not come, he will grind him as a millstone grinds barley-meat, will cleave him as an axe cleaves forest wood; will bind him fast; will be to him as the hawk to the helpless fledgling; will cast him down as fishes are cast down upon the sand.

Who dares thus to speak to Fergus? It is his foster son, beloved by all, who has fought for all; and Fergus had promised that, as Cucullin had fled before him once, so he, beholding him faint and full of wounds in the last battle of the Táin, would in his turn flee before Cucullin.

And Fergus, seeing his foster son bleeding and full of wounds, and remembering his promise, fled before him with his war-troop, the exiles who had with him left Ulster seven years before. The seven Munster kings, beholding him as he broke forth from the battle, broke forth likewise, each with his cantred.² So the hosts of Connaught were left alone to fight against the hosts of Ulster.

²Some three thousand men?

Maev heard how she was forsaken by guests and by allies, and a blinding mist came over her eyes, so that she could not distinguish between men and trees: nevertheless she fought on from midday till the waning of light. At sunset the last of all the Connaught battle-troops was driven out toward the west. And of the destroying chariot of Cucullin that had wrought such havoc among the men of Erin there remained but shattered fragments. "Maev took up her shield and put her shield of guarding and protection behind the hosts, guarding their sad retreat." She sent off the captured Brown Bull to Rath Croohan by a long circuit, so that her oath concerning his arrival there should be kept, whosoever might reach Rath Croohan or not. Weakness and weariness were upon the Queen, as she came to the place where Fergus was, near the great ford; and bitter was her dejection after that hard defeat and the forsaking of Fergus. She prayed of Fergus to put his shield of guarding and sure protection to guard the men of Erin while she rested; and though warned by Fergus that it was an ill hour to rest in, she pressed her suit, for she felt that she must either rest or die. As she took her rest among some young trees, Cucullin came upon her, but he did not slay her, for he deemed it were unworthy and dishonorable to slay her thus. And when, in her waking, she saw Cucullin she craved of him that he would take her vanquished hosts under his honor and protection, that so they might cross the ford in safety. And Cucullin granted the boon, for there was none like him in generosity and the giving of gifts. And all that was left of the hosts of Erin passed over the ford and came once more to Connaught.

The wonder-sword, the *Croo-adeen*, was brought to Cucullin, and he struck three blows with it, striking their summits from the three hills beside the ford, so that the stricken Maels of Connaught might answer to the Maels of Ulster which Fergus had stricken with his sword.

There was great bitterness in the heart of Fergus as he watched the passing of the hosts, for thinking how no more should he do hero-deeds or win great battles.

For he, thus severed from his native land
And from the folk and heroes whom he loved.
Was like a spear-head parted from its shaft,
Deedless, of no avail.

The certainty was in him that he should die in exile and be buried in a strange land. Roughly and bitterly he reproaches Maev, and she, in her grief and anguish, hears him and makes no reply.

There was also woe in the camp of the victors, for Cucullin was lying low because of his great wounds that had broken out afresh; and Conor bent above his bed with lamenting and with words of praise and love. Conor was heavy of heart for, though he had the breaking of the great battle of Gawrig and Il Gawrig, the ravages of Maev had wrought vast ruin in his land, and she had borne away the gold-horned Bull of Coolney.

After his long lying at healing, Cucullin donned his festal array and went south "to take the maiden who, 'midst other maidens, was as a sun 'midst pale, faint stars." She had foretold his deeds and he had done them; and they were wedded and lived in love for the few more years of Cucullin's life. For Cucullin died young in years and great in glory.

When the Donn of Coolney saw the beautiful unknown land spread out before him in greenness and beauty, he lifted up the greatness of his voice: and the Findbenna heard him. Now there was in Connaught no bull or male beast but had great fear of the Findbenna, and dared not utter a sound that was not soft and timorous. And so, at the sound of those bellowings, the Findbenna came vehemently on to meet the Donn of Coolney. Very great and dreadful was the combat of the Bulls in their rage and fury, and all night long the men of Erin heard the storm and the roaring thereof. At early dawn the Donn of Coolney came forth bearing on his horns the mangled fragments of the Findbenna. Then the Donn of Coolney roared three loud roars, and turned to go to his own land. And when he saw the peaks of Coolney there came on him a powerful mind and spirit, and he strove forward. He came where the women and lads and children were bewailing the loss of him; but blindness and rage came upon him, seeing he was sorely wounded with many wounds; and he came on them as a great storm comes, and many of them were slain by their own Donn of Coolney. And he lay down and the heart of him broke; and thus when all this war of the Táin had ended,

In his own land, 'midst his own hills, he died.

It must be understood that Mrs. Hutton's poem does not represent either the version of the Book of Leinster or that of the Book of the Brown Bull. Both of these are, she tells us, "from the pure artistic point of view, unsatisfactory and incomplete." For she has aimed at telling us the old story completely and in a manner

to be fully understood; allusions familiar of old would not now be generally comprehensible; stories touched upon would not be known. Therefore, Mrs. Hutton has completed the narrative by working into its texture a rather large amount of matter from other related sources. She has also omitted all material that is irrelevant to her conception or tedious in itself. She has given a list of the more important of the sources from which she has drawn the means of completing her narrative. But she has, of course, invented nothing.

She has given us a book beautiful and noble, in verse always smooth-going, and often rising, not only into true poetry, but into poetry of height and greatness.

Surely we owe her much.

NAMES.

<i>Phonetic.</i>	<i>Middle Irish.</i>
Al-yill.	Athill.
Ath-Cleea.	Ath Clíath.
Avvin Maha.	Emain Macha.
Bananahs.	Bánanachs.
Bocanah.	Bócanach.
Bive.	Badb.
Caillin.	Caillín.
Calad-colg.	Caladcolg.
Calateen.	Calatin.
Cleena (Wave of).	Tond Chlidna.
Conor.	Conchobar.
Cormac	Cormac.
Creev-Roe.	Cráebrúad.
Crithney.	Cruithnech.
Croo-adeen.	Cruadín.
Croohan.	Cruachan.
Cucullin.	Cúchulaind.
(Thooaha) dae Danann.	Túatha Dé Danann.
Daerdra.	Derdrin.
Dawra.	Dára.
Dectora.	Dechtíre.
Donín of Coolney.	Dond Cualnge.
Edarcool.	Etarcumul.
Emer.	Emer.
Err.	Err.
Faerbay.	Fer báeth.
Faerdeeah.	Fer diad.
Feeaha.	Fiacha.

<i>Phonetic.</i>	<i>Middle Irish.</i>
Fergus MacRoy.	Fergus mac Roeich
Findabair.	Findabair.
Findbenna.	Findbennach.
Gawrig.	Gárech.
Glass Crond.	Glaiss Cruind.
Inn-yell.	Innell.
Laeg.	Lóeg.
Lok.	Lóch.
Lowercam.	Leborcham.
MacRoth.	MacRoth.
Maev.	Medb.
Maha.	Macha.
Mannanawn.	Mannanán.
More-reega.	In Mórrígu.
Moy Mweerhevna.	Magh Muirthemne.
Nathcrantil.	Nathcrantail.
O-hawn.	in n-ócháin.
Ree-astartha.	in riastarde.
Rury (Wave of).	Tond Rudraige.
Scawtha.	Scathach.
Setanta.	Setanta.
Shencawn.	Senchan.
Slane.	Sláne.
Sooaltim.	Sualtaim.
Thoo-ig Inver (Wavcof).	Tond Tuage Inbir.
Tinny.	Tinndi.
Usna.	Usnech.*
Bressla More.	Breslech mór.
Shessra More.	Seisrech mór.
Neev.	Nóeb, nóem.
Kesh.	Cess.

*So in Miss Hull's book. I cannot find it in Miss Hutton's.

[THE END.]

THE CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

BY FRANCIS O'NEILI, O.P., PH.D.



URING the latter part of June, the Catholic educators of this country assembled in National Convention in the city of St. Paul. The land of the Dakotahs welcomed their coming, and spread before them with lavish hospitality the unsullied summer gifts of the prairie.

Naturally, the first thought of the delegates on reaching St. Paul centred upon the magnificent new cathedral, a royal pile of glistening granite built in the form of a Greek cross, its wonderful dome overtopping the loftiest pinnacles of the city. Truly it deserves the exultant apostrophe of its builder: "A great and noble edifice it is—this Cathedral of St. Paul—regal in the hill-top site chosen as its throne; regal in the sparkling granite of its towering walls; regal in vast proportions and in elegance of architectural lines; regal in the grandeur of its peerless dome. In pride and happiness we salute thee, Cathedral of St. Paul!"

The portals of this superb Cathedral gave wide welcoming to the Catholic Educational Association, met for the first time west of the Mississippi, as it gathered to assist at the Pontifical Mass sung by the venerable Bishop McGolrick, and to hear from the gracious lips of the Metropolitan of St. Paul a welcome and a message.

His Grace told, in well-measured steps of rhetorical climax, the progress of Catholic schools in assisting the Church to teach the peoples of the world. The secularized school of the State had the public treasury at its disposal; a resolute public opinion that identified school secularization with patriotism sustained it; yet the Church called for a fitter nursery for childhood and youth. The Church held the secularized school to be a violence even to secular knowledge, since it refused the "Whence" and "Whither" of life. Science without God, history without Providence, Christianity without the Saviour! The home and the Sunday-school have been proven inadequate. Morals have their root in religion, and must go when the sanctions of faith are ignored. Hence, the need of the Catholic school that religion may permeate and

vivify education. His Grace named the pastors of the country as worthy of praise for their devotion to the parish school; the Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods for their consecrated efforts to afford Catholic education to all.

The general object of the Convention was the exchange of pedagogical ideas. Not every plan will stand the test of discussion, but as many tons of uranite must be crushed to secure a grain of radium, so the labors of the convention must be gone through diligently, that in the end added power may be obtained in the management of school problems. This makes clear the value of the wide range covered by the programme. Though at times the debates grew in length and insistence, no debater felt upon his neck the stricture of the Locrian halter.

To facilitate the progress of the work, the sittings of the Convention were grouped into General and Departmental Sessions.¹

GENERAL SESSIONS.

The General Session held five meetings. At the first, the President General, Bishop Shahan, gave an address. It was a scholarly review of the year's educational work, spoken with the rare compelling power of a gentle, mild-mannered St. Francis de Sales. The matter and the manner proved the keynote of the Convention, and resulted in a harmony of business and social intercourse which was one of its distinctive features.

At this same meeting Dr. Moran, of Cleveland, read a paper recounting the manifold labors of the pastor in the cause of education. Appealing to history, he traced the educational progress of the centuries, and found it centred to-day upon the activities of the parochial school.

Those who attended the meeting in the St. Paul Hotel, listened with rapt attention to an elaborate exposition of the relations of the State to education delivered by the Superintendent of Philadelphia's Parish Schools. Defining his terms plainly, Monsignor McDevitt summarized the fundamental school provisions of the Massachusetts colony as early as 1642; showing therein the principles that have been accepted by the American government as essential to the welfare of the State. He laid emphasis upon the fact that religious instruction was at that time deemed imperative.

¹The writer regrets the necessity of omitting mention of many papers owing to inadequate press reports.

Recalling a National ordinance of 1787 that "religion, morality, and knowledge" were necessary to good government, the speaker deplored the modifications that have crept in since; such as *paternalism*, which aims to control the moral, intellectual, physical and social life of the child; and *monopoly*, which grows more and more jealous of the private school.

Monsignor McDevitt held that a well-grounded antipathy towards the Catholic Church was one of the leading causes of the absolute sway of the public school. He advocated a more earnest insistence upon the following truths: the basic principle of the Catholic school is religion; the right of the Church to establish her own schools; the non-exercise of a right does not destroy that right—we are free to criticize the public school and its product, since we are citizens and share equally in the tax levy; the present school system is sectarian, un-American, and based on class legislation; the Catholic school is not inferior in any way to the public school.

In conclusion, the speaker said that Catholics should rebuke radical school authority; insist on fair laws; demand these as a right; and protect themselves from the exploitations of a certain class of Catholics who champion the public school system at the call of personal ambition.

In the discussion consequent upon this paper, Father Dunney, of Albany, talked earnestly of the need of watching State legislation in school matters. Dr. McGinnis, of St. Paul, reviewed the salient points of Monsignor McDevitt's address, with an extended development of State paternalism and a statement of the financial benefits accruing to the State through the extra expenditures of her Catholic citizens.

The following day Father Edwin V. O'Hara, of Oregon, discussed the bearing of present social problems upon education. Industrial training is obligatory if men are to profit by the abundance of raw material at hand; if young people are to be directed away from the pitfalls of blind-ally jobs into the regular employment of established trades. Continuation schools are needed to give support, and stimulate a due appreciation of social valuations. "Heretofore, America has been a huge stevedore, a mighty longshoreman, bearing down to the ships of the sea crude and semi-crude materials for the employment of the capital, labor and intellect of foreign nations. But the limit of exploitation of our national resources has been reached, and our untrained workmen are marching unemployed,

empty-handed, and sullen within the gates of every American city from Seattle to Baltimore."

The great auditorium of St. Paul was taxed to its capacity when the delegates and their friends gathered to enjoy a public programme. Father Gibbons, of St. Paul, presided. Archbishop Ireland, Bishops McGolrick, Carroll, and Shahan gave the honor of their presence. The programme was made up of addresses by prominent men in the Church and in the State. The accomplishments of Catholic schools, the advance of collegiate ideals, the citizen's opportunity, the Catholic professional man, and the mission of higher education—all these subjects were presented in forceful argument and finished diction.

DEPARTMENTAL SESSIONS.

The Seminary Department in its initial meeting met in joint session with the College Department for the discussion of the mutual relations between seminary and college. Monsignor Peterson, of Boston, who presented the seminary point of view, and Father O'Mahoney, C.S.V., of St. Viator's, who stood for the collegiate, battled with the problem of the philosophical course; the former contending for its study in the seminary, the latter insisting that the college should not be robbed of its candidates for the priesthood. An attempt was made by both speakers to harmonize the two positions somewhat by the repetition, in part, of the philosophical course given by the college.

Father Feeney, of the St. Paul Seminary, offered a convincing argument for an extended seminary course, pointing out the dangers of the mixed college, and advocating a special training for clerics during the formative period of their lives. During the reading of this paper, His Grace Archbishop Ireland was present, and at its close spoke frankly and intimately concerning the building up of his own seminary. That the Church may have worthy leaders, piety, learning and prudence are necessary, and since these are inculcated best in seminary training, therefore, above all other schools, stands the seminary.

The collegiate interests of the Association were presided over by Dr. Schumacher, C.S.C., of Notre Dame. At all times, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, he guided the numerous debates through devious ways into the broad fields of mutual understanding.

Father Siedenburger, S.J., the able sociologist of Loyola Uni-

versity, noted the tendency towards educational bureaucracy. European influences have elevated our standards, but until brains are rated higher than the power to barter, America cannot hope to equal Europe in the things of the mind.

Father Blackmore, S.J., of Campion College, brought analytical forces to unwind the woefully knotted skein of English theme writing. He recognized the difficulty in practice—how to get a little soul to give utterance to the conflict aroused within.

The first topic before the members of the Parish School Department was the content of the curriculum. Brother Albert, S.M., of Peoria, outlined the subject matter of three types of content; the first, to prepare the student for elementary educational processes; the second, to prepare for preparatory processes to secondary education; the third, to prepare for the finishing processes of education. The speaker held that sufficient preparation for advance into secondary fields could be had by shortening the elementary course of six years. This would give the twelve-year-old student a chance to vocationalize his future studies.

Father Costello, of Charlestown, Illinois, presented the vexing problem of how best to teach Christian Doctrine to the large numbers of children who attend the public school. Organization must establish afternoon centres for catechism teaching; enroll children; secure teachers and compile a satisfactory census. There is no lack of encouragement from the public school side, since the results add efficiency to school work. Splendid service is being rendered by the Chapter of United Catholic Works of New York, the Missionary Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of Pittsburgh, and the Catholic Instruction League of Chicago.

In Gary, Indiana, an unique plan is in operation. During the auditorium hour the Catholic children are free to attend churches where instruction has been provided. In some places credit is given for these hours spent in religious instruction. Father Costello urged the coöperation of pastors to further the movement; the salvation of so many souls depends upon their enlistment.

Father Hickey, of Boston, discussed the *Backward Child*. Special attention is demanded for the feeble-minded child, for the subnormal and the retarded. Enumerating the causes of retardation, many were found beyond the control of the child. He is, then, or should be, the object of kind and individual attention. He will welcome the offices of the teacher who shows an active faith in his future; he will associate gladly among a mixed class. His

selection should be made under a test that will not lower him in the eyes of his fellows. Let the impression go abroad that the school has provided a special teacher for the subjects found to be especially hard. The retarded case requires sympathy, interest, and care.

The announcement that a paper, *A Taste for Reading*, was to be read by Father Daley, S.J., the distinguished literary critic, gathered together a markedly enthusiastic audience. In language, precise, tasteful and brilliant, the gifted Jesuit opened the Zillah vision of good reading. Its cultivation saves youth from danger, and brings character, power, and steadfastness of will. Lyrics appeal to the feelings, the searching probes of analysis sharpen the intellect; lead the student to seek the heroic, passing by the grovelings of the flesh.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Association came to a close with harmony, good-will, and enthusiasm written large upon its deliberations. The Association aims to become the official bulwark of Catholic Education in the United States. Through the untiring and energetic devotion of its Secretary General, Dr. Howard, of Columbus, it spreads over the land, month by month, a detailed account of the work accomplished, and prepares the way for still greater reapings in the harvest-field of truth.

It was with the far, fruitioning hope of the pathfinder that the members turned homeward from their labors in the city of St. Paul. They carried with them the deep and lasting gratitude of all who are concerned with the ultimate triumph of the principles of Catholic Education.



WHITE EAGLE.

BY L. P. DECONDUN.

VIII.

PARIS, July 10, 1913.



HAVE already told you, my dear Rex, how much spoiled we are here by our kind hostess; and now that we have come to speak to her quite naturally, we feel completely at home. But it was difficult at the beginning; in fact once she stopped me gently.

"Do not fear raising your voice, Mrs. Camberwell," she said, "and don't be too sorry for me. I am accustomed to this slight trouble."

"Can nothing be done for it?" I asked childishly.

She smiled.

"Oh, no," she said, "the vocal cords are hopelessly injured; but when I had a voice I made the most of it, and that is a satisfaction, even at present."

I was dying to ask how it happened, but I could not possibly question her, and she volunteered no information. Yet I am sure she must have sung remarkably well. We found many pieces of hers with her name on them: "Waclawa Stablewska," which to be properly rendered require a voice of unusual compass. Nancy's trial of them was a failure, yet Nancy has quite a reputation. Needless to say, that this same Nancy and I have discussed the "mother and daughter" and the house from every point of view; and that, seeing my interest in them, she has never missed an opportunity of teasing me.

"What an enormous bump of romantic admiration you must possess, Nemo," she told me yesterday; "you are getting absolutely bewitched by Madame Stablewska."

"Why should I not?" I asked, "could she be nicer, and is it not better to praise than to criticize?"

"Oh, please don't! You know what I mean. You are such an imaginative goose in some cases. Because this lady speaks under her breath, dresses in black, smiles silently, because her daughter is thoughtful and quiet (which is natural, living alone with her mother), and because this daughter neither moves nor walks as quickly as most girls."

"Nancy," I interrupted in a low voice, "she cannot kneel."

"How do you know?"

"Well, did you see her kneel?"

"No, but—"

"I was behind her at Mass last Sunday. She only bent forward."

"Perhaps she has had a fall; there is nothing extraordinary in that. However, because of all this, and because the house is not quite like others, because the library is of a peculiar shape, your imagination is going a thousand miles a minute. Is it not true? Oh, honestly, Nemo, you *are* childish!"

"Well," said I, tossing my head, "what harm? Besides there is more than that!"

"What else?"

I hesitated a second.

"There are people whom you have not met, living in this house."

Nancy positively grinned.

"Bravo!" she cried, "go on; but I must say you are a jewel! Now proceed with the details. I suppose what follows is the discovery of a Nihilist conspiracy. We have everything we need for it: mysterious house, secret passages, hidden people, Polish centre."

"I don't know about that," I went on shaking my head, "but I will tell you what I can. Do you remember last week when I left you at the Louvre, and came back alone because I was tired?"

"I do."

"That day when I came in I passed three men who were coming downstairs. They stepped back to let me pass. I acknowledged their bow and went up, but I heard the oldest man of the three ask very distinctly in French who I was, and one of the others answered that I was a friend of Maryña Lowinska."

"Well," said Nancy with a scrap of contempt, "some visitors most likely."

"That is what I thought; and I forgot all about them until two days later, when I met the same people; but this time they were coming in."

"I suppose they have to come in before they can go out," remarked Nancy dryly.

"Don't be too clever," I advised. "The singular part of it was that the old man asked the same question when I reached the hall: 'Who is this lady?' and one of the others answered the very same thing: 'A friend of Maryña Lowinska.'"

"Perhaps this old gentleman did not recognize you; he might have a bad sight."

"If so, he didn't look as if he had. I wish you could have seen his long, rather narrow, piercing dark eyes. He is tall with broad shoulders, has a determined face and a fine strong mouth, with a slightly projecting under-jaw."

"You seem to have taken good stock of him."

"I have had the opportunity. I met him again this morning."

"Really?" said Nancy with keen enjoyment. "This time (teasingly) he was going out?"

"No, he was not," I answered in triumph. "My dear, they had a key of their own, and were opening one of the oak doors in the upper hall. What is more they disappeared behind it, and I heard the old gentleman repeat his eternal question as soon as I was sufficiently far: 'Who is this lady?' and one of the two other men gave the very same answer: 'A friend of Maryña Lowinska.' Now, what has your precious wisdom to say to that?"

And I sat looking expectantly at Nancy. For a wonder, she had nothing to remark; but, after a second or two, she volunteered a suggestion.

"How can you tell that these men were not architects coming to examine the house to place a lift? It is certainly wanted here, considering that the room most often occupied is under the roof."

But I hugged myself with sheer pleasure.

"Hopeless! my dear friend," I exclaimed. "I wish you could have seen the sort of architects they would make! I am just dying for you to meet them!"

"I daresay I would soon find out who they were," replied Nancy in a superior tone. "My brain isn't given to the creation of fairy tales."

We were choosing a few books in the library. As Nancy ended her sentence, there was the curious vibration of a muffled electric bell, as if at the back of the mantel-piece.

"Did you hear?" I asked. "What was that?"

"How could I tell you? A bell in the next house, I presume."

"Of course," I replied with condescension, "this would sound all right if there *was* a house behind this wall; only there happens to be nothing. The wall faces an open yard."

"At any rate it cannot be of much importance," decreed Nancy; "I have heard that bell several times before."

"Most satisfactory answer! Quite a discovery in logic."

"Nemo, you are too foolish," said Nancy laughing. "Come, there goes the dressing bell; it is almost dinner time."

To tell you the truth, Rex dear, though I did not attach very much importance to my discoveries, they had awakened my curiosity just enough to make me regret to leave it unsatisfied. Still, being the guests of the Prince, we could not very well pry into his private affairs. But enough of this nonsense.

We have received a good many letters from home since we came. Your mother and Joan have gone to C——, Max will not get his

holidays for another fortnight at least, and Maryña is mentioning the possibility of joining us here. This would be glorious. Madame Stableska and Helena are delighted at the prospect, and it has been our chief subject of conversation for the last two days.

This morning, at lunch, Helena told us, with her soft engaging laugh, that she would have to call at once on her dressmaker. She had, of late, neglected this important person, and now she would have to be seriously interviewed before Maryña appeared on the scene. Needless to say that both Nancy and I volunteered to accompany her. The weather was ideal, and we were ready to start in the shortest possible time. A taxi was called, and when the solemn footman had closed the door of it and given directions to the driver, we darted off at breakneck speed. I believe the reason of it was that we were in a cab ornamented with a little white flag. There is quite a complicated series of these signs. With the blue you merely run, with the red you fly, but with the white one you begin to fancy yourself first cousin to a tornado. In a twinkling we left the avenue behind us, turned in and out of a quantity of streets with the most fantastic curves, flew across the Pont Alexandre as if we were bent on invading Russia, and, in an incredibly short time, stopped dazed at the corner of the Rue Royale.

Helena had enjoyed our watchful faces all the way, and was still laughing when we came face to face with the "priestess of fashion." But *she*, very soon, had to forget such insignificant things as dashing into a shop, or running over two or three pedestrians. She had to "concentrate"—oh, Rex! don't you love the word?—to concentrate on the important question of shades and shapes and "motifs." She had to try on and meditate about three very new "different movements" of skirts, and decide whether she would prefer "a fetching sleeve, a popular one, or something individual." We stayed there fifty-four minutes, and I guarantee that Helena did her best to hurry all those people.

At long, *long* last, when we had done with dressmaker, tailor and modiste and reëntered our taxi for the fourth time, Helena told us that she was too tired for any more of this heavy work, and that we should have to do something to rest ourselves and relieve tension. At the same time she produced a series of cards of admission to the chief historical buildings, which we had expressed some time before the wish to visit. This was quite a surprise; and at first we could not agree in our choice until we decided to draw one of the cards. It was an entrance-card for the Conciergerie.

Helena gave the necessary directions, and once more we started at a wild speed, punctuated now and then by violent jerks or a fraction of a second's stoppage. I could not tell you how we reached

the Conciergerie, of which our driver seemed unable to find the door, and around which we flew in an endless circle; but at last we did, with alas! a large party of Russians and Americans. This was the worst of it, as between the guide reciting at full speed a whole page of information which we could not follow, and the half-dozen Baedekers read aloud, and at the same time by little groups, we became absolutely bewildered. So we decided to lag behind and make as much of things as we could. At that moment we were facing the famous *salle des gardes* of St. Louis, with its low Gothic roof and pillars; but even in this gloom it was difficult enough to evoke the knights of old, with proud faces and clashing armor who, Joinville tells us, saw their fair-haired king tower above them.

All that one might perhaps picture for a second, was the face of the witty seneschal at the sight of so many, "*moult étrange créatures*," all rushing after a monotonous "Voice" to vanish with it in the distance. We only found ourselves near the "Voice" again on the threshold of the small, square dark room, where Marie Antoinette spent the last months of her life. I think we listened against our will to the general descriptions, coming as through a gramophone, and revealing the revolting treatment she had to endure. For us who were not "doing Paris," and for whom the Queen stood, more than ever in this miserable cell, as the daughter of Maria Theresa, we longed for the crowd to go and leave us there alone. But we did not get this satisfaction; as soon as the last little groups melted away, an old man popped out of the very ground to offer us post cards.

So we passed on, but we had practically no interest in, or rather little sympathy with, the Girondists. Even the remembrance of their "last supper," prepared and served chiefly in the brilliant imagination of the poet who described it, left us indifferent. That some of these men had attracted the public, we did not deny, but their names were too closely allied to the insulting letter of Roland—one should say, of Madame Roland—to Louis XVI., not to bring to the mind a feeling of contempt. Still, there was a certain sense of retribution in the fact that a dozen steps from the Queen's dungeon, they had themselves awaited death; and that, even at a less distance, Robespierre lying wounded by his own cowardly hand, had remained a whole night, his jaw broken and torn, until he was carried to the scaffold.

"I wonder," remarked Nancy thoughtfully, "whether he made the most of his opportunity and repented of his precious collection of crimes. He must have known he was near the spot where the Queen had prayed through her last night of agony."

Helena looked at her.

"Miss O'Dwyer," she asked in her quiet way, "have you ever suffered much, physically?"

"No," said Nancy, "why?"

"Ah! that is it. Do you know that if acute pain lasts a long time, one either becomes unable to think in a reasonable, connected manner; or else one gets so absorbed in that pain that no other object is of importance. If Robespierre lay there alone, unattended and in a state of intense bodily suffering, it is more than probable that he thought chiefly of it. Yet, of course, we do not know; God is very merciful."

And as we looked at her, she continued: "I mean that grace is grace, and that we are told not to judge."

"Oh, but," I objected, "surely Robespierre—" My tone must have spoken volumes as Helena laughed softly.

"Perhaps his victims prayed for him," she said; "martyrs must be forgiving people."

Her smiling eyes were looking at us with such confident ease that for a minute I was struck with the appearance of the girl.

Through the gloom of Marie Antoinette's cell she stood so straight and slender, in her shadowy white dress, that by an unexplainable process the girl and the Queen merged, in my mind, in a sort of compound picture. The martyred Queen once had been just such a young, gracious creature; but where did this child get the gentle, tranquil, unassailable attitude of the soul *who understands?*

"This way, please," called the "Voice." And the spell broke.

Like any other visitor we went round the inner hall, and tried to decipher some of the framed letters on the walls, but the light was scarcely good enough. So we drifted away until we found ourselves in the passage of the Palais de Justice; and, while awakening a hundred echoes with our footsteps, we decided to go through the Saint Chapelle before trusting our lives again to the white-flagged taxi. There was very little change in the "Gothic jewel" of St. Louis since you and I saw it together; the same empty naves in the lower and upper church, the same wooden barriers protecting the walls; the same empty places for the two altars. The only addition I could see was a portable shop of post cards of all kinds and prices; and of these I bought quite a collection.

Another thing unaltered was the narrow, turning staircase where you caught the lady who nearly fell on us. Do you recollect how grateful she was, and how I enjoyed hearing her tell her friends with a tragic voice: "My dears, I might have *killed myself*. How fortunate that the gentleman was so strong and so alert; he has saved my life!" Which, reduced to its simplest expression, meant: "He prevented me from spraining my ankle."

But do you know, my dearest, in spite of the sunshine throwing a wealth of colors through the matchless windows, there was more than ever around us the feeling of a deserted altar. Instinctively one looked for the tabernacle; for the thrones of both Louis and Blanche, with the "lilies of France" and "towers of Castille."

Nothing seems to remain here of France's veiled glory, and it is so lonely that one would rejoice even if the cunning, but clever, face of Louis XI. was caught for a second, watching through his slanting window. True, his is not an attractive figure, and particularly for those who have learned what they know of him in plays and novels; but above all his faults, he remained a king, a patriot, and even a Christian; and, though he made unexpected use of his crown and of his faith, he was careful to cling like a miser to what was for the good of France "*qu'il voulait arrondir*." Indeed these old kings, in spite of their errors, their absolutism, their crimes, even, were heart and soul with the nation, rose and fell with it, loved it, fought for it, put their pride in it. Many a day they shed France's blood, but did they ever hesitate to shed their own for her sake? Their compact with her was of life and death, not of interest and traffic. And now? Now, it is better to draw a veil.

When we found ourselves once more in the taxi, Nancy produced a pattern of silk which she had been trying to match previously. It was a commission from Joan, and Helena thought we might find it at the Galeries Lafayette. In for a penny, in for a pound; we started unhesitatingly towards the fashionable shop. The evening was beautiful and our cab an open one. We seemed to be gliding through a fairy city when, leaving the Pont de la Concorde, we crossed the broad and dazzling Place, now so white, once red with blood, and described a long curve around the Obélisque and the mourning statue of Strassburg. Again we reached the Rue Royale, but this time we flew behind the Madeleine, up the Rue Tronchet, and threading an almost impossible way into a multitude of vehicles on the Boulevard, stopped by a sort of miracle opposite the "Galeries." Then, indeed, we had parted from the soul of Paris, to fall headlong into its cosmopolitan life! Could it possibly be the same city? Were those French people of the same race and blood as the warlike nation of the past centuries? How unlikely it seemed; and yet, taken one by one, at the right time, the generality of them would give the true ring. Pure metal is still there under the rust accumulated by a false progress. One finds it in a word, a smile, a patient, steadfast expression, the witty reply of an exhausted shop girl, the obliging help of a worried attendant, and the inborn good humor of the majority.

We went hither and thither with the narrow scrap of silk, until

our perseverance was rewarded. Nancy was then tempted to begin some of her own shopping, but I refused positively to go a step further. All I could concede was to take the lift up to the tea-rooms, which we did. Certainly, in the matter of elegance, it is difficult to surpass the French. Those rooms were all softness and harmony from velvety carpets to suggested sketches. The palest of blues, of grays, of heliotropes were blended with perfect art, and after our refreshments we stood up, rested in mind and body.

It was in the slanting gleams of a golden sunset that we turned back towards the Avenue de Ségur. Quite a heavy mail awaited us (although there was nothing from you this time, dear) but our news was not too satisfactory. Nancy had a letter from Joan, with little bits of flippant indifference, and some rather scornful remarks about things in general. We wondered why. As a rule Joan does not follow her imagination blindly, and she has a quick sense of intuition. The letter from your mother was, as ever, clear, to the point, interesting, but saying not one word more than she had intended to. She would have made her reputation in a diplomatic body. As for the epistle from Max, neither Nancy nor I could make much of it. He seemed discontented with every mortal thing around him; with the War Office, with some of his colleagues, with C——, which he calls a hole, with London because the weather is so hot; even with Joan who has refused to take a short trip with him to the Tyrol. Willie R—— is going there and may pass through Paris. Both he and Max have seen a good deal of the Lowinskis lately, as the Prince is detained in London by some political business. But most of Max's other friends had left the Metropolis, and he feels like a caged tiger.

How altogether unlike him; he is always so good-humored and happy-go-lucky! I think that if he does not go to the Tyrol for his holidays, he had better come to Paris. He badly needs a change of surroundings. Nancy thinks so too, but she is chiefly worried about Joan. Dear me! And I had believed everything happily settled for ever, between those two! It is not that they do not love each other, because they do. Then, what can it be? I wish those young people would not be so tiresome!

Helena also had several letters, and amongst them a set of photographs which interested us all. They were enlarged snapshots of sporting matches, in which Prince Lowinski's son was one of the principal figures. A fine young fellow of twenty-five, Helena tells us, who has already won a number of sporting trophies. She went even further in her confidence, and told us candidly that she and this young man have been engaged four years. Mark that I do not say *months* but *years*. She smiled at our badly repressed surprise.

"Of course," she explained, "until some time ago it was only

a conditional engagement of our respective families, but now it is a freely taken and binding one, though we shall not be married for two years more."

"Isn't that a great delay?" remarked Nancy. "I always think long engagements are a mistake."

"It cannot be helped in our case," said Helena; "so many important things are involved in it."

"But," insisted Nancy with her Irish independence, "you are marrying for your own sakes, before any other!"

"Well! in a sense we are," answered the girl half-amused, half-serious; "but you see the old families of Poland have been so cruelly destroyed and are still diminishing so much, that some of them must make a stand together. That alone would have helped Paul Lowinski and me to make up our minds (so long as conscience would have been respected), even if we had to be contented with our long-lasting friendship."

"You mean," asked Nancy with a shade of disapproval, "that you could have been satisfied with a *mariage de convenance*?"

"Some *mariages de convenance* have been noted successes."

"But would you have consented to it?" persisted Nancy.

"Very likely," said Helena unmoved.

"And your fiancé also?"

"Without a doubt."

"Well, I have heard of such things in France and even in England; but it was, as a rule, a question of money."

"I am happy to tell you that money does not come into our case," said Helena smiling.

"Then why—" began Nancy.

Helena lifted her hand.

"Do you think, Miss O'Dwyer," she asked gently, "that we should be unable to do for a higher motive what so many people can do for interest; because that is the point."

"Oh, well," went on Nancy obstinately, "these lofty ideas are very fine in theory, but many people come to grief trying to live up to them."

"Quite so," replied the girl, "just as people come to grief in trying their aëroplanes, others in leading their armies, and a larger number in sitting idly at home. We can all come to grief if we are not careful. Yet, if we shirked every difficulty because we might fail, how many people would ever do anything?"

"Helena!" I cried laughing, "what a fierce little philosopher you can be!"

"Helena!" said Nancy with mock severity, "if you were an English girl we should call you a 'prig.'"

"Why?" asked the girl simply.

"Because," answered Nancy, laughing also, "because English young ladies who give lessons to their elders, and deliver moral lectures without a blush, are conceited little owls; which we know you are not?"

But a tinge of sadness passed over Helena's face.

"Ah!" she said slowly, "they have not had the same bringing up. If the first stories they listened to as children had been tales of tortures and death, of hopeless but heroic deeds; if they had been daily told that nothing matters but their creed, their honor and their country; if they had been made to understand that their life was only their own to be used as means to an end, and if they were almost the last of their race!" (She stopped and shook her head.) "It would have made a great difference to them," she added.

Even Nancy had nothing to answer.

"Look," went on the girl, extending towards us her slender wrist, around which was fastened a band of metal set with dark stones, "do you see what is engraved on this?"

"Yes," said I, "but I cannot read it."

"I cannot either," remarked Nancy; "but I guess what it is. If I am not mistaken it is the motto of Prince Lowinski. I have seen the same inscription on some other object."

Helena smiled.

"It is the watchword of Poland: '*Za Wiare i Ojczyznę*'—'For Faith and Country.'"

While speaking she had pressed a tiny spring, and the bracelet had opened and slipped over her hand.

"How beautifully it is made!" I exclaimed. "One can scarcely see the clasp or the hinges."

"It is of Russian workmanship, and my first 'serious jewel,' as the French would call it."

She handed it to me.

"But it is so heavy!" I remarked with surprise.

She nodded.

"Platinum," she said.

"How can you endure it on your arm?" wondered Nancy, slowly weighing the metal band. Yet it was rather thin in proportion to its breadth.

"I am accustomed to it now, and it has been worn by the women of my family for a long period. It passes from mother to daughter on the day of the latter's betrothal."

"That's all very fine," interrupted Nancy, "but why should it be made of platinum? You might as well wear a handcuff."

The girl laughed.

"Well!" she said, "it is not unlike it. Platinum is cumbersome to carry, and therefore the very thing to remind one that: *noblesse oblige*. Besides, it has mostly been drawn from the Ural Mountains by our suffering brothers, and cries out that Poland is still little better than a handcuffed convict. I fear, Miss O'Dwyer, that we are romantic at times." And as Nancy and I remained silent: "I believe you are shocked," she went on. "Is it because, in this house, we cling so much to the past? Yet I heard Prince Lowinski deplore more than once that the enthusiasm and heroism of our nation were weakened by the influence of godless socialistic dreamers. Happily you are not much troubled with this in Ireland, are you? You are going ahead, with a will, and in the right direction?"

Nancy coughed, and I smiled.

"I am not very much *au courant* about Socialism," she said dubiously, "but we are far from being godless yet. As for 'going ahead,' I suppose (vaguely) you mean Home Rule?"

The girl assented.

"Oh! that is progressing safely enough. Even the opposition of Ulster could not prevent it now. Besides, why should it? there is no real hatred between us at present. I don't believe it."

Helena shook her head doubtfully.

"Prince Lowinski says that the North may show fight. He thinks it may be pushed to it by an outside, strong political body, who finds a benefit in keeping Ireland divided."

But Nancy pooh-poohed the idea.

"None of us credits the possibility of a civil war," she said with finality.

"I don't know. Prince Lowinski has been studying the Irish movement very closely. We, too, long to work our way to freedom, but through legislation also. Both Irish and Poles have shed enough blood in the past."

"Far too much," I punctuated.

"Which does not mean," corrected the girl, "that we should grudge shedding it again if there was any need. Does it?"

"No" (from Nancy).

The girl bent forward, her elbows on her knees, her eyes lit up, her voice low and vibrating.

"Miss O'Dwyer," she asked, "did you ever feel that, in spite of all, it would be a great thing to give your life to your country?"

Nancy opened her lips with the presumable intention of answering, but she seemed to find nothing to say; and I—O Rex, it was a shame, but I began to laugh hopelessly.

This figure of an apparently unwilling Joan of Arc was too

much for me to stand in cold blood. In vain did Helena look up with a questioning glance and Nancy gratify me with a savage frown. I laughed until the absurdity of her serious face forced itself upon her. Then she smiled, struggled against it, and finally, giving way, hid her face in her hands and shook with merriment. Helena remained dumb, her lips closed with such sternness that I bent forward and took her hand.

"My dear child," I implored, "for pity's sake don't be hurt or offended; just try to understand. You are such an earnest little patriot and real heroine that you cannot look at things in our easy-going way; but it would require very grave circumstances to make of Nancy a Telesilla or a Jeanne Hachette. She is the dearest creature in the world, but where actual politics are concerned she is a humbug. It is her consciousness of this which makes her laugh this minute."

The girl did not answer; she looked from one to the other of us as if attempting to give a sense to my words.

"Do you mean," she asked hesitatingly, "that—that your countries are nothing to either of you?"

"Not at all, dear, I don't mean that, because it would not be true, thank goodness! but you see we are not placed in your position. What is demanded of us by our respective countries is not what perhaps is demanded by yours. For me, or even for Nancy, as things are at present, death on a scaffold is a thing out of the question; it would help nobody, and nobody wants it. In fact, the few things needed for Ireland are moderation and understanding, with a strong element of perseverance."

Nancy nodded.

"Quite so," she agreed, recovering her breath with an effort, "perseverance is what we need, and union, too, as we have a sad tendency in Ireland to refuse to pull together. Everyone wants to lead and nobody to follow; though, I must say, we have improved the last few years."

"And you approve of Home Rule?"

"I—most certainly."

"But would you fight for it?"

"Fight! I should think so."

"And yet you laughed."

Nancy wavered for a second, then plunged into the very depth of truth.

"Of course I did. How could I help it, when I compared the poor figure I cut against the picture your enthusiastic little self made of me. You cannot guess how utterly ridiculous it made me appear in Nemo's eyes. She could not have remained serious to save her

life, and neither could I, though the laugh was at my own expense. Can you understand that?"

And, as the girl did not answer; "Have you never laughed at yourself?"

"Not quite like that," she said. "Still I think I follow you."

I again threw myself into the breach.

"Listen, Helena," I explained, "don't be astonished at anything concerning Irish people; they are like no one else. They can no more be judged by other nations' rules than you can measure a broken fragment of rock with an ebony ruler.

"For one thing their sense of the ridiculous can make them witty—I have seen cases of it—on their deathbed; for another, their idea of justice would make them fly into the jaws of death to get fair play; and their kind hearts constantly run them into all sorts of worries or dangers, without a thought but that of helping others. Even when they think of fighting they don't consider death; what they see ahead is 'a grand shower of blows,' and victory after it. Death may occur, but then you can't account for *accidents*. For them death is *the accident*; they take their chance. And Nancy would act in the very same way, blossoming out into a warrior to-morrow, if Irish prospects were to look black; you can take my word for it, but she would never imagine herself dying."

Before the girl could answer, Nancy had turned to me with a grave bow.

"I trust your charges for panegyrics are moderate," she said with assumed concern. "You forget to mention it, but Irish people are not wealthy."

Even Helena smiled.

The dinner gong interrupted us at this juncture, and for my part, I was glad. What tremendously serious views of life Helena has for a girl of her age. To live near her is like stepping inside a book written some centuries ago. A strangely fine book, but "out of print."

IX.

PARIS, July, 1913.

When we met at breakfast yesterday, my dearest, we had the most beaming faces which you could imagine. Madame Stabilewska had a letter from Prince Lowinski announcing his and Maryña's arrival to-morrow. There was also a note from the latter to Helena, besides a long envelope with a Russian stamp. Nancy had an undecipherable note from her father, but what she could read of it seemed satisfactory; and I, my own Rex, received two of your dear scribbles. "Joy never kills!"

Do you know that more than ever this time I have attempted to

read between the lines. There must be, at last, some signs that your undertaking has been successful. You say that all is going on well, that you are training capable men to take your place in the direction of affairs, then why, *why* need you stay there so much longer? The fact that you do not say a word about your immediate movements may mean as easily what I wish as what I dread; so that it would be more merciful to tell me the plain truth. Am I to expect you soon, or not? But I will not insist. Better to go on hoping—since nothing yet has forbidden me to do so—and tell you what happened yesterday a little later.

On the previous evening Nancy had been wearing her long Indian chain; and when suddenly standing up she had caught it with the arm of her chair, the metal thread had snapped and the silver beads had fallen in every direction. We had looked for them at once, and thought we had picked them all up, but this morning four were still missing; so after breakfast she and I went to hunt for them in the bronze drawing-room. After a good deal of trouble we found three; but as the fourth seemed to have totally disappeared, I fancied it might have been dropped in the library, where Nancy had gone afterwards for a book. It might have remained in a fold of her gown.

However when I went there, carefully walking up from the door towards the fireplace, I heard a rustling of paper in the recess on the right side. Instinct or curiosity took me straight in that direction, but before I could reach it, there was the faint snap of the spring door, and I found the recess empty. I would not have been a woman, my darling, if I had not retraced my steps and reached the entrance of the library before the vanishing person had had time to disappear below the curve of the staircase; and there I saw, without the possibility of a doubt, one of the three men whom I had met before. I could not exactly describe my feeling at that moment. The sense of mystery, of excitement, of triumph, too (as this man must have come face to face with Nancy in the pink drawing-room), made me fly back to it; and there I found our friend standing, dumb, her eyes fastened on the door.

"Well!" I exclaimed in a loud whisper. "You have seen him?" She nodded. "That is the youngest of the three. Was he much surprised to find you here?"

"He must have been; as on the carpet my footsteps could not have been heard. He must have thought this room was empty."

"Very likely, while he heard me walking across the library. Did he say anything?"

"Not a word. The instant his glance fell on me, he bowed and walked away as unmoved as if he had expected me to be there from the beginning of the world."

For a moment Nancy and I remained motionless, staring at each other; then, of a common accord, we both sat down on opposite chairs.

"Nancy, *what* do you make of it?" She lifted her shoulders ever so slightly, and with the most perfect of French manners; so far from being the rude kind of expression which we are apt to impute to the French people, this movement said more clearly than words: "I wish I knew!"

I could not repress a tiny grin. "You did not take the man for an 'architect'?" I asked.

She smiled too. "Not this one," she answered.

"Who do you think he can be?"

"How could I tell? A Pole also, very likely."

"But why are all these Poles assembling in this house?"

"It looks as if it were for political purposes, of course."

"Yet, you scorned my idea last week that things looked mysterious."

"Oh, but you, Nemo, you 'go to the fair' with everything."

"And what about you, this minute?"

"My dear friend, I only said that it *looked* peculiar; but after reflection I am inclined to think I could solve the whole problem."

"Oh, really? What a brain you have!"

"You needn't sneer; it is quite simple, and we were fools not to think of it before. This man—in fact the three men you saw—are probably secretaries of Prince Lowinski. You don't suppose that a statesman of his importance could do without several attendants, typists, clerks, secretaries, and goodness knows what. And possibly the other side of the house is given up to them and their work."

"Then what was this one doing here?"

"Looking for references perhaps."

"But why should he run like a thief?"

"He did not go like a thief; he seemed thoroughly at his ease."

"Which would strengthen your theory."

"Decidedly."

"Perhaps you are right," I said with regret.

"I am. My dear, remember that in nine cases out of ten the simplest explanation is generally the true one." There was nothing to say to that, but I very nearly felt aggrieved.

After another attempt at finding the lost bead, we went up to finish our correspondence, as we had promised to lunch with some of Helena's friends.

PARIS, July, 1913.

Four days have passed so rapidly, my darling, that I have not had the chance of getting an hour with you; and it is so unusual that

I was, half the time, like a soul in trouble. Now, at last, I am able to make up for it, but I am wondering where I can find you. Perhaps you are working hard, indifferent of its being night or day; or resting, or even, are you giving a few thoughts to me? Oh, Rex, how far, far away you are! But it is scarcely sensible to be moaning now, so near—I do hope and trust—the time of our meeting again. Only I want to say one thing: wherever you may have to go in the future, I will go also. I will remain away from you for no consideration *whatsoever* a second time. So there. Read this sentence over, and meditate on it, and understand it well, and remember it because I assure you it is my *last word* on the subject. There!

And, now, I come back to my story.

Prince Lowinski and Maryña arrived on Wednesday afternoon, and were welcomed with more than mere pleasure. Tea was to be in the oak room, and the travelers were given time to shake off the dust of the journey before they were brought upstairs by Helena. What a merry party we made, Rex dear! At our feet the sun was pouring in, covering the floor with patches of light; before us every window frame cut out a square of bright turquoise blue, and there were smiles on all our faces. Needless to say that, to begin with, everyone asked questions which nobody thought of answering; but, little by little, we became more coherent, and our curiosity was not altogether unsatisfied. Maryña had spent a few days in C—— with Joan and your mother. She was delighted with the latter, but seemed to have got on only moderately well with the younger lady. Not that she said as much, but whenever Nancy put a direct question about her sister, Maryña appeared unable to give a clear reply. There was a vagueness about it which proved to me, once more, that Miss Lowinska and Joan were by nature as far from each other as the poles, and that they must have regarded each other chiefly as puzzles. On the contrary, Mrs. Camberwell must have been at her best, as she had made a complete conquest of our Polish friend. The latter spoke of her again and again, until I could scarcely hide a smile of amusement from Nancy's sharp eyes. You know how severe she has been lately on your mother; she is approaching open prejudice now.

The Prince spoke of Max, whom he had met very often while he was alone in London; Maryña also appeared to have seen a good deal of him, and both have taken a fancy to the dear fellow. Another name brought "on the carpet" was that of Willie R——. Two of his later pictures have made a great stir; I was so glad to hear of it. Maryña spoke of them with great warmth, and with true artistic sense. She also told us that he had called on her cousin, the nun, and had left, once or twice, a huge armful of flowers for the little chapel. She said that, of course, as she says everything, frankly and simply, without the

least hesitation; yet, I could almost have taken an oath that there was something more this time in the depths of the girl's eyes. It was so subtle, so far off, that I was unable to analyze it, but I was aware of it as one is conscious of a shadow drawn swiftly across a light. What did it mean though?

She also spoke, and with amusement, of the complete *volte-face* of Millicent Marchmont. She knows that now, far from being placed on a pedestal by the latter, she has been precipitated below her horizon. But like us, she cannot take Millicent seriously. At least, I suppose she does not; but what makes me hesitate in writing this is that she added quite regretfully: "What a pity that woman throws her brain away as she does everything else! There is so much in her!" However, tea came to an end; but we had hardly finished before the Prince was told twice that some people were awaiting him in the library.

As for Maryña, she set about opening a bundle of letters, while Nancy, Helena and I continued chatting, and we had for the moment forgotten her presence when she turned to Madame Stablewska.

"Has Magda been here lately?" she asked. I did not hear Madame Stablewska's words—she was too far from me—but Maryña appeared concerned with the answer and she stood up.

"Then," she said in a decided manner, "I will go and see her this evening." She glanced at us as if hesitating an instant, but meeting my rather inquisitive eyes she smiled.

"Will you come with me on an errand of duty, Mrs. Camberwell?" she asked. "I have left my faithful chaperon in her dear London. She dreaded having to leave it, and my father discovered something suitable for her there."

"Until you went back, I suppose?" Maryña looked at me as if my question had found her unprepared, but she replied quietly:

"She was with me for a temporary period only. She had been recommended to my father because she knew London well. That was all."

"I see. Shall I get ready now?"

"If you will be so kind. It will take us some time to go as far as the Halles;" which it did, as Miss Lowinska telephoned to the concierge to get her not a taxi, but one of the little victorias with a horse.

"I generally take one of these," she remarked, "and so does my father. These people must also have a chance of earning their living."

I did not answer I think. Do you know that sometimes this girl of twenty-four has a way of making me feel like an inexperienced infant in spite of my thirty years. On this occasion she kept the

reins the whole evening, and I might as well have been an obedient little girl. If she had been born and bred in Paris, if every street of it had been her private property, she could not have been more at home in it, nor better able to dispose of everything. When we reached the Halles and turned the corner of St. Eustache's Church, she stopped the driver.

"Please wait for us here," she told him, "we shall be right back in a few minutes." She left her wrap in the cab, took the man's number, and went up the steps of the old building. I must confess that I wondered why. Not that there is anything unusual for a Catholic to enter a church at any time of the day for a few moment's adoration—and I followed her most willingly—but she had first consulted her watch and reflected about it. However, as we crossed the nave my eyes followed, with a sort of fascination, the slender Gothic lines vanishing into a roof so perfect and harmonious that one wonders whether it does not reach heaven. Then we went up, and on each side of the *banc d'œuvre* I saw the names of the successive parish priests who had exercised their ministry there. A ray of light even tipped the gold of one of them and I caught the date near it, "1228." And so for seven hundred years prayers have filled daily this temple of the living God!

When we reached the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where the little lamp told us of the hidden Presence, Maryña and I knelt for a few minutes side by side, and when she stood up I again followed her mechanically towards the door on the right. But there I stopped in sheer surprise. She had approached the old woman who had the care of the wax candles, and I thought she wished to get some, until the woman's voice came distinctly to me: "Maryña Wladekowna! May the Lord be with thee and bless thee! At last thou hast come!" I did not wait to hear any more, and I went back to the darkening little chapel. So this was the woman she had come to meet on her errand of kindness. Well! when she was ready she would know where to find me.

I felt singularly glad to kneel there alone for a time, and I threaded my way through the rows of chairs to a gloomy corner next the altar. The world is dear enough to me, God knows, and I love its warm sunshine and the dear people crowding it; yet we all know what rest and comfort one feels in pushing it aside now and then, and allowing nothing to stand between our inner self and the little golden door! And so, the time slipped away, until prayer almost brought you there with me, and others too; your mother with the look on her face which had puzzled me lately; Max and the echo of the discontented tone of his letters; Joan, my dear little Joan, whose loving, trusting face is almost a thing of the past. There, where veils

are torn aside, I realized that she has changed also towards me; her letters are now either blank or bitter or cutting, so I honestly asked myself where the fault lay. And I saw one thing, at any rate, which has helped me towards this: I have been too easily satisfied that I had done my utmost, that things were, or ought to be right; and I have taken no trouble to retain the child's confidence. I must strive to alter this. Then I became conscious of the shadowed statue of the Immaculate Mother. Strange how the French artists invariably represent her as a Queen. If she is not crowned with the lilies of France, if the regal mantle does not cling to her shoulders, there is still something proclaiming that she reigns here, in her own consecrated land: "the kingdom of Mary." The old sweet words of Villon rose in my memory as a loving echo: "Celestial Lady, Queen-Mother of the earth."

But by this time Miss Lowinska's errand was ended; her tall figure was moving in my direction. I joined her noiselessly, and we soon stood outside the softly closing doors of the church. There Maryña stopped before descending the steps.

You remember those steps of St. Eustache so peculiarly placed in the angle formed by a grouping of old houses. Maryña was facing one of the oldest buildings with curious upper windows set in stone carvings. Above one of these was a sort of lantern suspended by an iron chain. She directed my attention to it. "Do you see this lamp?" she asked me. "Well, the window behind it is the first one through which I saw Paris."

And as I looked at her thoroughly astonished she added: "The woman I came to see to-day was my nurse. She still lives there; and when I was a child, I was twice secretly sent abroad with her. My father has always been a keen patriot and politician; in Poland and Russia, as you know, politics are a dangerous game."

"I believe that. Were you ever really in danger?"

"No; my father was too careful; but these experiences have taught us many things, and among them many of the hardships which our compatriots endure abroad. In years gone by, the fact of having succeeded in crossing the Russian frontier was considered the realization of all hopes; to die of want and misery was nothing, so long as one died free. But my father's constant wish has been to secure necessary help for those of our brothers who, after unspeakable sufferings, have yet escaped with their lives. This is the *raison d'être* of the house in which you are now, Mrs. Camberwell," she added with a humorous smile. "I suppose you have believed yourself in a fashionable mansion, while all the time you were but in a hospital for ex-convicts."

And, her serious mood vanishing completely, she laughed, ran

down the steps and jumped into our cab. I followed her more leisurely, my mind in a whirl.

"Maryña," I asked her while the cab was turning slowly round, "do speak sensibly? If what you say is serious, where are the ex-convicts, and why does their hospital look like a millionaire's palace?"

Now, the child in her was fully aroused; her great blue eyes were sparkling with fun. "Oh, because my father is all but a millionaire," she replied; "and also because if our hospital looked like one, it would have a wonderfully short existence. I could not tell you exactly how it would come to grief, but you may depend on its being suppressed all the same. There are many ways of killing a dog besides drowning it, you know."

"But," I persisted, "what about the convicts?"

"Well! there are a reduced number just at present," she replied teasingly. "In fact, we will have to consider you as the chief one, and won't let you escape for ever so long."

As she said this, the remembrance of the three unknown men crossed my mind. For a fraction of a second I felt tempted to ask her directly who they were, but I wavered and the opportunity was lost. Something in the street attracted the girl's attention and made her change the subject; then we chatted on different topics, which led us to the everlasting comparison between London and Paris. "I could hardly say which I prefer," she concluded. "Paris is more attractive and cheerful, but there is a wonderful sense of order and comfort and security in London. In Paris, one never can discover who is the responsible person for anything, while in London there is always a director or a manager or a head of some sort whom one can find in need."

I had to laugh. "I am afraid," I admitted, "that I almost agree with you. Still Paris is so full of life, of charm, of light and beauty! It is the very town to root out dullness and create art."

She shook her head. "Art, yes," she said. "Yet if some of its artists are truly great, what a number of them are poor, miserable creatures in every sense of the word."

"Worse than Rhodan?" I asked mischievously.

"Infinitely worse." (She had become quite serious.)

"Then, we should congratulate ourselves on having him, perhaps; though, for my part, I appreciate men of a totally different type."

"Do you mean the hideous conventional type?"

"Not at all; I mean men like Sir Charles G——, or Medford or promising young fellows like Phillips, or even Willie R——." As I said this, Miss Lowinska turned her large, calm eyes on mine. Without opening her lips, she studied my expression as carefully as if she were going to undertake a cast of my features, then she remarked:

"Your friends must be very fond of you, Mrs. Camberwell, and duly grateful I hope."

"Why should they be?"

"Because you spend your life thinking of their welfare," and an odd little smile appeared on her full, well-cut lips. She placed her firm hand on mine. "If you were not a perfect dear," she said, "I should have, oh! such an enormous crow to pluck with you."

I think it is Paul Féval who says somewhere that if you suddenly put your hand on any man's shoulder and said to him: "I know all about *it*," something would be sure to spring up before his mind out of his past life, and hold him in dread. Well! on a very small scale, I felt just like that man. What did Maryña mean? Could it be—? I presume I will hear of it sometime.

PARIS, August, 1913.

My own dear Reginald, I am sure I shall be interrupted before I have time to tell you all I want to, and this would be too bad, since our feminine curiosity has, at last, been satisfied, and the keys of the riddle left in our hands.

I do not remember if I mentioned to you that since his arrival, we have seen very little of Prince Lowinski. He is either out, or with a succession of callers in the library. Even if, by chance, he spends half an hour with us in the oak room, a far off electric bell is sure to ring from the direction of the mantelpiece—as it does, you remember, in the library—and away he goes. Madame Stablewska and the two girls are evidently accustomed to this, and neither Nancy nor I care to make a remark. But yesterday, as we were finishing tea, the precious little bell began to tinkle. The Prince listened to it thoughtfully and stood up, yet instead of going he turned towards me.

"I wonder Mrs. Camberwell," he asked, "if you feel strong enough and well enough to put up occasionally here with the presence of a friend of ours, a patient I should say, as he is barely recovering from a great amount of hardship and suffering. I had no idea that I should ever have to tax your kindness while you were under my roof, but what may excuse me in your eyes is that what I ask of you is chiefly an act of charity."

"Why!" I began, "I am perfectly well now; and in any case—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the Prince kindly, "I know what you are going to say; but it may be more trying for you than you foresee."

"By the way," he inquired of Madame Stablewska, "Mrs. Camberwell has heard nothing of Count Stanislaw?"

"No," she said, simply; "nothing."

He took a few steps up and down the room, his head bent, his hands behind his back, then he wheeled round.

"Before I say anything, Mrs. Camberwell," he observed, "tell me this. Are you sufficiently interested in us Poles to wish to render a service to a long oppressed nation; or do we make too much demand on your sympathy? Because, on no account should we consent to impose the slightest burden on you or on your friend, Miss O'Dwyer, though I honestly confess that we should be grateful for your joint help at present."

"Prince Lowinski—" I began. As he heard the protest in my tone, he put up his hand and smiled.

"Pray do not be offended," he pleaded, "I had to ascertain whether I should not be taking undue advantage of your generosity and of your friendship for us. As a rule, English people do not seem to remember Poland. I was talking to a charming English woman the other day; she thought that we were now scarcely a handful, entirely resigned to our lot, and belonging in a body to the Orthodox Russian Church." (In his smile, one could recognize the elements of that sense of humor so delightful in *Maryña*.)

"Well!" said I, "she was not a Catholic, because the Catholic world looks on faithful Poland as on a jewel in its crown."

"Thank you," said the Prince courteously. Again he was silent; then he looked at us with decision. "Since everything is quite clear," he remarked, "I may speak openly. Did anyone tell you for what purpose this house exists?"

"Yes, Miss Lowinska did."

"Very good. At the present moment it is scarcely in use, but it may be needed soon again. You see, as late as 1905 we were mixed in the Russian movement, and some of us—many of us—suffered; among them, a man who was imprisoned for seven years. It was with the greatest difficulty, in spite of a considerable amount of influence, that we succeeded in rescuing him from his living tomb; and solely because, under preposterous treatment, he had become little better than a senseless automaton. Now this man had known things of such importance to us Poles, that nothing had been spared by the Russian authorities to keep him alive and force him to speak. But pressure against his will and his indomitable courage had only resulted in killing not his reason, but his memory, so that even his sleep could not betray him.

"True, this was a triumph in a sense, but a deplorable one; at least for our party with its new system of defence founded on law, or at any rate on more peaceful lines. It was and is losing severely in ignoring the facts best able to push it forward. Count Stanislaw Klonowicz knows me, knows his two sons, yet it is an impossibility for us to bring back his recollection of the past, beyond a certain limit. We have gone so far as to take the original servant's quarters of this

house and turn them into a semblance of his rooms of ten years ago. He is living there with his sons; and though he may occasionally appear on the point of remembering he has not done so; at least not until"—Prince Lowinski paused—"until two days ago when one of you ladies happened to play some Irish airs familiar to him." The Prince paused again. I think he was greatly moved. As for me, I could say nothing.

"I do not know what song it was," he went on, "because I have heard very few of them myself, and again because neither his sons nor I noticed what had caught the Count's attention at the moment. But when he unexpectedly asked us whether 'our Irish friend, the journalist,' was still my guest, the recollection of such a man rushed upon us three and opened a new channel of possibilities. This was a flickering light out of the darkness, as it is over ten years since we came across this young man in St. Petersburg. He was attached to a well-known English paper. Now to follow the train of his thoughts, we told Count Klonowicz that though the journalist was gone, his sister was here at present. Which of you ladies will consent to represent her?"

"I wish I could," I said, "but I am not Irish enough."

"I will," volunteered Nancy, "Mrs. Camberwell is right; she quarrels with every Irish song she knows." And her gray eyes looked at me half teasingly; but I could not have bandied words with her just then. So she added: "Besides, I am the only genuine Irish woman here."

"The name of the young journalist was O'Sullivan," remarked the Prince.

"A Munster man," said Nancy smiling. But her face became grave again, and she spoke in that firm, sensible tone of hers. "I am sure Mrs. Camberwell and I will do everything in our power to help Count Klonowicz," she said to the Prince. "And if it depends on our good will, the experiment ought to be a success. Is it not so, Nemo?"

But there was something in my throat which prevented me from answering. Prince Lowinski did not speak either; only, before going, he pressed our hands in turn with an energy which was an eloquent token of his gratitude.

And so, my Reginald, the mystery is solved; and simply enough as Nancy had predicted. (I will not dwell on the fact that when we discussed it afterwards, her face, if not her words, expressed a triumphant "I told you so;" but she is deeply interested in the proposed experiment.) Like me, she finds it difficult to believe that what we heard from Maryña and Helena could still be possible at the present day. It was only when Maryña produced a reliable English newspaper of a few months ago that we yielded to the evidence it gave.

As it might be of some interest to you, I am enclosing a cutting from it, and also a passage which I copied.

How grateful we should be not to belong to such a country! I wonder, now that Ireland seems on the point of standing on her own feet again, if the pity and justice of the world will not be offered to poor crushed Poland. Judging by the following, there seems a possibility of its coming to pass.

May God grant it!

RUSSIAN PRISON HORRORS.¹

"An international movement has been started with the view of publishing throughout the civilized world facts with regard to the ill-treatment of prisoners in Russia. Over five hundred prominent men have resolved to appeal to the conscience of humanity against the torture of *many thousands* of human beings in this way. The step is exceedingly necessary. The Russians are a fine, a large-hearted and a generous people, but the methods of government in Russia are sadly behind the age. They are in many respects barbarous, and the most barbarous of them are those affecting the lives and prison treatment of men and *women charged with political offences*. In 1906 the Tsar issued the ukase, or manifesto, promising liberty to his subjects. During the seven years which have passed since then over *forty thousand persons* have suffered in Russia for *political offences*. *Three thousand* of them have been put to death and *ten thousand* consigned to hard labor prisons. Others have been deported to Siberia. A couple of years ago the prison population of Russia numbered quite two hundred thousand, though proper prison accommodation is provided for only one hundred thousand. The prisoners live under *most wretched conditions* and many of them are *brutally ill-used by the warders*. Let us hope the international protest will do something to relieve the bitterness and hardships of their lot."²

¹*Catholic Times*, Liverpool, November 23, 1913.

²Author's italics.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

HUGH: MEMOIRS OF A BROTHER. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

The object of Mr. A. C. Benson in giving to the public this appreciation of his brother, has been to describe the intimate circumstances and influences which went to the moulding of that vivid and intense personality, and to accentuate, from that best vantage-point in the world, the family circle, the human and personal aspect of his character. It is not, as he states, a formal biography; still less is it a spiritual study. There are times when, being, as the writer admits, "poles apart" in religious thought, he is unable to interpret the motives or grasp the principles which animated and ruled the conduct of his brother. For that we must go to Monsignor Benson himself—to his letters, his *Confessions*, his poems, and his fiction: these are a more simple and direct revelation.

In the matter of his conversion, for instance, Mr. Benson suggests that Hugh was temperamentally attracted to the Church of Rome, though he palliates the suggestion by admitting also his sincere conviction of its claims. This is altogether admissible. Monsignor Benson has himself pointed out that it matters not by what road we seek, provided we find and surrender to the reality. The secret of his conversion lay, primarily, neither with his inclination nor with his temperament: indeed, according to Mr. Benson himself, it ran directly counter to both. It was rather the result of extreme simplicity of purpose and directness of thought, underlying an active and versatile exterior; of that very *humanness* on which Mr. Benson dwells, and which, beneath the intricacies of individual temperament, is inevitably attracted to objective truth.

With an affectionate and touching earnestness, to which these pages abundantly and eloquently testify, the writer has endeavored to fill in the human outlines, to penetrate the hidden depths, of his brother's personality. Neither human sympathy nor perspicuity of mind were lacking in the endeavor, yet his failure is as complete as it is pathetic. He himself appears to realize, with a sense of disappointment, the locked chamber, the hidden centre in Hugh's nature whose "wall of partition" has not succumbed to his attack. They stood on totally different planes.

Nevertheless, this account is an altogether and rarely delightful

one. It is less a narration than an introduction into a very charming family circle. Charmingly intimate and lucid is the description of Monsignor Benson in his childhood, his boyhood, his Anglican days; of his activities since his conversion, and, finally, of those impressive last moments. "himself to the very end. in command of the scene. with a courage so great that he did not even lose his interest in the last experiences of life." And yet, even in that supreme moment, his brother did not fully discover the main-spring of the divinely confident courage, of the mystic's passage from life to Life.

The book throws some incidental and interesting sidelights on present tendencies and conditions in the Church of England.

The Anglican Church [writes Mr. Benson] claims and exercises very little authority at all. Each individual bishop has considerable discretionary power, and some allow a far wider liberty of action than others. In all cases, divergences of doctrine and practice are dealt with by personal influence, tact, and compromise, and *force majeure* is invoked as little as possible. It is hard to justify the system logically and theoretically, but it may be said that the methods of the Church have at least been national, in the sense that they have suited the national temperament, which is independent and averse to coercive discipline. Of late the influence of the English Church has been mainly exerted in the cause of social reform, and her tendency is more and more to condone divergences of doctrine and opinion in the case of her ministers when they are accompanied by spiritual fervor and practical activity. Religion is recognized as a matter of personal preference, and the agnostic creed has lost much of its aggressive definiteness.

This is not a cloudless nor cheering prospect for promoters of "corporate reunion," and emphasizes, from the vantage-ground of expediency, as well as duty, the wisdom of those who, like Monsignor Benson, have borne their individual testimony to the truth, and sought the impregnable security of the Church built on the rock.

THOMAS DAVIS: THE THINKER AND TEACHER. The Essence of his Writings in Prose and Poetry. Edited by Arthur Griffith. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Every lover of Ireland will welcome these selections from the works of the great Irish patriot, Thomas Davis. His famous review, *The Nation*, first taught the Irish people the necessity of regaining their native Parliament at all costs. While he did not invent Irish

nationalism, which was centuries old, "he found it neglected, half-derided, choked with abominations, and he restored it to its altar, interpreted it to the people, and taught them how their forces should be marshaled and directed in its behalf."

In his preface, Mr. Griffith draws a sharp contrast between O'Connell and Davis. He writes: "O'Connell discouraged the national language and peculiar customs of his country, and pointed the path of progress through assimilation, while Davis taught it was better for an Irishman to live in rags and dine on potatoes than to become Anglicized. O'Connell's ideal Ireland was a smaller and happier England, while Davis' ideal Ireland conflicted with English civilization at every point. O'Connell was a political philanthropist—Davis a nationalist."

OUTLINES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY. Part I. *The Orient, Greece and Rome. Europe from the Break-up of the Roman Empire to the Opening of the Eighteenth Century.* By J. H. Robinson and J. H. Breasted.

Part II. *From the Opening of the Eighteenth Century to the Present Day.* By J. H. Robinson and C. A. Beard. New York: Ginn & Co. \$1.50 each.

The authors in their preface say rightly that the older historical manuals gave too much space to past events as distinct from past conditions and past institutions, and gave too little information in regard to recent history. They aim at avoiding these defects "first by frankly subordinating the mere happenings of the past to a clear statement of the conditions under which men lived for long periods and of the ideas which they held; and, second, by devoting about half of the work to the past two hundred years which concern us most immediately."

The book is well arranged for the classroom, and the many maps and illustrations are excellently well done. It is a great pity, however, that a work intended primarily for our high school students should be so dominated from first to last by utter unbelief and rationalism. The writers differ from many of the textbook writers of the past by holding no special brief for Protestantism against Catholicism, but they evidently feel like crying out "a plague on both your houses."

Judging by their bibliography as well as their text, they show no knowledge of Catholic authorities. Gasquet, Walsh, Pastor

Alzog, and Montalembert seem to be the sum total of their totally inadequate list. McGiffert's superficial work is cited on Martin Luther, while no mention is made of Grisar or Denifle; Lea is cited on the Inquisition, Sabatier on the Life of St. Francis, Morley on Voltaire, Harnack on Monasticism, etc.

A most inadequate and inaccurate account is given of the beginnings of Christianity, the early Church, the development of the Papacy, the spirit of the mediæval mind, the Crusades, the Inquisition, the Council of Trent, the Reformation, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the condemnation of Galileo, the Jesuits and their suppression, etc. We are told many things that are not so, viz., that the Church did not become Catholic until the third century; that the literary work of Gregory the Great was childish; that Trent declared the Latin Vulgate the standard of belief; that Charles V. had no deep religious sentiments; that at least twelve thousand Protestants were probably killed on St. Bartholomew's day; that Queen Elizabeth reluctantly signed the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots; that the persecution of Christians in India, China and Japan was due either to the arrogance of the bishops or the folly of the missionaries, who rudely denounced the ancient culture of the East, etc.

THE PRIESTHOOD AND SACRIFICE OF OUR LORD JESUS

CHRIST. By J. Grimal, S.M. Translated by M. J. Keyes, S.M. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. \$1.75 net.

The purpose of this volume, as the author states in his introduction, "is not so much to prove the dogma of the priesthood as to cause it to be dwelt upon, so that from its consideration there may be drawn vital conclusions concerning our greatness, our obligations, and our strength as priests. . . . It is a treatise of dogmatic theology developed with a view to piety."

Part I. (Preparation) treats of the idea of sacrifice among the pagans and the Jews; Part II. (Realization) treats of the priesthood of Jesus Christ and the altar of the Cross; Part III. (The Heavenly Consummation) treats of the consummation in heaven of the unique sacrifice of the Cross; and Part IV. (The Eucharistic Prolongation) treats of the Holy Eucharist as a sacrifice and a Sacrament.

We recommend this book highly to priests, who will find it most helpful in renewing their first fervor, and to seminarians who wish to realize the true nature and dignity of the priesthood.

JOHN HUSS: HIS LIFE, TEACHINGS AND DEATH. By David S. Schaff, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

The tone of this life of John Huss may be estimated by the blasphemous statement made by Dr. Schaff on page 2: "It is doubtful, if we except the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, whether the forward movement of religious enlightenment and human freedom have been advanced as much by the sufferings and death of any single man as by the death of Huss." Instead of writing objective history, the prejudiced Professor of Church History in the Western Theological Seminary has written a bit of sixteenth century Protestant polemics.

Huss, the obstinate, conceited, unscholarly, popular preacher, becomes, in the hands of his panegyrist, a valiant champion of the rights of conscience, and a noble martyr to liberty of thought.

The historical misstatements in this volume are legion. We are told, for instance, that celibacy was not enforced in Bohemia until the thirteenth century; that the mediæval universities did not owe their origin to the Popes; that the numbers given of the attendance at these universities have been grossly exaggerated; that Archbishop Cranmer of England had a great deal of zeal for religious reform; that indulgences were sold by the Popes in the fifteenth century; that Alexander of Hales was the first to insist upon confession to a priest being necessary for salvation; that the Council of Constance taught that faith was not to be kept with a heretic; that the Jesuits of the sixteenth century tried to blot out the fame of Huss by magnifying the cult of St. John Nepomuk; that Fathers Denifle and Grisar are most unfair in their bitter attacks upon Luther's purity of life; that the victims of the Inquisition were without number, etc.

In his discussion of Huss' safe-conduct, Dr. Schaff endeavors to show that the Emperor Sigismund broke his pledge to Huss, and that in ignoring it the Council acted on the principle that no promise or faith ought to be kept with heretics. And yet he himself admits that: "Huss on leaving Prague for Constance seems to have put his case unreservedly in the hands of the Council. In case he did not establish his orthodoxy, he expressed himself ready to suffer the penalty meted out to heretics." As a matter of fact, Huss made the journey to Constance, and entered into the city without ever having received the safe-conduct. It was dated at Spire, October 18, 1414, and reached Constance after Huss' arrival on Novem-

ber 5, 1414. A mediæval safe-conduct was nothing more nor less than a passport, which in no sense freed a criminal from the consequences of his crime. Huss was a criminal according to mediæval law. The Council of Constance gave him a fair trial, pronounced him a heretic, and then handed him over to the secular power to be burned at the stake. Heresy in those days was looked upon as a greater crime than treason, and long before the Inquisition was established, heretics had been lynched by indignant mobs.

Huss was in no sense an original thinker; he borrowed all his heresies from Wyclif, whose writings had come to Prague about the beginning of the fifteenth century. Like many another heretic, he was tireless in his professions of orthodoxy, while declaiming against Papal authority, the true idea of the Church, ecclesiastical censures, the Church's condemnation of Wyclif, and the like.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS TO ONE OF HIS CONVERTS. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00 net.

In this first-published volume of Monsignor Benson's correspondence, we have an aspect of the writer perhaps more intimate and personal than any which we have hitherto received.

Mr. A. C. Benson, who furnishes a short but admirable preface, truly observes that these letters "illustrate in a very peculiar way, some of [Monsignor Benson's] most marked characteristics, not only his enthusiasm and swift expressiveness, but his eager desire to respond to every call and claim for sympathy and interest, as well as his grace of loyal and continuous kindness."

The letters are grouped under six headings, and form an interesting biographical sequence. The first group dates from the writer's own Anglican days, and in subsequent letters we see the soul of one of his former retreatants guided into the fold and eventually directed to the religious life. Detachment, implicit confidence, and union with the divine will are the keynotes of his counsel; and with wisely-measured reproof, encouragement, and sympathy, with a directness at once imperative and tender, he leads the soul along these divine paths to the fullness of its life in God.

Many of the earlier letters serve to illustrate his attitude toward the truth, and the spirit of personal humility and childlike confidence in which he made his submission to the Church. This very quality of trustful obedience was the result of a direct and incisive mind that went straight to its mark, and lodged there with unshakeable

security. "Letters from Rome" breathe on every page the joy of the child come home, the jubilant sense of possessing, and being one with all that he hears and sees about him.

The volume contains a number of letters to a beginner in the literary field. They are of interest as showing the framework on which Monsignor Benson wrought his own peculiarly suggestive and virile works. They exhibit, too, his gift of personal friendship, that spent itself in matters temporal as well as spiritual, and that considered nothing too trivial for his interest and solicitude.

To those who have felt the attraction of Monsignor Benson's written or spoken word, the *Spiritual Letters* will give a view of his personality none the less satisfying because composed of broken, kaleidoscopic glimpses and significant details. The style retains the effectiveness of his more finished work, and its unpondered spontaneity. It is, in fact, this combined ardor and simplicity of vision that spells the secret of Monsignor Benson's magnetism, and his success in the many fields covered by his activity.

LIFE OF SISTER ROSALIE: A SISTER OF CHARITY.

Translated from the French of Viscount de Melun by Hon. Joseph D. Fallon, LL.D. Norwood: The Plimpton Press. \$1.00.

This admirable work of the Viscount de Melun, which has been crowned by the French Academy, is a serious and sympathetic study of the life of one of St. Vincent de Paul's noblest daughters. Through a long and arduous career of charity in one of the most sordid sections of Paris, a career of ceaseless self-immolation in the interests of suffering humanity, Sister Rosalie was the advocate and refuge of the poor; she relieved their misery, she reconciled them with God. Her sanctity was preëminently active and was served by rare qualities of intellect and personality, and executive genius of a high order.

The biography of Sister Rosalie is a remarkable record of the wide field to which human activity may be applied when sustained and inspired by a divine motive and spiritual strength. The author has, in an unobtrusive way, left upon the work the impress of his own personality, of a mature wisdom and an intelligent faith, and the biography will prove an undoubted source of interest and edification to its readers.

The inefficiency of the translation is to be regretted. The writer's meaning is not infrequently complicated, and obscured by

the too literal rendering of the phraseology. It will, nevertheless, serve to acquaint many with the life and labors of this remarkable woman, and inspire them with the example of a singularly ardent and beautiful character.

THE PEDAGOGICAL VALUE OF THE VIRTUE OF FAITH AS DEVELOPED IN THE RELIGIOUS NOVITIATE. By Brother Chrysostom, F.S.C. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. \$1.00 net.

No one doubts that the personal character of the teacher is a prime factor in true education. Yet in only twenty-two per cent of the normal schools of this country is any distinct effort made to train our future educators to be men and women of principle, who believe in, reverence and acknowledge Almighty God by word and work, and are moved by spiritual and future goods rather than by the material and present. On the other hand, the novitiate of a religious community, the spiritual normal school, does fully fit its members for life and for their specific tasks. Its silence and seclusion; its regular round of prayer, study, and labor; the persevering praise and practice of all that is best; the unequivocal advocacy of faith in God unite to make it the ideal place of preparation. No one who has given a novitiate a fair trial will hesitate to say, with Brother Chrysostom, that the novitiate renders a real pedagogical service to society. We need to bring outsiders to realize this. For such a purpose the present treatise is admirably adapted. Its scholarly character is attested by the fact that it has been accepted as a thesis for the doctorate in philosophy at the Catholic University of America. The author will publish shortly other aspects of the virtue of faith, viz., the psychological, the biological, and the sociological, making, with the present volume, a completed work of great interest and permanent value.

PIERROT, DOG OF BELGIUM. By Walter A. Dyer. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00 net.

For dog-lovers, young and old, and especially those who know and love the great Flemish work dogs, who have played so important a part in the industrial life of Belgium, the present tale will have a deep and most touching appeal.

We are introduced to Pierrot in the days of his awkward puppyhood, and follow his training, his characteristics, his industrious and pleasant life, gaining incidental insights into Belgian

family life. Then comes the Great War—like a sudden cloud on a clear horizon—and for Pierrot and his masters, the Van Huyks, life assumes an altered aspect. Pierrot is “drafted” and sent to the front for military service. We catch broken glimpses of one little corner of the war, of its grimness, its pathos, its sordid misery. Treatment both kindly and cruel is meted out to Pierrot, until at last, suffering, half-starved, drawn by the home-hunger, he hobbles his way back on three pathetic legs, to the friendly circle of the Van Huyks.

Few dry eyes will follow the story to its close, a story all the more touching because the events are related unemotionally and, contrary to precedent, with a simplicity quite consistent with dog-psychology. Its character is even more appealing than Ouida's *Dog of Flanders*, for present actuality brings it home more convincingly to our imagination. We see in Pierrot, real dog though he was, in tiny Lisa and Henri and the Van Huyks, with their charred and ruined home, in the rough invader and the gentle Bavarian peasant soldiers; in Père Jean, obeying with simple promptness the call of his country, not isolated individuals, but types of thousands of men and women, and pitiful dumb animals, whose lives and homes have been swallowed up by the great whirlpool of war.

SOCIALISM AS THE SOCIOLOGICAL IDEAL. By Floyd J. Melvin, Ph.D. New York: Sturgis & Walton. \$1.25 net.

Dr. Melvin has written a vague and superficial account of Socialism from the sociological viewpoint. He finds fault at the outset with the many descriptive definitions of Socialism, and then confidently hazards his own contribution to the already long list of descriptions. We give his own beautifully indefinite phrasing: “Socialism is the social system which seeks, by means of the social control of heredity and environment, to direct the further progress of civilization in accordance with the ideals arising through social self-consciousness.”

He is continually telling his readers that Socialism is dominantly Christian, but it is “a Christianity without supernatural sanctions, and subject to new constructions.” When Socialism comes to her own—and our author prophesies that it will certainly be the next step in the evolution of society—“religion will for the first time be really free, and not the mere instrument of economic forces as so universally to-day.” Men are going to become Socialists,

because they are "tired of a theology that is enlisted in the support of institutions of privilege, and despair of a satisfactory voicing of their own spiritual aspirations from a subsidized pulpit." Of course this religion and Christianity of the future will make the world perfectly alive to the love of the neighbor, while ignoring the love of God.

CHILDREN OF EARTH. A Play of New England. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

It is well that this "American Prize Play" should be published, for curiosity may lead to an extensive reading of a valuable acquisition to dramatic literature. Those of us who are familiar with Miss Brown's unsurpassed stories of New England rural life, would naturally expect the scene of her venture into dramatic composition to be laid in the field in which her great talent first displayed itself; nor was anything less to be expected from her than the delicate fancy, the flashes of shrewd insight and unforced humor, the warmth of sympathy and the quiet power in which this play abounds. It is in her novel and most acceptable handling of an old theme that the author has achieved fresh distinction. She has presented the "eternal triangle"—this time, the woman, the man, and the man's wife—in an unaccustomed setting, a New England farming village. We are under the spell of her charm as we follow this story of a middle-aged woman, whose youth was crushed by tyrannous oppression, snatching at the opportunity of unsanctioned happiness with a man whose wife has blighted his existence. The art with which this last unfortunate is made the instrument of salvation of all three is as fine as the instinct which inspired it. Best and most unusual of all is the attitude taken when planning the readjustment of their lives, so narrowly retrieved. The view of the modern author, dramatist or novelist, appears to be that to resist this particular temptation is to make a Juggernaut sacrifice which leaves life without interest and imprisons the soul within dark, narrow walls. As far from this as east from west is the sane high-heartedness of Miss Brown's characters. There is no insecure exaltation. When Peter, after the righteous decision, alludes casually to the beginning of a prosaic task and Mary Ellen responds: "Ain't it wonderful to have things to do?" we understand that the reconstruction will be built of homely and durable material, shaped under skies that, if not glowing with rich color, are at all events luminous and serene.

The play is not faultless, but it is a work of art whose merits

far outweigh its failings. To read it is to give cordial approbation to the taste and judgment of those who awarded it the prize.

A brief explanatory note, relative to the competition, prefaces the content.

THE SHOES OF HAPPINESS. By Edwin Markham. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20 net.

Mr. Markham spreads his viands sparingly to an appreciative public, for though his pen has been far from inactive in the interval, it is fourteen years since he has published a volume of verse. Fastidiousness is, however, the first mark of the true poet, and the cedar chest of Horace, a rigorous but reliable test of literary worth. The poetical contents of the present collection have appeared in various magazines throughout the country. They cover a wide range of subjects: love, nature, poems of the "social vision," of religion, and a number of narrative poems of Oriental and mediæval setting.

Mr. Markham excels in narration. He has the freshness, the lyric buoyancy, the imagery, the color and zest indispensable to the art of the story-teller. *The Shoes of Happiness*, the title poem, is Oriental in character. Its subtle fret-work of movement and color and rhythm, combines the glamour of the East and the music of the West. His poetry reveals no nebulous impressionism. We may rather compare it to an exquisite piece of Cellini silver, careful and delicate in its contour and modulation, the product, as a rule, of deep and genuine art.

The poet's religious thought, as expressed in this volume, strikes, alas, many a false note, that of Pantheism being particularly resonant. The writer acclaims himself "part of That behind it all," "brother to the meanest clod," and the whole of creation as "one upon the mighty wheel." Not "in the dust of broken altars," but in nature alone, he claims to find "the God" Whom he has sought. It is not strange, therefore, that the unhappy influence of fatalism has breathed itself into a number of his stanzas.

Mr. Markham uses Christ for his poetic purposes, but looks upon Him with Hellenistic eyes, seeing not the "Man of Sorrows," but the "Child of Mystery," the personification of beauty, and strength, and power. Indeed, he depicts the ancient divinities kneeling "beside the stall" of the Infant God, that they may own in Him "Apollo come again."

For many years Mr. Markham has been hailed as the poet of

democratic liberty, but the poems in this category are, with one exception, a trifle shrill and unconvincing. There is a vein of passion in them, but impressiveness and solid dignity are lacking. If we would forgive Mr. Markham his inadequacies we must revert to his narrative poems. These are difficult to surpass, and together with the poem which made his fame, sufficiently justify the rank accorded him among contemporary American poets.

WHO BUILT THE PANAMA CANAL? By W. Leon Pepperman.

New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Mr. Pepperman was the chief of the Office of Administration under Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, the Chairman of the Second Isthmian Commission, which took charge of the building of the Panama Canal in 1905. While according full credit to Colonel Goethals and the army administration which completed the Canal, he does not think that justice has been done Mr. Shonts, his chief engineer, John F. Stevens, and the splendid body of railroad men whose services made the Canal a certainty. He calls attention to the astonishing fact that of the seven most recent books published on the Panama Canal, the authors—some of them intentionally—practically ignored the services rendered the nation by the present President of the Interborough Company of New York City.

The building of the Panama Canal he considers primarily a task of construction, a work of excavation and transportation, and one requiring necessarily the application of methods of practical administration. From this viewpoint it was a most important undertaking, but as a feat of technical engineering it has often been surpassed. He declares that the construction of New York City's subways, the building of the Grand Central Station, and the development of the largest water-power plant in the world at Keokuk, Iowa, all required the application of a higher degree of engineering skill than the Panama Canal.

Mr. Pepperman gives due honor to the preliminary work done by the French, commends Mr. Roosevelt for his questionable seizure of the Panama zone, and for the first time in history shows clearly that the railroad régime of 1905-1906 made the Canal a possibility.

In the opening chapter of his book he tells a story of Philip II. worthy of a comic sheet. In 1567, Philip II. sent an engineer to survey a route across Nicaragua, but "he piously gave up the project when his spiritual advisers pointed out to him the probability that the Creator had an Isthmian Canal in mind when he issued

the admonition: 'What God has joined together let no man put asunder.' " Surely Mr. Pepperman has no sense of humor.

ESSAYS ON BOOKS. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

Professor Phelps of Yale has gathered together in this entertaining volume a number of his published essays on English, American and German writers. They consist of brief outlines of the lives and clear-cut appreciations of the work of Richardson, Jane Austen, Carlyle, Dickens, Mark Twain, Schiller, Lessing, etc.

Of Richardson he writes: "His realism was bolder and more honest than Fielding's. . . . He refused absolutely to follow advice that conflicted with his aim and method. He knew his work was original, and he fully trusted only the instincts of his own heart." Jane Austen is praised as one of the supreme literary artists of the world. We think Mr. Phelps overrates both Mark Twain and Dickens. He calls the former "one of the foremost humorists of modern times," and inclines to be of those who would class him with Rabelais, Cervantes and Molière. To Dickens he assigns "the biggest place in English fiction."

The professor holds that formal creeds in religion are unsatisfactory, and yet we were glad to find him quoting the words of Paul Heyse, "that humanity can never exist without religion. Science and Monism can never fill any place in the human heart."

THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

This new translation of Dostoevsky's *Letters from a Dead House* is one of a series of excellent translations of his works, four of which—*The Brothers Karamazov*, *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*, *Crime and Punishment*—have already been published by The Macmillan Co.

This gruesome tale of prison life was the fruit of the writer's four years in Siberia. It revealed to the world the tyranny, cruelty, and injustice which characterized the Russian military despotism of some sixty years ago. The author describes in sickening detail the frequent use of the knout for the most trivial causes, the unsanitary conditions of the prison cells and hospitals, the poor food, the drunkenness and immorality of the convicts, etc.

Many rank Dostoevsky second, if not first, in Russian literature.

Some Russians certainly deem him greater than Tolstoy. No writer ever entered so deeply into the soul of the suffering and abandoned criminal; no writer ever pictured more vividly the convict's many virtues and vices. His plea for humane treatment, though ignored at the time, has been heeded at last, even by Russians who know that "humane treatment may humanize even one in whom the image of God has long been obscured."

THE SUNNY SIDE OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE. By L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone. New York: Harper Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone is the wife of the recently-retired Danish minister to Germany. She was formerly Miss Lily Greenough of Cambridge, Massachusetts. In the present volume she gives to the world some hundreds of letters written during her stay in various European capitals: Rome, Stockholm, Paris, Berlin, and Washington. The letters are gossipy and chatty in tone, and are concerned chiefly with the author's conversations with prominent men or women, and with details of innumerable luncheons, balls, receptions, and soirées. Besides the kings, queens, and princes of Italy, Sweden, Denmark and Germany, we interview such different characters as Buffalo Bill and Massenet, Blaine and Colonel Picquard, Liszt and Longfellow, Grieg and John Hay, Crispi and Björnson. Most of the conversations recorded are trivial in the extreme, but the author thinks them worth repeating because uttered by men or women of prominence. She shows great lack of delicacy in ridiculing her kindly hosts in California, by mentioning the payment of five francs an hour to the composer Massenet, and by the constant reference to compliments paid her own singing.

A BEACON FOR THE BLIND. By Winifred Holt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50 net.

As Mr. Brice says in his preface: "There has been no more striking example in our time of how self-reliance and strength of purpose can triumph over adverse fortune than that presented by the career of Henry Fawcett." His life reads indeed like a romance. While patridge hunting with his father in 1858, some stray shot from his father's gun penetrated his eyes, blinding him instantly. He was twenty-seven at the time, but, undaunted, he determined on a public career despite his terrible handicap. After a bitter fight he became Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, where he

lectured for years. Defeated in three contests, he was elected to Parliament on the fourth trial, and served a number of terms.

His chief work in Parliament was saving the commons and forests of England for the people, and his vehement defence of the poor people of India from oppression. In 1880, Gladstone offered him the Postmaster-Generalship. During his term of office he improved the postal service with regard to the parcel post, the issuing of postal orders, the receipt of small savings in stamps, the increasing of the facilities for life insurance and annuities, and by reducing the price of telegrams.

He could not bear to hear people assume a patronizing tone toward the blind. His cry in many a public speech was: "Do not wall us up in institutions, but let us live as other men live." Not one man out of a million could have accomplished what he did, and maintain throughout his cheerfulness and good spirits. He was not only an indefatigable walker, but also an enthusiastic and reckless skater and rider.

SISTER GERTRUDE MARY. "A Mystic of Our Own Days."

From the French of Canon Stanislas Legueu. With a Preface by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents.

Following shortly upon *L'Histoire d'une Ame*, of Sœur Thérèse de Lisieux, and *Laudem Gloriae*, come the memoirs of Sister Gertrude Mary of the Community of St. Charles, Angers. These extracts from her diary, written in obedience to her director, are more a record of the signal graces and divine favors bestowed on this "perfectly simple and frank soul" than a detailed description of the process of her spiritual development.

The Rev. Edouard Hugon, O.P., attests to the genuine character of the events narrated in these pages, and cites, in support of this opinion, the remarkable humility of the little nun, her distrust of self, her desire for reparation and union with God, her intimate and almost uninterrupted relations with Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, and the growth and efflorescence of virtue in her soul.

In this materialistic age, the evidences of the "world invisible" are more infrequent than in the Ages of Faith; precious, therefore, are the revelations of souls, steeped in the supernatural, who have their conversation in heaven, for whom the curtain of things present would appear to have lifted before the appointed time; souls emptied

of self, and whose sole interests are for God and the salvation of souls. Of such truly was the writer of these spiritual memoirs. "Love," she cries, "has chosen me, Love has called me, I yield myself up to Love by love." Sister Mary Gertrude expresses her intimate conviction of her own littleness in the following words: "The Infinite seems to forget what He is and what I am. He forgets His greatness and dignity, in order to stoop to my nothingness. O God, what art Thou doing?"

Her cry is that of St. Francis of Sales: "Give me souls!" and to her prayers Dom Bede Camm, in his preface, attributes the conversions of Caldey, which she appears to have foretold in a remarkable manner.

This book, as states one of the introductory letters, will serve to persons living in the world, not only as a "practical proof of the supernatural. . . . well calculated to strengthen their faith and rekindle their piety," but as a testimony of the power of the invisible bonds forged by prayer and the efficacy of a life immolated and hidden with Christ in God.

ON SUNSET HIGHWAYS. By Thomas D. Murphy. Boston: The Page Co. Cloth, \$3.00; morocco, \$6.00 net.

Mr. Murphy has written a charming book of his motor rambles in California. He says rightly that one cannot get the best idea of this wonderful State from the railway train, but that the motor takes one into the deepest recesses of mountain and valley, and to the most unfrequented nooks along the seashore. He describes particularly the country about Los Angeles, the inland route to San Diego, the imperial valley in the San Diego back country, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and the Clear Lake Valley. This book will prove an invaluable guide to the motorist who is anxious to profit by the experiences of an expert. Although he takes pains to tell us he is not a Catholic, Mr. Murphy always speaks most enthusiastically of the old Spanish missions of California, and of the priests in charge, and their cordial welcome.

THE STRAIGHT PATH. By Rev. M. J. Phelan, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 80 cents.

Father Phelan has written a clear and interesting volume on the four marks of the Church and the Infallibility of the Pope. It is an excellent book to give to a non-Catholic who is studying the Church's claims, for it is entirely free from controversial bitterness.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AS A CRITIC. By Joseph J. Reilly. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

In this analytical study, Dr. Reilly assails what he calls "the Lowell tradition." He unhesitatingly admits Lowell's position as the greatest of American men of letters, but contends that the eminence is not his by right of his qualities as a critic. "To assign him such a rank is to do him the injustice of over-estimation." That Lowell was provincial to an extent that impaired his perceptive powers; that he was essentially an impressionist; that his judgment was based on feeling, not thought; that he was temperamentally incapable of setting aside his personal preferences and referring to ultimate principles the matter under consideration, and that the deference paid to his dicta is because of their great quotability; these may be stated as the author's main points. The attitude is discriminative, not depreciatory. When his judgment coincides with Lowell's, Dr. Reilly calls upon us to share his enthusiasm for some bit of brilliant penetration or beauty of expression.

Presumably, the book is for students. It is written concisely, introducing nothing superfluous; but the author's mastery of his subject is apparent on every page, and in what is incidentally said concerning the science of criticism, there is so much illumination that a live interest is provided for all readers who value genuine criticism and desire its perpetuation.

A RUSSIAN COMEDY OF ERRORS. By George Kennan. New York: The Century Co. \$1.25 net.

In ten stirring chapters, George Kennan pictures for us the revolutionary movement in Russia, the injustice of its law courts, the barbarity of its prisons, and the persecuting spirit of the Russian clergy. The book takes its name from the first sketch in the volume, which describes the troubles of an American drummer with the Russian police. As he says in his telegram home to Indianapolis: "They jail a man in Russia if he mentions soap, if he sells fuel-cartridges or if his name is Gordon."

HILLSBORO PEOPLE. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

The stories of Vermont life which form the content of this volume are not of the highest grade of literary merit nor originality. The author has struck no new note in either character or environment, nor, with the exception of *In Memory of H. L. W.*, are the

stories in themselves such as linger in the mind. They are, however, sufficiently well written, with an easy, sympathetic touch, and as a whole the book is agreeable reading.

The *Occasional Vermont Verses*, by Sarah N. Cleghorn, neither give nor gain benefit from being interspersed. One or two of them are rather pretty. The average of ability displayed is about that of the prose with which they are in juxtaposition.

THE WOLF HUNTERS. By George B. Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The Wolf Hunters, a tale of the buffalo plains in the winter of 1862, is founded on the manuscript account of Robert Morris Peck of the First United States Cavalry. It was the custom in early days for parties of three or four men to camp on the plains of the far west and spend the winter "wolfing." They would kill a number of buffalo, and then poison the carcasses with strychnine. The wolves that fed on these carcasses died near them, and their pelts were taken to camp to be stretched and dried. The story tells in stirring fashion of the adventures of three ex-soldier trappers with the Jayhawkers of Kansas and the hostile Kiowa Indians.

BIBLICAL LIBRARIES. By E. C. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton University. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$1.25.

This volume gives us a brief sketch of the history of libraries from 3400 B. C. to A. D. 150. After a preliminary chapter on what really constitutes a library, the writer gives an excellent account of libraries in the Babylonian period, the patriarchal period, the Egyptian period, in the times of the Judges, of Saul and the Kings prior to the Captivity, in the Persian and Greek periods, etc. Roman libraries and buildings in apostolic and post-apostolic times conclude the volume. His closing chapter on the Bible itself is most inaccurate, and would not convince any logical thinker, who questioned the "superhuman authorship and authority of the Word of God."

THE WILL TO LIVE. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Pitts Duffield. New York: Duffield & Co. 75 cents net.

The Will to Live is another link in the chain of novels which Henry Bordeaux has forged to defend the home and the Christian family from the evils of divorce, race suicide, adultery, and the

like. The hero, Maurice Roquevillard, is won back to his home from the bonds of an adulterous union by the love and devotion of his family and kinsfolk.

THE DREAM OF SCIPIO. *De Re Publica*, VI., 9-29. By Marcus Tullius Cicero. Edited, with an introduction, notes and an English translation by James A. Kleist, S.J. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. 50 cents.

Cicero wrote the six books of his *De Re Publica* in 54 B. C. when he was at the height of his political glory. This treatise was lost for many centuries, until Cardinal Angelo Mai, in 1820, discovered about one-third of it in a palimpsest which contained St. Augustine's commentary on the Psalms. *The Dream of Scipio* was not found in this manuscript, but has come down to us through the commentary of Macrobius, a Roman antiquarian of the fifth century.

Father Kleist has edited this interesting treatise as a practical illustration of the theory of Latin style. His translation is well done, and the many scholarly footnotes referring to grammatical rules, special Latin idioms, and historical facts will prove most useful to the student.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF JOHN AYSCOUGH. Chosen and Edited by Scannell O'Neill. The Angelus Series. New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents.

The compiler has given us, in compact form, gleanings from the writings of Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew. The terse, epigrammatic, incisive style of the writer makes these selections, which are judiciously and widely chosen from his various works and published articles, particularly readable.

THE CURSE OF ADAM. By Rev. P. M. Northcote, Ph.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

This volume is a clear and popular exposition of the doctrine of the fall of man in Adam and his restoration in Christ, which, as Father Northcote tells us, "constitutes the very backbone of the Christian religion." The Abbé Vonier, O.S.B., in his preface declares this volume most opportune, for in our day "great efforts are being made to solve the problems of the Fall in a merely natural, a merely physiological way. Let anyone read the reports of certain up-to-date scientific writers, chiefly on the subject of eugenics, and

the fact will become clear that nothing will save our society from falling back into the intellectual immodesties of pagan times except the old Christian doctrine of our fall in Adam and our raising up in Christ."

THE LAST OF THE VESTALS AND OTHER DRAMAS. \$1.80.

MARY MAGDALEN AND OTHER DRAMAS. By S. M. A. of St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, Manitoba. \$1.50.

One of the sisters at St. Mary's Academy in Winnipeg, Manitoba, has written a dozen plays for school children. They are admirably adapted for the purpose of pleasing a commencement day audience.

VISITS TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. By the author of *May Devotions for Children*. New York: J. F. Tapley Co. 25 cents net.

This simple little volume is intended for the use of little children in their devotions to the Sacred Heart during the month of June, or on their retreats in preparation for First Holy Communion. It is well written, devout and practical.

THE STORY OF ST. DOMINIC. By Marie St. S. Ellerker. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents net.

This simple life of St. Dominic was written, as the author tells us, for little people. It brings out clearly the chief events in the Saint's life, and from them teaches children loyalty to the Faith, zeal for souls, love of the Virgin Mary, and the spirit of prayer.

THE University of Wisconsin has published *Public Recreation*, by R. H. Edwards, a scholarly volume which discusses thoroughly the problem of popular amusements in the United States to-day. Price, \$1.00 net.

A NEW volume of verse by Mr. Thomas Walsh is to be published in September by The Macmillan Co. It is the first collection of his poems to appear since the publication, five years ago, of *Prison Ships and Other Poems*, and this fact, no less than the excellent quality of Mr. Walsh's verse, will undoubtedly insure the success of the forthcoming volume.

IN pamphlet and book form Rev. Joseph McDonnell, S.J., gives an explanation of the "Nine Offices" of the Sacred Heart, under the title of *The Service of the Sacred Heart*. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents net.) The custom of distributing these nine offices, or services, among clients zealous for the interests of the Sacred Heart, dates from the time of Blessed Margaret Mary, who established this salutary practice at her convent of Paray. In addition to a general description of the practice, there is a clear explanation of the offices, with accompanying meditations and prayers.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

IN view of the very great interest at the present time in the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has published a score of pamphlets which afford the public accurate information about the status of these international agreements, and the extent to which the Powers now at war are bound by their provisions.

The America Press sends us three issues of the *Catholic Mind*, viz., *Was Shakespeare a Catholic?* Dante's Six Hundred and Fiftieth Birthday, by Dr. Walsh, and *The Church and the Mexican Revolution*, by Dr. Kelly. 5 cents each.

From the Australian Catholic Truth Society we have the following pamphlets: *The Priest on the Battlefield*, by Father Lockington; *The Mass*, by Father Devine, and *Church Music in New Zealand*, by M. C. Callan. 5 cents each.

The Lithuanian Information Bureau of Paris has just issued two English pamphlets by J. Gabrys: *A Sketch of the Lithuanian Nation* and *Lithuania and the Autonomy of Poland*.

The Government Printing Office of Washington has published *The Report of the Bureau of Education on Work Among the Natives of Alaska*; *The Report of Commissioner Davies of the Department of Commerce on the Lumber Industry in the United States*; and two volumes by the Smithsonian Institution: Cyrus Byington's *Dictionary of the Choctaw Language*, and the *Ethnozoölogy of the Tewa Indians of New Mexico*, by J. Henderson and J. P. Harrington.

The Children (Rev. Director Holy Childhood Association, Pittsburgh, Pa.) describes the work of the Association of the Holy Childhood in reclaiming to Christ hundreds of thousands of unbaptized little ones in the mission field, and appeals to those who have the care of children to stimulate the interest of "Christ's little ones" in this field so especially suited to their zeal.

From the office of the *Irish Messenger* we have received two pamphlets on special aspects of the war in France. The Countess de Courson, in *The Young Men of France and the War*, relates a number of authentic anecdotes regarding the "supernatural heroism" of young Frenchmen at the front. These personal records form an impressive testimony to the religious awakening in France. *A Hero of the War*, by the same writer, adapted from the French of Père Suau, S.J., is a brief biography of Father Gilbert de Gironde, S.J., who died on the field, December 7, 1914.

"Miriam Agatha," in *Mates* (Melbourne: Australian Catholic Truth Society) tells a tale of thirst and wandering in the Australian wilderness, and the finding of the "living water."

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

La Question Religieuse en France Pendant la Guerre de 1914, by Vte. Maurice de Lestrangé. Volume I., 80 centimes; Volume II., 1 fr. (Paris: P. Lethielleux.) These two volumes contain a number of documents issued by the French Government and the French bishops, together with many extracts from French newspapers and periodicals, which set forth clearly the status of public opinion in France from August to December, 1914, with regard to the Catholic Church. The compiler wishes to warn his readers against the optimistic view that the French anti-clericals will cease persecuting the Church once the war is over.

Consignes de Guerre, by Monsignor Tissier, Bishop of Chalons. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 frs. 50.) Bishop Tissier has published thirty patriotic sermons and conferences preached in his cathedral before and during the Great War.

Catéchisme de la Vie Religieuse, by Monsignor Lelong. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1 fr.) This little manual of the late Bishop Lelong of Nevers treats, in a clear and simple manner, of vocation, the religious life, the vows, the chief virtues of a religious, and the like. It is written primarily for the novices of religious orders of women.

France et Belgique—Études Littéraires, by Eugène Gilbert. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 3 frs. 50.) Eugène Gilbert, the well-known Belgian literary critic, has written nearly forty essays on contemporary Belgian and French novelists, essayists and poets. Among the Belgians he mentions Georges Virrès, Georges Rencey, Louis Delattre, Firmin Van den Bosch, Pierre Nothomb, and Adophe Hardy; and among the French, Paul Bourget, Jean Nesmy, Maurice Barrès, Réne Bazin, Henri Bordeaux, Jules Lemaitre, Victor Giraud, Madame Felix-Faure-Goyau, Léon Bocquet, and Louis Le Cardonnel.

Venise.—La Ville des Doges, by Rafael E. Urmeneta. Two volumes. Translated from the Spanish by Madame Jean Carrière. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.) These two volumes will give the average reader a good idea of the history of Venice, and a scholarly estimate of its painting, sculpture and architecture. The author acknowledges his debt to Molmenti's *History of Venice* and to Venturi's *History of Italian Art*.

Exposition de la Morale Catholique.—L'Espérance, by the Abbé M. A. Janvier, O.P. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 4 frs.), is the Abbé's Lenten course delivered at Nôtre Dame in 1913 treating of the virtue of Hope.

L'Énigme Allemande, by Georges Bourdon. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 3 frs. 50.) Georges Bourdon wrote most of the present volume for the Paris *Figaro* a year or so ago. He tells us that he did his utmost to give a fair and impartial picture of modern Germany.

Foreign Periodicals.

Statistics and a Moral. By Vincent McNabb, O.P. The Catholic population of England and Wales is 1,891,006, while the total population is 36,000,000, making one out of every eighteen a Catholic. On the other hand, in the United States, one in every six is a Catholic, there being 16,309,310 Catholics to 98,000,000 total population. These figures are from the official *Catholic Directory* of England and Wales, and from an analysis of the United States official *Catholic Directory*, printed in *The Lamp* of last April. The contrast now becomes favorable to England and Wales. They have about 4,000 priests, one to every 500 souls; the United States has about 19,000 priests, one to every 800 souls. They have 1,879 churches, one for every 1,000 people; we have 14,961 churches with the same average. The archdiocese of New York alone has a Catholic population of 2,885,824, or half as much again as the total Catholic population of England and Wales, yet the latter have more priests, more churches, more Catholic schools, more Catholic children in the Catholic schools (in England and Wales, one in five; in New York, one in ten).

"It is quite probable that the 'little flock in England and Wales' is one of the most highly organized Catholic bodies in the Catholic Church," yet "it is probable that we have not *one quarter* of the organizations and laborers necessary for the conversion of the country. . . . Workers must be multiplied and their powers increased fourfold, or the conversion of the country will be but an idle dream of 'men who die.' "—*The Tablet*, June 5.

Father Maturin. By Wilfrid Ward. The external events of Father Maturin's life were not of great importance, except as affording occasions for his real life work, his constant personal influence. He was the son of a well-known High Church clergyman in Ireland. He worked in England and America as a Cowley Father; he did much mission work for eighteen years as a Catholic priest. During all this time he used to the utmost his influence as a writer, a preacher of sermons and spiritual retreats, and a director of souls. In his last years he was chaplain to the Oxford Catholic undergraduates. Great missionary zeal, spiritual genius, and penetrating

psychological insight were the gifts which enabled Father Maturin to lead many to a Christian life and often to high spirituality. In private life he was a charming companion, full of sympathy and frank simplicity. He met his death in the sinking of the *Lusitania*, May 7, 1915.—*The Dublin Review*, July.

Anglicanism, Past and Present. By James Britten. *The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century*, by the late Paul Thureau-Dangin, covers the period from the beginning of the Oxford Movement to the death of Cardinal Manning, in 1892. The present attitude of the "Catholic" party differs as widely from the earlier Anglicanism as the latter did from the Protestantism which preceded it. A full belief in the Real Presence, indistinguishable to the ordinary mind from Transubstantiation, has steadily gained ground; the cultus of Our Lady and the honor and invocation of Saints have made notable advances. A more recent development is the use of prayers for the dead. Various societies in the English Church have taken up one or the other of these distinctly Catholic practices. The difficulties of corporate reunion are, nevertheless, as great as ever. The influence of the Low Church party has steadily diminished; on the other hand, the Broad Church, in its new "modernist" aspect, has attained increasing strength.—*The Dublin Review*, July.

The Criterion of Catholic Philosophy, by A. J. Rahilly, shows the precise connection between Catholic philosophy and Catholic Faith. From the earliest period of Christianity there has been slowly evolved a distinctive Catholic philosophy. It was never identified with theology; it is a complete rational system, full of power and progressiveness, reaching into every department of life. Scholasticism has its roots deep in Christianity and in patristic thought; it is still living and vigorous to-day; it is the systematic development of the philosophical presuppositions and implications of Christianity. Christian theology being a revelation *ab extra*, is not an elaboration of human reason. It furnishes a touchstone, whereby we can test the falsity, but not the truth, of any philosophical system; it is a negative norm, in the sense that it supplies data which no true philosophy can contradict. Christianity permeates all thought and life; one cannot segregate a portion of philosophy and say that it has no connection with it.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, July.

St. Vincent Ferrer, Preacher of the Judgment. By Wilfrid Lescher, O.P. St. Vincent's sermons bore the full burden of the *Dies Iræ*, and might almost be called a paraphrase of that great hymn. No preacher in his day preached with such remarkable success, yet he spoke in the words of Scripture, and it does not appear that he went beyond them. St. Vincent called himself the angel of the Apocalypse, probably figuratively. It does not appear that he predicted the Judgment; he spoke of it as present, as do the Scriptures.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, August.

Inductive Determinism and the Miraculous. By Joseph de Tonquédec. Determinism is the affirmation of a necessary connection between the phenomena of the world. The advocates of inductive determinism, like Hume and Mill, allege a uniform experience against miracles. To-day, for many savants, induction is nothing but a provisional manner of grouping facts; it is founded on ordinary experience: "I never saw a miracle; no one that I know ever saw one; therefore no one ever saw one."

Ignorance of natural causes and the creative power of the imagination are presented as a sufficient general explanation of the belief in the marvelous. Induction looked at negatively eliminates certain phenomena from possible causes: an oak never grows from corn. Induction of this character (when applied to miracles) excludes the influence of certain antecedents on certain results. Inductive science is radically inefficacious to demonstrate the non-existence of the miraculous; for induction is occupied with facts as they ordinarily occur, with the rule; it does not deal with the question of possibility or impossibility.—*Études*, June.

The Month (July): In *The Doctrine of the Great Hour*, Rev. Thomas G. Gerrard uses Mr. Chesterton's phrase to express one of the chief elements in the philosophy of Browning. Browning evidently felt his elopement with Elizabeth Barrett to be his own "great hour;" that this act was moral because successful. This false philosophy is widespread to-day. No amount of success can make bad good. It is not success which justifies an exceptional illegal act; it is a well-known principle known as *epikeia*, which enables a man to interpret the mind of the legislator. The success of the action is a mere sign or symptom that he has understood the situation.—E. M. Walker gives an account of one of the foremost literary men of his day in France, Charles Péguy, who

was killed last September in the Battle of the Marne. He was of peasant stock; as he grew up the religion of his childhood fell from him. He started his career as a Socialist and Anti-Militarist. But his love of humanity and his whole-hearted reverence for the Saints led him back to God. He had great devotion for Joan of Arc, and in 1910 appeared his *Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc*. For the writing of this remarkable work, Péguy prepared himself for years. Besides this he has left a considerable mass of prose and verse.—The recent publication of a revised *Ordo administrandi Sacramenta*, gives occasion to Father Thurston for a most interesting article, entitled *English Ritualia, Old and New*, on some of the changes that have taken place in the manner of administering the Sacraments since pre-Reformation times.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (July): In *Pessimism or Supernaturalism*, John Ashton, S.J., shows the wide spread of pessimism during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, as the outcome of naturalistic philosophy. Naturalists often use the word "spiritual" to signify the "moral," or to include, implicitly, the "supernatural." There is no objection to this last use, provided it be clearly recognized that the sanctions of the supernatural can only come through revelation. "Spiritual" is sometimes understood, in a confused sort of way, to include the religious. Religion is a higher order than morality, morality is a necessary foundation on which the supernatural structure, reaching up to communion with God, may be raised, through the descent of the Divine, to the level of man. Both angels and men were created in the supernatural state, which forbids us to ascribe all the anomalies of the naturalistic hypothesis to the original designs of God.—Rev. J. B. O'Connell, Ph.D., discusses *The Beginnings of Philosophy*. The meaning of the word philosophy has varied in different ages; taking the Aristotelian use of the term as the standard, viz., the independent work of reason arranging knowledge in a methodical manner by means of the ultimate causes of things, it seems undoubtedly true that we must seek the origin of philosophy in the Greek thought of the sixth century B. C. in Ionia.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (June): Rev. T. E. Flynn contributes a valuable summary of recent discoveries on *The Psychology and Physiology of Attention*, showing their practical value for teachers and preachers.—C. Reddin pleads for the study of

mental science as an aid to mental hygiene.—Rev. William A. Sutton, S.J., comments on suffering and sin in *Glimpses of God's Ways and Thoughts*.

(July): Rev. David Barry treats of *Affinity*, the relationship that exists between either partner of a marriage and the blood-relatives of the other, and which within certain limits forms a diriment impediment to matrimony. First, because the intimate and sacred union of husband and wife incorporates each into the family of the other; second, as a restraint upon the relations of one partner with the relatives of the other. The regulations for dispensing the impediment differ according to the nature of the case.

Études (July 5-20): For some years past, the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius have been the subject of attack in various French periodicals. The basis of these attacks was the fact that the Founder of the Society of Jesus did not take into his Institute the choir custom of reciting the Canonical Hours as was customary in the older Orders of the Church, thereby setting aside the social method in favor of an individualistic method of recitation. Paul Aucler reviews the salient points of a reply of these attacks published by Rev. Alexander Brou, entitled *The Spirituality of St. Ignatius*, in which the author shows that St. Ignatius had the full sanction of the Church in his change of method for the recitation of the Canonical Hours, by which nothing has been lost, and something gained.

Revue du Clergé Français (June): H. Lesêtre prints an essay, hitherto unknown, on *The Mystery of the Redemption*, by M. Faillon, of St. Sulpice.—J. Bricourt writes on *Belgian Catholics and Liberty of Teaching*.

(July): *A Travers la Littérature Italienne* is the first of two studies which M. Bricourt proposes to publish in honor of the public declaration of war by Italy, and the consequent fraternal sympathy which thus unites the two nations. The second will be *Autour du "Risorgimento" Italien*. In this first article, M. Bricourt has drawn largely on M. Hauvette's work, *La Littérature Italienne*, for his facts, and for his appreciation of the Italian authors which he here considers: namely, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Ariosto, Galileo, Metastase, Goldini, Parini, the priest whose liberal sympathies led him astray, and Alfieri; Monti and Foscolo, poets who sang during the Napoleonic wars of Italy's hopes and sorrows; Silvio Pellico and Manzoni, and, lastly, d'Annunzio and Carducci.

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.

Progress of the War. The relative positions of the opposing lines in France, Alsace and Belgium have undergone but little change. The war of "attrition" is still going on. The trenches on each side are fortified by every conceivable entanglement, and defended by all the appliances that modern science provides, so that they have become almost impregnable.

After failing three times, and almost a year after the date appointed in her time-table, Germany has at last taken Warsaw. It would be foolish to attempt to belittle the importance of this event. Warsaw is the third city of the Russian Empire, with a population of nearly a million, the western converging point of the Russian railway systems, with great bridges over the Vistula. Its loss has postponed indefinitely all prospect of a renewal of a Russian offensive. But as the Russian armies have withdrawn substantially intact, the reverse is still far from being a decisive defeat. The determination of Russia to continue the war is not in the least affected; while the resistance she has offered to the German armies has given time to France and Great Britain to secure the supply of munitions which was necessary for them.

Little progress has been made in the Dardanelles. It, too, has become the scene of trench warfare, in which the defenders are placed in the most advantageous of positions, and are superior in numbers to the forces ranged against them. Italy is making slow but sure progress in her attack upon Austria, and is holding Austrian forces along a line of some four hundred miles. This is in itself a conspicuous service to the cause of the Allies. Great Britain has had some slight success in the region of the Persian Gulf, while the attack upon Aden has opened a new scene of warfare. No further attempt has been made upon Egypt. In East Africa things remain *in statu quo*, while in Cameroon the united forces of France and

England are making progress. The campaign in German South-west Africa has come to a successful end, and the conquered territory is now being administered by the Union Government of South Africa. The submarine warfare on Great Britain is beginning to cause a little uneasiness, but the fact that the import of food supplies has increased when compared with the corresponding period of last year by 182,700 tons, shows how impotent have been the efforts of Germany to starve the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland.

Great Britain. At the beginning of the war the watchword was "business as usual:" after twelve months this has been changed into "nothing as usual." The change is due to the determination of the people to leave nothing undone, and to make every sacrifice which may be necessary to carry the war to a successful issue. Complete agreement, however, does not exist as to what measures may be necessary in order to achieve this result. The point on which divergence is the greatest, is the question of conscription, or, as its advocates prefer to call it, national service. By means of voluntary enlistment there has been raised an army of some three millions—the exact number has not been disclosed. This is an achievement unparalleled in history, and hence the defenders of the voluntary system, and the opponents of compulsion, argue that it would be unwise to adopt a system which is the characteristic mark of that Prussian militarism, the suppression of which is one of the chief objects of the war. To bring into Great Britain the very thing which is most hateful in their opponents would, in reality, be suffering a moral defeat for the sake of an apparent victory, and would involve so great a change in national habits as to render even a successful outcome of the war a permanent disaster. For some years the late Lord Roberts was the promoter of a modified form of universal service, to which many of the Liberal leaders offered a strenuous opposition. It is hard for them even now to acknowledge their mistake. In the eyes of some of the working classes, and this class now forms the dominant section of the population, anything like compulsory service is regarded as slavery, and to the attempt to impose it forceful resistance is threatened.

The movement in favor of some form of national service is, however, gaining ground. Of its supporters some are in favor of its being adopted at once; while others are waiting to see

whether it may not be possible to win on the voluntary system. Should success be jeopardized, conscription would be adopted. Even such Radicals as Mr. Lloyd George are ready to take this course. The Cabinet is supposed to be divided. It would seem to be more prudent not to run any hazards in such an all important matter. The arguments for taking the step seem far weightier than those offered in opposition. In addition to the one just referred to—the folly of running any risks—the injustice of the voluntary system is made evident to anyone who gives careful consideration to the subject. The men who volunteer are the choicest and the best of the population.

One of the reasons of the shortage of munitions is that so many skilled artisans have enlisted and gone to the front—a thing which has crippled the manufacturers. An undue proportion of married men—no less, indeed, than eight hundred and fifty thousand—have entered the army, leaving behind a large number of dependents who have to be provided for, a thing which has been done on a most generous scale, but which has added immensely to the expense of the war. In fact, the expense of the voluntary system is one of the strongest objections which is offered to it. The payment of a voluntary army has to be on a far more generous scale than that which is given to the nation in arms. Germany is not paying half as much as Great Britain for the vast numbers she has in arms, and in France even less is being given. To many, too, it seems intolerably unjust that the slackers should be left at home to enjoy themselves, while the energetic and active members of the community are shedding their blood for their advantage.

Then again there are many who shrink from the responsibility of voluntarily offering themselves, but who would readily obey a universally imposed obligation. There is, in fact, good reason to believe that there would be very few who would not gladly respond, the attitude of the largest number of those who have not volunteered being that they are only “waiting to be fetched.” Moreover, it is a great mistake to give to national service, or to use the plain term conscription, the epithet of Prussian. The Prussian military system is a thing *sui generis*, altogether different in spirit and character from conscription as it exists in such democratic countries as Switzerland and France. Nor is compulsion unknown in Great Britain, where education, the payment of old-age pensions and sick relief, to mention only a few instances, are compulsory. Considerations such as these render it probable that

some form of compulsory national service, and that not merely military, but industrial, may be introduced.

The Registration Bill which has now become law will facilitate such an adoption, for it imposes, under serious penalties, upon every inhabitant of Great Britain, whether man or woman, between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five, the obligation of replying to several questions, among which are included whether the work on which he is employed is work for any Government department, or otherwise serving war purposes; and whether he is skilled in and able and willing to perform any work other than the work (if any) at which he is at the time employed, and, if so, the nature thereof. Although these questions have for their primary object the organization of the industrial resources of the nation in support of the war, yet the information given by the answers will be available for conscription, and will render it more easy to carry it into effect, in the event of the Government deciding to adopt that course. This has been openly avowed by members of the Cabinet. It would, however, be necessary to obtain the consent of Parliament by a further act.

The Munitions Act is another extension of Governmental authority overruling the freedom usually enjoyed by British citizens. It gives to the Minister of Munitions the power to take control over such manufacturing establishments as it may deem necessary for producing munitions for carrying on the war. In the establishments so taken over those trade union practices and rules tending to restrict production or employment which have been so keenly fought for and defended by the working classes, have been put an end to for the period of the war; on the other hand, the net profits of the employers are restricted to a certain amount, any excess over that amount being paid into the Exchequer. Regulations are made for the stabilization of wages: no change can take place without a reference to the Minister of Munitions. A voluntary body of munition workers is enrolled under the provisions of the act and with the coöperation of the trade union leaders, with a view to working in controlled establishments if required. For all trades having to do with the requirements of the war, the Act, either directly or by a proclamation which it authorizes, renders strikes and lockouts unlawful until the case has been referred to the Board of Trade. In fact, compulsory arbitration is enacted. It was this provision of the act that the South Wales miners set at defiance, and it must be admitted with success. For how can a law be

enforced when two hundred thousand men are bent on violating it? It was to the eloquent entreaties of Mr. Lloyd George, combined with certain concessions on the part of the mine owners, rather than out of respect or submission to the law, that the miners yielded and resumed their tasks. The conduct of the South Wales miners affords an extreme instance of the spirit by which the British workmen are animated at the present time. They are, or may be, willing to offer service voluntarily, but any attempt at compulsion they will not brook. In this way they offer a complete contrast to the working classes both of Germany and even of France.

Another instance of the impossibility of governing in advance of public opinion, is afforded by the attempt made by the Government to regulate the sale of liquor. Mr. Lloyd George suggested a measure which he looked upon as necessary to cope with the evils caused by excessive drinking—Prohibition, in fact, for the entire nation. The opposition was, however, so strong that he had to be satisfied with the imposition of some additional duties, and with being given the power to control the liquor traffic in certain districts, which had to be specified by proclamation. Such districts are military camps, transport and munition areas.

The most striking instance of the power which the judgment of the people possesses is the formation of the present Coalition Cabinet. The exact circumstances which led to the change are not known. Whether it was due, as he himself asserts, to Mr. Asquith's spontaneous feeling that the nation required a ministry representative of all its sections, or to the revelations of the *Times* correspondent about the shortage of shells, or to the conflict between Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill, the *causa causans* of the change was the conviction which had become widespread that the resources of the country were not being organized in a way adequate for the calls the war was making upon them. The voluntary suppression of criticism since the beginning of the war, both inside and outside of Parliament, could not prevent the formation of this conviction, perhaps even gave it the strength and volume which on a fitting opportunity found means of expression. It need not be said that the change was not caused by any hesitation or lack of determination on the part of the nation about the prosecution of the war to a successful issue. On the contrary, it was due to the doubt whether the Government was showing itself a fitting instrument for the accomplishment of this end. The life of the present Government depends upon its proving itself capable in this respect; and it will

meet with more outspoken criticism than did its predecessor. The late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when asked what England should do in the event of its being engaged in a great Continental war, replied: "Appoint a dictator." This is not a practical question at the present time, but if the choice should have to be made between taking this course and risking defeat, the choice would—such is the spirit of the nation—be in favor of a temporary dictatorship. There may be an apparent contradiction between this statement and the conduct of the South Wales miners, to which reference has been made, but the contradiction is only apparent. The love of freedom is the principle on which these miners acted, and the love of freedom from the power of Germany, which would be the consequence of her victory, would bind the miners with every other class in the kingdom to submit to a home dictatorship in order to secure freedom from such a foreign domination.

Never in England's history has there existed such a perfect union among all parties and persons in support of a war as there exists in the present case. A large party was organized against the wars with Napoleon, and actively opposed them. The same is true of the recent Boer War, of which Mr. Lloyd George was one among many prominent opponents. There are now, of course, as at all times, the sort of men who are always in opposition. Moreover, there are not a few idealists who, however, are not so much opposed to the war as they are in favor of premature terms of peace. Among these is Mr. E. D. Morel, who made such a successful fight against King Leopold's treatment of the natives in Belgian Congo. He, with a few others, including Mr. Norman Angell and some fifty members of Parliament, and it is said a quarter of a million supporters, have formed an association called the Union of Democratic Control. This Union disclaims the desire to make peace at any price, but thinks British diplomacy has been at fault in the past, and advocates radical changes in its methods for the future. Its programme is the embodiment of the conditions necessary to secure permanent peace. Everything in the way of secrecy in negotiations between the nations it condemns. Of every step taken in Parliament, and through it, the people ought to be fully informed, and to it ought to be given the right of decision, the chief groups of Socialists hold with the rest of the nation. There is, however, an insignificant minority of Socialists going by the name of the Independent Labor Party, that takes a line of its own which it is hard to define. It seems to be neither for nor against the war.

With these exceptions, if exceptions they may be called, absolute union exists, and a firm determination to put out the last ounce of strength, to send the last man, and to spend the last penny, in what is looked upon as a life and death struggle.

No notable success in the actual conflict in Europe can be chronicled, unless it is to be reckoned as a success that the Germans have not been able to advance. When the shortage of munitions is borne in mind, this may be considered no small achievement. How great this shortage has been has not been revealed, but during the time which it lasted, it constituted a grave peril. Instances are reported where the guns were limited to five rounds a day. This has now been, or is, at least, on the point of being remedied, as a consequence of the organization of industry which has taken place under Mr. Lloyd George's administration.

A striking result of the war is the close union which has already been effected between the mother country and her colonies. They have all made her cause their own in a way which surpassed all anticipation. Of Canada, India, Australia and New Zealand it is needless to speak. But that the commander of the Boer forces in the recent war with Great Britain should have become the commander of the forces which have stripped Germany of her south-west African territories, was a thing hardly to be expected. The war has been the means of welding the Empire into a closer union than has ever yet existed. It is looked upon as certain that a change in the present constitutional arrangements will be made such as to give to the colonies a voice in the government of the Empire. As an omen of the approaching change, the Premier of Canada was invited during his recent visit to be present at a Cabinet meeting.

Perhaps the most conspicuous success is the raising, within a few weeks, of a loan larger by far than has ever yet been made. The enormous sum of three billions was subscribed out of what is called the home savings of the community: that is to say, without touching at all, or to a very small extent, the foreign investments, which amount to the stupendous sum of twenty billions, but for which at the present time no market can be found, except at a great sacrifice. Nor is this all. The face of the nation is resolutely set not only to submit to additional taxation, but also to the issue of further loans which, it is stated on high financial authority, may have to be made up to an amount of ten billions. In view of this condition of things, the habits of the nation are being changed; thrift and economy are being practised; the purchase of foreign

goods is being avoided, as far as possible, in order that the balance of trade which is now against the country may turn in its favor. "Nothing as usual" is now the watchword.

France. The fourteenth of July, the National Fête Day, was celebrated with impressive ceremonies, and gave an opportunity to demonstrate how complete is the unity which now exists between all parties. Royalists and Bonapartists, Republicans and Socialists took part in the procession on the occasion of the removal of the remains of Rouget de Lisle, the composer of the "Marseillaise," to the Invalides. The President, in his speech, reiterated the solemn determination of the French people never to sheathe the sword, which they had been forced to draw, "until the day when we have avenged our dead, when the common victory of the Allies shall allow us to rebuild our ruins, to make France whole again, and to protect herself effectively against the periodical renewal of provocation." A limping, panting peace would leave France in a condition of political, moral, and economic vassalage to her enemies. Such a proposal would be an insult to the national good sense and foresight. "The whole future of our race, its very existence, hangs upon the weighty minutes of this inexorable war. We have the will to win. We hold the certainty of victory, confident in our strength and in that of our Allies as in our right."

The President did no more than give expression to the spirit of the French people. Although hopes had been entertained of a great offensive which by this time would have driven the invaders out of French territory, the lack of munitions has frustrated this effort. Hence the people have now accepted the prospect of another winter campaign, and their spirit has been improved by the ordeal through which France has passed. Although they realize to the full the strength of Germany, and highly value the help of their Allies, confidence in their own strength has become greater and greater as the months have passed. The poor have suffered little from the war; it is upon what is called the lower-middle class that the greater burdens have been cast. The economical habits which are characteristic of the French people render it easy for them to curtail expenses. The conduct of the enemy has added a new stimulus, and has bound together those who were hitherto most bitter enemies into what is called a "sacred union," by which is expressed the conviction of the holiness of their cause. The chronic

suspicion of each other's intentions which used to be entertained by political parties has disappeared, and this has given a solidity to French political life which would have been thought impossible a year ago. Cheerfulness has become the chief characteristic of the French soldier, that and a confidence in the ultimate result, together with patience and fortitude to endure to the end. "We shall last out just one day longer than the enemy."

The women of France are as wholehearted as the men, and in large numbers supply their places, not only on the farms, but in the factories. In the making of munitions, and in a thousand other ways, they free men to serve at the front. So great is their willingness to work in every class, high and low, rich and poor, that they have become one of the chief assets of the State. They form a driving force which sends men to the trenches in the rare cases where such a force is needed. While the cost of living is thirty per cent higher in France than it is in England, the genius for saving of the French woman has enabled her not only to manage to keep things going, but to maintain in most cases that secret of French thrift—the habit of saving even in times like the present.

The Cabinet which was formed at the beginning of the war remains substantially unchanged, not having had to undergo a re-formation like that of the British. There has, however, been a movement organized by several groups of members of the legislature to bring about a more complete control by Parliament than that which has existed since the beginning of the war. The rôle of Parliament has been somewhat effaced in favor of the direct action of the Ministers of War and Marine. Their administration has indeed been subjected to searching criticisms by Parliamentary committees, and even to a few open attacks in Parliament. M. Hervé, who is an extreme Radical, has found fault with one of the acts of the Minister of War as reactionary and as a humiliation of the Republican Party. Any crisis has been avoided by an agreement which has been made between the groups and the Government. This agreement is on moderate lines, and gives to Parliamentary committees the right to appoint delegates to visit the front from time to time in order to study specified questions. It does not, however, give these delegates the right to roam about within the zone of the armies for the purpose of conducting a general inquiry into every detail. All interference with purely military matters is to be carefully avoided.

The enemy naturally wishes to sow dissension between the

Allies. This has taken the form of trying to make France believe that Great Britain is not putting forth every possible effort, and even that so far she has been of no service to the common cause. The internal difficulties of Great Britain have given her a good opportunity. She has made use, too, of the secret agents which she still maintains in London and in Paris to promote those misunderstandings which are so apt to arise between both nations and individuals. These efforts have been successfully counteracted by mutual visits, and by publications describing the efforts and work of each. A week before the French National Fête Day, "France's Day," was celebrated in London, and the capital and many cities were decorated with the Tricolor. Mass was said in Westminster Cathedral in the presence of Cardinal Bourne. A Conference has been held between the Prime Ministers of France and Great Britain and the Ministers of War and of the Navy, together with the Generals Commanding-in-Chief. The result has been the very opposite of that which the enemy desired—a closer understanding and an increase of mutual confidence.

Germany.

There is not much to be said of Germany, except that her confidence in a victorious issue of the war is still maintained, and has been increased by the great victories over Russia. Boasting on this account is legitimate enough, but when it comes to prophecy, and prophecy with definite dates, it would be well to be more prudent. A writer of some prominence in Germany, Herr Maximilian Harden, has found it necessary to warn his fellow-countrymen against interpreting the military and political position merely according to their wishes. Nothing, the Duke of Wellington used to say, is so uncertain as the result of a battle.

The harvest for 1915 has been secured, and is said to be moderately good; hence no increase of *maximum* prices will be made by the Government. Germans are learning every day more and more plainly that nowadays the individual, with all that he has and all that he can do, belongs to the State; coal has now been put under strict regulations, as well as cotton. Some little doubt is allowable as to the genuine character of German confidence in victory from the fact of the rumors of peace which are being circulated. These undoubtedly do not come from any one of the Allies, the determination of all of whom is unflinching. The small group of English Socialists which goes by the name of the Inde-

pendent Labor Party, is making a great deal of the German Socialists' Manifesto in behalf of peace, and look upon it as representing the mind of no small number of the German people. Hatred of England seems to be toning down; at least it is said the "Hymn of Hate" is being suppressed. This country is now somewhat in disfavor in Germany. "Herr" Wilson's opinions command no respect, and his attitude is looked upon as irritating. So far the Government vouchsafes no reply.

At the time these notes are being written, **The Balkan States.** the attitude of all of these States is still ambiguous, although it would seem as if grave decisions were impending. Rumania has had the courage to refuse to allow munitions of war to pass through her territory on the way from Germany to Turkey, and for this she has been threatened with a loss of independence by the newspaper press of Germany.

A Convention has been made between Bulgaria and Turkey by which the Dedeagatch railway has been ceded to Bulgaria, as well as all the territory west of the Maritza. To the formal denial made by Bulgaria, that she has bound herself to be neutral, and not to permit the passage of contraband of war to Turkey, little credit is given. A tacit understanding at least is looked upon as having been arrived at by the two contracting States. Turkey is not likely to have made such large concessions without a *quid pro quo*.

In Greece there appears to be a conspiracy to defy the will of the majority. At the election held in June the supporters of the Ministry were defeated. This should have led, by constitutional usage, to the resignation of the Premier. He, however, availed himself of the legal right he possessed to remain in power until the meeting of the Assembly on the twentieth of July. On the eighteenth he procured a decree from the King proroguing the meeting until the sixteenth of August, on the plea of the illness of the King, thereby still further prolonging his term of office. This M. Venezelos declares to be a violation of the Constitution. The sympathy of M. Venezelos with the Entente Powers is well known, as well as that of the majority of the people, while the attitude of the Premier is very doubtful. What action the Parliament has taken will be known before these lines are in print. Whether the negotiations, going on at the time we are writing, for a Confederation of the Balkan States under the auspices of the Allies, will be successful is very doubtful.

With Our Readers.

THE Great War has celebrated its first anniversary! On every side we have evidence of how deep a furrow it has cut in the minds and hearts of men; even the onlookers are profoundly stirred. The foreign magazines are quite given over to articles treating the war from every aspect, and our own magazines teem with it. Even the stories are full of war incidents. It is war, war, war with no end in sight. Those who venture a prognosis, find their greatest hope in the slight modifications of the demands on either side, a faintest possible *rapprochement* in the point of view. It is still very slight and very faint in spite of the awful loss of life, reckoned now at a million and a half.

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IT would be interesting but interminable to comment on the many articles treating of the present and future effects of the war on religion. It would certainly prove a study of comparative religions. There is much talk of future unity, but the basis is very vague and intangible. One writer in *The Constructive Quarterly*, considering *Christianity After the War*, speaks of what "American Christianity" can and must do. But what is American Christianity? Christianity to be Christianity must not be national and limited. We confidently claim that in every sense of the word, it must be Catholic. To do the work of Christ it must dominate personalities and nationalities; it must unite all men in the membership of Christ, and this is not to say that it must not be patriotic. In the healing of the wounds of war, there will doubtless be much that American Christians may and must do, because as Americans aloof from the struggle they enjoy a better perspective, and as Christians they are one in sympathy and love with those who have fought and bled.

To a renewed sense of what it means to be a Christian, our Holy Father directs a passionate appeal for peace.

In the name of the Lord God, in the name of the Father and Lord in heaven, in the name of the blessed Blood of Jesus—the price of the redemption of humanity—we implore the belligerent nations, before Divine Providence, henceforth to end the horrible carnage, which for a year has been dishonoring Europe.

This is the blood of brothers that is being shed on land and sea. The most beautiful regions of Europe—this garden of the world—are sown with bodies and ruins. There, where recently fields and factories thrived, cannon now roar in a frightful manner, in a frenzy of demolitions, sparing neither cities nor villages, and spreading the ravages of death.

You who before God and men are charged with the grave responsibility

of peace and war, listen to Our prayer, listen to the fatherly voice of the Vicar of the eternal and supreme Judge to Whom you should give account of your public works as well as private actions.

The abundant riches which the creating God has given to your lands permit you to continue the contest. But at what a price? is the answer of thousands of young whose lives are lost each day on the battlefields, and of the ruins of so many cities and villages, so many monuments, due to the piety and genius of our forefathers.

The bitter tears which flow in the sanctity of homes and at the foot of altars, do they not also repeat that the price of the continuation of the contest is great, too great?

And it cannot be said that the immense conflict cannot be ended without violence of arms. May this craze for destruction be abandoned; nations do not perish. Humiliated and oppressed, they tremblingly carry the yoke imposed on them and prepare their revenge, transmitting from generation to generation a sorrowful heritage of hate and vengeance.

Why not now weigh with serene conscience the rights and just aspirations of the peoples? Why not start with good will, a direct or indirect exchange of views with the object of considering as far as possible these rights and aspirations, and thus put to an end the terrible combat, as has been the case previously under similar circumstances?

Blessed be he who first extends the olive branch and tenders his hand to the enemy in offering his reasonable conditions of peace.

The equilibrium of world progress and the security and tranquillity of nations repose on mutual well-being and respect of the right and dignity of others more than on the number of armies and a formidable zone of fortresses.

It is the cry of peace which issues from Our supreme soul this sad day, and which invites the true friends of peace in the world to extend their hands to hasten the end of a war which for a year has transformed Europe into an enormous battlefield.

May Jesus in His pity, may the Mother of Sorrows, by her intercession, end the terrible tempest and cause to arise a radiant dawn and the quietude of peace formed in His own divine image. May hymns of thanks to the Most High Author of all good things soon resound.

Let us hope for the reconciliation of the States; may the people once again become brothers and return to their peaceful labor in arts, learning, and industry; may once again the empire of justice be established; may the people decide henceforth to confine the solution of their differences no longer to the sword, but to courts of justice and equity, where the questions may be studied with necessary calm and thought.

This will be the most beautiful and glorious victory. In confidence that the tree of peace will soon allow the world to enjoy again its fruits which are so much to be desired, We bestow Our Apostolic benediction upon all those who are part of the mystic flock which is confided to our keeping, even also upon those who do not yet belong to the Roman Church. We pray the Holy Father to unite Himself to us by bonds of perfect charity.

IT is gratifying to note in the public press that, coupled with prayers for the success of the arms of Great Britain and her Allies, "a service of intercession for those killed in the war" was conducted by

the Anglican Bishop of London from the steps of St. Paul's, and that "intercession services" were held throughout the kingdom. In this hour of universal bereavement, the universal need of the human heart to reach out in charity to those whom they mourn has been recognized by a Protestant nation. Laying aside prejudice and protest, they have in deed acknowledged it "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sins" (2 Mach. xvii. 46). We welcome the fact, and all that it implies, for the extension of Catholic faith and practice.

IT is a fundamental tenet of religion that man was created to "know God in this world." Upon this depends the generation of love and service here and their fruition in eternal bliss. Now knowledge, whether inspired or acquired, postulates a teacher, and since the knowledge upon which rest right love and service is *of God*, so must the teacher be of divine appointment. Christ met this need when He said to Simon: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. xvi. 18); and again when He said to His Apostles: "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you" (John xiv. 26). That this promise of a divinely guaranteed teaching authority answers to an essential need of human nature, we have daily proof. Of himself man cannot rise above himself. Daily we have evidence of how far afield into the brambles of protest and denial men may be led by a false concept of God.

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TO such a false concept of God we must attribute the pathetically futile conclusions of Sir Francis Younghusband, in an article entitled *The War and Spiritual Experience*, in the July issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*. After summarizing the momentous period of history in which we are living with its innumerable examples of courage and self-sacrifice, with all its future potentiality for good or ill, he asks the question:

Are we or are we not being directed from above by some All-wise, Omnipotent, and Perfect Being Who knows all and sees all and can do all, and Who, being good, may be trusted to do for us what is best? In these critical times can our public men, our statesmen, our naval and military commanders rely for aid and guidance upon such a Being?

In the inconceivably intricate questions which present themselves continually to our statesmen, can they expect to be shown their way through? When many alternative courses open up, each with its advantages and disadvantages so evenly balanced, can the responsible leaders of a nation expect to be shown

the only right one? When a commander is on the eve of attacking or of being attacked, can he count upon being supported by an Omnipotent Being? These thousands and millions of men who are daily risking their lives must clearly be actuated by motives which they honestly believe are good; they are therefore deserving of the support of any Omnipotent Ruler Who is also good. Can they safely reckon upon the support of any such Being? Can individual men and women, can nations, can the human race safely depend, in this the greatest crisis of the human race, upon being protected from dangers, diverted from wrong courses, supported and guided on right courses, by One Who has the power and the will to lead man and men aright?

Upon an affirmative answer to this question depends, apparently, the writer's faith in a God external to creation. Apparently such a God must be, for him as for Bismarck, "an Omnipotent Autocrat," or not be at all. It is not surprising that a Bismarck should conceive of Omnipotence only as absolutism, but it is surprising that one evidently so generous and charitable as Sir Francis Younghusband, cannot conceive of the All-wise and the All-loving as creating man with capacity for Himself, providing him with the means of realizing that capacity, yet leaving him free to choose or reject God as His highest good; to take or to leave the means provided him; free to "work out his own salvation." Only such a conception of free-will is worthy of the Giver or the recipient. Would we have God give with one hand and take back with the other; to leave us free to do as we like but not free to take the consequences? We wonder if one so fully convinced of the moral responsibility and so earnest has never asked himself whether some intimate study of the purposes of the Divine Will, some personal correspondence with It, some willing subordination of lower aims to Its higher ends, might not be necessary before any man should dare to hope to be "protected from dangers, diverted from wrong courses, supported and guided on right courses by One Who has the power and the will to lead man and men aright?" Faith alone does not suffice: "Faith without works is dead" (James ii. 26); neither is prayer without its qualifications: "Not every one that saith to Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he who doth the will of My Father Who is in heaven" (Matt. vii. 21). A Teresa, a Catherine, a Francis and an Ignatius have been so attuned to the Divine Will as to hear with certainty the whisper of God's directing voice; simple and humble souls are not without their supernatural experiences; but the majority of us, for the most part, are left *seemingly* to walk alone; to decide for ourselves; to be in perplexity and to be constrained. Nevertheless, God's Holy Spirit does guide us if we trust Him more than we do ourselves; if we contend, and yet leave all in His Hands. We know that the triumphant cry of faith, in face of the heaviest odds, is "to them that love God, all things work together unto good" (Rom. viii. 28).

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND has scaled the Himalayas and penetrated the mysteries of Lhasa; he has plumbed the depths of introspection, but he has not yet pierced the heights and unveiled the mysteries of God; he has not sounded the abyss of the Incarnation of the Son of God. And so, because of a false concept of God, because he can say:

We were accustomed in our childhood to think of a Creator, Maker, and Ruler, a vague Personage residing remotely in the skies; to think of this earth as something solid and material and everlasting which was "made" by this distant Person, and upon which He now looks *down* as an aviator might from his machine; and to think of ourselves as having also been made and fashioned in some mysterious way by this Being and set upon this earth, and as being there governed and guided by Him,

he has been driven to reject a God external to creation and to rest his hope upon "the new conception of things" in which

this Creator, the earth, and we men all merge into one spiritual process. We find that we ourselves sprang from the earth, and in the course of millions of years have risen from its very bosom and from nowhere else. We discover that what was once a fiery mist has so developed to what we see around us to-day, with all its varied plant and animal life, and with us men and women as the crowning flower so far reached, because it has always borne within it, emanating from its individual component parts, in their mutual influence upon one another, a spring, a vital impulse, an impetus ever bursting upward; because it was so composed and constituted that it had by its very nature to go on reconstituting itself better, in much the same way as the pliable and plastic British Constitution is constantly remodeling itself from within through the activities of individual Englishmen in their mutual influence upon one another, and through their being animated with the spirit of England to which their mutual influence gives rise.

It is to be expected that "the pliable and plastic British Constitution" should be glorified by English writers, but one may venture to ask if Sir Francis Younghusband really means what his words imply—that the British Constitution is independent in its begetting and renewal of superior force outside of itself, that it is, in other words, increate? Even the most partisan of Englishmen would not go as far as this. The British Constitution depends for its birth and its continued life on the will and intelligence of individual Englishmen.

* * * *

MEN are urged to be "imbued with the Universal Spirit," yet, "in the very midst of the Spirit's onrush, they will have to realize that it is they, and they alone, who must make the choice from among all the alternative courses which moment after moment present themselves; that it is they, and they alone, who must fix the standard by which to gauge their actions, and set up far ahead of them the ideal toward which they will strive; and that it is they, and they alone, who must furnish the resolution, the steadfastness, and the endurance to persevere

along the way they choose." Man must "rely only on himself, for it is he, and he alone, that can create the future. So we gain the impression of a dayspring from within and not from on high. We have faith in the innate Goodness of Things, in ourselves, and in the future it lies with us to make." This is the pathetically futile conclusion.

* * * *

THE Jews, through wresting their notion of God's providence to fit their own materialistic ambitions, were led to deny the Christ. To-day men looking too closely to material values, refuse to heed the "voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths" (Luke iii. 4); they refuse obedience to the confession of Peter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God" (Matt. xvi. 16); they deny the Christ, "the Dayspring from on high," and denying Christ, they deny also the Fatherhood of God, for "no man cometh to the Father but by Me" (John xiv. 6). They are left without a guide to find their way out of the brambles as best they can.

A WRITER in *The Christian Observer* of July 21st states regretfully that while the Protestant Church membership furnishes the greater proportion of the men and means to carry on the world's philanthropies, very little prestige accrues therefrom to "the Church." To emphasize his point he calls attention to the methods of Catholics, (as he sees them):

The Roman Catholic Church, in some things wiser in its day and according to its lights than the Protestant fold, is not so prone to make this mistake. What benevolence it has to administer is at least given in the name of the Catholic Church. It gets full credit for all that it does in this way, and often more than full credit. Frequently the Roman Catholic Church draws liberally upon Protestant friends for financial and moral support, and takes the credit for the work she is thus enabled to extend all to herself. When she supports an orphan work it is a Roman Catholic orphan work, which is so administered as to contribute to the advancement of the Roman Catholic Church. When she gives to charitable objects, she sees to it that those objects are safely under the control of her priests or nuns. When her members connect themselves with a secret society, that Church sees to it that it is a Roman Catholic secret society, whose officers, policies, and members are all Roman Catholics, and every influence of which looks to the advancement of the Roman Catholic Church. Roman Catholics seldom or never give to outside, especially Protestant, philanthropies; they derive considerable support from non-Catholic sources. Is it altogether good policy for over-generous Protestants by their unwise giving to foster such an unfair condition of things? Particularly does this sort of thing seem unwise when we know that one of the stock pleas of Roman Catholicism, as opposed to Protestantism, is that the former is more liberal in its charities than the latter.

We would like to call attention to some of the points which he omits or fails to see. In the first place Catholic charity is based

not on humanitarianism, but on the love of God. Hence it is a religious act and quite naturally associated with the Church; it is part of her life. Catholic charity, however, does not confine itself to Catholics. Catholic institutions are open to every creed and race. Where they receive of the public moneys it is merely as a *quid pro quo* for the care of those who would otherwise be public charges. The few Protestants who contribute to Catholic charities do so because they approve of the works supported. A large proportion of the poorer classes in this country are Catholics. Fair-minded Protestants see the necessity and justice of helping to bear the burden of the poor, which is so largely a Catholic burden. Nor should it be forgotten that Catholics pay a school tax for the maintenance of schools where the majority of pupils are not Catholics, and at the same time support Catholic schools for the education of children entitled by the laws of the country to free education, thereby seriously curtailing the amount of Catholic funds for Church and charitable works. The amounts given by Protestants to Catholic charities in no way balances the sums saved the Protestant taxpayer in school buildings and equipment, were these children allowed to be educated at the public expense. In the reports of Catholic charities the names of all non-Catholic contributors, individuals or societies, are given due mention. The Catholic Church does forbid her children to belong to any secret society whose members are bound by oaths which might oblige them to anti-religious or immoral acts, but not *because* its officers, policies and members are not Catholics. After all a "plea," no matter by whom advanced, does not constitute a fact, and the test of greater or lesser charity is whether it is the gift of poverty or abundance. We are willing to be judged by the facts.

A GAIN the world stands aghast in the face of a terrible tragedy. The death list of the *Eastland* exceeds by several hundreds that of any former marine catastrophe. In a few seconds fifteen hundred people were precipitated out of life from a vessel still supposedly safe at her moorings. It is difficult to grasp the possibility of such a fact. Assuredly "someone had blundered." Indeed, as we read the life-story of the *Eastland*, of her repeated narrow escapes, we stand appalled at the culpable temerity that "hopes against hope," and continues to gamble in human life. The State and Federal authorities are determined to spare no effort to fix the blame. We would not wish to anticipate in their findings; to our mind the blame might be distributed over many years and among many people. The editor of *The Nation*, however, aptly calls attention "to one general fault which we know prevails in a lamentable degree in our country, and which unquestionably had a vital share in making the calamity to the

Eastland possible." We would like to call it to the attention of our readers.

The fault to which we have reference is the unwillingness to enforce strictly and unbendingly any general rule or principle, when such enforcement inflicts immediate pain or loss which it is disagreeable to contemplate, while the consequences of non-enforcement are remote and indefinite, and may seem in the particular instance to be improbable. This disposition is characteristic of our people, and is manifest in every direction. It was this unwillingness to cause pain or suffering to particular individuals that led a perfectly well-meaning professor to fail to do his duty as a citizen when he recognized in Holt the wife-murderer Muentert. It is this short-sighted good nature which causes the processes of criminal justice in this country to be so long-drawn-out and so uncertain, as to result in a record that no less sober a man than ex-President Taft has declared to be a disgrace to American civilization. It is this weakness which causes the sufferings of a broken swindler or bank-wrecker to soften the hearts of judges and juries and executives, who, mitigating the punishment of the individual directly appealing to their senses, in that very act virtually decree that thousands of innocent persons not present to their eyes shall be driven to ruin, and not a few to suicide, through the operations of future Siegels or Morses.

Not only does this fault pervade and affect our public life, but it has invaded our private life also. It influences the policy of the home and of the school. It is the tendency to sacrifice the future to present comfort; the many whom we do not see to the few that we do; the greater to the less; discipline to indulgence; principle to pleasure. Such a terrible lesson as the *Eastland* disaster "should give us pause."

* * * *

ONE ray of light brightens the gloom of this event: the splendid acts of heroism and self-sacrifice which it called forth. The daring deeds which saved many from the fate of their companions, the untiring endurance of the long hours of rescue work, all go to show that war is not the only test of the potentially fine in human nature. We hear much, and deservedly, of the courage, the self-sacrifice, the devotion exhibited during this dreadful year of war; men have been proven by fire and sword, and women by suffering and sacrifice. A writer in the present issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD shows further the effect of war upon the moral courage of the men of a nation, leading them to confess openly their faith in God and their need of His sacramental grace; of how "God has miraculously brought good out of evil." All circumstances prove what is latent in a man, and the essence of heroism is ever the same. The soldier is not a hero because he takes life, but because he gives it in a cause, and heroism is doubly fine when it gives life to save life. It is the motive and the manner of the giving which exalts the Christian hero above his fellows in deeds of external heroism, and wins him grace to achieve the highest heroism, unseen of men in the secret battlefield of the soul.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

In God's Army. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. 35 cents net. *The Giant Tells.* By J. de la Villèbrunne. 90 cents net. *Why Catholics Honor Mary.* By Rev. J. H. Stewart. 15 cents. *Guide in the Ways of Divine Love.* By Canon Granger. 15 cents. *A Synopsis of Devas' Political Economy.* Edited by C. D. Hugo. 20 cents. *Love's Gradatory.* By Blessed John Ruysbroeck. Translated by Mother St. Jerome. In *Father Gabriel's Garden.* By Elsa Schmidt. *Roma—Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome.* By Rev. A. Kuhn, D.D. Part X. 35 cents.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Wayfarer's Library: The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, by G. Gissing; *The Widow Woman,* by C. Lee; *Prophets, Priests and Kings,* by A. G. Gardiner; *The Lore of the Wanderer,* by G. Goodchild. 40 cents each net. *The Story of Canada Blackie.* By A. P. L. Field. \$1.00 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson. By B. W. Cornish and others. 75 cents. *The Practice of Mental Prayer.* By Father René de Maumigny, S.J. \$1.25. *The War and the Prophets.* By H. Thurston, S.J. \$1.00.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

The British and American Drama of To-Day. By Barrett H. Clark. \$1.60 net. *The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium.* By G. H. Perris. \$1.50 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

Catholic Schools for Catholic Youth. Temperance Against Prohibition. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

DUFFIELD & Co., New York:

In a French Hospital. By M. Eydoux-Démians. \$1.00 net.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL Co., New York:

The Nurse's Story. By Adele Bleneau. \$1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Exercise and Health. By F. C. Smith.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Pittsburgh:

Catholic Echoes of America. By Agnes Schmidt. Part II. *Christian Manhood.* By Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D.D. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Robert Hugh Benson—An Appreciation. By Olive K. Parr. 90 cents net. *The Holy Gospel According to St. Luke.* By Rt. Rev. Monsignor Ward. \$1.00 net. *The Life of St. Dominic Savio.* Translated from the original work of the venerable servant of God, John Bosco. *Fourteen Eucharistic Tridua.* By L. Nolle, O.S.B. \$1.00 net. *Some Thoughts on Catholic Apologetics.* By E. I. Watkin, B.A. 30 cents net. *On the Breezy Moor.* By Mrs. Macdonald. \$1.50 net.

THE LINCOLN RECORD SOCIETY, Timberland Vicarage, Lincoln, England:

Rotuli Roberti Grosseteste. Edited by F. N. Davis, B.A., Litt.D. 15 s.

OFFICE OF THE IRISH MESSENGER, Dublin:

How Eileen Learned to Keep House. By E. Leahy. *Shall I Be a Priest?* By Rev. William Doyle, S.J. *A Hero of the War; The Young Men of France and the War.* By Countess de Courson. *Is One Religion as Good as Another? The Church and Secular Education.* By Rev. P. Finlay, S.J. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

Mates. By "Miriam Agatha." *The Ethics of War.* By Rev. E. Masterson, S.J. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Histoire Anecdotique de la Guerre de 1914-1915. Par Franc-Nohain et Paul Delay. Fascicule six. 0.60.

MAISON DE LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris:

Annuaire Pontifical Catholique, 1915. Par Monsignor A. Battandier. 5 frs. 50.

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